THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

OL. 6. LEXINGTON, (Lafayette County,) Mo., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. No. 12—WHOLE No. 273.

Attorneys at Law.

W. CHENEY SHEWALTER.

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nter and Gardener,
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treet, one Block East of Court House,
ubscriber is prepared to accommodate the public—both local and transient—at the Bourbon Hotel, with lodging and boarding, at reasonable prices at all times. The Bourbon Hotel is lately refitted and furnished, and is in condition, and guests will find as better a comfortable quarter in the city. Attention will be given to those who may favor him with their patronage.

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Having been engaged in the business of FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE in Lexington for the last eighteen years, we are fully posted in all points, including Insurance, and combine no business, but every building is make and a policy.

Patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

Office on Main st., opposite the Courthouse.

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Miscellaneous.

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The Weekly Caucasian.

BY DONAN & ALLEN.

P. DONAN, Editor.
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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. Subscriptions discontinued at expiration of time subscribed for.

EXECUTIVE LYRICS

[illegible]

OUR WEEKLY CONFAB.

DOLOROUS REFLECTIONS

A Hop-Skip. Whirligig. Muddle-Headed Fly-Around.

VAGABOND MINSTRELSY FOR SACRED PURPOSES.

Caucasian Opera Troupe at Waverly and Lexington—Scenes in Troupe life—Concerts—Serenades—Dinners and Drives.

"HARK I HEAR EIGHT CHERUBS SQUEAL."

Who is we? — Set on liberty green pantaloons-power pocket, and whistle Lee—How fast we are! Dressing-body, soul, boots, face-bag, cloth, gizzard and pocket-book. Ugh-ugh!

[illegible]

Time! Mind! best and longest, has a grab on the surface of infinity; a clock-tick on the dial-plate of Forever; a drop from the mighty ocean of Eternity. And yet how restless, how moody, how cowardly, we human molecules, numerous animalcules, waggle and spatter, dart, live and devour in our microscopical globule of Time.

Life is a country dance. All hands round. First upon the heel-tap, and then upon the toe. Jab your corn-stalk. Tread on your neighbor's corns. Chassez, Cross-over. Swing your partners. Polka your in so every which-a-way. Ladies change. Gallopade all. Tap, tap, tap. The music ended. Time hangs up the fiddle. And death pulls out the lights. That's all of it. We know it. And yet, how frenetically, how frantically, we shuffle, kick up our heel shanks, and cut our tiny pigeon wings.

[illegible]

Yet how we struggle and plunge always hankering, as if our little day's journey would last forever, always striving and grabbing, as if we hoped to gulp down the universe at three puny, pigmy meals.

Life is but a brief, brief jaunt from the cradle to the coffin. No telescope is needed to sweep the whole expanse between. The hearse-plumes nod in full view of childhood's basket-wagon and tin-rattle. Yet nothing short of a lightning-express train, is swift enough for us to make the trip, and we meekly grown for more steam.

Human life! What is it, that men should desire it? A weary, dreary, fleeting, sad affair at best. A huge checker-board, whose only white squares are tomb-stones. Darkness unbroken, save by the ghastly gleam of shrouds and burial-slabs. Life! A fool's pirouette through a world of graves, where every footfall awakes the dismal echoes of a sepulchre. Life! Human life! A gorgeous, gilded charnel-house—Without, sunshine, sculpture, poetry, wreaths of snowy immortelles, music of birds from waving cypress boughs, green turf, blooming violets and forget-me-nots, and some other chap making love to your widow—Within, swarming maggots, rottenness and ashes. Oh, that we had been born a scrub pup, and some juvenile philanthropist had put us in a bag, and drowned us in a duck-pond, before our eyes were opened! We're tired, oh, so tired.

