THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

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Lexington Caucasian.

STATE SOVEREICNTY!

WHITE SUPREMACY!
—AND—
REPUDIATION!

THIS IS LIBERTY!

FOR 1872:

THE CAUCASIAN'S POLICY:

No Democratic National Convention or Nominations!

The Force 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.

RESUMED, AFTER LONG CESSATION, IN DOLOROUS STYLE.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS DIOGENES' PICKED CHICKEN,

MAN.

"Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"—Psalm viii: 4.

What is this vain pigmy, that struts in puny majesty, a few brief years, upon the smallest of a million worlds?—This boastful liliput that vaunts itself to heaven, as the lord of all creation?—This outcast gardener, that claims kinship with the angels and their Maker?—This swaggering braggart, that through its inverted telescope, looks out upon God's mighty universe, suns, moons, planets, and limitless systems of ponderous orbs, rolling in vast immensity, tier beyond tier, circle beyond circle, to the resplendent seventh heavens, where the Almighty has set his throne, and established the headquarters of Omnipotent, Omniscient and Everlasting Dominion——this thing, which sweeping over the boundless realms of Infinity, sees only ITSELF, the central figure of heaven, earth, sea and sky, and exclaims: "For me and my enjoyment were all things made!"

Man! A worm, crushed by a careless tread. A mote in the sunbeam of time. A wriggling animalcule, of whom a thousand millions squirm and caper, slash, fume, cut each other's throats, rage, ravish and devour, in one tiny globe which, amid the whirling myriads of spheres, is but a drop in the boundless ocean of space. Man! A mere link between angels and devils. A blind and stupid gudgeon, perpetually darting at some cruel, barbed hook, to catch a bogus fly. A myth, only real in its follies and its sins. A vapor, fleeting, vanishing before the first beams of true morning light. A scentless bud, which the faintest frost may blast. A pitiful clothes-rack, a tailor's sign, a milliner's advertisement. A mere greasy bundle of decaying dust. A postponed luncheon for cemetery-maggots. An invention for feeding doctors, apothecaries, undertakers, hearse-horses and grave-diggers. The only sinner, outside of hell, in all the domains of Jehovah. Oleaginous fuel for the flames of future damnation.

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." And he that is not born of a woman isn't much better. Born, with a feeble wail of suffering and regret, as his first salutation to earth. Born to a heritage of wo, in a world of graveyards; whose every sod is watered with blood and tears; whose every breeze is sick with pestilential exhalations, and heavy-laden with sighs and anguished prayers. And yet hear the lunatic rejoicing of donkey daddies, mammies, aunties and grannies. Champagne corks popping. Toasts guzzled. If a ruler's brat, cannon booming and flags flying. And why? Only another hapless little victim of colic, lace-caps, stomach-aches, paregoric, teething-rings and spankings, started with weak, unwilling feet, on the path that, wander as it may, leads ever to the tomb. Only another skilless voyager launched on a sea, whose storm-beaten shores are strewn with melancholy wrecks. Only another wretched little foot-ball of Fate kicked out upon the commons, to be cuffed and tossed a thousand cross-eyed ways for Sunday. Only another miserable little gauntlet-runner between heaven and hell, with the chances ten to one for brimstone instead of precious stones.

Man! At his best, but a swift journeyer from Eternity past to Eternity to come. A thistle down of Luck, driven hither and thither and everywhither, by ten thousand times ten thousand varying gusts of passion, chance, providence, hope, fear, desire and discontent. A soap-bubble of Fortune blown from Nature's sportive pipe, to float a brief, bright moment, gorgeous with borrowed tints and lustrousness; then punctured by Death's unerring, inevitable and remorseless finger, burst into nothingness and disappear. A perishable earthenware repository of disappointments, vexations, carking cares and blasted expectations. A sarcophagus of dead hopes and still-born joys. An everywhere-set-up tombstone, marking the burial-place of lofty aspirations, noble purposes and brilliant anticipations. A leather-wrapped package of pains and sorrows, ricketty bones, rheumatic joints and torturous nerves. A peripatetic hatching-box of disease and dissolution. An ambling hive of latent or developed crimes and follies. A portable groan-factory. A vagrant laboratory of seething wretchedneses. The only being in all God's wide dominions, that bears ever with it, a fountain of tears. Sole rations of hell and the grave.

Father of mercies! why from silent earth
Didst thou awake, and curse him into birth?
Tear him from quiet, ravish him from night,
And make a thankless present of thy light?
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery?

