THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN

VOL. 5. LEXINGTON, (Lafayette County,) Mo., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871. WHOLE No. 249.

Attorneys at Law.

W. CHENEY SHEWALTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, WAVERLY, Mo. Special attention given to collections. dec29y

W. T. & T. C. WOOD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. T. C. Wood Notary Public. Office, over 2 H. Arlinghouse, opposite the courthouse. ofs

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. apr23 tf

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

MATHEWS & 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 Kreiche's shoe store. detly1

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

ALEXANDER & COLLINS, 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 new Banking House of Wm. Morrison & Co. oct24y

R. C. EWING, COUNSELLOR 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. jy15y1

TILTON DAVIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Especial attention given to the collection of Bills, Investigation 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. tdy1tim

JOHN F. RYLAND. JOHN S. RYLAND.

RYLAND & SON, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, No. 62 Main, over the store of Ensberg & Jennings. Practice in all the courts of this and adjacent counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State, District Court of the United States. Collections made. jy5 ly

C. WALLACE. ZACH. T. 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 Supreme Court, 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.

Banking Houses.

WM. LEMBKE, 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. jy15

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

A. W. RIDINGS. JAMES WARD.

A. W. RIDINGS & CO., Exchange & Banking House, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI.

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 on favorable terms. Union Military Bonds bought and sold. novlly

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, gold Miners' Bonds, Gold and Silver Coin, bought and sold, &c., &c.

FARMERS' SAVINGS BANK, WAVERLY, MO.

CAPITAL, $50,000 00

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

DIRECTORS — J. C. Fletcher, Jas. A. Gordon, C. Catron, J. W. Goodwin, T. J. Fletcher, H. 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 Renick, Thomas Shelby, John E. Ryland, Moses Chapman. AULL, I. J. POLLARD, W. SHIELDS, President. Vice-Pres't. 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, Celous 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.

DENTIST. F. HASSELL, D. D. S., LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

JOHN PERRIE, M. D., HAVING located at Mr. C. W. Sharp's, near Pabo Church, offers his services to the public in all branches of his profession. janl3-3m

DR. T. S. SMITH, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office and residence on Main street, east of the courthouse. Special attention given to surgery. Calls promptly attended to, in town and country. no26

Dr. J. W. MENG, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE, opposite the Courthouse, up stairs, Lexington, Mo. All work done in a scientific manner. sep24y1

DRS. SMALL, CHAMBERS & CO. C. V. SMALL, M. D. J. B. ALEXANDER, M. D. L. W. YOUNG, 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 will tend greatly to promote their knowledge of diseases, and to improve their skill in treating them. They will give special attention to Chronic Disorders. They will, in all cases, consider their fees due when the services are rendered, and will collect as soon thereafter as they may deem advisable. All persons indebted to the late firm of Drs. Small & Chambers, or to any member of the above firm, are respectfully invited, and earnestly cause to settle immediately. jy15y1

LUCK IS A FORTUNE. EMPIRE JEWELRY CO., 314 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo., manufacturers of Cheap and Costly Jewelry, importers of Watches and Jet Goods. Catalogue and handsome picture sent free. octl5 1y

THE

REMEDY OF THE AGE,

EDWARD WILDER'S FAMOUS STOMACH BITTERS certainly cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion in all its forms, Intermittent Fever, Fever and Ague, and all periodical diseases. It relieves Colic and Flux. Cures costiveness, proves an invigorant of a mild and delightful character for delicate females, acts as an alterative. A tonic for family purposes; recuperates the wasted and debilitated frame, strengthens the appetite, and improves the digestive forces; it is unlike all other bitters, its basis being pure old Bourbon or copper-distilled Whisky, while the body of all rival preparations is common raw Whisky or Alcohol, which is in the highest degree deleterious to the system. This fact has of itself strongly commended it to the confidence of the public, and its usefulness has been attested by the unsolicited certificates of leading men in the medical profession and the holy ministry.

