THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

Vol. 6. Lexington, Lafayette County, Mo., Saturday, December 23, 1871. No. 26.—Whole No. 296.

The Weekly Caucasian.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY!

WHITE SUPREMACY!

AND

REPUDIATION!

THIS IS LIBERTY!

FOR 1872:

THE CAUCASIAN'S POLICY:

Democratic National Convention or Nominations!

Force is Forever Out—The Cactus Down—The Lights Extinguished—And Jesus and Judas Disunited!

THE CAUCASIAN'S PLATFORM:

Opposition to the Tan-Yard Boor, and his Countless Horde of Hungry Kin!

Coalition to Conspiracy, Tyranny, Office-Peddling, Believers, Extravagance, Corruption and Money!

THE CAUCASIAN'S TICKET:

Gratz Brown, Horace Greeley, Cox, Trumbull, Palmer, or the Devil—

Anybody to Beat Those in the Gift Inside!

OUR WEEKLY TALK

ON THE

NATIONAL MALEFACTORY.

CARICAL SKETCHES OF THE MODERN SODOM.

NIGGER BEGGARS—THE CAPITOL—A "WHITED SEPULCHRE"—GLORIOUS WITHOUT. HIDEOUS WITHIN.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

MUCKFORK PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT OUTLAWS.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF AMERICAN DECAY AND DEMORALIZATION.

A LONG, STRONG DOSE OF GAB, INTENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THE TEN THOUSAND BOY READERS OF THE CAUCASIAN.

We've talked, in days gone by, to the old men and the young men; to the old women—if any such there be—and to the young women; to the loud-tongued, empty belles, and the romping, heedless girls. Now, boys, we're going to spend the old year's dying hours, in talking to you—not to the brainless, simpering, pink-mustache cultivating coxombs; the slim-legged and slimmer-witted, cane-and-obscenity-twaddling snips and snobs—but to the genuine, honest, modest boys.

Come here, little fellow. You, with the rosy cheeks, bright eyes and curly locks. Don't be afraid of me. We're the Caucasian man. We bite sightly, sometimes. And lots of nasty-nice conservative people say we're terribly wicked, vulgar, blasphemous, treasonable, and miscellaneously shocking and abominable. But never mind; we ain't a cannibal, nor a spoon-thief, nor a Radical. We won't hurt you. We like small boys—especially if they have good-looking sisters. Ah, you're a nice little chap. What's your name? Johnnie, eh? Well, that's a good name, and we hope you're a good little "Johnnie Reb," too. Oh, you are? That's fine. We like you better than we did at first. You'll be a man, some day, Johnnie, if you're a good boy, and live long enough, won't you? And you want to be a big man, don't you? A Congressman, to make laws for free niggers, and white slaves;—or a Senator, to grapple the British lion by the tail, and shake him till he howls; to concoct gigantic annexation and land-grabbing schemes; to roar your patriotism, in whisky-thunder tones, and sell your vote on vital questions, for funds enough to start a faro bank;—that would be glorious, wouldn't it? Of course it would. Well, now, wouldn't you like to go with us, and see how these big men look and act? Wouldn't you like to look in on these great fellows, as they cut the capers that make them famous, or in famous, as the case may be? You'd be delighted, would you?

Well, by some strange hocus pocus, some spiritualistic lightning express arrangement,

HERE WE ARE IN WASHINGTON—

Washington, the sitting-down-place of government; the scintillating center of civilization; the gushing fountain, from whence pours forth, in cataractical torrents, all that is true and beautiful and good, including humanity, high morality, proclamation christianity, legal tenders, Ku-Klux bills and drunken senatorial twaddle.

Up the broad avenue, (that leads not exactly to hell, but just next door), toward the great National Asylum for lunatics, demoniacs and kleptomaniacs, we bend our steps. At every corner, at every turn, at every crossing, ragged forms swarm around us, dusky hands are thrust before us, and plaintive voices whine: "Please, sir, a penny"—"Only a penny, sir"—"Can't you give me a penny, sir?" "Who are these, Mr. Caucasian?" asks the young novice at our side. "These are paupers, nigger beggars, vagabonds, Johnnie, made so by the 'best government that e'er the sun shone on.' Its divine philanthropy has set them FREE from the care of the kind old master and mistress, who watched over them, and provided for them, in sickness and in health; FREE from their comfortable cabins and abundance of wholesome food; FREE from their warm linseys and thick-soled boots; FREE from the uproarious jollity of the corn-husking and the cotton-hoist; FREE from the music of the merry banjo, the ringing laugh, the dances and the frolics of the olden time. From all these trammels of barbarism, the late book-wildly lamented Abraham and his high-moralized Congress, have set them FREE—FREE to shiver in their miserable rags, to beg, to steal, or to starve; FREE to rot with disease, to die uncared for, and be buried by the Freedman's Bureau. Its a glorious and beneficent government, Johnnie, that has accomplished all these admirable changes, and you must learn to love it with all your little soul and strength and gizzard, and your neighbor as—much as pays well."