Man! A blotch, a leprous pimple, on creation's face; a foul and ulcerous wart upon her nose. A whited sepulchre, fair indeed to look upon, but within full of rottenness and ashes. A gilded cage of unclean birds. An enamel-rind-enveloped mass of animated carrion, in which swarms of slimy moral reptiles revel and hold high carnival;—loathsome vermin of lusts, battening, squirming and intertwining, in every nook and corner of their festering feasting-place;—the hideous maggots of embryo murder, rape and robbery; the lean skippers of fraud, envy, slander and jealousy; rioting in green and scummy spirit-filth and emotional corruption. Ugh! Heaven be praised, that the Almighty Ruler spares all beings but himself, that horrid sight, a naked human heart!

And yet this putridity-bred mite in the universal cheese,—this infinitesimal whiffet of wickedness in a whirlwind of resistless hap-hazard,—this microscopic atom of pollution in a Norwegian maelstrom of existence,—this ant-hill-builder of infamies, on the surface of immensity,—this sole rival malefactor of fiends, between the abodes of Deus and Diabolus,—sounds abroad, with asinine trumpet, the Dignity of his Origin, the Nobility of his Nature and the Exaltedness of his Destiny, his Grandeur of Intellect, his Delicacy of Conscience, his Knowledge of Right and Wrong, his Glorious Achievements and his High and Holy Aims. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! tee-hee!

HIS DIGNIFIED ORIGIN;—Descended from a shirtless gardener, who was discharged, kicked out of Eden, for stealing his master's winter apples.

HIS NOBLE NATURE;—Ten thousand penitentiaries, jails and calabooses bear testimony to it. The policeman at every street-corner, the gallows on every highway, stands a monumental evidence of it. Every fudgeon's blow or hiss of assassin's dagger, every barred window and clanking fetter, proclaims it in trumpet tones.

The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.—Jeremiah xvii: 9.

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.—Isaiah i: 5-6.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside; they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.—Psalm xiv: 2-3.

None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth; they trust in vanity, and speak lies; they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity. They hatch cockatrice' eggs, and weave the spider's web: he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper. Their works are works of iniquity, and the act of violence is in their hands. Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths.—Isaiah lix: 4-7.

D'ye hear it thunder? Thus Jehovah sets his seal upon that "nobility of nature."

HIS LOFTY DESTINY;—To die and rot like a dog. To puke the very atmosphere, with the stench of his putrescence. To furnish worm-feed with his dainty flesh, and a lodging-place for toads with his haughty skull.

HIS GIANT INTELLECT;—Faugh! Seeing merely the outer crust of things. An ignoramus at his wisest. Unable to tell why one cat's white and another black. A silly tyro. A six-foot-tall, mature-aged babe and suckling. Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw. As delighted with a bit of tawdry tinsel on his collar, breast or sleeve, as a puling infant with its penny-bells and teething-rings. Go seek the evidences of that mighty intelligence, in our perpetual motion frenzies, our South Sea bubbles and Tulip manias, in our lunatic asylums, our homes for inebriates, our congresses, legislatures, and engine-house debating-clubs. Hear the voice of the All-Wise:

Every one is a hypocrite and an evil-doer, and every mouth speaketh folly.—Isaiah ix: 17.

Among all the wise men of the nations, and in all their kingdoms, there is none like unto thee. But they are altogether brutish and foolish.—Jeremiah x: 7-8.

We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noonday as in the night.—Isaiah lix: 10.

Brutish and foolish. A blind, stumbling groper. How are you, grand and expansive, penetrating and comprehensive mind?

HIS CONSCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG;—A transient meteor-flash of "What Ought to Be," whose fleeting glare but serves to deepen the darkness of "What Is." A fitful, flickering taper, with a bushel-measure, yea, a hogshead, a huge brewer's vat, of lustful inclination, ever ready to be turned down over it. A wandering, uncertain, jack-o-lantern light, which only serves to make more plainly visible and more inexcusable, the wrong he willfully and deliberately does. The multiplier of rods and moral cat-o-nine-tails, with which the knowing transgressor shall be scourged.

They are impudent children and stiff-hearted.—Ezekiel ii: 4.

They hear thy words, but they do them not.—Ezekiel xxxiii: 32.

They refused to hearken, and stopped their ears. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law.—Zechariah vii: 11-12.

They hearkened not, nor inclined their ear, but walked in the counsels and in the imagination of their evil heart, and went backward, and not forward.—Jeremiah vii: 24.

That servant, which knew his lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few.—Luke xii: 47-48.