Purify the Blood

The most active, energetic, mitigating and rapid remedy known for those numerous diseases implanted in an impure state of the blood is EDWARD WILDER'S SARSAPARILLA AND POKEROOT. This great Medicine stands without a rival, it is perfectly peerless. Manufactured with the utmost care from the purest and coolest materials, it has achieved a reputation for potency and thoroughness that places it in the front rank of popular remedies. Cure is guaranteed in every case, where the directions are followed, for those diseases, the most terrible of which the human body can be subject, namely Scrofula in all its forms, every known variety of Constitutional Syphilis, Venereal Diseases, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, no matter how old or inveterate, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Glandular Swelling of the Neck or elsewhere, Chronic Chills and Fever, Tetter, Weeping Sore Leg, Ulcers of every kind, Pimples on the Face, Ringworm, Scald-head, Falling out of the Hair, or Alopecia, White Swelling, Hip-joint Disease, Chronic Erysipelas, Ague Cake Dropsy, etc.

Avoid Consumption!

No enemy to the human race is more to be dreaded, and a more cautious one it approaches, than that too fatal and generally prevalent archdestroyer of health and happiness of mankind. Consumption in its ghastly form. The duty of all is to guard against its first advances. This may be done by the timely use of EDWARD WILDER'S COUGH SYRUP, or Extract or Wild Cherry, a preparation especially recommended as affording certain relief for Bronchial Complaints. Before a cough, Colds, and Catarrhs rapidly disappear, it affords prompt and decided comfort in cases of Bronchitis, Laryngitis, and Asthma or Phthisic. Likewise, it is of the highest use in relieving the difficult breathing and distressing cough so prone to be followed with consumption. In all cases of Pleurisy or Winter Fever it is indispensable. It has no equal in taste, efficiency, and power. Wherever used it has not only given present relief, but effected permanent cures.

Beware of Arsenic!

And all alcoholic compounds. Better, far better, endure sinking and quaking life through than tamper with this mineral poison, no matter how carefully prepared. Its extensive use in malarial diseases has already proven the cause of great and distressing injury. Use EDWARD WILDER'S CHILL TONIC for Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, and every form, type, variety and species of Malarial or Paludal Fever or Affection, Twenty-one-day Chills, Bilious or Remittent Fever, Brow Ague, Lumbago, and every form of Periodical Disease. It has no equal. It effects a certain and rapid cure. It is purely vegetable. It is warranted to cure.

Correct the Stomach!

It is a well-ascertained physiological fact that the origin of most of the ills to which humanity is heir is a deranged condition of the alimentary canal. The bowels become constipated and sluggish, and thence arises a train of fearful and distressing maladies. As a preventive and cure for these, EDWARD WILDER'S FAMILY PILLS are unrivalled and without precedent. They are not excelled as a purgative, and are especially recommended in all Fevers and Inflammatory Diseases, in Acute Rheumatism; Inflammation of the Liver, Brain, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Erysipelas, Fever and Ague, Acute Ophthalmia or Sore Eyes, Fullness of the Head, Vertigo, Dizziness, Blindness, etc. They are far superior to any known combination in the certain and rapid relief afforded in all the above named diseases.

Save the Children!

Too little care and attention is given to the preservation of the lives of the innocent, tender, and blessed offspring with which providence favors parents. The little folks chiefly suffer from the presence of Worms in the system, which is indicated by a variety of symptoms, such as pains in the stomach, swelling of the abdomen, picking of nose and ears, bad breath, variable appetite, etc. Should the worms be allowed to continue for any length of time, death most frequently ensues. Mothers should therefore use EDWARD WILDER'S MOTHERS' WORM SYRUP. It is superior to all other preparations as a Worm destroyer, it is pleasant to the taste. It is free from poisonous ingredients. It is not dangerous as are vermifuges and Lozenges that contain terrible, a most deadly poison. It has given delight to thousands, and saved the lives of hundreds of children.

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. ot20 Main Street, in front of Art House.

The Weekly Caucasian.

P. DONAN, Political Editor.

Circulation Larger than that of any Two Other Papers in the State, Outside St. Louis.