With such interesting and instructive discourse, we beguile the way till, emerging from the long winding walk beneath the shade trees, we stand before that stately monument of American vanity, wealth and bad taste, that towering "whited sepulchre;" without, so fair and beautiful; within, so foul, so full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness; the majestic, snowy, glittering, gorgeous,

POLLUTED CAPITOL.

Overwhelmed with the immensity of this mountain of architecture, we ascend in silence, to the splendid portico, with its massive columns, its statues and basso relievos.

We enter, and oh, the contrast!—the dark, dismal, horrible contrast! We grope our way through gloomy vaults, reminding one of the corridors of a penitentiary or county jail—On through a labyrinth of three-legged pea-nut stands, ginger-cake stalls, nigger ice-cream saloons and restaurants—On through a regiment of beggars, strumpets and Senators, beer-jerkers, tinkers, Representatives and peddlers—On, on, blundering under arches, clambering up stairways, turning around corners, winding, twisting, wandering with uncertain feet, till at last, half stupefied and blinded, we suddenly stumble out of almost Egyptian darkness, into the vast, resplendent, magnificent dome; magnificent in its colossal proportions and faultless perspective; magnificent in its height and its breadth, in its ornate winding galleries, its gilding, its costly tinted glass, its mosaic floor and its frescoed ceiling—MAGNIFI-NIFI-NIFICENT!

Swallowed up, lost in the prodigiousness of our admiration, we stand breathless, dumbfuzzled, entranced, two stiff, stark, slender exclamation points of wonder and delight. Thirteen minutes and sixty-seven seconds, by one of Grimes' dumb hunting-case gold watches, eighteen-brass-candlestick fine, full-jeweled with hickory shoe-pegs and small gravel, we thus stand motionless stalactites of cry-stallized, congealed rapture and amazement. But at length, slowly recovering and glancing more critically around at the various parts of the stupendous scene, we notice, stuck in between "Columbus Discovering the New World," and "Washington Resigning the Sword" which gave it independence, a miserable daub representing four tattered nigger gamblers, with no backs in their shirts and no seats in their breeches, deeply engaged in a game of "seven up" or "draw poker," that, from the intense interest they exhibit, is apparently intended to decide which of them shall be the next President, and which one of the others is to be Speaker of the Senate.

O, TEMPORA! O, MORES!

The spell is dissolved, the enchantment has flown, the glory of the dome has departed, and we move on with the crowd, to the Hall of Representatives. There, wedged in on an elegantly cushioned seat, between a flaunting nigger prostitute on one side, and a white skinned thing in brass buttons and shoulder-straps on the other, we are admirably situated to appreciate the dignity and privileges of American citizens; to contemplate the beauties of "universal freedom;" and to feel our bosoms swell with emotions of pay triotic pride, as we reflect that here, in the jewel-casket of the nation, the sanctum sanctorum of the Empire, we are entitled to "equal rights" with the foulest smelling nigger wench, or the lousiest, filthiest, ebo-shinnedest, jay-bird-heeled-est old Sambo or Cuffee in the land. In vain, for us, the softly-tinted light illuminates a chamber of oriental magnificence; in vain, the gentle radiance of heaven falls rainbow-hued, on bronze and gilt and stone, on marble pillars and elaborate carvings, on carpets of Tyrian dyes, rich curtains, velvet cushions and luxurious sofas, on painting and sculpture, fabulous frescoes and high-sounding coats of arms. We see nothing, hear nothing, smell nothing, but the degradation of our country. "Her lights all fled, her garlands dead, and all her great departed." Her grand Capitol sunk into a vile den of white banditti and African lazaroni; her once proud Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives become but a rendezvous, a lounging-place for paupers, thieves and courtesans; the common receptacle, the reeking reservoir, into which all the sewers of the earth now pour their foulest, most noisome, plague-imparting filth.

