# THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

Vol. 6. Lexington, Lafayette County, Mo., Saturday, January 20, 1872. No. 30.—Whole No. 300.



St. Louis Advertisements.

Are indorsed and prescribed by more leading physicians than any other tonic or stimulant now in use. They are A SURE PREVENTIVE of Fever and Ague, Intermittents, Biliousness, and all disorders arising from Miasmatic causes. They are recommended as an anti-dyspeptic and in cases of indigestion are invaluable as an appetizer and Recuperant, and in case of General Debility they have never in a single instance failed in producing the most happy results. They are particularly BENEFICIAL TO FEMALES, strengthening the body, invigorating the mind, and giving tone and elasticity to the whole system. The HOME BITTERS are compounded with the greatest care, and as a Tonic no stimulant has ever been offered to the public so PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, and at the same time combining so many remedial agents, endorsed by the medical fraternity as the best tonic to the Pharmacopœia. It costs little to test its merits by a fair trial, and

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A BOTTLE.

We ask every one to read the following certificate from many of the most eminent physicians in the country.

St. Louis, July, 1866.—James A. Jackson & Co., Gentlemen—As you have communicated to the medical profession the recipe of the "Home Bitters," it cannot, therefore, be considered as a secret or patent medicine, no patent having been taken for it. We have examined the formula for making the "Home Bitters," and unhesitatingly say the combination is one of rare excellence, all the articles used in its composition are the best of the class to which they belong, being highly Tonic, Stimulant, Carminative, Anti-malarial, and slightly Laxative. The mode of preparing them is strictly in accordance with the rules of pharmacy. Having used them, and seen the effect in our private practice, we take pleasure in recommending them to all persons in need of taking Bitters, as being the best Tonic and Stimulant now offered to the public.

L. A. Bolenbaugh, M.D. F. G. Porter, M.D.
Alexis Hereman, M.D. C. Gerieke, M.D.
Drake McIlwain, M.D. C. A. Ware, M.D.
W. Wheaton, M.D. E. A. Clark, M.D.
W. F. Collier, M.D. E. G. Moore, M.D.
W. E. Bishop, M.D. Hubert Primm.

U. S. Marine Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 25, 1866.—J. A. Jackson & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been using the formula for making the celebrated "Stomach Bitters" as prepared and having witnessed the method of combining the different ingredients, can cordially recommend them to the public as the best tonic with which we are acquainted. From the great care with which the ingredients are selected, and the cleanly manner in which they are put into them, we have no doubt that they will prove, as they deserve to be, popular and extensively used stimulant in use.

Respectfully yours,
J. J. Mettlee, M.D. T. G. Comstock, M.D.

We cheerfully concur with every word contained in the above testimonial.

Jno. Cunningham, M.D. John Hartman, M.D.
Chas. Stieren, M.D. J. J. Temple, M.D.
J. T. Hodgen, M.D. J. T. Hodgen, M.D.

Cincinnati, Oct. 19, 1866.—Messrs W. B. Kennedy & Co., Agents "Home Bitters": Gentlemen—According to your request, I have examined the formula of the "Home Stomach Bitters," and find the remedies it contains such as are in general use by the Medical Profession. They are well selected, and pleasantly combined, and stimulating tonics will be found especially adapted as correspondents to the treatment of the diseases of this climate, whether arising from impaired digestion or from malarious diseases.

J. A. Murphy, A. A. James, M.D.
R. S. Wayne, Chemist. C. T. Simpson, M.D.
W. T. Taliaferro, M.D. F. Bohmer, M.D.
J. J. Taylor, M.D. J. Thomas, M.D.
J. L. Lindsley, M.D. G. W. Bigler, M.D.
W. H. Woodward, M.D. G. A. Doherty, M.D.
J. Hunt, M.D. R. A. Smith, Esq.

We have examined the formula for the "Celebrated Stomach Bitters," and find it to be composed of the best and most approved remedies of the Medical Profession, and one of the best bitters we know of now in use.

H. S. Hahn, M.D. E. McVicar, M.D.
T. B. Walker, M.D. G. A. Mariner.
J. Hodgen, M.D. W. S. Barnes, M.D.

For Sale by all Druggists. [nov 20-1y.
A. A. & T. G. Lemcke, Agents Lexington, Mo.

Insurance.

LOOK HERE.

READ THIS.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMP'Y,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Cincinnati, October 12, 1871.

To Agents Ætna Insurance Company

The following is the latest information from Hartford as to the losses of the Ætna Insurance Company by the Chicago

"Chicago agents advise us that our losses there are less than Two Million Dollars. Our losses will be promptly paid, and the company will still have its capital of three Millions entire, with enormous surplus of a million dollars."

Our Agents will please accept this as an answer to their inquiries, and as the best assurance we can give of the soundness and strength of the Company.

Our cash assets will be Four Million Dollars when all losses are paid.