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

THAT "HEATHEN CHINEE"

(BY BRET HARTE)

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar
Which the same I would like to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not dare
To attempt to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I recount from each to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite cool was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we have a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite startling to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me,
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be
We are pained by a Chinese cheap jabber?"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been holding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeve, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I reckon he cards
Was we found on his nails, which were tapered,
What is frequent in tapers—that's ways.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE POWER PRESS.

"Hear the rolling of the Press
Iron Press
Printing tales of dire distress,
How it bangs, and clangs, and slams
Through the long and dismal halls!
Wearied newsboys on the floor
Sleeping, as the iron monster roars
With delight

Keeping time, time, time
With a sort of crushing rhyme,
As it prints its thousand lies,
To feast the hungry eyes
Of the patrons of the Press.
Press, Press, Press,
The slamming, banging iron Press.

OUR WEEKLY CONFAB.

SOMEWHAT BEHIND TIME!

The World at Home and Abroad!

TEN YEARS' CHANGES.

Every little country jake squirter of ink and folade-rol has had his say about the opening of another year. Every diminutive newspaperial ignoramus has upset his slop-bucket of liquid lugubriousness, over "the death of the old year;" and thrown high his tiny fool's cap, and split his feeble squash-vine trumpet, tooting to the new. Prentice's "Dying Year" and Tennyson's "Ring out the old, Ring in the new," have been twaddled and jingled, ad infinitum and ad disgustitum. We haven't said a word. Why? Because we wanted the "gushers" to get through first. The sentimentalizing epidemic which always breaks out with alarming violence, among editors, about the last of December and first of January, has now, happily for the country, abated. The agonizing "last-night-of-the-year" rhymesters have ceased to torture a helpless and unoffending people, with their dolorous retrospective visions. And the egg-nog-inspired new-year prophets have laid aside the cracked timbrels, to whose discordant notes, they have chanted their exultant predictions of coming glory, peace and happiness. Now's our time. The figures, 1871, suggest some solemn choly thoughts. The decade, which opened with 1861, has flown. Ten years more have rolled away, to slumber in the sepulchre of ages. What marvelous scenes, what mighty events have crowded that brief period. Scenes and events which will, to all eternity, tell for weal or woe, upon multiplied millions of mankind. In Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Isles of the Sea, what prodigies have occurred, what wonders have been achieved. But more than all, in our own once glorious land, what vast attainments, what grand discoveries and improvements have been made; what giant deeds have been accomplished; and oh, what fearful, mournful changes have been wrought. The world's history has never known a more eventful ten years, than that which closed with 1870. Look back. It seems but a day, since we first taught our pens to write "1861." But oh, the triumphs, the glories, the grandeur, and alas, alas, far out-weighing them, the crimes, the horrors, the shame, which that short interval has beheld! It has seen Puritanic Fanaticism, Bigotry and Hate, muster their hosts for fratricidal war—millions of armed men rushing to the fray, while all earth shook beneath their tread—brother grappling with brother, father with son, in murderous strife. It has seen the grand old Constitution of our fathers, under which for threescore years and ten, we had grown and prospered as no people ever did before, torn to tatters, amid shouts of Beelzebublican laughter and derision, and cast to the winds by a ruthless cabal of perjured Conspirators. It has seen the Union, holy family of States, born in the hearts and brains of patriot "Rebels," and baptized in the fire and blood of Revolution, rent asunder, shattered, shivered into wrangling and hostile fragments—And the very foundations of the peerless Republic of Washington, Jefferson, Henry and Lee, razed to the ground, and sown with ashes and brimstone, by a horde of infuriated, death-deserving Congressional Outlaws. It has seen our fairest valleys converted into huge Golgothas—Whole States given up to sword and torch and pillage—Bayonet guarded Satraps swaying the sceptre of absolute and brutal Dominion, over millions of free-born American citizens—African savages, gibbering nigger bacchanals, holding high carnival in those legislative halls, which once rang with the silvery eloquence of Randolph, Wirt, Rutledge, Hampton, Prentiss and Calhoun—Guinea-coast orang-outangs with their tails cut off, making Constitutions and Laws, for the countrymen of Madison and Monroe, the fellow soldiers of Stonewall Jackson, Sterling Price and Albert Sidney Johnston—A saddle-colored nigger preacher who stole eleven hundred dollars from his own churchat Leavenworth, Kansas, defiling the seat once filled by the patriot hero, soldier, scholar and statesman, Jefferson Davis, as Senator from Mississippi; and a mulatto boot-black is sing commissions to Congressmen, Sheriffs, and Judges, as Secretary of State of the same noble but downtrodden pashawlic—A nigger blacksmith from Pennsylvania, combing his lousy wool, and grunting, on the Supreme Bench of South Carolina—And a black-skinned, cinnamon-scented St. Charles Hotel barber, scrawling his uncouth cross mark on official edicts, as Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana! It has seen a people who once boasted of their freedom and invincible spirit, crushed, cowering beneath a bondage more abject, odious, cruel and relentless, than ever cursed Israel in Egypt, than was ever felt by Russian serf or Turkish slave. It has seen the rich commerce, whose white wings once dotted every ocean on the globe, swept as by a Simoom's breath, from existence—Four millions of the most peaceful, contented, happy and productive laborers in the universe, turned loose, worthless paupers and vagabonds, to rot upon the highways of the land, which their industry once made a second Eden—And a nation, whose prosperity was, but recently, the admiration and the envy of the world, converted into a monstrous caravan-sary of bankrupts and beggars, groaning beneath a Debt which bed-time of eternity will never see paid. It has seen a besotted chunk of tan-yard offal, polluting the chair of Washington, Madison, Polk and Buchanan—Using the Presidency to enrich himself and his vampire brood of kinsmen—Bartering high and responsible positions, for houses, lands, railroad stocks, horses, jewelry, plate and bull-pups—Pushing every infamous job, by which his insatiate pockets may be stuffed, at the expense of the people—And reeling along Pennsylvania Avenue, trying to trade off his brother in law's boots for a pair of pistols to assassinate a Senator, who dares oppose his hell-hatched projects. It has seen Federal muskets gleaming around the polls, in New York and Philadelphia—and not a hand raised against the outrage. It has seen the "star-spangled banner," whose hallowed folds freemen once hailed with delight, become the loathed emblem of despotism to millions of our brethren—its stripes laid upon their backs, till they've been made to see the stars. It has seen Liberty slaughtered in her own grand temple, by her sworn priests and defenders—Columbia degraded into a ragged nurse of nigger-babies—And her indomitable pet eagle, whose shriek once made creation tremble, sunk into a skulking, carrion-gorged, draggle-tailed buzzard.