Life! Year after year, generation after generation, age after age, the same old irksome, whirling, relentless round—toil, trials, hollow pleasures, real pains, sighs and tears. Behold it all at a glance. Bons, with a tiny wart of suffering, as our first salute to earth. Tricked out in lace caps and swaddling dabstabberies. Colic. Catnip. Christening. Tears. Sour-pies, dolls, measles and tin whistles. Spelling-books, catechisms, marbles, peg-tops, multiplication-table and whippings. Tears. Boots and breeches. Expensive sins. Primary school, black eyes, bloody noses and torn clothes. Begging and made-over trousers. Tears. Geography, grammar, truant playings, surreptitious swimmings, birds'-nest-robbings, boggings. Tears. Long-tailed coats. Manly swaggerings. Cigars. Incipient swearing. Lofty independence. Defiance of the "old man" and "old woman." Seminaries and academies. SWEET-MEATS. Delicious beaux. Bitter-nuts. Delirious shapsodies. Gushing torrents of misspelled doggerel. Moonlight rambles. Serenades of tinkling cat-gut and squashy sentiment. Gentle hand-squeezings, burning vows, protestations of eternal devotion. Rings, pictures, locks of hair, blue ribbons, bliss, rapture, ecstacy. High old rows, estrangements, return of pledges, misery, disconsolateness, asthmatic puffings and groanings. Tears. Mustache. Walking cane. Plug hat. Roseate dreams, high hopes, exalted aspirations. Grinding labors, distracting cares, blasted expectations, crushed affections. Hacking coughs, pneumo-gray hairs, sunken eyes, weariness of soul and body. Rheumatism, shaky hands, bald pate, toothless old catfish mouth. Tottering feebleness, garrulous silliness, prostration. Death. A rose-bush on a grave. A lying epitaph. Spend thrift heirs. Outcasts. There it is. Roll it all down, and such is life! Born—Married—Dead. A christening robe. White kid, and orange-blossoms—And a shroud. Vary it as you will. Decorate it as elaborately as you may. That's the whole brief story in epitome. Yet how we go striving, striving, raving, panting, rushing, dashing and pulling, through the little all there is of it. Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry, whizz, whirr, rip-slap, pinnimachink, hop-tee-dooden-doo! Bustle, bustle, ramble, scramble! Such is life in A. D., Abolition Dynasty. H. Flying across a hemisphere, forty miles an hour. Laughing at the wrath of storm-lashed oceans. Spanning earth's mightiest floods with a single arch. Building cities in a day. Converting the wilderness and the solitary place, as if by magic hands, into blooming gardens and busy metropolises, digging down mountains. Filling up abysses. Wrecking hill by hill, their domain from seas and lakes. Scattering science and art, literature manufactures, morality and religion broadcast over the globe. Grasping. Bargaining. Buttling. Boasting. Swindling. Thieving. Traveling by balloon, talking by lightning, and cooking our babies by steam. On, on, never pausing; never resting. Whew-w-w! Whistle again. How wearisome it is. And yet there's fun in it, after all, isn't there? Of course there is. We see more, we hear more, we learn more, we know more, we do more, good and evil, in a week, than our short-trousered, silk-stockinged, and knee-buckled, bewigged and curticued old mummy tire-taddies did, or could, in four-score venerable crone ages, tied together by the tails. Ever over the last few days. Revolutions. Mark the distance we've traversed; the place and places we've visited, the charming people we've met, the work we've accomplished; the adventures we've passed through; the light we've seen; and the delights and miseries we've experienced—And tell us how many centuries of musty old stage-coach and postillion, perrique and powder existence, are now compressed into a few hours of "in Lage" life.

