THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOL. 6. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872. No. 44—WHOLE No. 344.

Attorneys at Law.

W. T. & T. C. WOOD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. W. T. C. Wood No. 2 Mansion Row, one door east of Aull Savings Bank, Main st.

JOHN F. RYLAND. JOHN F. RYLAND, JR.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office over Bullene's & Co's grocery store. Will practice in the State and Federal courts. Collections made throughout the States. apr24 1y

Schools.

CENTRAL FEMALE COLLEGE, Lexington, Mo.
(Late Marvin Female Institute,)
WILL OPEN the next Session on MONDAY, JANUARY 22d, under the management of
PROF. ABRAM DAVAULT, A. M., AS PRESIDENT PRO. TEM.
Assisted by all of the present faculty in the College, except Dr. Unruh and his family, who retire from the College to labor in another quarter.
The present Session until January 20th, will go on as usual, and there will be no interruption or stoppage in the School.
FACULTY.
ABRAM DAVAULT, A. M. President, Pro. Tem. and Professor of Mathematics, Ancient Languages, Natural Science and Moral Philosophy.
MISS AURELIA MILLER, Principal in Collegiate Department.
MISS BELLE E. GREEN, Principal in Preparatory Department.
MRS. DORA DAVAULT, Instructor on Piano and Organ.
The College property donated to us by the Masons, has been completely renovated, and fitted up, and is now in complete order for a first class school.
All the occupied rooms are nicely carpeted and furnished and made comfortable for the Pupils.
Parents may feel assured that their daughters will be kindly treated and well and thoroughly taught.
The faculty is equal to any in the State, in similar Colleges. We therefore recommend the school to the public.
WM. MORRISON, JOHN E. RYLAND, EDWARD WINSOR, President. Curators.

MARVIN HIGH SCHOOL,
LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO.
THE THIRD TERM of the Marview High School will begin on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1871, and will continue ten months.
TERMS.
Primary Department, per month..... $2 00
Collegiate Department (Freshmen) per month..... 3 00
One half of tuition in advance, the other half on 1st of February, 1872.
No deduction made for absence.
To patronage is respectfully solicited.
aug12 1t W. A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE ELIZABETH AULL FEMALE SEMINARY,
LEXINGTON, MO.
THE 12th ANNUAL SESSION will commence MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1871.
THE FACULTY consists of ten competent teachers.
The standard for graduation fully up to the Highest in the West.
No Public Exhibitions, Written Examinations.
For Catalogue, address R. S. CHARLES, President.
jly29 1y

BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE,
LEXINGTON, MO.
THE next session of this deservedly popular institution will open the FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, the Spring Term, will commence last Monday in January next.
EXPENSES PER TERM OF TWENTY WEEKS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Board, Lodging, Fuel and Lights..... $50 00
Tuition in Primary Department..... 10 00
Tuition in Preparatory Dep't, $15 00 to 20 00
Tuition in Collegiate Department..... 25 00
Piano, Guitar, Organ, (each)..... 25 00
Latin, Greek, German, French, (each)..... 15 00
Painting, Oil colors..... 25 00
Use of Piano, one hour per day..... 5 00
Washing..... 2 00
REV. ENOS SEARCY, A. M., Principal.

LEXINGTON MALE ACADEMY.
ROOMS—In the Basement of Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
Regular Scholastic year will begin MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1871.
THE undersigned, with many years experience as a Professor of Ancient Languages, and Mathematics in Colleges, and Principal of High Schools, can WITH confidence, promise a course of study, full, Complete and Thorough.
TERMS—For half year of twenty weeks, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Primary Dep't..... $20 00
Preparatory Dep't..... 25 00
Academic Dep't..... 30 00
No Extras. No Deduction for absence except in case of sickness protracted over one month.
For particulars apply to, or address,
Julius F. Rev. WM. CAMERON, A. M., Prin.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
CIRCUMSTANCES forcing a dissolution of the copartnership of Prof. Catron and myself, I propose to teach alone, the incoming year, hoping to receive a good part of our former patronage. I will begin ON SEPTEMBER 4th, 1871.
TUITION—Forty week (in advance) $20, $25 and $30. Contingent Fee $2.
No deduction on account of absence.
Rooms on Franklin Street near Sommerville's store. aug5tf C. O. SMITH.