What though scribbling idiots and lunatic bellowers are deafening the ears of all the universe, with their boasts of "progress," "gigantic strides," "material and moral advancement," and the "magnificent march of mind," in the old world and the new? What though we have girdled the earth, and annihilated time and distance with our Atlantic Cable and Pacific Railroad—both deemed improbabilities, it not impossibilities, ten years ago? What though New York and San Francisco have been brought so near together, that the roar of earth's two greatest oceans, commingles in one thunderous "Io Triomphe" to all-conquering science? What though our population has increased nearly a million a year? What though the wilderness is being made to blossom as the rose: cities are springing up like mushrooms: and school houses, seminaries and universities are being scattered broadcast, all over our wide domain? What though the great Mont Cenis Tunnel, after ten years of mighty effort, is completed, and day-light shines through the Alps? What though the Suez Canal does open up Egypt, Arabia and Persia, to free commerce and intercourse with their more enlightened neighbors? What though, by means of it, the rocky shores of the Red Sea, which heard their first and last hymn to Jehovah, from the lips and harp of Miriam, four thousand years ago, shall ere long resound with the pulling of deep-lunged engines, the click of the telegraph, the tramp of the merchant, and the songs and prayers of the missionary? What though the shrill scream of the enlightenment and Bible bearing locomotive, does wake the echoes of the Himmalayahs, and startle the tiger in his lair amid the jungles of India? What though China and Japan have thrown open their long closed doors, to civilization and christianization—made the Yankees, Burlingame and Ward, Mandarins—and permitted old Seward to interview the Mikado? What though the herald of the Cross, with the Bible in one hand, and a thick black carpet-sack and box of paper collars in the other, is penetrating to heathendom's most remote and hidden recesses? What though the soft breezes of the oriental isles, wafted along with the perfume of spice and cinnamon groves, the sweet incense of prayer and praise? What though dusky knees are bowing, beneath the palm-trees of Ethiopia, to the Christian's God, and the songs of Zion are reverberating among Chaldean willows—amid the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh?