F. C. BENNETT, Gen'l Agent.
W. H. Wyman, Asst Gen'l Agent.

E. WINSOR & SON,
Agents, Lexington.

HARTFORD FIRE INS. COMP'Y,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Hartford, Conn., October 12, 1871.

To the Agents of the Hartford Fire Ins. Co.

Assets of the Hartford, October 1st, Two Millions Seven Hundred and Eighty-Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Seven Dollars ($2,785,877). From reliable information from our General Agent at Chicago, after an examination of our books, we estimate that our losses will not exceed Twelve Hundred thousand dollars ($1,200,000) which will leave us with Capital Unimpaired, and assets amounting to over One million five hundred thousand dollars.

We are happy to proclaim to you the foregoing facts, and to assure you that nothing will come of this great disaster to prevent us from maintaining our standing, prosecuting our business with renewed energy, and meeting all present and future obligations promptly and honorably.

Geo. L. Chase, President.

E. WINSOR & SON,
Agents.

NEW YORK
UNDERWRITERS' AGENCY,
173 BROADWAY.

Strength and Safety. We have lost largely by the Chicago fire, but we emerge from the trial confident of the future and proud of our strength.

After paying all our losses by the great fire, which will not exceed $600,000, we shall have over $2,500,000 Cash Assets. The percentage of our loss to assets is LESS THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER LEADING COMPANY.

The insuring public want a SAFE POLICY, and can get none safer than

THE UNDERWRITERS' POLICY.

The record of our past and present is a warranty of our future. Unshaken by disaster, conservative in our management, and sustained by the confidence and patronage of nearly a thousand separate communities, we fear no overwhelming reverse. Our steady progress is unchecked, even for a day.

A. Stoddart, Manager,
New York City.

E. WINSOR & SON,
Agents.

OFFICE OF
STATE INSURANCE COMP'Y,
OF MISSOURI.

Hannibal, Missouri, Oct., 11, 1871.

E. Winsor & Son, Agents,

Dear sir: Our Company had $21,500 at risk in Chicago, all told. If it is a total loss we can pay it without embarrassment to our business. The "State" is all right.

ASSETS, now ..... $625,276 57
CAPITAL UNIMPAIRED.

Jno. N. Strong, Secretary.


## Lexington Caucasian.

**STATE SOVEREIGNTY!**

WHITE SUPREMACY!
—AND—
**REPUDIATION!**

THIS IS LIBERTY!

## For 1872:

THE CAUCASIAN'S POLICY:

No Democratic National Convention or Nominations!

*The Farce is Played Out—The Curtain Down—The Lights Extinguished—And Actors and Audience Dismissed!*

THE CAUCASIAN'S PLATFORM:

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

*Opposition to Usurpation, Tyranny, Office-Peddling, Bribery, Extravagance, Corruption and Wrong!*

THE CAUCASIAN'S TICKET:

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

*Anybody to Beat Ulysses the Gift-Taker!*

# OUR WEEKLY TALK.

## A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

### HONG-KONG, JERUSALEM, CONSTANTINOPLE, TIMBUCTOO AND JEFFERSON CITY.

### A FLYING SCUD AROUND OUR STATE CAPITAL, AND A GLANCE AT OUR LAW-GRINDING SOLONS.

Ugh, what a chronic vagabond we've become. Been rambling again. Roaming, wandering, peregrinating, once more. How the love of locomotion and sight-seeing, grows upon even a home-sick-ish, mammy's-apron-string-fettered youth. How endless the beauties, the wonders, the glories, the horrors, the romances, the absurdities, the funninesses of travel. And oh, the marvels of steam and electricity! We see advertised to-day, tickets for a trip around the globe! Distance 25,000 miles. Time 97 days. Price about $800 in gold. The head runs, "Good for one first-class passage around the world." The coupons are: From St. Louis to Chicago—(Fifteen minutes for divorces!)—From Chicago to Niagara—From Niagara to New York—From New York to Havre—From Havre to Marseilles—From Marseilles to Alexandria—From Alexandria to Bombay—From Bombay to Calcutta—From Calcutta to Hong Kong—From Hong Kong to Yokohama—From Yokohama to San Francisco—From San Francisco to Omaha—And from Omaha back to St. Louis, the starting point—The whole vast circuit, by railroad and steam-ship! Think of it. Tickets to Nineveh, Kamschatka and Timbuctoo. Baggage checked through. Constantinople; change cars for Damascus! Twenty minutes for refreshments, at Jerusalem!