His vaunted conscience and knowledge, not restraining from iniquities, but adding to the penalties; mere augmenters of his larrup-pings; supplementary thongs in the dread knouts, that shall make his spiritual fur fly, in the great and terrible and unescapable day of final account-squaring and criminal flogging-and-singeing. Oh, idiotic and pitiable boaster, bragging of the mill-stones that will only drag him deeper and yet deeper down, in the fiery depths of that sulphurous lava-lake, upon whose flame-crested billows, Satan, Lincoln, Moloch and Stanton paddle their red-hot canoes!

AND HIS GLORIOUS AIMS, ATTAINMENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS;—What are they? All, ALL, pitiful vanities, light as the dandelion's down, evanescent as the glow upon a butterfly's wings:—Learning—Wealth—Beauty Glory — Fame—And Happiness—These are the glittering bubbles for which millions of millions have rushed and scrambled, planned, plotted, delved, sweated, panted, swindled, battled, and plunged headlong to hell. These are the dummy gods of man. For these he wildly strives, fights, sins and prays.

LEARNING;—Tut, tut! After all his struggliags, all his efforts, what does he know? Absolutely nothing. Let him explore the whole wide realm of human knowledge, drink deep of every earthly fountain of information; and he 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 puffy 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 goose?—Why one tree bears acorns and another plums?—Why his dog's tail grows at one end, instead of the other?—Why he is himself, instead of somebody else? Let proud man soar upon the wings of science to the highest heavens;—Let him weigh the worlds in a balance; tame the forked lightnings, and make them humble ministers of his will; search out every gem and mysterious lore, which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear; ravage the whole broad domain of literature and art; gear off every jewel of philosophy, chemistry, geology and astronomy; handle fixed stars, comets, eclipses, earthquakes and thunder-storms, as a boy does his marbles and jack knives;—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 he can't tell why his hair grows on his head, and not on his feet; why his locks are sorrel, and his neighbor's black; why a jackass shouldn't be a legislator, and a congressman a jackal;—And in all his highest pitch of pride, with one fell touch of Fever's finger on his brain, he clanks his chains and howls behind the bars of a maniac's cell. A Methuselah's life-time of study, midnight lamps and musty tomes, will not enable the fond scholastic highfaluter, to enter the lowest blue-backed-spelling-book class in Eternity.

WEALTH;—The tawdry gilding of the tumblebug's ball. A premium for burglars and assassins. Bribe of one's children to pray for his death. Bonus for his wife's second husband. A little more dirt and lucre. A little bigger muck-heap. A few more filthy figured-rags, breeding itch and niggardliness. A few more ounces of gold—Gold!—Bane of our race. Stained with the tears and blood of a hundred generations. Cursed author of half earth's sins and miseries. Parent of robbery and murder. Pay of brutal, country-and-liberty-destroying janizaries. Price of every infamy and horror. Inciter of the savage hordes of Tamerlane, Alaric, Zenghis Khan and Sherman. Execrated, damnable jingler, laden with the guilt of six thousand years of avarice and plunder—This is wealth; and a million millions of its clinking baubles, won't purchase a moment's peace of mind a clock-tick of time, a single gurgling gasp of breath! Let the sordid groveler rake and scrape, twist, contrive, bargain, cheat and steal; enlarge his stores; add acre to acre, and field to field; grab, grind, extort, amass; till, casting his bleared eyes over a miniature empire, he can exclaim, "I am lord of all I survey:"—Death's skeleton arrow smites him; and his shroud is pocketless. A wooden box, and a six-foot hole in some cheap corner of his possessions, are all he needs. The reveler in purple and fine linen opens his eyes in hell, and craves a drop of water from the finger-tip of the dog-licked ulcerous beggar!

BEAUTY;—Foil as man may, tower aloft, and boast with vain-glorious pride, of his strength and comeliness; though he move, an Apollo in proportions, a Hercules in might, an Achilles in valor, a Pericles in eloquence; to a handful of ill-savored dust, must he surely come at last. Let beautiful woman ransack creation to enhance her charms—Gather from every clime, its rarest gifts; silks, cashmeres, linens, laces, velvets, plumes, jewels and precious stones, paints, enamels, dyes, gewgaws and flubdubberies, countless as the stars that twinkle in the blue empyrean, or the sands upon the sea-shore—Let her shine resplendent in all the gorgeous tinselry 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 a few plated nail-heads in a coffin-lid are all the ornaments she requires.