We think of the mighty statesmen who once sat upon that floor. We think of the noble wives and lovely daughters, who once occupied these seats in this same gallery. And we look around upon the motley herd, the sweltering mass of human villainy and human frailty, the niggers, sanctimonious-visaged yankees, mulattoes, low browed ruffians, tinseled tools of despotism, and bold, unblushing women, that fill them now. Alas! alas! oh, America, how art thou fallen! Ignominy, reproach, infamy, now; deeper disgrace, anarchy, perhaps bloodshed and ruin, in the future. Our head drops upon our hand, and we glide away in a reverie which, extending its tinge from surrounding objects, dark, dark as ebony; when the sudden slamming of a door, wafts a more than usually fragrant puff of air to our nostrils, and revives us, just as a harsh, hoarse growl begins to rise from the floor below, and the wondering youngster at our side, inquires:

"WHO IS THAT, MR. CAUCASIAN?"

"That bloated mass of stench emitting carrion, with the face so cruel, so obscene, so devilish, that you involuntarily look for the horns, the claws, the scales and forked tail, is the far famed hero of Big Bethel, Fort Fisher, Dutch Gap, and New Orleans, boy;—The foaming secessionist of the Charleston Convention; the fifty two times voter for Jeff. Davis;—The lying braggart and bully-ragger, the thief, the murderer, the grave-robber, and debauchee;—The foulest fiend, save John McNeil, the Butcher of Palmyra, that roams outside the pit of the damned;—The Radical saint of Lowell, where he is convenient, as L. L. D. Professor of Virtue and Moral Science, to thousands of the poor New England factory-girls. Look at him laugh! Ye gods! Can hell's chief cook, as he sticks a fresh fat sinner on his toasting fork, grind out a more frightful chuckle, a more leering, horrible grin? That, boy, is Spoon, Cork Bottle, Beast Butler. Learn to lie, to steal, to murder, to commit ever crime too smocking to be contemplated, too foul to be named; run the whole gamut of the record-books of damnation; and, boy, you may, some day, represent his pious Nastychusetts district in Congress, as he will then represent this Congress in his native hell.

"Oh, Mr. Caucasian, don't talk so loudly; but who is that, with the carrot-colored side-whiskers, up yonder, near the Speaker's desk?"

"That, Johnnie, is Bingham, the Ohio

WOMAN-MURDERER.

Wherever he walks, in the light of God's sun or moon, the shadow of a gallows and an innocent widow-victim, is said to fall.

Nearly opposite to him, over there on the left of the Speaker, sits Garfield, a renegade preacher, a recreant gospel-squirt, an ignominious three-starred skedaddler during the war, who, from pauper-hood, has risen in ten years, by paytriotism and its perquisites, to a millionaireship.

That bullet-headed biped in the back row of seats, is the Honorable (?) W. A. Donnan, of Iowa, a white-Ethiop kinsman of ours, and the only member of our widely scattered tribe, who ever sunk to such a depth of degradation. He only lacks a tail to convert him into an African orang-outang; and it is gratifying to hear from his family physician, that this important anatomical postscript is already sprouting; so that, if the Darwin and Agassiz theory is correct, he may yet hope to number among his descendants, some unadulterated specimens of the man-and-brother, that can't change his cuticle, nor the leopard his spots.

There, near the center of the hall, is the oleaginous mulatto, Rainey, who sweet-scentedly represents, not South Carolina, but Puritanigger progress.

And see, scattered here and there and yonder, those sneaky, hungry-looking phizzes; faces in which are mingled the serpent, the carrion crow and the cur, cunning, filthiness and cowardice, cork screw snouts, lank jaws; seedy costumes; and eager eyes, ever on the alert for chance to steal a crumb or a bone;—They are Southern carpet-bagbonds, miserable scullions and sutlers from the North, 'elected' by satrap bayonets, and niggers, to represent the glorious States of Rutledge, Pinckney, Calhoun and Sevier. But we haven't time, just now, to notice any more of these rare aves. This, Johnnie, is the 'Lower House,' and represents the great masses, the common herd. There is yet another body, far more august, to which each State can send but two members. They may be considered the very top-skimmings of our public cream de la cream, the choicest of our national jewels. They meet in the other wing. Keep your hand on your pocket-book, and let us go there."