W. N. R. BEALL,
GENERAL
Commission Merchant & Purchasing Agent,
NO. 18 S. COMMERCIAL ST., ST. LOUIS.

FLOUR.
While offering "Flour Orders" for nearly four years, I have felt the necessity of establishing brands that may be relied upon and that will be kept up to the standard, and as such, I offer the following:
W. Beall's XXX "Breakfast." XX "Dinner." X "Super." "Superfine."
ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
REFERENCE—Banks and Reliable Business Men of St. Louis. de28m6

WANTED.
AN EXPERIENCED COAL MINER, to open and keep in repair a coal bank, seven miles from Lexington. A house and garden will be furnished free of charge. The employee will give an extra price and furnish constant employment. Apply at this office. apr6 tf E. A. EDDY.

GRAND HOME GIFT ENTERPRISE.

A VALUABLE AND HIGHLY-IMPROVED
FARM
Of 140 acres, about 80 under cultivation, all under fence, well-watered and in a convenient location, together with a splendid Brick
DWELLING-HOUSE,
To be drawn for, in the City of Lexington, on the 1st day of May, 1872.

TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED REGISTERED TICKETS, AT FIVE DOLLARS EACH.
HAVING determined to dispose of my place, by gift enterprise, I offer it to the public in shares of $5 each, in the following attractive scheme, to be drawn from a wheel, by a disinterested person, blind-folded.
A $10,000 FARM AND RESIDENCE FOR $5.
SCHEME.
1. One Grand gift of a Farm and Residence..... $10,000
2. One gift of a fine Mule..... 150
3. One gift of a fine Mule..... 150
4. One gift of a Mule..... 100
5. One gift of a Blooded Colt..... 100
$10,500

TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED TICKETS, ONE CAPITAL GIFT AND FOUR SECOND GIFTS.
The Farm and Dwelling, which constitute the Capital Gift, are situated in Lafayette county, Missouri, about three miles from the enterprising town of Wellington, on the Independence road. The Farm contains 140 acres of very superior and desirable farming land; eighty acres of which are cleared, the balance good timber, and all is under fence. There are on the place a comfortable and convenient Brick Dwelling House, with an L, Barn, Smoke-House, and Ice-House, a Well of good water, a cistern, and three springs; also, two excellent Pastures. This property is every way desirable as an investment, and is worth the amount for which it is put up. And this is a perfect, and may be examined in the Recorder's office of Lafayette county, at Lexington.
Three other gifts—2, 3, and 4, as above—are good work mules, worth the sums at which they are classed.
The fifth gift is a fine young colt.
The money for which tickets are sold will be deposited in Bank, till the drawing takes place, or if a sufficient number of tickets are not sold, will be returned to the holders of tickets.
This is no humbug, but a genuine business transaction. I am disposing of my property in a bona fide, business way, with a view of declining farming, and offer it in this manner to give all a chance, and to realize an immediate sale for cash.
Tickets will be offered for sale by agents in all parts of the country.
The name of ticket holders will be registered, and transfers of tickets will be valueless unless reported to me for re-registry.
2,100 numbers corresponding with the numbers on 2,100 tickets will be placed in a wheel, and the first drawn No. will be entitled to the capital gift. And so with the other gifts.
An opportunity is here offered of securing a home to properly valued at $10,000, for the plunder sum of five dollars.
Orders for tickets from abroad promptly filled and No. and Name carefully registered. Tickets sent to any address on receipt of price.
A. P. FULKERSON.