Been church-concerting again. Beautiful new Christian Church of Lexington, in style. Want all the help it can get. Brethren and sisters say unto us "Summon the Caucasian Opera Troupe, together. Sound the trumpet. And musicians, a hundred dollar worth." We force no acquaintance. From view harp or cornet-fiddle-stick, to a Steinway's seven octave or a grand "orchestrion" from the cacophonous fife-and-drum, the rude song of the south-field nigger, of the gay boiserie of Canadian boatmen, to the brilliant choruses of Offenbach, or the glorious, and thrilling harmonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer from the tinkle, tinkle of the tiny brooklet, to the thunderous anthem of old Ocean in his wrath; from the twitter of a swallow, to the giant melody of Niagara; we love, we love it all. As the Hebrew poet beautifully says: "Cursed be that hath no music in his giz-zard, fit to rob hen-roosts, run off with his neighbor's wife, steal spoons, vote the Radical ticket, and do many other loyal tricks too numerous to mention—For particulars, see small williams. We ain't one of that kind. We love it, we love it. But the public manufacture of it, concerting hither and thither and yon, for any and every object, had become a bore, a regular artesian well of an affair. Over and over, we'd resolved to retire forever, from the Religious and Charity Minstrelsy "biz." Time and again, we'd metaphorically speaking, smashed our banjo, hung our fiddle up to sleep on the weeping-willow boughs, snapped our last melodious cat-intestine, and vowed we'd never howl from a sanctified stage again. But what might, could, would or should we do? It was our own church that demanded our tuneful aid—that church, one of the most influential and popular branches of "down-river-and-up-river-the-water-istic" Zion, in our noble county—that county, one of the fairest, most fertile, populous and famous, in our State—that State destined ere long to sway the sceptre of peerless, undisputed empire, among her regal sisterhood. How could we refuse our physiognomical and squallderous aid? If we couldn't, how could we, could you? Not much, almost hardly none at all. We agreed, consented, promised. And away to the east and the west, on the wings of steam and electricity, fly our calls to the widely scattered Troupe. Back come the responses, prompt and favorable. And the preparation begins. Ho, for Kansas City to meet our two sopranos—a duett of Prima Donnas. 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 ourself 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 qualifications of a "loyal" Congressman, or Governor, or Major General, in this age of enlightenment and Puritanic 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 blowups, bridge caving-in-s, church operatics, amateur flirtations, and all the other perilous incidents 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 on defiance to all creation and his mother-in-law, and burst amid the skies, in a shower of "red, white and red," rebellious beacon-lights to our bereaved and disconsolate friends below. The "bus" stops at the door. Put in charge of two charming little girls, bound for the city of big hills and bigger heads, 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. A bountiful supper, for ourself and young proteges, at Sumner's excellent eating-house. With a hy-brick-shriek, the North Missouri train creaks up to the platform. "All aboard!" Roll in, scramble in, any way to get in. Cut 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've kissed off the whitening and paint! Bah! old-fogy daddies ought never to accompany their fashionable daughters to the depot, anyway. But "hood' hood!" 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, barns, telegraph poles and bleating calves, all mixed in one inextricable, whirligig jumble, beneath the glorious light of the full "harvest moon"—And with a snort and a jerk, we find ourself spit out amid the blathering, bawling, ripping, roaring, crashing Bedlam of Kansas City's Union Depot. Over a thousand miles of incipient mountains and full-grown abysses—to find the residence of the friend with whom our little charges are to stop. And down at midnight, to the bully Pacific House—one of the best hotels in Missouri or the West. Find one of our singers waiting for us. A short congratulation; and to bed. Up at "five o'clock in the morning," which is much better sung by Parepa, than ringing by a "waking bell." Down to the Pacific depot, to meet another of our sweet song-birds—a bewitching little bird of Paradise, with a nightingale's voice. Back to the hotel. Breakfast with Major Edwards, of the Times, and his accomplished lady. And out for a gallopade. A flying tour of Doggett & Orrison's mammoth dry-goods establishment; the largest in the State, outside of St. Louis. A look through Kimmell's music store, flying songs, pianos, and organs. Meet Hodgin, Bryant, Franklin and Napton, all flourishing attorneys. Swop gab at a 2.40 rate, with handsome and genial young Fuller, of the great Atlantic & Erie Railway; McCarty of the North Missouri; and Dorrance, the lightning man of the Kansas Pacific. Shake-hands and how-dye-do to Fish, of the Transfer. Into the Times office, to see our gallant and gifted young brother-knights of the ink-horn, paste-pot, quill and scissors. A five-minute stroll and "sweet glass" lemonade with Hamilton, of the News. A dive into the ice-cream saloon, with a merry party. A parlor soiree at the Pacific. Visits from numerous friends. Goodbyes. And off for the depot. Baggage checked. A two hours' whirl, whirr, clackaty-clank, creak and chatter. Meet Tillotson, our great blind organist and solo-singer, at the junction. Gladness all around. Down to Lexington. Across, and home, at eleven. Sunday, rest. Monday, back to hire, and valise to pack. Tuesday morning, remainder of troupe arrive. Grand re-union.

