THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

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LEXINGTON, MO.

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HAYDEN & GRAVES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Will practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Office in Masonic Hall, Main street, over Dr. Wood's Drug Store.

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Collections promptly made and remitted on day of payment. Interest allowed on time deposits. Exchange on the principal cities of the United States for sale. Highest price paid for Gold and Silver. Deposits received and a general banking business transacted.

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Collections made.
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JAMES AULL, Cashier.
DAVID A. WILSON, Asst Cashier.
6-6m-y

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WAVERLY, MO.
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WILL DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Buying and selling Bonds, Foreign Exchange, Gold and Silver. Deposits received and interest allowed on time deposits. Particular attention given to collections, and proceeds promptly remitted.
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O'Fallon Building, Saint Louis, Mo.
Paid-Up Capital - $500,000 00
DIRECTORS:
Robert Aull, F. F. 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.

New Advertisements.

St. Louis Advertisements.

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,
WHOLESALE Dealers in Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,
No. 8 North Second and 7 Commercial streets,
ST. LOUIS.

J. F. CONSTOCK & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
Boots and Shoes, Leather & Findings,
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108 NORTH COMMERCIAL ST., ST. LOUIS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE SALE OF Grain, Hemp, Tobacco, Flour, Seeds, and all kinds of Western Produce.
Refer to Chas. Pacheco & Co., Bankers, St. Louis.

MISSOURI RIVER PACKET CO.
SEASON ARRANGEMENT FOR 1871.
THE following schedule will be observed in sending the fine packets named below during the present season, viz:
Steamer W. J. LEWIS, Capt. ALEX. CAMPBELL, Commander.
Steamer CAPITOL CITY, Capt. MOUNTAINEER, Commander.
Will commence the regular trips on Monday, the 27th inst., leaving St. Louis every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 5 o'clock P. M.
In consolidating the above interests the company hopes to furnish such facilities to shippers and travelers, as will insure to them a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the old companies.
For information apply to
MITCHELL & COOMBS,
Freight Agents.

SAM'L C. DAVIS & CO.,
DRY-GOODS
Jobbers and Importers,
8, 10 AND 12 NORTH MAIN ST.

SAM'L C. DAVIS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
8, 10 AND 12 NORTH MAIN ST.

SAM'L C. DAVIS & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Boots & Shoes,
8, 10 AND 12 NORTH MAIN ST.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Weekly Caucasian.
BY DONAN & ALLEN.
P. DONAN, Editor.
E. ALLEN, Business Manager.

Letters on business should be addressed to the manager.

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

TERMS:
One year, mail rates, $2.50; six months as low as $1.25; single copies, 10c. Subscriptions discontinued at end of term unless renewed.

Written for the Caucasian.

REST

BY SELLA MARSHALL M'ALEE, OF KENTUCKY.

Long for a simple headstone
And death if it be dying;
What is a peace profound;
Long for the swaying willows,
Thro' which the sun is sighing,
To cast their shadow round?

I'm only a tired wand'rer
And full of keenest sadness,
Who, in death seeks relief,
The way of life are tough,
And my heart holds no gladness,
It ne'er hath known but grief.

How glad and still I'd be
Under the brown, soft mold,
And grass creeping,
The sun and stars would shine above,
Nor summer heat, nor winter cold
Disturb my sleeping.

There, forsaken and forlorn
I no more would care,
But wrapt in peace profound,
Morn, noon, night, night, morn, noon
I, in one long dream,
Forever would be bound.

In the grave a calm abides,
Which none but who live—
Folded to human breast,
Under the willows' shadows,
Death that peace dolt give,
It's other name is—"Rest."

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD!

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud.
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall mouldering lie down and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, alas, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have all passed to the silence and peace of the dead.

The saint who prayed for the commencement of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the beautiful girl like the flower for the weed
That withers in a day to lie there—she with all
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been,
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speaks for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They suffered, but no word from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died! and we things that are now
Walk on the turf that has once been their brow,
Whether in their dwellings or palaces made,
Matter the things that they met on their pilgrimage as they passed.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tears, the song and the sigh,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the work of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

OUR LITTLE WEEKLY TALK.