C. G. LUDWIGS.
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
LEXINGTON, MO.
[Sign of the Golden Spectacles.]
DEALER in Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware, Pebble Spectacles, Musical Instruments, Picture Frames and Mouldings, Cutlery, Pistols, Fancy Goods, Toys.
Agent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.
Agent for the C. Kurtzmann, F. C. Lighte & Co., and Mathushek first class Pianos.
Agent for the Prince & Co's Celebrated New Haven Jubilee Organs and Melodeons.
Agent for the Elgin (National) and Philadelphia Watch Co's fine Watches.
Agent for John Foley's best Gold Pens.
☞ Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Sewing Machines carefully repaired and warranted.
☞ I have put in for the accommodation of the public, at my store, a large and handsome Regulator. It shows the exact time by Universal Dial, the only correct time for the attitude. apr6 C. G. LUDWIGS.

FINE ARTS.
DRAWING, OIL PAINTING, AND WAX WORK.
MRS. C. O. BARKER, an experienced Teacher in Drawing, Oil Painting and Wax Work, would inform all desirous of receiving thorough and full instructions, in the finest style of the above branches of Art, that she has opened rooms to teach a class, at the residence of Dr. Barker, corner of College and Franklin streets, Lexington, Mo. For Terms and to examine specimens, please call at the place above mentioned. de16tf

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,
WHOLESALE Dealers in Staple and Fancy GROCERIES,
Nos. 301, 303 & 305 Second street, corner Olive. ST. LOUIS.

CASH! CASH! CASH!
WILL pay the highest market price in CASH for WOOL,
HIDES, PELTS, BEESWAX,
FEATHERS, &c.
Farmers of Lafayette and Ray counties, don't take trade for the above articles. Come to me and get the CASH. I can be found at my old stand, four doors west of the postoffice.
I keep for sale, cheap for cash, all kinds of FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
nov15 1y L. FEINEMAN.

THOS. C. BLEDSOE,
REAL ESTATE AND LOAN OFFICE.
ROBERT AULL'S building, up stairs, No. 67, Main Street, Lexington Mo. Farms, city property, and unimproved lands, bought and sold, taxes paid, loans negotiated, &c. &c. Charges reasonable.
THOS. C. BLEDSOE.
sep8-m12

LEXINGTON CITY MILLS.
EMANUEL EASTER, PROPRIETOR,
Water Street, Lexington, Mo.
THE BEST BRANDS of Flour constantly on hand, also Bran, and Feed.
All orders left at P. C. Patterson & Co's store, corner Main and Laurel, will be promptly attended to. aug25 tf

J. W. LUKE,
(Successor to CARR & LUKE.)
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NO. 302 COMMERCIAL ST.
(BUNNIE WOOLFOLK.) **St. Louis Mo.**

COMMISSION HOUSE.
Stramcke Building, Lower Levee,
LEXINGTON, MO.
GENERAL COMMISSION and Forwarding Business carried on.
SACKS TO RENT.
m4tf MITCHELL & LOOMIS.

EVAN YOUNG.
IMPORTER AND BREEDER of Thorough-Bred Berkshire Swine. Winners of first prizes, at Lexington, Richmond, Independence, and wherever exhibited. A few Choice Pigs for sale, singly or in pairs not akin, at $20 each.
EVAN YOUNG.

J. W. GRANT.
House Painter, Paper Hanger and Glazier.
KEEPS Constantly on hand a large assortment of Window shades, wall paper, glass, Linseed Oil, Lead &c. Ceilings whitened to order. Mixed Paints, of any shade and best quality ready mixed. Shop and store on Main cross street, next door to Cumberland Church. may10 1y.

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, Robbery, 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.

DEATH.

MEDITATIONS SOMEWHAT SOLEMNCHOLY.

HARK, FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL DITTY.

DISMAL AS THE DISTEMPERED WHEEZINGS OF A BLIND HEARSE-HORSE, AT THE PLANTING OF A NIGGER BEGGAR.

Far, far o'er hill and dale, on the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell mournfully pealing;
Hark, hark, it seems to say, as melt those sounds away,
Sweetly joys decay, while how their feeling,
Now through the charm-ed air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourners' prayer, solemnly bending;
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from these joys away,
To those which never decay, for life is ending.