In spite of it all, ALL, to a freeman enslaved, a home made alien, a native-born foreigner, standing upon the threshold of this new year and new era, the prospect is a dark and stormy one, both at home and abroad. All the world is in commotion. Shifting, changing, wrangling, warring. All confusion worse confounded. France, sunny land of the olive and vine—France, the beautiful and gay—swept by the devastating hosts of Germany—Legions of merciless invaders trampling down her vineyards and gardens—Her churches and palaces become quartering places for her triumphant foes—Paris, queen city of the world, shaken and shattered by hostile cannon—And her great Napoleon—oh, how fallen!—a pining captive at Wilhelmshohe. Spain, land of the Alhambra and the Inquisition, land of cowled monks and haughty nobles, casting off the long-worn shackles of priest-craft and tyranny, has emerged from the flames of Revolution, a constitutional monarchy. England is rocking in the throes of "Reform Agitation," and Eastern complications. Ireland still mutters her grievances, and longs for the day of retribution. Italy, bright home of eloquence and song, proud seat of the Cæsars, is awaking from the lethargic slumber of centuries, and catching inspiration from the struggles all around her, is wheeling into line for a forward movement with her restless neighbor nations—The successor of St. Peter, stripped of all but the Papal chair, finds even that a shaky and uncomfortable possession. Even the imperious house of Hapsburgh feels the tremor of the coming shock; and the iron sceptre of Austria is wielded with a feebler grasp. And the wars and rumors of wars! The very heavens are deafened with the din of conflict and preparation for conflict. Prussia and France locked in a fierce death-grapple—Chassepot rifles, needle-guns, monster torpedoes and mitrailleuses vieing with each other, in the horrid work of butchery—Every hillside and valley strewn with the bones of the slain—Cities pillaged—Fruitful fields laid waste—Priceless monuments of art, genius and science, destroyed—Weeping and lamentation in a half million homes—ALL FOR GLORY! Ye gods! what a mockery! And while this drama of blood, this devil's dance of ambitious Kings and Ministers, goes on between Gaul and Teuton, everywhere else is heard the dread note of preparation—the clang of hammers and the roar of furnaces, all busy, busy, forging engines of death and destruction. England growling, equipping her fleets, and testing new projectiles. Turkey reeling before the encroachments of the Czar. The Pashaw of Egypt yielding a surly obedience to the Sultan. China and Japan in hourly dread of new Rebellions. Cuba still devastated by internecine war. Mexico a hot-bed of insurrections, outlawry and violence. San Domingo rent by savage feuds, and threatened with an invasion by old Ben Wade and a rabble of scientific Yankee humbuggers. The South American States reveling in a general and promiscuous throat-cutting. And Canada disquieted by Anexation, Fenian and Anti-Dominion conspiracies.

Disquietude, turmoil and slaughter, abroad. And how is it at home? Divided and hostile. Oppressing and oppressed. One section ruthlessly, murderously trampling upon every right and interest of the other. Hatred, bitter, deadly and irreconcilable, spreading, swelling, growing, every hour. Universal discontent and apprehension. Murmurings deep and inappeasable. All industries paralyzed. Commerce dead. Business stagnant. Hundreds of thousands of laborers out of employment, and scarcely able to keep their families from starvation. Extortion, corruption, swindling and thieving, brutality and outlawry, everywhere, in society, church and state. Bankruptcy and anarchy staring us in the face. And a Congress of maddened ruffians, forsworn profligates, adding daily, to our burdens and our wrongs.