GLORY;—A mythical isle in an ocean of gore. Hundreds of thousands of gallant fellows, images of God, hacking each other into buzzard-bait, for a bit of painted bunting called a flag. A dazzling monster, down whose yawning, insatiate gullet, vast hecatombs of slaughtered victims have yearly, daily, hourly thronged, for sixty centuries. Go contemplate it amid the mouldering heaps of Babylon the Great, in whose desolate palaces, the wolf and the owl make their habitation. Go muse upon it, over the broken pillars and shattered arches of proud Palmyra, queen city of the Plain. Go behold it in the bramble-grown, weed-clad mounds where, ages untold, have slumbered the grandeur and haughtiness of Nineveh and Thebes. Go ponder upon it, where the sad billows chant the eternal requiem of Napoleon, on the rugged shores of St. Helena's lone, sea-girt rock. Cæsar, dead and turned to soil again, is peddled by Italian peasants, in beans and garlic.

FAME;—A breath. A puff of empty, idle air. The paid-for blazonry of mercenary tooters. The clamor of a senseless rabble, who now strew the way with their garments, and shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and three days afterward, is those same streets, yell, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" The flash of cheap saltpetre. To have flags half-masted, by special order; and a few yards of ten-cent black cambric knotted on public door-posts and pillars, by grinning clerks and orderlies; and be forgotten before the "thirty days" of mourning by rote, have ball expired. Jim Fisk is, to-day, far better and more widely known than Alexander, Peter the Great, all the Popes combined, the whole royal race of France and Britain, Columbus and George Washington,

AND HAPPINESS;—Last ignis fatuus of the nihilistic train. A mass of nothing, with no place to put it. A tinkling name, without location. The phantasm of a distempered brain. The absurd shadow of a madman's dream. The bag of gold at the rainbow's end. Happiness! In a world, where every footfall awakes the echoes of a sepulchre; where every gale, drooping pinioned, is burdened with the voice of lamentation. Go find it in the idiot's vacant laugh; in the bacchanalian's maudlin chuckle; in the merriment of children, at the antics of a clown; in the shuffling of counter-hoppers' heels, at a hugging-set-to-music, a select drawing-room shin-dig, or a miscellaneous omnium-squeezem of an anniversary ball; in the giggling and smirking of boarding-school misses, over their first love letters. Go, find it, greatest always, where thought is least. For to be sane is to be miserable!

But dear, dearer, dearest, more dearerer, most dearestest—(keep on in that style, for half a column further)—kind and beloved friends, pardon, pardon such dyspeptic maunderings. There is a better side to man. We know it. Our hosts of noble friends are living evidences of it. Some day, we'll say our say, on that brighter picture. Now, we're tired, and so are you. Come in. Come in. You're forty-three thousand, five hundred and thirty-seven and two-thirds times welcome.

A believer in the noble Possum, the hope-inspiring Possum, the country-saving, people-freeing Possum, that hangs by his tail,—all the way from the hapless Pashawlic of Ames, Revels, Lynch, Alcorn and other base black and white niggers, a hundred of whose best citizens are now fleeing for their lives, from grant's hell-by-night ku-klux trials:

DE SOTO FRONT, MISSISSIPPI, March 25th, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN: I have just read a sample copy of your paper and must say that I am very much pleased with it. Several of my friends have read it also, and all speak of it in the highest terms.

We are delighted to learn that Mr. "Possum" has turned politician, and expects to run for the presidency, in the ensuing political campaign. He is an old acquaintance of ours, and we have ever been very fond of him; but until recently, had never thought of him in the capacity of a politician. Our first introduction to him was one morning at breakfast-table, during our early childhood, and he made quite a favorable impression upon our mind, as did we, also, upon his person. And fully verifying the old adage that "first impressions are the most lasting," we would prefer meeting him at breakfast-table now, to any other place that we can call to mind at present. Provided, however, that he had previously been well par-boiled and baked. A small accompaniment from the "Sweet Land of Potatodom," would not be at all objectionable; in fact, we think it would add considerably to the palatable harmony of the "piece."

But near and dear as he is to us, we willingly give him up; would gladly see him sent to the White House, and enthroned in the presidential chair, in order to rid the public of the infamous humbug that now does the honors (?) of that little office.

This community is principally populated with niggers, consequently, I have only been able, so far, to get one subscriber to the Caucasian, but think I can procure several others soon. Enclosed please find $3 75 and send the Caucasian, one copy one year to J. L. Holloway, and one copy six months to me. Address all to this office.

Yours truly, J. T. LA P.

