

Lexington Caucasian.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY!

WHITE SUPREMACY!

AND REPUTATION!

THIS IS LIBERTY!

FOR 1872.

THE CAUCASIAN POLICY:

No Democratic National Convention

or Nominations!

The Caucus is a thing that has never existed

and will never exist!

THE CAUCASIAN'S PLATFORM:

Opposition to the Tam-Wood Board,

and the Honorable House of Hungry Kins!

Opposition to Exemption, Emancipation, Office-Holding, Bribery, Extraneousness, Corruption and Wrong!

THE CAUCASIAN'S TICKET:

Gratz Brown, Horace Greeley, Cox,

Trumbull, Palmer, or the Devil—

whichever you prefer!

OUR WEEKLY TALK:

Human life—how brief,

how fleeting, yet

how we rush

through it.

ALL THE WORLD

MOVING.

EDITORIAL SCALLYBAGS,

IN THE SHORT

STOP STYLE.

JEFFERSON CITY—MAY CONVENTIONS

—GRAND-DUCAL AND GERMINAL

—GRAVE AND POTENT

—SEIGNIORS—HARMING

DAMES AND DAMS

—BIG DINNERS

—BIG SPEECHES

—BIG DRINKS.

RIDING ON THE LAWN—

GAMBLING ON THE

GREEN—POLITICS—

FEASTING—FLIR-

TATION AND

FUN.

Who-e-aw!—Get on a forty-green-

per-million-potter pucker, and whistle

that—How tired are we! Tired! In

your soul, boots, breeches, skull,

gizzard and pocket-book. Ugh-gi!

Life, we've been long together.

Through pleasant and through stormy weather,

we have passed many a day.

But you don't seem to be getting any

younger, do you?—Well, I don't

know, but I don't think I'm getting

any older, either.

Life is a good morning!

of shrouds and burial-slabs. Life?

A fool's pinnacled tower of

graves, where every footfall awakes

the dismal echoes of a sepulchre.

Life? Human life? A gorgeous,

gilded charnel-house—Without sun-

shine, sculpture, poetry, wreaths of

snowy immortelles, music of birds

from waving cypress boughs, green

turf, blooming violets and forget-me-

nots, and some other chap making

love to your widow—Within, swar-

ming maggots, rottenness and ashes.

Oh, that we had been born a scrub

and some juvenile philanthropist

had put us in a bag, and drowned us

in a duck pond, before our eyes were

opened! We're tired, oh, so tired.

Life? Year after year, generation

after generation, age after age, the

same old rickshaw, whirling, ceaseless

round—Toit, trails, hollow pleasures,

rod-pains, sighs and tears. Behold

it all at a glance. BOON, with a tiny

wail of suffering, as our first salute

to earth. Tricked out in lace caps

and swaddling dabbledresses. Colic.

Catnip. Christening. Tears.

Sand-piles, dolls, measles and tin

whistles. Spelling-books, catechisms,

marbles, peg-topps, multiplication

tables and switchings. Tears. Boots

AND BREECES. Extensive airs.

Primary distillates, black eyes, blood-

stains and torn clothes. Braggings

and made-over trousers. Tears.

Geographers, grammars, trans-

lations, and all the rest of it. Long-

tailed coats, dogging. Mugs. Swag-

ging. Cigars. Incipient swearing.

Lofty independence. Defiance of

you. "Hiccup!" and "shaky hands!"

Seminars and academies. Exami-

nation failures and disappointments.

Anger and Tears. SWEET-HEARTS.

Delicious bewilderments. Delicious

rhapodies. Gushing torrents of

words. "Good-bye!" and "Good-bye!"

Serenades of tinkling catgut

and squally sentiment. Gentle

hand-squeezings, burning vows, pro-

testations of eternal devotion. Rings,

pearls, locks of hair, blue ribbons,

bliss, rapture, ecstasy. High col-

ours, estrangements, return of

pledges, misery, disconsolateness,

asthmatic puffings and groanings.

Tears. MISTACHE. Walking can-

dlings. Hair, Hosie, Hosie, high

hopes, exalted aspirations. Grand

labors, distracting cares, blasted

expectations, crushed affections.