DIRE RESULTS OF THE PRIME-EVE-AL VENTURE IN FRUIT.

SIXTY CENTURIES OF TOIL AND TRIBULATION FOR A PIPPIN.

EDITORIAL DRUDGERIES AND MISERIES.

The Vanity of Earthly Labors and Pursuits.

Sad, toil-worn, mortal race! can we conceive
Delight of aught delightful, soft, or gay,
Alas! when we have delved the longsome day,
The ballad lilts our hearts aspire to know
Is but some interval from active woe,
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till care and drudgery, with the morn, return!

Work, work, work! Ugh-h-h! how tired we are! Worn out, body, soul and breechaloons. Used up, exhausted, collapsed in spirit, brain and pocket-book. Oh, for the wings of a dove, or a buzzard, a chicken-hawk, vampire, goosey-goosey-gander, or any other four-footed beast or creeping thing,—(except those which creep under the hats of "loyal" Southern legislators,)—that we might fly away and be at rest. Work, work, work! What a weary, weary round is human life, at best. How terrible to a gentleman of leisurely instincts, elegantly lazyish proclivities, is that curse which was thundered forth, some years before the birth of Olive Logan and Horace Greeley, amid the blooming orchard and asparagus-beds of Paradise: "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat thy bread, forever!" Ah, Eve! Eve! venerable grandmamma of editors, as well as common folks,—if thou couldst have foreseen all the aching heads and weary limbs, the fevered brains and blistered palms, the digging, delving, hewing, scribbling, the cares, anxieties and sorrows, which thy thoughtless little speculation in Fall apples has, for six thousand years, inflicted upon thy hapless children,—wouldst thou ever have hearkened to the persuasions of Radicalism's vile serpentine ancestor? Poor old lady, much abused as thou hast been, we can't think it of thee.

Work, work, work! The preacher, faithful peddler of the gospel panacea, must wear his life away. Studying, praying, stamping pulpit floors, and hanging sacred desks. Expending all the energies of his sanctified mind and heart, thorax, trachea, glottis, epiglottis, œsophagus and larynx. Laboring morning, noon, evening and midnight. Warning the unrepentant. Exhorting the wavering. Cheering the drooping, rejoicing, advising or chastising the newly converted. Visiting those that mourn. Consoling the bereaved. Strengthening the dying. Feeding and "God blessing" every towhead, snub-nosed brat in his vicinity. And all for what? To save a few dozen dwarfed and stunted, infinitesimal, nineteenth-century souls—Souls of presidents, governors, congressmen and legislators; of scoundrelly politicians, and unscrupulous tradesmen; of miserly grovelers, and of Fashion's votaries, paint-and-hair-besmeared, gew-gaw-sporting butterflies—Souls, around which the indent of a flea would flap, like the shirt of Goliath on Tom Thumb's baby—Souls, that put up at auction, would not bring three second-hand green postage-stamps a gross, in any decent market—Souls, that Beelzebub would have to put on forty donkey-power microscopic spectacles to find. Toiling by day, and praying by night, to benefit such spiritual animalcule as these; and to earn a good conscience, thread-bare, shabby-genteel broadcloth, and seedy hats, for haircuts; fustian dresses, cheap plaid shawls, cotton gloves and old fashioned bonnets, for his wife; turned-up-side down and wrong-side-out, patched and made over duds, for his children; and occasional yellow-legged rooster, and a bushel or two of bruised apples or frost-bitten potatoes, which some wealthy member of his flock has been unable to dispose of in any other manner, for his humble board.