Ding—dong! Ding—dong! Hist! Heart be still. Silence, reverential awe, in the presence of Jehovah's mightiest minister. Ding—dong! Ding—dong! Slow, sad, muffled tones, telling of Death. Another life on earth is ended, another soul has flown—whither? Death! Think of it. 'Tis near at hand to all of us. A few short months, a few short years at most, and we who write and you who read, will have met it; and strangers will fill our places. A sudden illness. A doctor summoned in breathless haste. A hurried examination. An anxious consultation. Vials and spoons, pills, potions and plasters. A dimly lighted chamber. Midnight watchings. Whispering nurses. A change for the worse. A family roused by the dread word: "Dying." Physicians and weeping friends grouped around the bedside. A preacher called. A sob-choked prayer. Gradual sinking. A pulse growing feeble and unsteady. Filmy eyes staring at vacancy. Fingers-ends nervously clutching at shadows in the air. Death-dews gathering like beads of ice, on a brow of wax. A faint writhing of the limbs. A groan. A lingering flutter about the heart. A gurgle in the throat. A slight tremor. A wail of agony from a household bereaved. And all is over! The old, old story is told again!

For what is our life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—James iv: 14.

Death! Where has his skeleton foot not trod? Where has the rush of his invisible arrows not cleft the startled air? What home has not been darkened, by his grim and grisly form alighting on its threshold? What heart has not been wrung, and left torn and bleeding, by his remorseless clutches? Insatiate monster, millions of millions of victims have but whetted his craving gluttony. Unerring archer, his shafts fly thick and fast, on every side, in light and darkness; no art can stay his hand; no dodging avert the blow. Tireless and terrible reaper! Oh, how vast the harvest his merciless sickle has gathered, in the six thousand years of human woe since, beneath the strange shadow of Eden's walls, checkered by the flashing of the cherub's fiery sword, earth's first-born slew his brother! War, Pestilence and Famine, are his lieutenants;—And fire, sword, wind and water,—everything, from a wrongly-swallowed grape seed, to an earthquake shock; from a cambric-needle point, to an ocean storm; from a tiny reptile's tooth, to a hundred-pounder Paixhan shell; from an elephant's hoof or a tiger's fang, to a nitro-glycerine can or a doctor's pill bags,—his instruments. His black pennon floated in triumph, above the mighty deluge, whose billows wrapped the whole busy race of a sin-cursed world, in one vast, watery winding-sheet. The rustle of his wings was heard, when the Red Sea licked its hungry chops, and swallowed forever Egypt's proud embattled chariots and horsemen, four thousand years ago. He perched like a chuckling owl, upon the walls of Samaria, when mothers, maddened by starvation, boiled and ate their tender babes; and when, in the morning, the serried bands of the Assyrian invader, waked up to find themselves all dead as mackerel. He flapped his awful pinions above Israel's doomed capital, when those mysterious voices, God's angels in the air, murmured: "Arise, and let us go hence;"—when those streets, from whose cobble-stones the footprints of the Messiah, were scarce erased; and those temple-courts, which had scarce ceased to echo his gentle tones; ran red with the blood of fanatical Levites, and a desperate Christ killing priesthood. He held high carnival in the great municipal hives of the eastern world, when the sealed vials of the plague were opened, and the living were too few to soothe the dying, or to bury the slain. Age after age, he has marched with the cholera, the typhus, and the spotted pest, across continents, islands and seas, spreading lamentation and horror wherever he comes. He has just been riioting in hapless Persia, where famished children of the sun, for months, have strewn all their streets and highways, and frantic human jackals have feasted on the gaunt corpses of their kinsmen. And ah, the countless multitudes that have sunk before Ambition's simoom breath,—the mighty hecatombs that have been heaped upon the gory altars of War!

The bayonet pierces, and the sabre cleaves,
And human laurels are lavished everywhere,
As the year closing wharls the sere leaves
When the strript forest bows to the bleak air,
And moans.