TROUPE IN CITY.

Miss Mildred Donan, of Lafayette county, and Miss May Whitsitt, of Pleasant Hill; Soprano—Mrs. Belle Donan Tallow, of Pilloryn; Alto—Prof. J. F. Tillotson, of New York, Organist and Baritone-Tenor—Prof. Charle Gimbel, of Lexington; Piano—Prof. C. E. Kraubholtz, Assistant Pianist—A. W. Smith, Basso Profundo—And P. Donan, of the Caucasian, Tenor, Manager. Musical Director, and General Roustabout.

Off for Waverly, Tuesday afternoon, with the thermometer boiling over the top, and the tips of our ears thawed to jelly. A halt for refreshments, at the hospitable home of Judge Flattenburg, in Dover. Into Waverly, at eight o'clock in the evening. Supper at the Ellis House. Meet a party of Carrollton's winsome belles and gallant beaux, over in search of the Fourth of July. To bed. Serenade at midnight. Opera Troupers too sound asleep to hear it. Wednesday morning, up, and on the wing. Rock Fletcher and Hugh Arzinger undertake the superintendence of lage-building and paint-mixing. What Waverly would do without our whole-souled friend, Fletcher, I know than we can tell. Only a brother-in-law of the church, he says, he's done all every movement for its benefit. Quick, energetic, hospitable, and free-handed as a prince, he was our man-of-all-work. Rehearse at ten o'clock. Two hours of vociferous thumping and squashing; banging the wits out of a venerable piano, pumping an organ out of breath; soprano, alto, bass and tenor; screeching, humming, squealing, drumming—oh, but peripatetic opera rehearsals are fun. Scatter for dinner at twelve, some to Fletcher's, some to Mrs. Gordon's, and the rest to the excellent Ellis. Collect on, and from, friends, during the afternoon. And a fine crowd in the church, in the evening. Audience apparently pleased. Every piece on programme applauded; and Miss Whitsitt enthusiastically encored. Thursday, rehearsal again, in forenoon. In afternoon, whole Troupe out in buggies and carriages, darting hither and thither and everywhither, among the beautiful hills and romantic vales of one of Missouri's garden-spots. The Caucasian tenor and a charming little soprano in Cupid's elegant premium "turn-out," the handsomest buggy, team and harness in the county. To quarters just in time to receive costume for the concert. Far larger crowd than evening before. More vigorous in demonstrating their satisfaction. Encores and requests. During one of Tillotson's inimitable solos, great jangling of bells begins at the window. Hideous noise. Caucasianite thinks rabble of rowdies are endeavoring to mar the performance and insult his whole party. Grabs a big hickory from old gentleman; and stalks heroically forth, breathing threatenings and slaughter. Finds that two or three old bell-cows have got into the yard, and Brack Fletcher and the town Marshal are driving them out. Hence all the uproar. Sneaks back, feeling sheepish enough, to furnish a hundred weight of wool. Big grin all around at his expense. Close with "sweet Vesper Bells and the Ave Maria." And over to a midnight lunch, at the charming residence of Arnold Winsor. Goodbyes at one in the morning. Scatteration, and bed. Friday morning, bills paid off. Farewells; and off for Lexington, with the heat-measurer at 86° in the refrigerator, and still a rising. Horrible, hideous, horrific hotness. Fan, and swelter, and groan, over twenty-three miles of red-hot hills and hollows; and into Lexington, at two in the afternoon. Troupe quartered, part at Mr. Douthett's on South Street; and part at Mrs. Saunders', on Main. Dinner, and two or three hours of rest. Church jammed with the beauty, fashion, and intelligence of our good old city and vicinity. Many of the best citizens of Dover present; and a handsome excursion party from Richmond, including our esteemed friends, Col. Black, and Jacob Child, editor of the Conservator, with his lady. Everbody either delighted with the performance, or playing the applauditory hypocrite extensively. Saturday, rehearsal in the morning. Rest and visiting in the afternoon. Another splendid audience in the evening, to hear this programme, which will do as a sample of each evening's bill of fare:

CAUCASIAN OPERA
LEXINGTON, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 8th
PROGRAMME

PART I.

Shepherd of Dune Israel, Lead us—Anthem—
Miss M. E. Donan, Mrs. Belle Donan Tallow, Messrs Smith and Donan.

Fantasie from Faust—Piano Duett—
Profs. Gimbel and Kraubholtz.

Sweet Summer Night—from Don Pasquale—
Solo, by Prof. Tillotson.

Tap on the window pane—Song and chorus—
The solo by Mr. Smith.

Schubert's "Serenade"—Duett—
Miss Donan and Prof. Tillotson.

Anything—Original Medley—Prof. Kraubholtz.

Who sat My Window—Solo—Miss May Whitsitt.

Moonlight on the Lake—Quartette—
Miss Donan, Mrs. Tallow, Messrs. Smith and Donan.

PART II.

Watchman, Onward to Your Stations—Anthem.

Philomel Polka—Piano Duett—
Profs. Gimbel and Kraubholtz.

Schubert's "Wanderer"—Solo by Mr. Smith.

Friendship—Duett—Miss Donan, Mrs. Tallow.

Hope in Sorrow—Wm. Vincent Wallace—
Solo, by Miss Whitsitt.

Lady of Beauty—Trio—
Messrs. Tillotson, Smith and Donan.

The Conquered Banner—Solo, by Miss Donan.

Gottschalk's "Last Hope"—Piano Solo—
Prof. Gimbel.

Down the Burn, Davie, Love—Scotch Ballad—
Prof. Tillotson.

Those Evening Bells—Quartette—
Miss Donan, Mrs. Tallow, Messrs. Smith and Donan.

[illegible]

Lexington, Mo., July 8th, 1871.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Lexington, Mo.: Dear Sir: A recent number of your paper accidentally fell in my way, in which inquiry was made of your readers of Jefferson Scott, formerly of Bourbon county, Kentucky. He died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Shackelford, near Lexington, Mo., on the morning of the 29th ult., in the 84th year of his age. He was a native of Virginia, and came to Kentucky with his father's family when quite a boy. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was present at the battle of the River Raisin, where he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and narrowly escaped being burned at the stake. He was a member of the Baptist church for more than fifty years, and died in the full triumphant faith of the Christian religion. He was a man of great energy of character, and was universally respected for his many good qualities. He was the father of twenty-two children, twelve of whom survived him, and all of them are now living except one, who died in infancy. Yours truly, [illegible]

We trust that this abridged account, weekly distributed in your little town and vicinity, may speedily banish all such scenes of outlawry—all such—to-a-manifestation.

A friend in Columbia, Tennessee, wrote us recently, to find out the address of Jefferson Scott. Promptly comes the answer from one of the most distinguished citizens of our State or the West.

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[illegible]

A little behind time; from the scene of a late terrible "sage-fit," in our neighbor county, Ray:

[illegible]

Those twenty-seven night-sights, more fight, is no very correct word. Be [illegible] Dean all the [illegible] Cash in [illegible] A pair of [illegible] Dr. Hamilton [illegible] all our [illegible] Dr. Hamilton [illegible] Dr. Hamilton [illegible] Dr. Hamilton