Work, work, work! The farmer's hands are brown and hard with toil. In the early gray of the morning, and in the dim haze of twilight. In summer's heat and winter's cold. In sunshine, rain, wind, sleet and snow. Plowing, sowing, reaping, threshing. Clearing off the timber land. Breaking up the fallow ground. Driving, prodding, never tiring. Wearing his coarse homespun, and eating his frugal fare. Straining every nerve and sinew. Scheming, planning, sweating, saving. All, to live and pay taxes. To gain simple bread and meat for his little mouth, and suppose that huge, insatiate, Yankee pocket-picking, poor man's thing, is a mere machine, but despicably styled, "the best government" he has ever shone, or seen.

Work, work, work! Day after day, and year after year, the treadmill grows his narrow realm. Journeys and scrolls, urgent and adamantine, expanse, repeals, entanglings and flags. Bears with stoic-like Appendix honest endeavor. Repays diligence and excessive. Represents indolence. Incites the tongue of the lounging. Stocks, drives caps on the destitute, and lamps the morning lie. Endures the unbearable, fault-finding, and impertinent suggestions of ignorant parents and guardians. Grows gray as a rat, in a flour barrel, prematurely old and haggard, with sunshine, vexation and toil. Aid, to pick up a scanty and precarious subsistency, and to beat Webster's Blue-backed Spelling-Book, Reed's Fables and the Multiplication or Subtraction Table, through the obtuse skulls of embryo senators, treasurers and presidents, or deposit a home in the emancipating of French, gaslighted Competition, and Muse, beneath the waterfall in incipient belle hand.

Work, work, work! In storm and in calm, in driving shower and pelting hail, in light and darkness, the doctor, strait-lacing his pill-barrelacets and tooth-pullings, rides his ceaseless round. Feeling throbbing pulses, and examining coated tongues. Donning a look of owl-like wisdom; shaking his head with a solemn grave-yard air; and thundering forth, with dismal pomposity, his jaw-breaking Greek and Latin names for stomach-ache, sage-tea and mustard-plasters. Gargling, bathing, bleeding, paring, purging. Administering physic here, consolation there, and pharmaceutic humbug yonder. Prescribes a bread pill this morning; saws off a leg to-night; and takes his work home to the cemetery, to-morrow. Now, smoothes some aged pilgrim's journey through the dark valley of funeral shadows; and now, aids in bringing another helpless, wailing little wretch, into a world of sin and suffering, and starting it, with flannel bandages, catnip and paregoric, on the old beaten path which, wander as it may, in shade and sunlight, joy and sadness, through all vicissitudes leads ever to the tomb.

Work, work, work! 'Tis the doom of our race. All earth is one vast work-shop, and all mankind are workers. Work, work, is heard in the panting of every deep-lunged engine; in the shrill scream of the steam-whistle; in the clank and clatter of machinery, the whirr of flying wheels and busy spindles; in the hum of the city, the ring of the woodman's axe, and the rush of white-winged barks upon the broad and trackless ocean. The merchant gives all his strength of mind and body, to his ledgers and bank-accounts; his invoices, ships and cargoes. The student devotes his whole heart and soul to musty, dusty books and parchments. The painter, with trembling hand and aching eye, hangs over the canvas that is to bring him bread and reputation. The mechanic, the lawyer, the rag-vender and printer; the Congressman in the Capitol, and his more respectable brother criminal, the Convict in the Penitentiary; the State Legislator, and the jackass-driver; the tinker and the governor; all, all are careless, sweating, twisting, planning, hurrying, clutching, struggling slaves of Work.