What a tour! How full of all that gives life its value—of novelty, of instruction, of deepest-emotion-stirring scenes, incidents and meditations. A TRIP AROUND THE GLOBE! How boundlessly, inconceivably, overwhelmingly varied and sublime, the ideas which those five brief words contain. Plunging across the hoary-crested, billowy Atlantic's wide expanse—What a theme for reverie, this alone! Lean over the railing. See that weird phosphorescent glow behind us. Look out, and think. Far down beneath that treacherous surface, which now sparkles so enchantingly, down, down, thousands of fathoms down, skeleton crews are drifting, white and ghastly, on desolate phantom ships. Look. Ponder. Hear the sounds of feasting and dancing, the soft tones of harp and guitar, that float from the richly lighted cabin. See the radiance of our lamps glancing far out upon the mighty waters. But remember—only a few straining timbers between our merriment, and those dark, unfathomed caverns—home of monsters that never saw the light of sun, or moon, or star, or lamp—those dread abodes of death, whose sanded floors are strewn with shattered wrecks and scattered treasures, with gold, and gems and grinning skulls. Here, side by side, gleam bare and ghostly, the bones of the pirate and the prince, the hero, the millionaire and the beggar. Here, with the fleshless, jeweled fingers still clenched in the prayer of agony, which rent the midnight air of ages agone, lies all that is left of young womanhood's, loveliness and beauty. Here, the tiny infant frame, locked with a love-clasp which centuries have not unloosed, in the arms of a skeleton mother. Here, grasping each others' grisly throats, with a grip which fifty years of shifting sands and gurgling waters have not relaxed, recline fierce foemen who went down in all the wrath and fire of battle. Missionaries, buccaniers, admirals, merchantmen and slaves; the murderer and his victim, the suicide, the "accidentally drowned," the "foundered in a gale," the "lost in the breakers," the "burned at sea;" all met, in pale, innumerable hosts, amid the slime, the dank weeds, the echoing caves and coral crags, the rotting cordage, bolts and spars, on one deep, rayless, wave-hidden level. Oh, the mysteries, the wondrous romances, the heroism, the blood-curdling horrors, that lie buried, miles and miles below old ocean's heaving, glittering bosom! And oh, the strange, astounding scenes of that awful day when "the sea shall give up its dead;" and the myriads on myriads of spectral forms, in response to Gabriel's grand "reveille," shall come surging and rushing, splashing and dripping, from their watery couches, to answer to their names at the last great "roll-call" of the universe!

A trip around the globe! Musing over the frailty of human power and human glory, in the dim old abbeys of Britain. Sauntering amid the gay throng of Fashion's fairest devotees, along the brilliant boulevards of "La Belle Paris," already recovering from the desolation, the ashes and tears of her late gigantic throat-cutting. Gazing speechless, breathless, entranced, upon the master-pieces of Art, the deathless creations of Raphael and Angelo, Rembrandt and Titian, in the galleries of Berlin and Dresden, the palaces of Florence, and the cathedrals of Rome. Shuddering with mingled delight and awe, amid the glaciers and eternal snows of Alpine summits. Or standing on some vine-embowered height, feasting with enraptured eyes, upon the paradisean vales, the verdure-clad slopes, and gem-like lakes of Switzerland or Tuscany; while the ear drinks in the distant melody of shepherds' horns and peasants' evening songs. Sharing the frugal fare of the hospitable, dark-cowled friars of St. Bernard. Floating, dreaming to the music of gondoliers' oars and soft barcaroles, on the liquid highways of "beautiful Venice." Trembling, thrilling, tingling, with rapt and reverential awe, as the wondrous "Miserere" swells, like a wail of immortal wo, beneath the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's. Pondering amid the moonlit ruins of the once world-amazing Coliseum—What visions rise around us—What emotions come sweeping over us. Proud, imperial Cæsars, shaking off the dust of eighteen centuries, once more ascend the ivory chair. Noble senators and mighty warriors come trooping from the repose of ages. High-born dames and haughty maidens, again wave their fans and snowy hands to the victors in the games. Again we hear the thundering tread of legions, whose golden eagles gleamed victorious over half the world. Cicero's magic spell once more enchains the masses in the forum. Pompey and Scipio lead up their triumphs. Captive kings and emperors are dragged, in glorious pageantry, along the exultant streets. Asia, Africa, Europe and the Isles of the Sea, lend their choicest treasures to gild the pomp. Again the vast arena before us teems with life. Hark! Hear it! The clash of arms. The shouts of infuriated gladiators. The shrieks of the wounded. The wails of the dying. The vaunting of the victor. The mighty roar of applauding multitudes. Look! The figures change! Christian martyrs are being torn, limb from limb, by wild-beasts only less cruel than the populace, that yells its fiendish approval of the spectacle. Hear the savage crunching of tigers' teeth upon the bones of feeble old men, helpless women, and innocent children—(Ah, Pagan Nero was almost as brutal as Christian Butler, Stanton, Bingham or McNeil!)—And see, a strange red glare lights up the scene. Christians, swathed in tow and soaked in oil and asphaltum, blaze for street-lamps, on every corner. A shuffling step dispels our dreams. The spell is dissolved. The grand pageant disappears. Emperors, senators, gladiators, legions and eagles, fiery steeds, banners, plumes and royal robes, have all faded away. The eloquence, the shouts of victory, the wails of anguish, are hushed. We sit, in the still moonlight, upon a crumbling pillar of the once grand amphitheatre; and a countryman of Cæsar and of Cicero, whiningly begs for a penny!