A possum, a baboon, a skunk—any four-footed beast or creeping thing—would be an improvement upon the present in-filth-reveling presidential tumblebug of yankee-doodledidledom. But the grand Possum—(Latin for "I am able")—Policy of the Caucasian can and will, if Democrats have common sense, supplant the gift-gobbling boor, the whisky-steeped chunk of tan-yard offal, with a gentleman, and now at last, a patriot, like Gratz Brown, Horace Greeley or Lyman Trumbull. Under his mild wand, the worst deviltries of Radicalism will be swept away. Persecution in the South will end. Carpet-bagabondage will skedoodle to the mountains of Yuba Dam. The era of thievery, corruption and oppression will sink in a night of eternal loathing and execration. And the bright day of true reconstruction, peace, order, and universal reform, will dawn upon our almost despairing land.

Here, a fiery, would-be Ku-Kluxer of carpet-bagabonds, from the Hawkeye State, our nearest neighbor on the North:

PELLA, IOWA, March 28th, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN: Having been on a visit to my brother at Oskaloosa, I for the first time saw your spicy and truly Democratic paper, which I read with care and attention, and unhesitatingly pronounce one of the best papers in the west. I hope you will continue to maintain your present position, and pour hot shot into the ranks of the Radicals, until they are routed, scouted, and finally destroyed from the face of the earth. To-day, Sir, I heard a—(well I had almost said damned)—black puke of the first waters, that flowed from the mis-administration of the "late lamented" frog-stool-eared union-splitter, say that he would like to see the South rebel again, so that he could get a chance to help clean out all they have left of their once noble possessions. Now, when such slimy, thieving, sneaking animals come down into your country, I do hope that you will perforate their puritanical dog-hides with buck-shot, at least fourteen thousand to the square inch, and send them back to us to slit wheat through. And as for their rotten carcasses, I hardly know what to say about them, but my opinion—take it for what it's worth—is that you should bury them full three hundred fathoms under ground; let them remain there thirteen or twenty centuries; then dig up and boil them in carbolic acid till cleared of all their rottenness and scoundrelistic inclinations; and finally take their leg-bones, and make finger-rings for your children, to be worn as enduring mementoes of the enslavers of their fathers, and the destroyers of their fathers' country—and as perpetual warnings against all imitation of such crimes and criminals. In conclusion, allow me to subscribe myself, the sincere well-wisher of yourself and your paper.

F. M. W.

If nigger troopers ain't galloping out after you, in less than a week, drop on your supplication-hinges, and thank heaven that you live in Iowa, instead of Carolina, Mississippi, or any of their sister Satrapeies of the South. Like you, we believe in the merits of the K. K.'s. The pity is they've, thus far, wasted their patriotic efforts and ammunition on despicable underlings, mere scullions and rapscallions, instead of striking at the great head-devils, the real authors of all our country's woes. A grant, Scott, Bullock, Holden or E. J. Davis, is as easily reached and as vulnerable, as the vilest, picayune-piffering, yankonigger, carpetbaggy malefactor, that peddles stink and pinch-beck loyalty, in a tenth-rate zebra law-grindery; or the poorest cur that howls his mangy worthlessness, and munches fleas, in Shinbone Alley. Verbum sap. sat.

A clear-headed, dauntless lover of freedom and right, from amid the rolling hills, clear streams and beauteous vales of our own picturesque Southwest:

AVILLA, JASPER CO., MO., March 20th, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir: We are desperately hard up for money in this overtaxed country, and you have been kind enough to send me your Radical-skinner over the one for which I have paid. Now I can't afford to take a paper, unpaid for, that has ushered in the first dawn of day, after long years of tyranny and misrule. May God give you life and strength to peel the would-be destroyers and enslavers of our country, right and left. Your passive policy is our only hope. The principles set forth by the Liberals are noble and grand, sound on the grand issues to all western men and the laboring class everywhere. With our principles just and righteous, true to ourselves and our country, true to the hallowed teachings of our fathers, we stand ready to battle shoulder to shoulder with any ally, for the common good. This the garden of southwest Missouri, will be one of the hardest counties in the State to carry; but we are thoroughly organized and ready for the fray.

Enclosed find the greenback. If you get the last scad, I shall get a good laugh every week. W. H. R.

"Ready to battle, shoulder to shoulder with any aly, for the common good." Oh, that the whole Democracy of the broad dis-Union could be inoculated with that spirit. Success, salvation, the overthrow of wrong, the triumph of right, would be assured. Beelzebub would begin to punch up his tar-barrels, and prepare to give Jacobinism, Radicalism, Niggerism, with all its dusky hordes of maintaining miscreants, its enginery of crime, its horrors and abominations, a befittingly warm reception.