Roll back the sulphurous canopy that overhangs the unnumbered Aceldamas of the past; and what a scene of slaughter and devastation rises before us! Death on his pale horse, leading up legions on legions of shadowy warriors, beyond the power of numbers to compute, or imagination to conceive,—An endless cavalcade, an interminable array of spectral knights and phantom heroes, on ghastly pomp and paraphernalia, bestriding their skeleton steeds, beneath a forest of ghostly banners emblazoned with ten thousand long-forgotten weird devices. The Pharaohs and their locust-like swarms of dusky myrmidons. Sesostris and Alaric, Tamerlane and Zenghis Khan, with their huge-wave-like barbarian hordes. The teeming myriads, that obeyed the ruthless mandates of Babylon the Great. The all-conquering veterans of Cyrus. The resistless phalanxes of Macedon that, in all the splendor of piratical glory, wholesale murder and pillage, followed Alexander, leaving a trail of ashes and tears, desolation and anguish, to the farthest confines of the globe. The heroic defenders of Greece, watering the soil of their beautiful valleys, and reddening the lips of their shore-kissing Mediterranean, with their blood, at Thermopylæ, Marathon and Salamis. The timorous millions, resplendent in crimson and gold, who thronged after Xerxes, to ignoble graves in foreign lands. The invincible legions of Rome, century after century, under Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Titus and Vespasian, bearing her golden eagles and her iron fetters, to every nation and clime, from the sun-scorched sands of Ethiopia and Arabia, to the eternal snows of the Baltic shores; from the evergreen jungles of India, to the bleak hills and blue mists of Caledonia. The religion-crazed crusaders. The millions of millions who marched to bloody graves, beneath the standards of Charlemagne, the Edwards, Louises, Henrys and Richards, of the chivalric age. The ensanguined hosts who laid them down, at Linden, Austerlitz, Borodino and Waterloo; who fell to slake the hyena-rage of Marlborough, Wellington and Napoleon. And the hundreds of thousands of gallant, high-souled young warriors, who sprang to arms, ten years ago, in our own widowed land;—sleeping, resting on their arms, waiting the last, grand, archangel-sounded, reveille, at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Atlanta, Shiloh, Franklin, Chickamauga, and a hundred other synonyms for heroism and carnage. Oh, the dire, dark, appalling panorama of murder! And over it all, heading it all, leading it all, waves the dark plume of the senior member of the ancient firm of Death, Hell and the Grave!

Death! It mingles with our every act, word, thought and dream. Look back. Wield the necromancer's rod. Call up the visions of every life-time; and through web and woof, the dismal thread of Death is interwoven with it all! We turn the crank. Behold! Visions clad in the bright habiliments of mirth and visions yet more numerous, draped in the gloomy weeds of mourning. Visions of marble halls, and sepulchral vaults; of festal boards, baptismal fonts, and tombstones; of ruby lips, starry eyes, and alabaster cheeks; of grave worms, decay and dust. Wedding-parties, soirees and pic-nics rise jumbled with funerals and battle-fields. Wreaths of orange-blossoms and of immortelles, ball-dresses and shrouds, are strangely tangled. Hearse-plumes nod among the feathers and flummeries of fashion, and the cockades and tinsel of military pomp. Laurels and yews, cypresses and bays, weeping willows, roses, holly and mistletoe, intertwine their foliage in marvelous medley. Dashing turn-outs, prancing teams, flashing wheels, sleigh-bells and merry couples, rush past amid a whirl of cradles and coffins, hobby-horses, sick beds and dead-carts. Sounds of revelry, laughter and song, come jangled with the clash of arms, the shrieks of the dying and, the wails of the bereaved. The rapt trillings of sweet birds of our own Southland, the musical tinkling of soft guitars, and the love breathing notes of midnight serenades, mingle their witching cadence with the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the lamentations of widows and orphans. Death, death is everywhere, inexorable, inevitable and all-potent. Where are all the manifold, oft-repeated millions that have arisen, bustled their brief hour of pigmy toil and strife, and disappeared, since Omnipotence pronounced the fiat, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth;"—the fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts and mothers-in-law, of a hundred and fifty generations? Ask of the winds that come sighing and sobbing, over a hundred thousand fields of fratricidal blood. Ask of the seas, whose storm tossed waters chant the eternal requiem of unreckoned lists of the beautiful, the brave and the good, as well as the crime-stained, the ruthless and the vile, pirates, buccaneers and yankee slavers. Ask every hill and valley, every tree, and shrub, and leaf, and flower, of our vast charnel-house of earth, whose every foot of soil conceals a tomb, whose every blade of grass bedecks a sepulchre. The kings and beggars, the lords and lackeys, the sages and slaves, the strong and the weak, the noble and the base, of sixty centuries, ALL scattered—fallen—gone—vanished like the mists of a summer morning. Burial-slabs are the mile-stones of life. And how thickly they stand along all our pathways. Here a wee, wee one, scarce longer than your hand, marks where a little pilgrim of a month or a year, has sunk by the wayside. Here, a large or one, moss-grown and weather-beaten, shows where an aged traveler, feeble and tottering, white-haired and weary, has laid down his burdens and sorrows, and found repose. Here one, with its little sleeping lamb, or unopened floweret, of sculptured stone, showing that a lamb of the flock has gone to the bosom of the Great Shepherd,—that a tiny human bud has been transplanted to bloom forever, in the blissful flower-pots of Paradise above. And here one, decked with sword and spear and carven wreath, where in the flush and vigor of early manhood, fell a young hero in his country's cause.