Turn as we may, look where we will, far and near, dark, dark and dismal is the view. Fierce dissensions, violence and bloodshed. Remorseless oppression and insult, on the one hand; eternal hatred and eager longings for revenge, on the other. Sufferings in the present, and gloomy forebodings for the future. Two-thirds of the ingenuity of mankind, expended in devices for defrauding, or implements for destroying their fellows. Individuals and empires, rolling and quaking, in one wide, gigantic upheaval. Nations and peoples, cut loose from their old moorings, plunging hither and thither, on a wild and boisterous ocean. Rudderless, anchorless; compasses smashed, and charts thrown overboard—Crews all drunk and pilots insane. The winds and waves raging, like hungry lions, about them; and the hoarse roar of the breakers just ahead—all threatening one vast, universal shipwreck.

But let us remember that there is One who rules the storm—a God who sways the nations at His will. Though not a star illumes the sky—Though the wild tempest howls, like a chorus of fiends; and the foaming billows dash mountain-high—Though the barks of mankind, creaking and groaning, seem about to go down forever, in the dark, blood-crested waters of Anarchy and Despair—There is One who is able to say: "Peace; be still!" Omnipresent, Omnipotent, "He doeth all things well." He has some great and good end to achieve, by everything that occurs in all His mighty Universe. From the fall of a sparrow, to the overthrow of an empire or the destruction of a world, His all-seeing eye beholds, and His all-potent hand directs, it. Let us then, white men of America—brethren in destiny and interest—brethren in sufferings, humiliation and shame—not lose heart. However black the present hour may be, look aloft, keep a stout gizzard and a stiff upper lip! Hope, trust, pray! Never despair of the Republic! Bide your time—and when it comes, be ready. And may God defend the Right!

But oh, how pleasant to turn from the dismal scenes of strife, turmoil and confusion, with which earth is filled, to meet the dear friends, who are daily flocking in, laden with messages of cheer, to our dingy little sanctum! God love and bless them all!

From our thriving little neighbor city:

WAVERLY, MO., Jan. 7, 1871.

MESSRS. JULIAN, DONAN & ALLEN—Gents: Enclosed find $2 50, for which please send "Caucasian" for one year, to the above P. O., and oblige, Yours, respectfully, J. V. N.

O. K.

From a staunch friend, in fertile Carroll:

CARROLLTON, MO., Jan. 9, 1870.

COL. P. DONAN, Lexington, Mo.—Dear Sir: Herein find $1 25, for which please send your paper to Mrs. Susan McDonald, Chillicothe, Livingston county, Missouri. Respectfully, yours, W. M. D.

Money found and paper sent. Thankye.

Short and pithy, from the "Old Dominion":

NEWBERN, PULASKI CO., VA., January 31, 1871.

MR. P. DONAN: Enclosed find $1 25. Send paper for six months to Yours, &c., J. M. J.

All right.

From a gallant ex-reb., in the "Old Volunteer State":

OFFICE OF MARTIN & HILLSMAN, Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 13, '71.

DEAR COLONEL: Please send me your paper and a few of the back numbers—the one containing the "Bill of Fare" at the Radical feast, among them. Send in care of the above firm, and they will forward to my plantation. Let me hear from you. Enclosed find two dollars. Your friend, J. H. P.

Orders obeyed. Glad to hear from you always.

Brief, but enough, from the fallen "Lone Star":

BASTROP, TEXAS, Dec. 29, 1870.

EDS. CAUCASIAN—Gents: Enclosed you will find the wherewith, for a term of six months' subscription. Yours, W. H. C., JR.

You're enrolled among the grand and daily growing army of true white men, who appreciate an honest spokesman.

From a gifted young brother-editor in the broad and flourishing plantation of the "Two Drunken Dicks"—Diglesby and Yates:

ARCOLA, ILLS., Dec. 24, 1870.

EDS. CAUCASIAN—Dear Sirs: Please change my paper from Hardin, Mo., to Arcola, Douglas county, Ills., and oblige Yours, truly, N. R. GRUELLE.