We enter the Senate Chamber, and behold, the same glaring contrasts, the same incongruous mixture of splendor and squalor, luxury and wretchedness, glitter and filth. The same pompous scoundrelism, on the floor; and the same dappled hotch-potch of human "odds and ends," in the galleries. Here sits a greasy nigger buck, sandwiched between a couple of dazzling misses in the full bloom of lily-white, rouge, paniers, patent palpitators and witching bonnets, like a slice of Ham betwixt two snowy biscuits. Here's a fat old negress protected on either flank, by a brace of her "country's gallant defenders," in all the martial glory of tinsel and gu(n)ilt lace. Here is the brazen-faced proprietress of a well-known Congressional resort, jammed in between a foreign minister, and a sleek jawed, demure-phizzed, white-cravatted individual, with a holy roll to his eyes. Old and young, he's and she's, white, black, brown, yellow and nondescript, all tar-gled, jumbled, in kaleidoscopic variety and confusion. And oh, the smells! The endless mixing and unmixing of uncongenial stinks! Jockey Club and Night-Blooming Cereus drift bewildered, into a fog of fermented African rancidity. That young miss's Egyptian Lotus, Kiss Me Quick, or Frangipani, is strangled in the embrace of this old market-woman's rank lustiness. There, a slim-legged exquisite emits the soft fragrance of bergamot or cologne; here, an aged vender of old clothes, is redolent with the fumes of sour krout, onions and tobacco. Here a Senator's wife, or the woman who passes for it, breathes, oh, gently breathes, some new-fangled sweetness, with a jaw breaking name; and here a dilapidated old darkey liberally dispenses the pungent aroma of sour sweat. Whew! whe-e-ew! We have just clapped seventeen full-sized linen cambric handkerchiefs, made of tenacious domestic, to our nose, to keep that comely ornament of our physiognomy from turning a somerset and lighting on the back of our neck, when Johnnie exclaims: "Oh, Mr. Caucasian, to look at that savage old ghost, away over yonder on a lounge! Who is he?"

"That clown-headed old creature, Johnnie, that aged flake of boiled-over scum from the kettle of perdition, is Beelzebub's foster-brother,

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW,

the Reverend Hyena of Tennessee. Note his hard, forbidding features; the smirk of villainous complacency, that mingles perpetually with a scowl, in the wrinkles about his malignant old snapping-turtle mouth. Note his dark red wig, fit covering for the hard fires that flame beneath it; and his hobbling, distorted carcass, emblematic of the hideous old soul that burns within it. Mark him well, boy, and remember that, if through a life of nearly eighty years, you never cherish one generous, pure, forgiving thought, if for fourscore years, your bosom glows with the hissing flames of the infernal pit, till your whole nature becomes one dark, charred mass of fury, hate, revenge and lust; if for eighty long years, you scorn to feel one human impulse, one tender emotion, and give yourself up, as a dwelling place for scorpions and asps, and seventy times seven such devils as drove the ferocious maniac of old to grovel among the tombs of the Gadarenes; if, whilst your withered, rage-scorched old form is tottering on the brink of the grave, you are ever ready to howl for vengeance, destruction and slaughter—ever ready, like a foul jackal, to gnash your slimy fangs over the bones of the dead; you may, some time, become the rival of the passed old Fiend of the Cumberland, the patron saint, the lofty-t exemplar, of Southern Loyalty."

"And who is that speaking so highfalutinly, now?"

"That great stalking, six-foot two inch-high conglomeration of bookish self-conceit, intolerance and cant, with the frame of a dromedary and the soul of a May flower-ite, the delicate creature who once let a man off scarcely half his size, wear a cane out over his back, and then traveled all over Europe, making speeches on the barbarism of the South, and illustrating his harangues by exhibiting the bloody shirt in which, like a dog, he took his larrupping. That is

THE 'MARTYR' SUMNER,

the above par-excellence representative of New England; a sneaking, cowardly, thankless compound of psalm-singing arrogance, bigotry, hypocrisy, selfishness, bogus philanthropy, gas intermixable, and the last microscopic littleness of meanness. He would steal the acorns from a blind sow, to fatten his Christmas turkey, and then strut into some loyal temple and, raising his soft, white hands, with Pharisaic impudence and self-righteousness, return thanks to God, for making him so much nobler and better than the rest of mankind.

That bull-necked bundle of licentious rottenness and caustic plasters, near him, is grant's chief fugle man, the distinguished

SENATOR FROM INDIANA,

chosen as best fitted to represent in the highest legislative council of the nation, a State in which two green postage-stamps and a peck of white beans, will pay the damages for half a dozen adulteries, and purchase the divorces beside; where it is a common thing for a wife divorced in the morning, to stand as bridesmaid when her husband is married to another woman, in the evening. Do you ask, Johnnie, why the ill-lustrious Morton sits so curiously? Heaven grant, boy, that you may never know. Keep to windward of the ex-gubernatorial Ulyssianic champion; for there is pollution, contamination, in every breeze that sweeps across his plague-smitten, ulcerous carcass.