A trip around the world! Peering into the crater of Vesuvius. Going into ecstacies over the magnificent sun-set skies, and into the opposite extremacies, over the incomputable and insatiate beggars and fleas, of Naples. Strolling in fadeless orange-groves, with the dark-eyed daughters of Sicily and Seville. Steaming through the far-famed Golden-Horn, while the gilded crescent-crowned mosques and minarets of Constantinople, glitter resplendently in the evening sun of the "Orient." Lingering amid the classic shades of Athens—once, the mistress of the world; the fountain of civilization; the model Republic. Afterward, divided into wrangling, hostile factions and sections. Then, a despotism. And now, a mouldering mass of rubbish—a puny village—famed only for what she was! Loitering amid the groves and gardens of Damascus, the oldest city in the world—city, which Mohammed, gazing upon it, as it lay unrolled in all its splendor before him, refused to enter, "because it was assigned unto man but once to pass the portals of Elysium, and he didn't wish to have his on earth." Fishing in the Sea of Galilee. Boating on the Jordan. Bathing in that Dead mysterious lake of brine and aspha, which for forty centuries has rolled its solemn requiem over the proud "cities of the plain"—rich, adulterous, lustful, crime-stained, miracle-annihilated Sodom and Gomorrah, whose sins and iniquities, Chicago, Boston and Washington have long since laid in the shade of utter eclipse. Pausing among the sacred hills of Bethlehem. Stopping to rest, and think, within the walls of Jerusalem. Oh, the memories, the memories, that crowd in upon us, bewilder our brain, crush our vanity, swell our hearts, as our feet cross the hallowed gateway; and we find ourself in Jerusalem! What hosts of familiar forms spring up about us! Saul and Jonathan. David, the shepherd lad; the slayer of Goliath; the poet-king; the sweet singer of Israel; the man after God's own heart. Samuel, the faithful prophet. Joab and his intrigues. Absalom, his waywardness, his death, and the lament of his heart-broken father. Solomon, his grand, gold-plated temple, his wisdom, his glory, and his final declension and fall by too much marrying. The sins, the follies, the wars, the miracles of two thousand years. The Captivity; the Restoration. The coming of the God-Man; that mystery of mysteries, over which angels and archangels hung in silent, solemn wonder. Jehovah, God, Creator of the Universe, laying aside the sceptre of Everlasting and Infinite Dominion—Descending to earth—Born, a lowly Jewish babe, in a stable of Bethlehem—Heralded by troops of angels and bursts of heavenly harmony—Pointed out by a gleaming world of celestial light—Going about for thirty years doing good—A homeless wanderer in the world he made—Arrested—Tried—Condemned—And executed upon the Cross of Calvary, while all earth shook with mortal agony, and the heavens veiled their faces in funereal night. Dying with a prayer for his murderers, on his lips. Bursting the bonds of death, and rising in three days, triumphant over hell and the grave. Comforting his mourning disciples. And at last, in the presence of them all, ascending to His Father and His Eternal Throne! All, all, ALL, right in and around this strangest, most favored, most accursed of the towns of earth.

Lingering among the gnarled and ancient olives, and breathing the fragrance of the tufted mint, of Gethsemane. And as the shades of evening gently fall, and Olivet and Zion, Moriah and the Mosque of Omar, fade slowly from the view, musing with soul dissolved in tears and thankfulness, upon that fearful night of agony, eighteen centuries ago, when the great drops of bloody sweat burst out upon the body of God's only Son—Jehovah's well-beloved, suffering One—When Christ, the Maker of the world, was arrested by a traitor-led band of slaves, and marched as a criminal to Pilate's judgment hall. His anguished cry, "Oh! Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," still echoes to our ears, amid the weed choked paths and knotted trees of this most strange of all terrestrial gardens. Listening to the soft murmur of moonlit Kedron. Kneeling with misty eyes, on Calvary. Bargaining for miniature crosses of pearl, with the monkish keepers of the Holy Sepulchre. Oh, were the heavens a mighty scroll of "commercial note," the ocean one vast stand of carmine ink, and every twig of Amazonian forests a Gillott's "303" steel pen, they'd not suffice to record the overwhelming host of strange ideas and emotions that cluster around these half-desolate hills and vales! Abraham—Isaac—Joshua—Samuel—Saul—David—Solomon—Elijah—Elisha—Jeremiah—Ezekiel—Jesus!—All, ALL have walked, and talked, and acted, HERE—on this very spot!