Cold as Alaska this a.m.—22 deg's below zero. Snow fourteen inches on a level.

Change made. Had a slice off that same atmospheric ice-berg.

From the realms of Jim Nye, prairie dogs, scalping hawks and tommy-knives:

AUSTIN, NEVADA, Dec. 29, 1870.

FRIEND DONAN: Enclosed you will find two dollars, for which you will please send me your estimable paper for one year. L. R.

We "find." We "please."

From brave old Rackensack:

EVANSVILLE, WASHINGTON CO., ARK., December 24th, 1870.

EDITORS LEXINGTON CAUCASIAN—Sirs: Please find enclosed two dollars, as subscription money for a copy of your weekly paper. Yours, respectfully, T. J. M.

You're booked for two repudiatable green rags' worth of truth.

Another friend from Suckerdom:

SAN JOSE, MASON CO., ILLS., January 6th, 1871.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: Please have my paper changed from Lincoln, Illinois, to San Jose, Mason county, Illinois, and oblige your friend, the undersigned.

Do you know whose Henry Harness is? He was in Lexington the last we heard of him. He is my mother's brother, and she has not heard from him for several months. If you know anything about him you will do a great kindness by writing to us. Yours, &c., J. H. C.

Mr. Harness is here; well. Has written you.

Prompt returns from specimen copies sent a few weeks ago, to the grand old mother state of Washington, Lee and Stonewall Jackson:

ROSEDALE P. O., RUSSELL CO., VA., January 13, 1871.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN: Enclosed you will please find five dollars ($5), for which send me your "Weekly Caucasian" to the above address; also send to Dr. S. Albert, Belfast Mills, Russell county, Va. I shall take great pleasure in soliciting subscribers for your valuable paper. Respectfully, &c., J. T. L.

Thanks for present favors, and those to come.

A rousing letter, glowing with hospitality, piety and patriotism, from a valued friend, whom we have never seen, in the "Old Dominion":

WINCHESTER, VA., DIST. NO. 1, of American Despotry, December 25th, 1870.

Dear Col.—Having a few leisure hours, in a condition of things that seldom occurs, I devote them to the pleasing task of scribbling a few friendly lines to you; for I like to commune with persons, who is not afraid to call things by their right names.

To day is Christmas, and a very cold day it is—Irishly said, particularly last night. We have plenty of good grub here, with an occasional glass of egg-nog, which renders us comparatively happy, but, as I stated to my family at breakfast this morning, "if we only had Col. Donan as a guest, "our happiness would be as complete, as human aspirations are capable of approximating." If ever you chance to come as near here as the seat of t——— iniquity, and do not come to good old Winchester, I will not forgive you for at least three weeks, possible four or five of them. As soon as you are dumped out at our big city, you must strike a bee line to my shanty and bunk with me as long as you tarry. After a bear's-grip-squeeze of your paw, I would select one of my smoothest stood for you, and after an exchange of a few harmless fibs with you, I would say, move your bench up to hash. We turn out right good hash here, not only Christmas days, but a great many other days.

There is a slim prospect of being able to increase your subscription list at present, but I design making one more mighty effort in the spring. There is another difficulty in the way beside the scarcity of money. People here are slow to perceive that words, such as the devil, hell, satan, damnation, &c., look no more ugly when they occur in a newspaper, than in sermon books, or the sacred volume; so they say your paper has a tendency to corrupt the morals. True, the nature and aim of your paper renders it necessary for you to make use of such words as Butler, Brownlow, Bingham, Chandler, Morton, Sherman, Underwood, Stevens, and a host of like hellhounds, which are far more corrupting words than either of the first named. Rake hell to its lowermost stages and distill the dregs, and you could not produce so loathsome a mass of corruption and demoralizing Pandora-like plagues, as is contained in the rotten carcass of either of the miscreants I have named. But why attempt to describe their deformity and pollution? Language is inadequate to give them their deserts, even with your gifted pen. Now the filthy Irtimacen scoundrels have again assembled, and are twisting, turning, and racking their infernal brains to concoct some additional devilment.