That would-be military-looking personage, with the oily locks and ponderous mustache, who is gesticulating so dramatically, is known in his own State, as

'DIRTY-WORK LOGAN.'

Eleven years ago, he was a rabid secessionist; swore that if the rights of any State were trampled upon, this sword would be the first to leap from its scabbard, and he the first to rush to the rescue." He recruited men for the Confederate army, and paid the expenses of some of them, out of his own pocket. The Southern Confederacy, didn't give him a Major-Generalship, the Yankee Empire did, and now, he has, for years, been one of the fiercest shrickers for the extermination of the whole population of those States, to whose 'rescue' he was, then, going to 'rush' so terrifically.

Over there, to the right, sits the awful Michigander, the ex measurer of tape and calico, ignorant, blustering, besotted

PHLEBOTOMY CHANDLER.

He is the 'mighty man of valor' who, a few years ago, stood mute and cowering, whilst an associate denounced him, as an 'irresponsible hound,' a 'pusillanimous masculine offspring of a feminine canine.' He is now the raging lion, the rampagerous leviathan, at whose appalling roar for 'more blood letting,' all christendom turns pale about the gills. He it was, who four years ago, standing in his place in the Senate, and speaking of eight millions of people, the vilest and most despicable of whom, compared with him, would be an angel of light beside a pig-faced baboon, savagely swore, he'd 'give them their rights—their constitutional right to be hanged, and their divine right to be damned!" He hasn't sense enough to tell the silver forks, at his boarding house, from his spectacle-case, or to tell himself from a Berkshire hog. But, as in revolutionary times, the most sonorous emptiness makes the loudest clanging tocsin, so this two hundred pounds of *cor præterea nihil*, has made himself a fame that, like a mill-stone about his neck, will to all eternity, drag him deeper, and yet deeper, in perdition.

Such, boy, is the stuff of which Representatives and Senators are made. Such are the men, who fairly represent the sentiments and characters of that marvelous people, whose coat tails cover more learning and genius, more uprightness, energy, virtue and piety, than can be found in all the world beside. Such are the

'REPRESENTATIVE MEN,'

the exemplary sons of the radiant Empress of modern civilization. Nothing is so mean and despicable, so base and brutal and infamous, so steeped in debauchery and crime, that, if it escapes the gallows or State prison, it may not represent some loyal or reconstructed district in Congress. All it needs is notoriety. Then be notorious, Johnnie—No matter how, be notorious. Keep pace with the progress of the age. Never stoop to do a little thing. Keep step to the music of the times. If you commit a forgery or a fraud, to make yourself a name, let it be for half a million or a million. If you commit a murder, to establish your reputation, don't do it in one-horse style. Let your victim be some one widely known, some one whose death will produce a huge sensation; call him a traitor or a rebel first, and then kill him. Or, McNeil-like, cold-bloodedly butcher ten innocent victims, at once, and call it loyalty and duty. Show yourself more startlingly original in villany, more vehemently, furious-ly ruthless and hyena-like, than any of your predecessors or cotemporaries; and as surely as the Devil has a mortgage for five times its whole value, on this body before us, we shall yet live to see with pride, your little legs thrown over the arm of one of those more than regal chairs down there; to see you hiccupping in noble drunkenness, behind one of those imposing desks; and to hear your name called on the roll of 'Fathers of their Country.' Remember, boy, the lessons you have learned to-day. Remember that infamy is

THE SUREST ROAD TO FAME;

and that every paving stone in the path to power and greatness, must be a crime. Stop at no wickedness; shudder at no enormity; throw conscience to the dogs; get a steel-plated soul; and push on. Trample on your enemies; sacrifice your friends; spread havoc and horror, far and wide; deafen the universe with your diabolical howlings, and darken it with the shadow of your atrocities;—and you'll be one of those, whom the 'great American people' 'delight to honor';—you'll be a Representative, a Senator, perhaps a President!"