A trip around the world! Gathering those tiny orange-colored shells on the Red Sea shores. Plowing the bosom of those miracle-moved waters, which for three thousand years, have ebbed and flowed above the proud hosts of Pharaoh. Groping amid the darkness and the accumulated dust of untold ages, in those grandly gloomy burial-chambers of the Pyramids. Singing songs of home to the swarthy group around an Arab camp-fire. Pheasant-shooting in the plains of Asia Minor. Witnessing the wild dances of upper Egypt. Lounging beneath the feathery foliage of the date-palm, on green oases, those emerald isles in an ocean of sand. Drifting lazily down the Nile, to the barbarous chanting of descendants of the mummies. Snuffing the aromatic breezes, which sigh "o'er Araby the blest." Scudding through the jungles of India—Startling the royal tiger in his lair, and waking the echoes of the snow-crowned Himmalayahs, with the shrill snort of the swift-wheeled, civilization-spreading locomotive. Touching on the native shores of Shanghai roosters. Reveling in the balmy odors of cinnamon and nutmeg groves, in Borneo and Ceylon. Tasting rat-stews and birds'-nest soup, with the pig-tailed celestials. Glancing at Japan with its deadly upas valley, its gigantic capital, and its exhaustless hive of human ants. Flying on the wings of wind and steam, across the grandly rolling Pacific. Gliding among the Sandwich group, and squinting at the gentle savages who made a sandwich of unhappy Cook. Dropping anchor in the glorious harbor of San Francisco, the magical city—the municipal Jonah's squash—sprung, in twenty years, from nothing into one of the world's greatest and busiest metropolises. On, screeching and rattling, swift as the deep-lunged iron-steed can bear us, through the rugged crags, appalling chasms, magnificent canons and beauteous valleys of the Rocky Mountain realms. On, through boundless solitudes, and horizon-fenced prairies. On, past buffalo and antelope, Indians and prairie dogs, to Omaha; and home again!