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Yea, verily! Listen. Look. From Jayhawkerdom;—from the land of Jim Lane, old horse-thief John Brown (whose soul if still marching on, must have nearly reached the bottom), Jennison, Montgomery, and Beecher-Sharpe's Rifles—a patriot, staunch and unsullied:

IOWA POINT, KANSAS, March 23d, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: Pardon the intrusion, but I wish to say a word or so to you. Your mighty "Possum" is known and encouraged here in Kansas. We are not all jayhawkers in this region. We have many sound Liberals in this State, and in mass they are running in opposition to the pot-headed sot of hide-scraping notoriety. Many, since I began taking the Caucasian, are borrowing, reading, and lending it to their neighbors. They say that they have never seen anything like it before. No wonder when they see how the thieving scalawags and toe-lickers of grant, are plundering and devastating the country, as exposed in the Caucasian, (the White Man's Friend), they drop the "Tumblebug." I am a Democrat of the Possum tribe, and would be happy, be glad, to get to vote for your noble governor for President. The election of B. Gratz Brown resulted in regenerating and reclaiming from Yankee thralldom, one of the noblest States in the Union; and why should not Gov. Brown, as President, save the whole country from enslavement and ruin? By G—, Colonel, keep her hot. Pop it to them every week. Skin every Radical skunk you can, and let the hide-scraper have the skins, to commence business on, next March, when he goes back to Galena. Colonel, I am not acquainted with you; wish I was; know you are a bully fellow. I am going to get up a club for your noble paper. Please send to D. P. Williams, Robinson, Brown county, Kansas, two or three numbers of your paper; send the one that contains the "Origin of the Possum Policy." He is a true-blue Democrat, and will do all he can to get up a club at that place. We need more Caucasians. Its bold and defiant exposition of true principles does vast good. Please send the papers and make a genuine old Possum roll over.

Respectfully, E. G.

The Possum, which first swung out, as the emblem of true patriotism and wise strategy, on the Caucasian's persimmon limb, is the only "signo" in which we can ever hope to "vinco." Let it be universally adopted. Let Democrats, all over the wide dis-Union, so far as National Conventions and Nominations are concerned, GO TO SLEEP—do nothing—say nothing—think nothing—care nothing. The Radical Party will split. Two tickets will be put up; one, composed of bummers, thieves, usurpers and corruptionists, devils' own-pets; the other, of men who are for reform, with some remnants of honesty and decency, some lingering love for the grand old government of our fathers. Then, let our 2,500,000 patriot possums wake up, and in one gigantic, overwhelming avalanche of heavenly-manna-like wafers, cast the ballots which shall forever bury forty-million leagues from human sight or smell, the mammoth beast of Radicalism—the mastodon of iniquity, filth and sin.

From one of Kentucky's noblest, truest sons—A gallant soldier, a deep-read lawyer, an earnest and never-faltering patriot—Brave of heart, generous of soul, and eloquent of tongue—Wise in council and fearless in action—One, from whom such words of cordial commendation do us vastly proud:

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY, March 25th, 1872.

COL. DONAN: I write you briefly, merely to say some few things, one of which is, I like the Caucasian, and endorse most heartily its policy and the measures it advocates for our country's restoration; and I am frank to say, that it is the only paper published within the limits of this "Yankee-cursed land," on which I can bestow my unqualified approbation. It breathes the breath that has life in it, and expands its great political lungs as if inflated with the pure air of freedom. Besides, I like your monopoly of the vocab of the ancient and modern worlds, although it plays H—ollifax with the "scribbling nincompiddles," who, before your advent into the Western Hemisphere and the Caucasian, assumed to think, that some immunities had been given them by the operation of the general and universal *leges linguae*. But your wholesale manipulation of strange, unknown, and hitherto unheard epithets, and your machine production of all sorts of crotchety adjectives, "boomfuzzles" the yanke-newspaperials, and compels them to do their good and best work, within quotations, drawing for originality upon the genius of another brain.

Your manifest disregard of all the rules, customs and regulations, adopted by the scientists of the world for the government and control of the great omnibus of human thought is delightfully refreshing,—especially when directed to the demolition of the prescribed and logical deductions of the old and defunct theories of the yankee monstrosities, called in science—the base basis of their brutal inhumanities, violence, robbery, and cowardly oppressions—a system, engrafted upon the puritanic northern mind, and appealing for its support to the meanest and lowest instincts and passions of the human heart:—a system the most revolting and abhorrent, incapable of inspiring in an honest, patriotic mind any emotion, other than that of supreme disgust and utter loathing.

The Caucasian Policy of to-day is, in my estimation, the only means "under heaven whereby we may be saved," and millions are listening to your whispering of hope for their deliverance, and waiting with deep and earnest prayers for its final coming.