Such are the teachings to be derived by our youth, from a familiarity with the character of the men who to-day, control the destinies of forty millions of Americans. Would it be any wonder if, after such trainings, our young ward should turn out a completely accomplished scoundrel, a cut-throat, pick-pocket or pirate? Would it be any wonder if, after being taught to look upon Butler, Morton, Nye and Chandler, as the great men of his nation, he should expiate on the gallows, an unsuccessful attempt to imitate the villainies that have made them famous? And whilst the people are compelled to look up, for examples, to such whelps of Beelzebub, as now fill all the highest places in our official sin-agogues, whilst such outcast bellions rule; whilst such monstrosities of depravity are our great law-givers and exemplars; is it any wonder that every breeze, which sweeps across the land, bears on its wings, the shriek of some new victim of outrage; of the assassin's dagger, the foot-pad's bludgeon, or the usurper's heel? Is it strange that every printing press in all the wide dis Union, groans under the burden of its daily record of crime? Wife murdered by her husband—Husband poisoned by his wife—Little girl beaten to death by her father—Father killed by his son—Mysterious disappearance of a well known citizen—Abduction of a young lady—Elopement of a clergyman with the wife of one of his elders—Strange suicide—Terrible tragedy—Horrible outrage—Whole family murdered—Rape and lynching—A preacher murders his child—Gigantic frauds—Tremendous robbery—Shocking debauchery—Man garroted in a church—Young girl butchered and packed in a trunk—Brutal assault on a lady—Fearful affray in a ball-room—Row and homicide in a church—Seduction and suicide—A mother dashes out the brains of her child—Murder, outrage, robbery, arson, parricide, matricide, fratricide, sororicide, infanticide and suicide!—Is it any wonder that the lightnings themselves have grown weary of flashing abroad the never-ending reports of horrors and atrocities, that corrode the very wires over which they pass? Is it any wonder, with such men exalted to the loftiest niches, as standards and models, that the last dim landmarks of religion, morals, law, order and decency, are going down under one wide, wild, universal deluge of wickedness? Is it any wonder that assassins, abductionists, abortionists and burglars, now hang out their signs, as regular and licensed tradesmen? Is it strange that, from Maine to California, the whole continent is one vast bubbling cauldron of all that is evil?

For her pride, vain-glorying and flagrant iniquities, Babylon the Great is but a dwelling for the moles and the bats, a hiding-place for the wild beasts of the desert. Amid her palaces and temples, the wandering Arab pitches his tent, and the wolf and the owl make their habitation. For her heinous offences, luxurious Nineveh lies buried beneath the rubbish of two thousand years. On account of their debaucheries, the Dead Sea has for ages, rolled its solemn requiem over the proud Cities of the Plain, rich, adulterous, lustful Sodom and Gomorrah. Yet New York to-day, could teach Babylon a thousand tricks of pampered lust and shameless guilt. Boston or Philadelphia could make lewd Sodomites of Ninevah's eyes stick out past her nose, with horrified amazement. And Washington, St. Louis or Chicago, in all abominations, could strip the belt from Sodom and Gomorrah. Toss hell, with all its red hot devils and seething brimstone, into the midst of the Arctic Ocean, and all the spattering and foaming, boiling and hissing, would be but a faint picture of the condition, to-day, of this once glorious, peaceful and happy Republic! And with such creatures to furnish its precepts and examples, is it any wonder? Nay, verily! Upon the accursed heads of our Jacobin Legislators, Governors and Congressmen, rests, and will forever rest, the blood of a nation destroyed! May God and the People yet hold them to a strict and terrible account!

But, dear friends, your pardon, we pray. 'Peccavimus.' Here you've been waiting, with the thermometer forty-three feet beyond New Zealand, while we've skyhooted all over the continent. Goodbye, Johnnie. Friends, all, come in, come in; Merry Christmas to you and yours.

An earnest patriot and friend, from a hideously outraged and downtrodden land:

LONGVIEW, TEXAS.
TERMINUS S. P. R. R., }
November 20th, 1871. }

COL. P. DONAN, Editor Caucasian—Dear Col: Some time has elapsed since I last wrote you, but your weekly issue which, from some cause unknown to me, unless it be that some of our worthy President's pets recently appointed to the office of Post-Master, by virtue of the relationship they bear him, either by blood, marriage or money, have considered your paper unworthy to be transported by the regular United States mails, and have thrown them out or used them as waste paper or disposed of them in some other unlawful manner—have only found their way to my house about once in a month, or even two months, and some of them are often two months old when they do reach me. But I do not intend to be blulled off in this way, nor do I intend to be denied the pleasure of reading your paper, and I find that the way to my sanctum, for, if I only receive one every month instead of every week, I feel that I have been more than compensated for the small sum of $2 50 in Uncle Sam's paper, which some day is no doubt to be worthless and fit only for rags. You have probably found among your many correspondents and subscribers in Texas, heard something about how justice, equality and law are being administered to us freemen of Texas, by our so-called Governor, Edmund J. Davis, and his minions. Truly this is a "glorious government," and the best one the world ever saw, if military rule, satrap tyranny, oppression, and an utter disregard for everything which tends to relieve the poor working-man and develop the resources of the country in which he lives, is the object for these are all we enjoy as American citizens. As a proof of it, see our own case, which occurred since just before Edmund J. Davis forced himself into its gubernatorial chair, was in a prosperous condition, free from debt, while now she is some $6,000,—000 in debt, and her people are being ruined by the heavy taxes, forced on them to support and upheld the despotic satrap power. I hear every day, our farmers saying it takes all they can make to pay their taxes, and truly we are all working to make just enough to pay our taxes and buy a little corn and meat.