Oh, what a tour! But hold. Down we must tumble from all our aerial flights in foreign realms. We only started to tell of our last week's scallyhoop to Jefferson City. Old thoughts of vagabondage swept over us; and here we are at the bottom of the third column, and not a word about what we intended to talk of. Dear friends, pardon an old and incorrigible subject of the vagrant act. Here's for our jaunt in brevissimo—short stop style—only time and space for the skeleton. Over the river in the tranfer "buss," (children, idiots and editors, half price.) Up the bob-tail. Two youngsters in charge. Four hours of doleful waiting amid the frozen frog-ponds and quagmires of Richmond and Lexington Junction. North Missouri abomination behind time, as usual. Lightning express trains carry their cow-catchers in the rear, to prevent the frolicsome cattle of the prairies, from heedlessly running over them, and frightening the conductors and brakesmen. Up to Kansas City, metropolis of big hills and bigger heads, at two in the morning. Three hours napping, and a whopping bill, at the Lindell. Up; breakfast at five. Ship our juvenile proteges over the great Hannibal and St. Jo. railroad line, and ourselves over the picayuney Pacific. Through Independence, place of the played-out name, in the gray dawn of the morning. Through Pleasant Hill, with its handsome churches, its ragged streets, and bustling airs—home of gallant Bledsoe, genial Blakey and hospitable Whitsitt. On through Holden, busy, brisk and braggadocious, where Martin Williams rears aloft the newspaperial standard of pure Democracy—and where Crain, Mize and Nichols are ever plotting and planning new railroad projects, by which all creation is to be tied to the triumphal chariot-wheels of their pushing young city. A twenty-minute fly-around with dauntless old Hull, of Sedalia;—glad to find his Daily Democrat flourishing; already past its days of ruffled caps and teething-rings, and able to stand alone; raising a mischief of a Hull-a-bulloo, among its journalistic neighbors. On, through valley and wildwood, field, orchard and meadow. Through Tipton and Otterville. And at two in the afternoon, we're dumped out in the Capital of the Empire State of the West. Our first visit. Came near going a few years ago; but then we'd have landed in the Penitentiary, instead of the State House. Up to the elegant Madison Hotel, kept by Sublett, once of the far-famed "Spottswood," at Richmond. Dinner; brush up; and away to the Capitol. Grabbed at the door, by Sergeant-at-Arms Crafton, and marched into the middle of the hall. What a change in three or four years! In '68, this noble building was the reveling-place of assassins, thieves and harlots. Here, were held the foul, polluting orgies of Fletcher, Rodman, Babcoke, Monk and Winters. Hence, went orders for the tearing up of printing offices; the arrest and imprisonment of priests and sisters of charity; and the murder of helpless and inoffensive ministers of the gospel, by ruthless militia banditti. From this same stately edifice, went forth the worse than heathen, barbarian-shaming edict, authorizing the sale of churches, orphan-asylums and graveyards, for unpaid taxes—selling at public auction, the temples of our God, and the bones of our dead, for revenue! Then, the brutal will of malefactors, who would have disgraced the vilest cell in the penitentiary, was the only law that governed our glorious old commonwealth. Then, the lives, liberties and property of a million and a half of terror-stricken subjects, were at the cruel mercy of a cabal of criminals, compared with the best of whom, Kidd, Lafitte or John A. Murrell would have been the loftiest type of christian gentleman. It seems like a horrible waking nightmare;—all those disfranchisements; those indictments of gospel-preachers, rose horse-thieves or incendiaries; those sales of cemeteries, churches and asylums; those murders of citizens by State brigands; those countless arsons and gigantic robberies. But thank God, and the Caucasian's Passive Policy of 1870, they are all numbered, with Puritan witch-burnings and Quaker-hangings, among the barbarisms of the past. All gone. And to-day, gentlemen, true men, assemble in these halls, to legislate to the best of their ability, for the peace, dignity and welfare of a redeemed and regenerated State. We cast our eyes around. A spacious hall, handsome, but rigidly plain. A massively framed portrait of Jefferson, the father of American Democracy, on one side of the Speaker's desk, and one of Benton on the other. A huge daub, to the right of the entrance-door, representing the yankee general Lyon trying to gallop out of a ponderous brass frame, on a cloudy-looking scrub-horse with smoke-colored legs. Ceiling frescoed in grave and subdued tints. Heavy curtains, and plain walnut railings and desks make up the furniture. Now a hasty glance at the occupants. Above the average of State law-grinderies, in general appearance. Men, generally, of fair abilities and attainments; really interested in everything that effects the welfare of their people; and as honest as legislators can possibly be, in these slippery times. We can't particularize, but must mention one or two. That tall, strongly-framed, light-haired fellow in the chair, is Speaker Wilson;—young, gallant, an able lawyer, of irreproachable integrity, firm in his convictions, warm in his attachments, and devoted to Democracy and right, he has in his arduous position, acquitted himself with signal honor, and is universally respected and beloved by all his brother-members, irrespective of politics;—he is an aspirant for gubernatorial honors, and will carry into the contest, elements of strength that are certain to render him a formidable competitor to all the ninety and nine other just such loftily looking gentlemen. Over there, close to his left, is Knott, of Osage;—dark-eyed and far more than ordinarily handsome; deeply read in the law; strong in his opinions, and clear and forcible in the expression of them; with a reputation for high sense of honor, on which no breath of suspicion has ever blown; with all of that personal magnetism, which ever attends upon a generous, frank, impulsive spirit; he is one of the marked men in the House; and when the re-districting of the State is complete, the Osage District will do itself credit by sending him to Congress. Beside him, sits Judge Thomas, of Jefferson, one of the soundest lawyers and purest men in the assembly. One desk further back, is our own young representative, Shewalter;—good-looking; easy and graceful in manner and gesture; ready and eloquent in debate; he has made for himself a record of which he and his county have reason to be proud. There, near the window, with the air of a Spanish Don, wrapped in his elegant cloak, is his colleague, Mitchell; with his clear cut features; almost girlishly fair complexion, and dark brown hair, he contests with Knott and Clarke, the palm as the handsomest man in the house; he is a member of some of the most important committees. Near him is Brown, of Howard, one of the most indefatigable workers in all the body. Away across on the opposite side, is Clarke, of Washington; the only Confederate member; as gallant an officer and as true a gentleman, as breathes beneath the skies. But time's up, and paper full. A look into the Senate. Dull, stupid, stale, flat and unprofitable. Members drink more straight whisky and less champagne. Compared with the House, its the dead-snake and stuffed-calf show, beside the big circus with its dashing ponies and jolly monkeys. The only live-looking thing in the huge barn-like room, is Jackson's old white horse, that seems determined, in spite of painted bit and reins, to prance off the canvas and out of the window. Back to the hotel with Wilson, Knott and Armstrong. Meet Judge Aylett H. Buckner, the next Congressman from the St. Charles District. Meet George Knapp, of the St. Louis Republican, now sound and right, because its on the Caucasian platform; and Dan and Bart Able, princes of the tribe of lobbyists. Gen. Phelps, a war-horse in politics, congressman, governor and general, mistakes us for Major Clarke, one of the legislative handsome triumvirate; thereupon is threatened with two peremptory challenges; distance ten paces, weapons squirt-guns, loaded with molasses and water; wheel and fire, at the word. Meet Major Gillespie, of the staunchly Democratic Macon City Times—now enrolling clerk of the "assembled wisdom," etc. etc. Have a pleasant little confab with Governor Brown, the great head of Missouri Liberal Republicanism, and the next President of the, then, really united States. Of medium height; slenderly but compactly built; eyes keen as those of an eagle; hair of the fashionable color known as Canandaigua, because as every New York traveler is aware, Canandaigua is a little beyond Auburn; bold in assuming, and firm in maintaining, any position that he deems right; with all the graces of scholarship and all the fire of oratory; he has made a Governor, against whose glorious administration, no man, woman, or child, nigger, baboon, dog or yankee radical, in all our borders, has ever been able to utter a whimper of complaint; and he will make a President, who will recall the best days of the Republic, and render the White House, instead of a junk-shop, auction-room, and kennel, once more the home of statesmanship, patriotism, learning, dignity and refinement. God speed the time. Two days of jolly reunions, big dinners, big talks and big frolicking. And away for home, on a night-train. A day in Kansas City, at the bully Pacific; best house in western Missouri. Calls on lady friends. All aboard, in the evening. Down the hideous, dangerous, accommodationless North Missouri. And "home again. Aren't you all glad? We are. And tired too. Come in, come in. We can't, we shan't keep you waiting, dear friends, any longer.