Death! 'Tis the doom of our race, fixed, irrevocable, unescapable; the end of every human path; as natural as our birth. Why should we start and fear to die? Death once arrived is past; not come, until he's gone, he's never here. The tear, the groan, the shroud, the pall, the bier, the knell, the mattock and the grave, the deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm, are but the bugaboos of fools, the scare-crows of cowards, the terrors of the living not the dead. All life must come through death. The bounteous harvest springs from the death and decay of the seed. The food which supports our physical frame, once lived as vegetable or animal. The clothes we wear once quivered as the sheep, or crawled upon the living flax or cotton stalks. Our hat lived on the beaver's back; our gloves upon the kid; our shoes upon the calf. And the life of our souls, comes only through the death of Jesus Christ! Why shiver and shudder, at what is not death, but rather the beginning of life? Death is the only door of escape from burdens of pain and disappointment, frailty, vexation and wretchedness, that would ere long be insupportable. It is the ferry-boat to heaven. It is rest, peace, quiet. It is honorable, advantageous and necessary: honorable in old men, to make room for younger ones; advantageous to to those whose rich uncles are the victims, and have remembered them in their wills; and necessary for married unfortunates, that have no other jail delivery. Weep not for those who die; for by it, they escape a dozen deaths,—the death of friends and friendship, of youth and love and hope and all else, except mere breath. Thrice happy are the dead, never to feel or fear the sting of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse;—never to writhe beneath oppression, wrong or contumely;—never to have to edit a country paper, run a rural doggery or gospel-shop, or get up on a cold morning and start a green-wood fire with wet kindling;—never to have their elbows or trousers-seats grow dangerously thin and threadbare, or be compelled to see some other fellow haltered to the idol of their gizzards. Nay, nay, waste no tin-cups of lachrymal brine over THEM; they're free! But if you have a few herring-kits of lugubrious pickle to spare, spill them for those who are forced to remain, sad heritors of woe. We live, but live to die; and living, see nothing to render death distasteful. It is but planting our frail and corruptible bodies, to have them sprout up in the resurrection spring-time, an angel crop, imperishable and incorruptible, perpetual in youth, vigor and beauty. It is but passing through the tunnel, which opens out in the radiance and felicity of paradise. It is but going

Out of the shadow of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of the land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Land of the dead and the dying—
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
Dark with the wreck drifting o'er;
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a storm cometh nigh it;
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers,
Out of the land of decay,
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguished and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad

But be it inviting or appalling, attractive or repulsive, welcome or abhorred;—Dread or crave it, as we may;—Whether we go like lashed hounds, trembling to their kennels; or spring to meet it, as captives him who unbars their prison doors and strikes off their shackles;—It will not be many years, not many months till some of the Caucasian's dear circle shall lie down in its embrace. Who will it be? Who'll go first? Think of it. Pause; reflect. It will not, can not, be long, till some of our homes shall witness a dying scene. It may be ours; it may be yours. Who knows? Mother, deal gently with your child; don't harshly scold, don't needlessly fret, your curly-haired, frolicsome boy; any day or hour may sever the slender thread that binds his little spirit to earth; and then, each act of yours, that embittered his brief life, will rankle like a barbed iron, in your own soul. Husband, be tender, true and fond to your wife; don't keep all your courtesies, soft words and smiles for "company;" love and cherish her who has entrusted her happiness to your keeping; lighten her burdens; share her sorrows; smooth the rough places in her path; for she may be called away, before twelve moons have waxed and waned; and ah, how every careless, unkind word and look, by which you've pained her gentle heart, will then rise up, with skeleton fingers, to accuse and torture you. Son, be kind, obedient, dutiful, to father and mother; for ere long, their dear familiar forms will be missed at the old homestead; their places will be vacant at the evening fireside and the family altar; their silvery locks will be smoothed back, from the clammy brows; the eyes that, in all your devious wanderings, have ever followed you, beaming with interest and affection, deep, unutterable, unchangeable, will be closed, to open on earth, no more; the lips that were wont to press your childish cheek, and that with all your faults and follies, never breathed aught but prayers and benisons on your head, will be hushed, icy and pale; the loving hearts will be stilled; and the hands that have so long, so often, and so tenderly, ministered to your wants, through all the years of helpless infancy, of heedless boyhood, and of wayward youth and young manhood, will be folded calmly across the throbless breasts, to rest forever; oh! then, how every truant prank, how every angry and insolent speech, how every ungrateful and undutiful deed, by which you have wounded their feelings and brought grief upon their gray hairs, will lash you with a scourge of hissing scorpions. Who can tread lightly upon the grave of even his bitterest foe? Who, without a thrill of mortal anguish, can read the epitaph of an injured friend? Dead. Gone. No chance to make amends. No opportunity to beg pardons, and promise reformation. The heart, which your cruelty has lacerated, gone unhealed to the grave. The lip, which your taunt has made quiver, sealed in endless silence, ere its forgiveness was spoken. The eye, which your unkindness, your biting sarcasm, your idle jest, has filled with burning tears, forever shut, with the stains of weeping on its lids.

Oh, that every reader and friend of the Caucasian may adopt, as the chart and compass of his sublunary journey, the beauteous invocation of the Hindoo baptismal ceremony: "Little child, thou camest into this world weeping, while all around thee smiled; so live, that thou mayest go out of it smiling, while all around thee weep!" Remember that every fellow-being you look upon, is a mortal, dying from the hour of his birth; and treat him as such; then, you'll have no vain regrets to pour out upon his grave. Live so that death shall find you neither anxious for it, nor averse to it.

But dear, dear friends! Your pardon! Was there ever such a dreary mass of lachrymose drivel? We hardly know whether we're a North Methodist exhorter, or a freshly-tapped brine-keg. Mourners, to the rear. Caucasianites to the front!

A victim of the Ulyssianic, yanko-nigger hellionism, in the queenly little Palmetto State—land of Marion and Sumpter, Pickens, Hampton and Kershaw;—proud "cradle of Secession," in which an infantile Guinea missionary-eater now reposes:

UNION C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, April 16th, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Sir: In my humble opinion, your paper is the best I have read since the termination of the late struggle. I endorse your sentiments fully. I am one of the unfortunate injured innocents in the hands of u. S. authorities; accused of being a K. K. K. Will perhaps go to trial next month; and will therefore not have time to read your paper; so you will please send my copy to C. Gage, Union C. H., S. C., and oblige.