Not satisfied with robbing us of all we make, they have seen fit, from causes known only to themselves, to declare martial law in several of our counties, where heavy Democratic majorities were given in the last election—and compelled those counties to pay, in some instances, as high as $50,000, because martial law was declared and a force of troops. Many who have worked hard for years, to make themselves a home, have been forced to sell out their homes in order to pay this tax, and many are being sold out for refusing to pay and not being able to pay.

They say Edmund J. Davis is going to be impeached for some of his falsehoods, but when we see the crimes of which our "Peace" President is guilty every day, and especially his last proclamation subjecting South Carolina to the shameful and ignominious rule called "martial law," and thousands of other acts no less villainous, pass unpunished and unrebuked, I am willing to venture the assertion that he will not only not be impeached, but will, if nominated again, declare himself governor, regardless of the 100,000 majority in our State against him.

Did you ever read Brandt's address to the Romans: "We are slaves! The bright sun rises in his course, and lights a race of slaves. He sets, and his last beams fall upon a slave," &c. How appropriate would that speech be now to us, "freemen of America." It is a long lane, Colonel, which has no turn. There is a good time coming, and 'twill not be long. You and I will live to see it, and when the demons of infamy and corruption are scourged from our high places, which will be when the Democrats once more get a majority in Congress, (as Mr. Beck of Kentucky says), I want to be on hand and give one shout and pull some of the strings or knock out some of the props. But I have wearied you already to long. Hoping to hear from you through your weekly issue, which I hope will hereafter come more promptly. I am,

Yours in Texas. G. D. H.

P. S. Since last I wrote you, I have gone and alone what you and thousands similarly blessed (with single blessedness), should hasten to do. In other words, I have surrendered to the Goddess of Love, and am now a subject of matrimony. Go thou and do likewise. 'Twill pay. Enclosed find $2 50 for another year's subscription. G. D. H.

God speed that "good time coming!" Hasten the day of your and our deliverance! When it comes, what a singeing of wool there'll be! What a howling, a weepin' an' wailin' an' snashin' of loyal beas-pd and molars! What a rise in brimstone! "Go we and do like wise" or unwise, eh? Ha! Our beloved, the sweet angel of our dreams, has said unto us: "Shoo Fly!" And we "Shoo-ed."

Ha! ha! ha! Haw! haw! haw! Ee-hee-ee! Hear a Sucker white nigger post-master on original sin and total depravity:

TALLULA, MENARD CO., ILLINOIS, }
November 30th, 1871. }

COL. P. DONAN.—Dear Sir: Enclosed please find ($1 00) one dollar, for which send your venomous little sheet, the money's worth, to my address. I want to show it to some friend in order that I can may more fully comprehend the depravity of fallen man.

GEO. TEEPLE, P. M.,
Tallula, Menard Co., Ill.

We send it, with pleasure. And if you don't get more for your money, than ever one Lincoln rag brought before, we'll surrender our old boots in exchange for your real estate interest in the New Jerusalem. For total depravity, study the last ten years' record of your own hell-born party.

A funny and emphatic fellow from our "future great city:"

503 NORTH SIXTH STREET, }
REAVISVILLE, MO., Dec. 15th, '71. }

DEAR COL:—Copies of the Caucasian received with grateful emotions. I would rather get drunk with you, than any other man on this continent. Your anomalous sheet possesses a most singular power of ingratiating itself with every-body. I am a stern, sensitive-nosed Democrat myself, but (I no longer hesitate to say it), I have friends in the ranks of Radicalism, and so many as three of these "friends" have already sworn to subscribe for the all-penetrating, ubiquitous Caucasian, as soon as they can accumulate the spare means for the purpose, by resolutely retrenching their accustomed donations to nigger whisky-shops, nigger school-houses, and nigger societies de tempérance! This is but another instance added to your (miscalled) "devilish paper's" long list of moral and religious influences.

Yours truly, H. A. W.