But the weariest, easiest, least thanked and worst paid wracer of all is—THE EDITOR. His drudgery, like that of woman in the song, is never done. Go look at the old blind, hip-shot, ring-boned, spavined and poll-eviled crow-bait of a horse on the wheel of the nearest treadmill; and you have the picture, by a master hand, of editorial life—no not life—dragged out existence—a running, climbing, go-off-doing and never getting one inch higher. Of all the lives on earth, in air or sea or sky, not even excepting a country parson's, an editor's is the most inanimate. There's no rest for the write-worn one, of whom he is made. He has to write politics, religious, State and national; has to write sermons, religion, history, statistics, business, finance, railroads, steamboats, improvements, dis-improvements, distinguished arrivals, and stray donkeys, (including "loyal" legislators and grants cabinets); has to write crops, weather, markets, crimes and casualties (whereon are embraced all congressional enactments for the last ten years.) He has to write personal notices, births, deaths, weddings and other calamities, removals, failures, [illegible] premiums among which, [illegible] the Ulyssean Administration, jug-trade, bull-calf sales, constables' sales, and sheriffs' sales (under chick-lead, in Missouri, four years ago, cains sales to murderous highwaymen like John M. Neil, of churches, orphan asylums and grave-yards, for unpaid taxes.) He has to write comments on new books and new music; puffs of new exchanges and new advertisers; puffs of muddled-headed speakers and muddle-legged dancers; puffs of re-opened theatres, bar-rooms and churches; puffs of sermons, ballads, lishops and ballets; and puffs of people that pull him. He has to write descriptions of balls, picnics, concerts, revivals and smash-ups; extravaganzas on Confederate Reunions, barbecues, rallies and meetings; dissertations on fashions; essays on morality; and criticisms—oh! such heart-felt ones—on the follies of the day, and subscribers who don't pay. Daily and hourly, he must run the whole gamut of emotions, and tear the last feeling and sentiment to tatters. He must be "glad to hear" this, and "pained to learn" that; "delighted to meet" such a one, and "distressed to know" of an accident to another; "overjoyed" at this arrival, and "sad to mention" that departure, especially if it is a new departure; "pleased to state" one thing, and "grieved to announce" another; "shocked" at this, "entranced" with that; sympathizing here, congratulating there; mourning today, laughing to-morrow; wrestling out an obituary of a defunct paregoric-cherub, transplanting the tiny bud to bloom forever, in the blessed flower pots of the Eden above; and anon, pouring out his soul in a gush of jauntily tender if aggrief to Augusta Arabella's pet poodle with a bluey-blue ribbon round its neck. He must be ever ready to sit down and enter into any sudden female whim, prompted by a laudable thirst for an invoice, may chance to deep in, and respond enlightenment in regard to the movements of a prima-donna and prima-press, the prospects for a market fair or church festival, the condition of the heathen, the measles, cholera or small-pox, and the best remedy for malaria, typhoid fever or the ague. He must always be prepared, like a self-winding clock, to strike on any time or key, at a moment's warning; to talk strawberries, shoes, eggs, and onions, and spiritual wives, elections, Democratic twist, chances of success, courtesy of detail, and what would follow each universal amnesty, debauchery of Supreme Court, Reputations, rules of Egypt, Greece and Rome; eruptions of Vesuvius or Popocatepetl, earthquake in Peru, California, or the Yankee Treasury, the last railroad smash, or million-dollar government-official defalcation, with equitably to blame; presidential pigishness and dead-beat-ism; Indian atrocities, and no soldiers to prevent; "empirze of cabbages or pumpkins, and weight of pigs or babies; Virgil, Shakspeare, Mother Goose and old daddy grant; Beastie Butler, and the Nasty-chusetts campaign; Reconstruction, Democracy, Conservatism, New Departure fole-de-rol, White Niggerism and Diabolism. And worse than all, he must submit, like a sick dog in a sausage-mill, to advice, suggestions and criticisms from every tongue-ey old he or she nincompoop, ignoramus, and blatherskite, within a circuit of fifty miles. If he tells the truth fearlessly and honestly, he's too hard; and if he don't tell it, is too timid or mealy-mouthed. If he uses plain language, is too strong or too rough; and if he don't, is too weak, or too nice. If he's argumentative, is pronounced dull and stupid; if he isn't, is tossed aside as trashy. If he publishes poetry, is a namby pamby twaddler; if he don't, lacks taste. One thinks he's coarse; another, sentimental; etcetera, etcetera, ad infinitum, ad diagastitum, ad pukititum. Whew! whew! By the bones of the late boohoofully lamented old joker of the Sangamo, who was, but is not, because the Devil took him, on Good Friday night of '65, from the private box of a vulgar, fourth-rate play-house, is it any wonder that, when Saturday night comes, we hardly know or care whether we're a genuine white man, a new departure mulatto, or an unadulterated Sambo, like Lieutenant Governor Dunn, of Louisiana, or his brother-nigger Greeley, of New York and Texas,—whether we're a "disloyal" cussing editor or a youthful Doctor of Divinity? We think not. Stand back, little boys. Take warning in time. Be boot-blacks, chimney-sweeps, penitentiary-bird, or members of the Washington Malefactory.—Be mud-clerks on a coal barge; deck-hands in a cigar-factory; dairy maids, with an aged ox and two he goats, as your stock in trade; servant-girls in a poor house or an orphan asylum—But never, NEVER, be EDITORS.