Here a magnificent patting-on-the-back, a whole-souled endorsement, of our little backwoodsy newspaperial champion of white men's rights;—and a fierce and powerful indictment of the hellions who, to-day, rule and ruin the fairest land on all the foot-stool of Jehovah;—from one of the ablest jurists of the West; and one of the gallantest officers that ever drew sabre for liberty, in the late gigantic fraternal throat-cutting:

Newport, Ky., Jan. 9th, 1872.

My Dear Col.:—The Caucasian has failed to reach us for the last two weeks, and the disappointment has been very great. At first we thought that none had been issued Christmas week. The Caucasian is a sine qua non here. There is no other journal or comment on the men and times, at all comparable to it. Has been intercepted by some foot-pad on the highway, in transitu, these two weeks? The last issue which came hither was that in which you had Morton, Butler, Brownlow, Chandler, Logan and others, of less notorious infamy, in the stocks, with wreaths of infamy placed upon their brows. Infinitessimal Boreman, from West Virginia, seems to have escaped your vision, or to have been too small and contemptible to invoke your wrath or arrest your notice. To the one or the other of these causes, doubtless, he owes his immunity, and yet he has, saving the capacity, every inclination and qualification to vie with the foulest wretch whom you have pilloried, for the pre-eminence in shame. With him depravity is inborn, and his diabolism is too deep-rooted and stubborn to be melted by the atoning blood of our Savior. Like Titus Oates, he testified against the people of his own downtrodden native State; and is doomed to everlasting dishonor wherever his crimes and dastardly misdemeanors are known. With his present term of office in the Senate, he will expire, never to rise but once more, and that at the resurrection to be damned. Mendacity, treachery, hypocrisy, cowardice, all the vices of the slave, are his by nature and by heritage. I hope the Caucasian this year will double its circulation. It ought to go to every hearth-stone in the sunny land, from the Patapsco to the Rio Grande. Cannot each subscriber and reader double their respective numbers? Then, Colonel, let me urge them to throw out your banner "on the outer wall," and drive the "good work bravely on." I agree with you, "despair not of the republic." Continue therefore to cauterize, sing and cover over with shame, those who have basely turned the administrative authority of the government, from the beneficence of all, to the enrichment of the few, and those who hold and abuse their trusts, the officers of government. Have we not now, as a nation, reached that point of decline, which, in the history of Holland, defines the period at which she lost her commerce, and with it, her glory, her honor, her command and ascendancy on the high seas? Have we not attained that high state of progress, which, in Roman history, marked the period when Caligula gave universal suffrage to the Roman slaves? Indeed the Pretorian Guards have not yet sold the Empire at public auction; but a corrupt Congress, in violation of the Constitution, of their solemn oaths, and the sacred rights of freemen, have denationalized eleven States, and committed their people to the mercy of a licentious, brutal soldiery. Anarchy, tyranny, and misrule have everywhere sprung up; and demoralization, rapine and crime have followed in their wake. The chief Executive Magistrate of the Republic, it is everywhere believed, has sold the great offices of State, and realized an immense fortune from speculations on his patronage. In Hepburn vs. Griswold, the court of appeals of Kentucky decided the legal tender act, to be unconstitutional and void. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, and even Chief Justice Chase, the author of the act, bowed to the august reasonings of Chief Justice Robertson, of Kentucky, and his judgment was affirmed. And then, there was enacted, in government circles, at Washington, a farce which would have dishonored the court of any one of the first four tyrants who succeeded Augustus. The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company was at that time owing about thirty millions of dollars, which it was inconvenient to pay in gold. Bradley and Strong were the salaried attorneys of the company, and known to be servile to its interests, and hostile to the decision of the Supreme Court. The officers of the corporation demanded at the hands of the government, their appointment to the vacant seats on the Appelate Bench, once filled by men illustrious for their learning and integrity, and they were nominated by the Executive and confirmed by the Senate. To-day they dishonor the ermine they wear. These new-hatched, unfledged creatures of corporation and court favor, ascended the bench, and at once proceeded to review and overrule the decision of the Supreme Court, which they had prejudged and been foisted into ermine to cancel. Indeed these laborers were worthy of their hire. Thirty million dollars in gold, lessened by thirty millions in legal tender notes, represents exactly in this case, what was sufficient to purchase the judicial integrity of the United States. Even Jeffries himself, it is said was an upright judge when property alone, and not liberty, was involved. These modern followers of his school, are more compendious in their discriminations, and sweep down the distinctions which Jeffries respected. Who, after this, with Bradley and Strong on the Bench, will not believe that the decisions of this court are in the market for sale? Who is it, at all acquainted with Bradley and Strong and the history of their connection with the Bench—who knows the work they were appointed to perform—who knows who appointed them and the secret negotiations preceding their appointment, and whose attorneys they were, and how they did their work—that will not conclude, at once, that they were bought like beef in the shambles, and that gangrene itself is not more corrupt than their hearts and understandings? Is there a single channel of Federal Administrative authority that is not poisoned by wicked influence? Is there any cure for it? Is not the government itself sinking to dissolution from the weight of its inherent corruption? Can it, will it, long survive the corruption of the Judicary? Is not that the last ebb of national decay? Does not national annihilation follow?