Ugh! What an idea! "Drunk" with us, who "touch not, taste not, handle not" the rosy "sarpint" of the cup—"drunk" with us, conductor of a Sunday School organ, and boss of a sewing-machine. No, no; we'll take your kind regard in some other shape. Send us a photophiz of your grandmother, or some other sich, instead.

Here a gallant soldier-author friend, with an invitation that we'd give our boots and breeches, and a peck of eye-teeth to accept:

PLATTE CITY, MO., Dec. 15th, 1871.

COL. DONAN:—We are soon going to have one of the grandest Juvenile Concerts that ever came along. Twenty-five star performers. Matter most all original. And as our dialogues are generally of a local nature, we have advised old maids, old bachelors, editors and county officials, who are over-sensitive, to stay away, to be sure that we won't step on their corns. Mrs. Atkins, formerly of Lexington, has charge of the musical department, and will have sheriff Bell's little son to sing the "Little Boot-Black," which she says your brother Jimmie could sing to perfection. Col., can't you come up and give us a lift, Friday evening, Dec. 22d? It shan't cost you anything, and would be a grand advertisement for both you and us, as most everybody in this region is anxious to see the unreconstructed Caucasian of Post-Master, by virtue of the relationship they bear him, either by blood, marriage or money, have considered your paper unworthy to be transported by the regular United States mails, and have thrown them out or used them as waste paper or disposed of them in some other unlawful manner—have only found their way to my house about once in a month, or even two months, and some of them are often two months old when they do reach me. But I do not intend to be blulled off in this way, nor do I intend to be denied the pleasure of reading your paper, for, if I only receive one every month instead of every week, I feel that I have been more than compensated for the small sum of $2 50 in Uncle Sam's paper, which some day is no doubt to be worthless and fit only for rags. You have probably found among your many correspondents and subscribers in Texas, heard something about how justice, equality and law are being administered to us freemen of Texas, by our so-called Governor, Edmund J. Davis, and his minions. Truly this is a "glorious government," and the best one the world ever saw, if military rule, satrap tyranny, oppression, and an utter disregard for everything which tends to relieve the poor working-man and develop the resources of the country in which he lives, is the object for these are all we enjoy as American citizens. As a proof of it, see our own case, which occurred since just before Edmund J. Davis forced himself into its gubernatorial chair, was in a prosperous condition, free from debt, while now she is some $6,000,—000 in debt, and her people are being ruined by the heavy taxes, forced on them to support and upheld the despotic satrap power. I hear every day, our farmers saying it takes all they can make to pay their taxes, and truly we are all working to make just enough to pay our taxes and buy a little corn and meat.

Not satisfied with robbing us of all we make, they have seen fit, from causes known only to themselves, to declare martial law in several of our counties, where heavy Democratic majorities were given in the last election—and compelled those counties to pay, in some instances, as high as $50,000, because martial law was declared and a force of troops. Many who have worked hard for years, to make themselves a home, have been forced to sell out their homes in order to pay this tax, and many are being sold out for refusing to pay and not being able to pay.

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Yours truly, H. A. W.

"Don't you go, W., don't go"—Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy, Christmas trees at private residences, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Tell him to put it off till Monday. As for that invitation to us, a pork-barrel of brine wouldn't be a circumstance, to the floods of liquid lugubriousness we've shed over our inability to be with you. But the world must receive its weekly dose of pious and polite literature, if we never get to another frolic, while the sun shines in daylight instead of at night. From Europe to Brazil and the Isles of the Sea, the inhabitants are eagerly awaiting the arrival of steamers and trains, with their burden of soul-stirring, whole earth per ading Caucasians.

For one of Kentucky's noblest and truest adopted sons—a soldier, scholar, lawyer and gentleman, without fear and reproach:

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY, Dec. 13, 1871.

MY DEAR COL.:—I wrote you a few days since and find my self writing you again to-night. I feel so much interest in your success and the success of the Caucasian, that I think if you were to send me some of your issues of the 9th of September, 14th of October and 18th of November, I could get you some subscribers here. Do not run yourself short of those issues, if you can do better with them elsewhere. I think you sometimes discover the caustic vigor of Junius, in his most potent efforts, and I have yet to see where he has developed your imagination, or equaled your pathos. This tribute I could not yield to any pen in America but yours. The nearest approach was John M. Daniel, of the Richmond Examiner, who wielded a trenchant pen, and his writings were ever elevated and dignified, with much of the historic muse to inspire his effusions; and he wrote a great deal, but nothing like as much as you. He could be only in one mood, and that was severe, caustic and full of dignity. He never moved you to smile, nor touched your heart with sympathy, nor aroused you to tenderness.