Work, work, work! And what is it all for? Fitful vanities, light as the thistle down, evanescent as the glow upon a butterfly's wings. After all our strug-gle, all our efforts, what do we know, what can we do? Absolutely nothing! Explore the whole wide realm of human knowledge, drink deep of every earthly fountain of learning; and we can't tell why the violet is blue, and its leaflet green; why the rose is red, and the lily just beside it, growing in the same soil, watered by the same showers and dews, and kissed by the same breezes and sunshine, is white. With all his vaunted wisdom, what philosopher can tell why the same corn and grass turn to hair upon the cow, to wool upon the sheep, to bristles on the swine, and feathers on the geese? Toil as we may, tower aloft, and boast with vain glorious pride, of our strength and commanding; has to a handful of dust, and we all come at last. Let proud man soar upon the wings of eagles, to the highest heavens;—let him weigh the worlds in a balance, tame the forked lightnings, and make them humble ministers of his; with search our every gem of [illegible] lore, which the "dark ancients and caves of ocean bear" ravage the whole broad domain of literature and art; hear of every jewel of philosophy, chemistry, geology, and astronomy handled fixed stars, comets, eclipses, earthquakes and thunder-storms as a boy does his marbles and jack-straws;—Let him make his mind a grand store-house of all that has ever been discovered, attained or done, since Omnipotence set the universe in motion;—And with one tell touch of Fever's finger on his brain, he clanks his chains and howls behind the bars of a maniac's cell. Let the sordid groveler rake and scrape, twist, contrive and cheat; heap up his millions of paltry gold; enlarge his stores; add acre to acre, and field to field; grab, extort, amass; till, casting his bleared eyes over a territorial empire, he can exclaim: "I am! I of all I survey!"—Death's sooty arrow smites him, and his shroud is pocketless. Let beautiful woman rack creation, to enhance her charms—Cashmeres from India—Silks from China and Japan—Laces from Belgium—Linens from Holland—Velvets from France—Plumes from the fleet-footed ostrich of African deserts, or the Paradise-bird of oriental forests—Diamonds from Golconda—Gold from California—And paints, enamels, dyes and knickshaws, from Paris,—Let her shine resplendent in all the gorgeous tinsetry of Fashion—A sylph in form, a seraph in voice, a rainbow in costume, a goddess in grace, and a woman in all true loveliness;—One breath of Pestilence sweeps past, and all her radiant beauty is but a mouldy lump for ravenous, crawling, loathsome grave-worms!

Work, work, work! "All, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, saith the preacher"; and the preacher is right about it. Life is a vapor, a morning cloud, a meteor's flash; and Eternity depends upon its improvement. But on with the dance! Mankind will still frantically shuffle, kick up their insect shanks, and cut their tiny pigeon-wings. Gallopade all! Drive, strive, run and pant; rush, crash, puff and push. Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry, whizz, whirr. Bustle, hustle, tumble-scramble. Battle, bargain, grasp and beast; swindle, thieve, rob and grieve. On, on, never ceasing, never pausing. Its the way of the world. Thank heaven, it now rains money at the rate of a million a week, and you who read editor and subscribers, all, the toil done, we'll somehow or other will be enabled to live as and all our friends near upon our work is done!