I am on the sunny side of the resolutions of '98," and with that grand old commonwealth—the nurse of generous principles, the mother of heroes and statesmen—the eternal sunshine of whose greatness "our dazzled eyes behold the gorgeous mausoleum," believe there's life in the old land yet, and that the Caucasian Policy with its increasing, burning lustre is the beacon light that will lead our wise men to deliverance, and restore our country to liberty. My flag is nailed to that mast, and I am going to "let her flew" high above the ramparts of our hoped-for destiny, with the talismanic words inscribed upon its folds in characters of flying light, "Hope and Persevere," until Caucasia triumphs, and the "puritanic yankeedoodledidledees," are sent back to kennel with their wooden-nutmeg, horn-gun-flint, Bristol clock, and witch-burning constituencies.

Our mutual friend, Col. Hounshell, and the little eight-year-old correspondent of the Caucasian, join me in kindest regards to you. With a sincere desire for the success of your paper and the final triumph of its principles. Respectfully,

A. D. S.

WERE YOUR HEART, dear Colonel, your own vast, yawning, bottomless and limitless Mammoth Cave, with myriads upon myriads of branch-caverns honey-combing all earth's interior, and opening out at the antipodes;—and OUR HEART, one mighty, rushing Amazon, Mississippi or St. Lawrence of gratitude, fed by countless perennial lakes of tender emotion, amid the tall mountains of toplottical affection;—YOU couldn't contain, nor WE pour out, the ocean of stewed-squash, the boundless surges of deepest, sweetest feeling—Ho! Wo, wo, there, now! Jeroosterlimb and Horace Greeley! Ugha! ugha! Hear us pant for breath. That infernal, interminable air-pump of a sentence, has left us flat and windless as a busted bellows. Whew! what a run-away billy-goat-mule of a thing! It got the bit of common-sense between its teeth, and dashed away with us, in spite of all our kicking and struggling, clear into the clouds of absurdity. We only meant to say, beloved sir, that you've rendered us yourn till death, and ninety days after—if the weather's cool enough to keep the corpse without embalming. Spiced editor wouldn't be a dainty dish to set before a friend.

Here from a son of one of Missouri's most deservedly famous clergymen and editors—one whose name is a household word among the Methodists of the whole Southern sisterhood of States—Rev. Dr. McAnally, formerly editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate:

CARONDELET, MISSOURI, March 23rd, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN: Your long acquaintance with my father, and the kindly feelings I have so often heard him express for you, together with your acknowledged readiness to forward every good work, have induced me to ask of you a space in your paper for the purpose of calling attention to the following facts:

We have, as you know, a school. We have been collecting, for some time past, a cabinet of minerals, ores, fossils, Indian antiquities, and curiosities of every kind. We have some twelve hundred specimens of different kinds of minerals, etc., but have not many from your section and the country west of you. To a large extent, we are dependent upon the kindness and generosity of friends for specimens. If any readers of your paper, in any quarter of the Union, have specimens of ores of any metal, fossils, antiquities of any nation, or any other curiosities, and will send them to our address in Carondelet, they will be most thankfully received and carefully preserved. Let every specimen be carefully labelled with the donor's name and the locality whence the curiosity came. Send them by express or otherwise at our expense. By calling attention to this matter in your journal, you will confer a favor upon us, and forward an enterprise we have very much at heart.

Truly yours, D. R. MCANALLY, JR.

We trust, friend David, that every reader of the Caucasian will heed your request, and that specimens, marvels, curiosities, freaks, whimsicalities and lusus naturæ's may pour in upon you, until you are able to start an opposition museum to Barnum, a rival animal-show to Noah and Artemus Ward.

From a true-blue, a genuine unmixed and unmingled white man, in divorcianical Hoosierdom—a land whose Democrats are as sound, as their Senator, Leper Morton, is rotten:

NORTH MANCHESTER, INDIANA, March 27th, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir: I sent to you some time ago, from New Madison, for a sample copy of your paper, the Caucasian, for the prompt reception of which I return thanks. The reason I sent for it was the name it bore (Caucasian). I thought that there must be something white about it; and in reading the copies you sent me, I found it was not stained with grant or nigger blood. Your policy is my policy, and it is the only policy that will save the American people from utter destruction. We were once a free and happy people, and we could justly boast of American liberty under Democratic rule; but alas, that liberty and those free institutions have all vanished under Black Republican misrule since the year 1861, and the longer it lasts the worse it gets. Our Northern neighbors of Canada, who live under the British Lion and are ruled by queen Victoria, are a free people compared with us down-trodden, grant-and-nigger-ridden, hapless United States. Brother Donan, go on. Sound the jubilee. Let the bells ring. Cry aloud and spare not. The battering-ram of Truth and Justice is nigh the walls of grant and his minions, and they will ere long fall to rise no more.