The Beast's plan for the harmonization of the two sections, is so laughably ludicrous that it nearly drowns the odium of the measure. Southern soldiers fighting Doodle's battles, to get redress from Queen Vic., on a claim that is invisible to all optics outside of those in Radical pates. Bah! Were I dragooned into Yank service in the case, all the blood I should spill, would be to vary my shooting in each battle, so as to send little lumps of decency in the shape of cold lead through the noddles of four worthless who grossly insulted me during the late scrimmage, viz: that old Irish scoundrel Milroy, and another Irish son of a she canine called Capt. Alexander, a Col. Clark of Delaware, and an insolent little runt of a Pennsylvania lieutenant. I think there are a few other southern boys who would do likewise. But daylight seems to be dawning, and the news from all parts of the Despotry is cheering. We see innumerable signs of sprouting from the roots or stump of the tree of civil liberty.

May the Great Dispenser of precious gifts, in the plenitude of his goodness, rest upon the mantles of the illustrious and ancient patriarchs whose names we bear; to wit, that of the apostle Peter (barring the denying part,) on you; and that of the prophet Elisha, on me; thereby enabling us to combat Radicalism and all other rascality to the death, and to stand up manfully in the vindication of the right, to all time.

May the great Jehovah bless you in your well directed efforts to overthrow Radicalism and misrule.

Piously yours, L. A. H.

Amen, dear old friend, to all your prayers and all your sentiments. Will certainly hunt up that "shanty," and claim that "bunk" and "stool," if we ever pass in rading distance of you. Drop in frequently.

Here, one of the glorious fraternity of news-rag-muffins—a brother in ink and thankless drudgery—the gallant young soldier-editor of one of the truest, whitest, spunkiest, States Rights Democratic papers, in all our borders:

SENTINEL OFFICE, CLARKSVILLE MO., Dec. 24th 1870.

Dear Doman:—Send me at once a copy of the Caucasian that contains your famous "Thanksgiving" article. That number did not reach me, but the article having been copied extensively by the press of Kentucky, a young lady has written to me to procure for her a copy containing it. She adds with an interogative point, "could I catch him?" The young lady lives in that royal community about Mayslick, is "sound on the goose," as well as on Donan, and Democratic to the hub. Send on the paper at once.

Very truly yours, L. A. WELCH.

The river is blocked and your "Dad" is "froze up" at Palmyra. He was to have eaten a big Christmas dinner with me. Come over. L. A. W.

We've promptly sent the copy of the Caucasian, which your fair friend desires. Tell her, most assuredly, she "can catch him." Nothing easier. We're just fading like a jimson-weed, and dying mid perfume, for "some one to love, one to caress" —(Tee-hee!)—If, our highly regarded compatriot of the quill and scissors, there chanceth to be within the scope of your acquaintance, any fascinating and enchanting little dam-sell—as yet without a champion knight, we pray you commend us unto her, as a young man "of parts" —One competent to discharge the duties of any and every position, from Professor of Hebrew, Dog-Latin, Dutch and Genteel Demeanor, in a Theological Seminary; or Teacher of opera-squalling, piano-banging, melodeon-wheezing, guitar-strumming, fiddle-scraping and jews'-harp-twanging, in a fashionable Female Institute; down to cow-boy, dairy-maid, boot-black, Chairman of a Congressional Committee, or pastry cook at a first-class small-pox hospital—One qualified, in case of sudden absence or illness of the parson, to officiate in his stead; able to lead a battalion, or a prayer-meeting, (if somebody else would do all the praying); capable of "asking the blessing at the table," of conversing with the old ladies of the neighborhood in regard to the state of their souls, the best method of curing the "pip" in chickens or the croup in children, the way to preserve gooseberries and make currant wine, the latest style in braiding or embroidery patterns, the proper shade of gloves or shoes, the deviousness of "sister" Sue's caps, and the shape of the harps used by the inhabitants of that celestial clime, where a Yankee Radical is never found—And one who, in addition to his innumerable other good points, is blessed with a temper mild as a May morning in dog days, a disposition sweet as a hair-brush dipped in liquid honey. What an incompar