But my sheet, it is full and near, we've kept you waiting a long, long while. Pardon us. We'll stand our time in some, and extort from each other. We're too tired to write, too tired to think; too tired to quarrel, if it didn't break itself. Well, one all.

A model of gossipy goodfulness, from our sometimes old metropolis.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 18th, 1871.

COL. P. DONAN, Editor Caucasian:—I believe I promised to write a gossipy letter for your paper, so I attempt it this morning, after I confess, a restless night, occasioned by an early production of mine, to the scrutiny and criticism of some an intelligent and literary class of persons, as subscribe to, and read your paper.

The principal subject of conversation here now, is the great "Fair." Everybody seems to be preparing for that memorable era in the history of the "Future Great City." Hotel keepers are putting on their blandest smiles already, and many are the "castles in the air" now being built, in expectation of that great event. Already our hotel registers show a fair sprinkling of visitors, who have come in time to secure a good room at the hotels. If any of your readers expect to attend, they had better come early, as the crowd that will be in attendance, will make it difficult to secure accommodations. The officers of the Fair Association are extending and enlarging the buildings, in order to accommodate the increased number of exhibitors.

The question of the validity of the mortgages on the North Missouri Railroad, still agitates the public mind; and suits enough, for sundry purposes, have been brought against the road, to occupy the time and talents of half a dozen first-class lawyers. What the end will be, no one dare predict.

The discussion of the location of the Union Depot has temporarily subsided. The roads from the East will not listen to any proposition to locate it further west than Fourth street, and the Western roads do not relish the idea. There are two difficulties in the way of locating it west of Fourth street. First: The Eastern roads, together with the North Missouri Road, which it is generally believed is controlled by a combination of Eastern roads,) will have a controlling vote in any convention that may be held, and hence can locate the depot where they choose. And second: If it is located west of Fourth street, the railroad companies will have to tunnel the city, which will cost an immense sum, and would necessitate the changing of the water, gas, and sewerage systems of the city, as some of these "mains" cross Washington Avenue, and would be materially interfered with by the tunnel. Again, if the depot is located east of Fourth street, a great difficulty will be experienced in obtaining sufficient grounds for it—at least at any thing like a reasonable price. The probable consequences are that the Union Depot will be located in East St. Louis, which will materially lessen the advantages to St. Louis, by which every man, woman and child in the State, is interested. Mr. Thomas Allen, of the Iron Mountain Road, urges a consolidation of the Western roads to build another bridge across Big Muddy somewhere down about Carondelet. And by the way, let us say, this gentleman proposes to locate the Union Depot south of Plum street and south of the present location of the Iron Mountain Depot—his principal reason for so doing, so far as I have been able to learn, being that he owns a tract of land there, for which he could then get a fabulous price.

The military fever still runs high in our city. We have about twenty companies now organized or in process of organization. Several battalions have been formed and are now hard at work drilling. The best, or certainly the most showy company in the city, is the "St. Louis National Guards" of the Engineer Corps. This company is composed of the very best material in the city, all first-class gentlemen. On its honorary roll may be found the names of the richest and best men in the city. All of the companies have been drilling with a view to having a grand parade at the Fair, but it is a little doubtful whether they will do so, owing to the fact that there are so many things to be done at the Fair, the officers of the Association will not have time to receive the military.

Politics are still quiet, tho' there are many developments brewing. The Republican, as usual, rides the fence—with no definite opinions or politics of its own.

The Courts are preparing for the October term, and over eight hundred cases have already been brought to this term. Lawyers begin to look a little less despondent than they have all summer, but you know this is their chronic complaint.

The fair belles, who have been recuperating (?) at the watering places during the summer, are returning to the city, and are busy preparing for the winter campaign. Several marriages are spoken of for the early part of the fall.