I am, dear Colonel, ever sincerely your friend, D. S. H.

That's the clear note of a trumpet that speaks no uncertain sound. Would to God, dear H., your stirring words were graven in letters of fire upon the heart of every white man, from Moosehead Lake to Corpus Christi. The principles we proclaim, and you so eloquently and fearlessly endorse, must ere long triumph, or Columbia be forever undone. Is there virtue enough in the country to save it? Are there brave hearts and strong arms enough, to keep our storm-battered ship of state off the breakers, which roar just ahead; and turn her prow, once more, toward the grand old moorings of Constitutional Liberty, Safety and Peace? It must be done this year—now—or never! We almost despair. Our pilots are mad. A lethargy has fallen upon the crew. No cry of the watchman awakes them to an appreciation of the horrors that threaten them. The billows of destruction roll wildly about us. The cavernous abysses, whose blood-and-anarchy-laved jaws have closed over all former Republics, are yawning wide and greedily, for ours. Is there any hope of salvation? Is there any eye to pity, or any arm to succor? Aye, there is a chance—there is a possibility of deliverance! The Caucasian's Policy; No Democratic Convention, or Nomination, a split in the Radical party; an opposition reform ticket headed by Gratz Brown and Horace Greeley, against the Tan-Yard Boor and Corruption; affords it! Up with the Possum, and down with Oppression!

From a gay and gallant friend in the growing Southwest:

Neosho, Mo., Jan. 7th, 1872.

Col. P. Donan, Lexington, Mo.—Friend Col.: Enclosed I send $2.50, for which you will please send the "Sunday School Organ" six months to A. Hays, Esq., Neosho, Mo., and to Mrs. Belle Phariss, Maryonville, Lawrence county, Mo. Well, Col., Mrs. B. P. is my "mam," and, by the way, she is a strict member of your church, so I thought I would send her the Caucasian for Sunday reading. Col., you must excuse me for not sending more names and money lately—I will try and do better hereafter. I sent for the Caucasian this week, with my friend DeGroff, and I will send more soon. Let the paper begin with the first of the year. I also enclose a ten cent Lincoln scab, for which send me the number of the Caucasian, that contains your annual scalping of old McNeil, in regard to the Palmyra Massacre. Col., I wish you and all the readers of the Caucasian, a happy new year. May you live to see our country once more in the hands of white men.

Truly your friend, A. L. P.

And all of which the same and more too, to A. L. P., and his 'mam.' You always did well, dear friend. We don't ask any better do. Come when you will, we're always gladdened by your cheery gabble.

Exchanges attention! The Great National Intelligence Bureau once more called on. Another sorrowing mother hunting her long-lost son—a childish voice pleading for an elder brother's return:

Quincy, Illinois, Jan. 3rd, 1872.

To the Editor of the Caucasian—Dear Sir: I have been a reader of your paper for a long time, and I find I can't do without it. My ma is from home at present on account of ill health. On her return I will send for your paper for six months longer. I am but a boy, but if I had the means to spare, I would send the subscription for a year. My ma saw in your paper where you advertised for the whereabouts of a mother of a lost son. Now I will give you a detailed account of my missing brother, whose strange disappearance weighs heavily on the mind of my ma. Our family came to Lexington, Lafayette county, Mo., some seventeen years ago, from Green county, Ky. Remained in your county up to December '69; at that time we moved from Wellington, to Quincy, Illinois. My brother came to see us in June '70. He left again about the 20th of June, for Baxter Springs, Kansas. On the 20th of July, '70, we received a letter from him. He was then in the Choctaw Indian Nation, at Fort Sill. He went with a company of men. He hired to them for seven months, but did not state for what purpose, nor give their names. He was eighteen years old when he left; fair complexion; blue eyes; six feet three inches high; a little stoop-shouldered; a stoppage in his speech; weighed about 170 pounds; and had but little beard. That letter was the last we ever heard of him. His name is William S. Clarke. Now, knowing your paper has a wide circulation, my ma thought if we would give you a