Enclosed you will find post-office order for $2, for which send the Caucasian, $1's worth to Elisha James, and $1 to me; post-office address, North Manchester, Wabash county, Indiana. It is likely you will hear from me again.

Respectfully yours. J. A.

We propose, God helping us, to "go on," till the walls of the Radical Jericho fall with a crash, that shall shake the continent from Behring's Straits to Terra Del Fuego. The day of the smash-up is near at hand, if our Democratic Joshuas will only act with common sense, and trust all to the tooting of Liberal rams'-horns. Shall always be glad to "hear from" you.

From where the hoary-crested Pacific thunders his giant anthem of "yankeedoodledidledoo," upon a wondrous, gold-ribbed coast:

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, March 18th, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN, Lexington, Mo.—Dear Sir: From time to time I have seen various articles copied from your paper into the journals of this coast; and I have been so struck with your frankness of speech and cogency of reasoning, that I have determined to have your paper. In the first place I am in love with the title of your Journal. Its name would import that it was the advocate of a race that in the better days of our republic were regarded as the superiors in wisdom, culture, and intelligence, of the sable-hued race, now reigning dynasty at Washington has elevated to power and position in that unfortunate section of our country, whose only sin consisted in a laudable effort to break in advance those chalus of despotism and slavery which are now being riveted upon it. I admire the manly, frank and summary manner in which you handle such cowardly, drunken bellowers as Zach. Chandler; such idle, swaggering boasters as Matt Carpenter; such malevolent, fanatical and hypocritical fiends as Brownlow; such whining, negro-loving sycophants as Sumner; and last, but not least, the telling and sledge-hammer blows you inflict upon that creature of accident and circumstances, who disgraces the position once held by such patriots and statesmen as Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Polk.

Now I make you the following proposition. I think your paper can be made to do yeoman service in the Presidential campaign. I am anxious that you should have a club in this county, and I think I can raise you one, provided you will send me, say half a dozen copies, as specimens for circulation. I wish to become a subscriber in any event, so send me at least one copy that I may ascertain your terms. Hoping to hear from you soon and favorably, I remain, truly yours, R. M. D.

The voice of a true lover of liberty, justice, and right, crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of Restoration and Reform, make straight the pathway of our olden-time Constitutional Republicanism, by spreading the light of the great Caucasian Sun!" The copies, dear D., are sent with pleasure. Come again.

Here—Phe-ew! Smell him. Quick, swing a censer of assafetida, burnt leather, roasted onions, singed wool and aqua de polecat, round the room, to sweeten it. Clap a little red flannel bag of Limburger cheese, around your necks, as a disinfectant. A Radical, a grantite, a corruptionist, doubtless a thief, intrudes his smutty snout among the Caucasian circlers, as his political papa once did in old man Job's days. Directed to "Col. Pat Donan, of Caucasian notoriety," comes this dainty scrap of white-nigger insolence:

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, March 18th, 1872.

DONAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed find twenty-five cents, for which send me different numbers of your "Caucasian." I wish to use them as campaign documents for Grant, and against such "shysters" as the Democratic party, "Sumner, Davis, Trumbull, Gratz Brown and the Devil."

I am, as you see, DAN. SULLIVAN.

Well, you've got your full money's worth, for once in your loyal life. When the Devil gets his, the full amount of his investment, his rightful dues, all he's paid for, we'll bet a mouldy doughnut against Beecher's interest in New Jerusalem real-estate, you and the whole vast horde of miscreants, your fellow-partyites, will be sizzling, as dogwood kindling under brimstone kettles in perdition's lowest, meanest kitchen—And your bull-headed, pig-souled chief-exemplar, Ulysses the Tumblebug, will be the blackest, cheapest viiest chunk in all the ash-heaps of Beelzebubilean fuel.

From a gallant brother in Democratic ink and thankless drudgery, in the beauteous Prairie State:

OFFICE DAILY & WEEKLY DEMOCRAT, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS, March 15th, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN, Proprietors Caucasian, Lexington, Missouri—Gentlemen: Enclosed please find some "Lincoln scabs"—Chase-ned currency—for which send a copy of your extract of tannin, White Man's Paper, that dies the "Possum" flag, to L. D. Roberts, at Bloomington, Illinois. Will send you some subscribers soon. Would like to see details of the Palmyra Massacre in a separate paper, if you do not publish it soon. Send me your photograph and it shall have a place in my album between R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, or any other white men you name.

Yours tru