The Liquous Reavis succeeded in getting together another meeting on Saturday last, to discuss the Capital removal. The speakers made it an easy job on paper, by the way, the last issue of our live "Puck" had a good "take off" on Reavis, representing Reavis hauling the bonds by the million. It is all right for Mrs. Grant. It is all right for thieves to remain in a position to steal the people's money in New York. It is all right for them to remain in such positions in Washington and New Orleans. It is all wrong for Tweed to amass wealth on a salary barely sufficient to pay his elder clerk. It is all right for you to do so. You are supposed to spend your salary, as other Presidents are known to have saved little at the end of each year of the amount allowed by law. You entered the White House claiming to have taken but little track during the stealing of cotton. You have by some means, prospered in a most unaccountable manner. You have taken presents—equivalent, with a wretch of your capidity, to bribes—but not enough has been given you to buy a farm worth $500,000 in St. Louis county, and stock it with $300,000 of cattle, horses and hogs, and give you besides the $2,300,000 of unhidden hoardings. They have not given you at the rate of a million a year. The fact is your ring has divided with you at that rate, and you are rich just as Tweed and Connolly, and Casey, and Butler, and Hodge and other rascals have grown rich. You have known when secret orders would be issued for the sale of gold. You have known whom to pass to the right dot of time to buy and to sell. You have known Corbin—another brother-in-law, who is no better than Tweed or Connolly—and yet, the insensate rabble shout aloud for the removal of the New York officials, who have used their official trust perjuriously and selfishly; and in the same breath, demand that the much more magnificent stealing at Washington and at Long Branch, shall go on for another four years. The tread of the tax gatherer's heel is heard at the door of cottage and palace in all the land, until real estate is worthless from Maine to Texas, from Pennsylvania to California, and a false oath to the legality of the minions of the officer's criminal rings from a load of taxation that is greater than any honest man can bear. You are the cause of this. It is your work, your management, and Boutwell's. Under pretext of reducing the public debt, you are merely increasing the value of bonds held upon the ring—as your ring—as you know you, by having bought and paid for you, more than you are worth, and who wish still further, to shout till they are hoarse for your great claims to re-election, while the big game of Tammany they are playing, can be kept out of the multitude's eyes. Our public services are laid up, but if you did one whit more than a million other and better men did; and your stealing is winked at, stalled at, and excused. You are more shameless than Connolly. You have secured seventeen stalls at the Great St. Louis Fair, in October, 1871, to exhibit specimens of your pilfering and bribe-taken, ill-gotten gains. May the murrain blast every one of them! They will come to town over the same road—the little farm was not yours then, but Dent's—where you used to get drunk and let your starving team stray whereseever they might feel, while your wagon stood at a road-side groggery, made night hideous until your fellow revellers would throw a wagon sheet over you, and lay you out for dead. Great God! what a transition is here. Go ahead, Hiram. Cry stop thief at Tammany, as hard as you and your hoot-licks can; but you know how it is yourself. Since you have been President, you have sought to hush up this scandal by paying off some of the old drinking scores which you had forgotten to settle prior to this—the fact being you had not either the money or the inclination to do so. One of them, however, a good old Democratic Dutchman, still holds, and will present, if you should give him a chance by coming here to exhibit yourself. It seems the man you sent to straighten up these old scores overlooked this one. And you have bought 80 acres and are to be neighbor to Railroad Tom! So you are the fellow, and the sort of a fellow the bond-holders and railroad rings want for their President! If it spoils a man's morals to be in office too long at New York, by a parity of reasoning it spoils them to be too long at Washington. Horace Greeley believes in the one term doctrine. He has gone square back on you for master. He is opposed to slavery, anyhow on general principles, and is unwilling to submit to yours in particular. He is a man you cannot buy or sell. Honest you and he have no use for each other, after once getting right well acquainted. Schurz could have been a great man in Prussia. He preferred to live in a Republic. He has no use for a constitution-smasher. He has no use for you. Gratz Brown is financially an honest man. He has no use for you. None of these men belong to your ring. They therefore stand no more chance of favor or forgiveness at your hands, than St. Peter would stand with the devil. Your ring, with Mark Antony Morton at their head, will nominate you. Your orders have been issued, and THE PEOPLE'S Gatlin guns, which you have contrived to get in the hands of your ring and their myrmidons, are already placed in training, to be used against the people. You will naturally renominate yourself, at the point of the bayonet. You are afraid to even wait to use force at the actual election. You are taking time by the fore-lock, and you are using it in advance. You will re-nominate yourself. The honest men of your party will bolt. The Bolters will be sustained by the VOX POPULI, and your tyranny will be subverted, or else—rusty daggers must do the rest. †††