Hacking coughs, possum-gray hairs,

lank eyes, weariness of body and

soul. "Good-bye!" and "Good-bye!"

Old people, toothless old cat-fish mouth.

Fortifying feebleness, garrulous sil-

ences, prostration. DEATH. A rose

bush on a grave. A lying epitaph.

Spending three hours. Oh, how I

love to see you! Oh, how I love to

see you! Oh, how I love to see you!

Oh, how I love to see you! Oh, how

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to see you! Oh, how I love to see

you! Oh, how I love to see you!

Oh, how I love to see you! Oh, how

I love to see you! Oh, how I love

to see you! Oh, how I love to see

you! Oh, how I love to see you!

Oh, how I love to see you! Oh, how

to the junction, at a frightful rate

of speed, with a one-legged nigger

running ahead of the cow-catcher

with a lantern, to find the track. Out

at the magnificent hotel, the com-

mand Grand Central, Fifth Avenue,

Saint Nicholas and Continental

Hasbary of the West, W. R. Arthur,

head of the North Missouri

Abolition, chief cook and bottle-

washer, bar-keeper, baggage-conductor

and nickel-gobbler. With a screech

and a jerk, the Kansas City train

dashes up to the platform. Con-

ductor shouts: "All aboard." A single

when there's nothing but a single

fellow and a valise to get "aboard,"

it is as easily done as said. But with

half a dozen, dozen, or dozen and a

half slippery, wriggling young hu-

man-eels to catch and ship—ugh!

horrible! dicta. One squalls at

the whistle, another lurches into

the baggage room; two or three

into the smoking car; a some-

setting trunk cultivates the

top-step and vocal pow-

ers of their own language, and

swung brakeman's lamp smashes

the nasal frontpiece of that par-

ty-phe-wed! Bedlam, Babel, Parga-

monia would be an Eden! A mother

of old bends over sixteen young

ducks, on the bank of our fatiguing

mill-pond of misery, isn't a circum-

stance. We danced lightly and

thither, grabbed one urchin by the

ears and another by the snout; im-

plored the conductor to corral a

black monkey and at last pathos-ly

met, in the hotel-hall, a rare and

radiant little maiden, whom we had

seen last in the mountains of Vir-

ginia. Render homage at once.

Dual reception going on in the

parlor. Asked to drop down, we

declined to forsake a Grand

Duchess, for sake of paw-shaking

with a Duke. Flying around all the

afternoon. Tea with a charming

party. After tea, the party

permeated. And at last at midnight.

Up bright and early. Every train

rolling in laden with delegates to

the Great Liberal Republican

Wow. Breakfast. And over to the

Convention with such a train of

female lovelinesses under our

charge, would add a cub, aye, a dozen

of 'em to the stature of any ordi-

nary fellow's self-importance.—The

charming wife of Speaker Wilson;

dark-eyed, and hair like a raven;

thoroughly versed in politics, and

already an accomplished electioneer

for gubernatorial honors for her

noble husband;—Miss Bell, who

wears the belt, as a champion belle,

among the stately beauties of royal

blonde;—Miss Moore, who wears

the apron-string, dangle a score of

well-worn seals, trophies of firta-

ment triumphs, taken in her first

campaign;—And last, but far from

least, in any assemblage, Miss Jennie

Clairmont, of St. Louis, a fascinating

little creature; neither brunette

nor blonde; with the ripe, rich color

of a sun-kissed peach mantling her

forehead; glorious brown eyes,

slanting like the wings of a

Highness—the Duke! And who

or what is he? The heir-apparent

of the most brutal despotism in

Christendom—dominion of the

knout and the rack—Chief jailer of

Siberia—Head-casher of the noble

pride—a Governor without re-

spect—a future President

who will restore the tarnished

grandeur of earth's last, most glorious

Republic. There floating in the

loveliness and Parisian costume, is

Miss Brother of St. Louis, at whose

skirt we promptly dropped on the

knees of our soul; featured on the

brine of our soul; featured on the