Comment on so masterly, so magnificent an arraignment of the presidential vagabond and usurper, is needless and impossible. We have it delivered to the tipsy wandering free-luncher, for whom it is intended, if we have to charter a special mail-train to send it.

From royal old Platte, comes a friend who never comes amiss; one who never speaks, without having something to say. This time, the Platte County Fair forms the burden of his discourse.

PLATTE CITY, Missouri, September 12th, 1871.

DEAR CAUCASIAN:—The Platte County Fair closed last Saturday, having been a grand and pleasing success. For some years past, old Platte has had the honor of being second only to St. Louis, in her vast crowds and choice exhibitions, and this time, she fully sustained her reputation, even adding a little thereto.

The first day at fairs usually finds a slim attendance, but our board of directors have this year arranged an exception to the rule, and had a good turn out. The crowd increased each day, till the last two days found the seats, the promenade and the grounds, literally alive with people. They came, not only from the surrounding country, but neighboring cities were represented, and there were many from a distance. A more handsome and well dressed assemblage of ladies was never seen. The police regulations were well conceived and successfully carried out, and everything possible done for the comfort and happiness of visitors.

At noon, each day, bounteous supplies of good things were spread out, and if any one went away hungry, it was his own fault. In the floral hall, was a splendid array of artistic skill, and products of the garden and field. The display of apples, especially, would be hard to beat. A half dozen sewing machines were on hand, each one, of course, the best. Shows, gift-sales and almost every conceivable catch-penny were on hand by the score.

And last, but not least, the goodly array of horses, cattle, hogs, etc., was the best ever seen here. Short-horn Durham horseflesh was exhibited, and [illegible] were as good as the State [illegible].

A liberal, energetic board are been elected, and many already [illegible] look forward to the pleasing sight—and incidents of next year's fair. I trust that old Lafayette will be equally as successful in her Agricultural and Mechanical exhibition.

Respectfully,
W. A. W.

If she isn't in her Agricultural and Mechanical, she will be in her Confederate, exhibition. Ah, Captain, it will be a grand display. Come down, and enter.

Short and sweet as a roasted nag-got, from our nigger-ruled, noble native State:

BOLIVAR LANDING, Mississippi, September 12th, 1871.

COL. DONAN, Dear Sir:—Please send me your weekly paper until Christmas. I would send you the money, but do not know your terms of subscription.

Respectfully, &c., G. B. P.

All right.

If brevity's the soul of wit, here's a witty chap from the land of the "Arkansas peregrinator:"

ROYER P. O., ARK., September 9th, 1871.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN, Sir:—Please send me a copy of your paper until you tell Adieu. Very respectfully,
G. S.
O. K.

Here a friend, fair-handed, from the far-away land of the sun-set and "Bill Nye:"

ELKO, NEVADA, Sept. 8th, 1871.

COL. P. DONAN, Dear Sir:—Inclosed you will find $14. Please send me a Caucasian to the following addresses: G. L. R. Bradley, Carson City, Nevada; Major T. W. Lane, Knight's Ferry, California; A. J. Lane, Elko, Nevada; T. B. Fitzhugh, Elko, Nevada; Geo. W. Shepherd, Elko, Nevada; Simon Bolinger, Elko, Nevada; R. L. Wood,