Yours respectfully, J. P. G.

Poor South Carolina! The stories which come up from every nook and corner of her once proud domain, stories of outrages, insults and sufferings, endured by her noble people under bayonet and baboon rule, are enough to send the hot blood bounding through the veins of a Pharaonic mummy, dried to chip-beef three thousand years ago,—enough to make one's hat dance on his head, like an infuriated tea-kettle lid,—enough to turn a thousand tubs of milk of human kindness, to mouldy clabber or Limburger cheese,—enough to incite a North Methodist Bishop to snuffle, "Damn it," through his snout. On the lying accusation of any lousy nigger strumpet, or pale-skinned vagabond, hundreds of the oldest and best citizens of the State have been arrested by savage janizaries; confined in military prison-pens; and tried for their lives and liberties, on testimony false as hell-scum, before juries of gibbering, grinning chimpanzees, fresh from the jungles of Loango or the deserts of Soudan. Forty sent to a New York penitentiary, and their whole estates confiscated in fines. And hundreds on hundreds still awaiting "trial." Such is life under the Reconstruction diabolisms of the White House Boor, and the perjured usurpers and outlaws of yankeedoodledidddedom's Capitoline Hill. Remember, these men who are seized at the dead hours of night, by squads of nigger soldiers, handcuffed; and hurried away from their agonized families to distant dungeon cells; are FREE-BORN AMERICAN CITIZENS! Many of them have languished, for weeks, in prison, guarded by nigger bayonets, and denied all communication with relatives, friends or counsel. And evidence against them,—evidence on which a drum-head court-martial, disguised under a different name, may sentence them to death, imprisonment or transportation,—is extorted by bribes and threats of torture, from ignorant savages whom nature has made incompetent to tell the truth where there is any possibilty of lying. Such are the scenes, which are growing so familiar to Americans, as scarce to excite a passing mention; scenes of such brutal, malignant tyranny, as would cost any King, Emperor or Czar of Europe, his crown and his head! And sons of the great North and West! Haters of Despotism and Wrong! Lovers of Freedom and Right! Unless you, this year, unite heart and hand, rise like men whose all is at stake, and hurl from power the accursed authors of these monstrous, worse than fiendish atrocities, the day will come, as surely as there is a heaven for christians and a hell for Radicals, that shall see you the trampled-down victims of just such horrors, under the absolute rule of a whisky-soaked, Vitellian-hog-like, jig-dancing, gift-gobbling generalissimic ruffian and sot. "This government cannot stand half slave and half free!"

A young friend near home, who in a somewhat long-winded and loose jointed style, must say his say, about matters and things:

LAFAYETTE CO., MO., April 18th, 1871.

To the Old Fogies of Lexington and Vicinity—Sirs: I have expected through the columns of some one of our city papers to hear you censured; and as I have been greatly disappointed, I will take this opportunity of administering it myself. Although I am young, lacking experience, and two years of being old enough to cast the ballot, yet I think that God has given me power to discriminate between right and wrong; and he has also endowed you with the same; but I regret to say that many of you have chosen the latter. Doubtless you will ask, with much astonishment: For what should we be censured? Fellow citizens, there are many things for which you should be reproved, of which I will speak presently. We will first see what interest the wealthier portions of our county take in promoting education, trade and industry in their different spheres or occupations. We will begin with the farmer's story: I came to this county years ago, (while this is the story of but one farmer, it applies to the greater portion of them in the county) pre-empted land to the amount of fifteen hundred acres, and paid government price for it. I then prepared two hundred acres for tillage, and since that time those two hundred acres have not only supported myself and a large family, and satisfied the yearly dues on the soil itself, but have also paid taxes on the remaining thirteen hundred acres of uncultivated land, which has been a great expense to me ever since I purchased it; however, that great expense is but the result of my own blindness. Buyers come to me almost daily, and offer me a fair price for my land, which I always refuse. I have set such an exorbitant price upon my land that it offers no inducements for immigration to come here. I would rather pay the taxes, though they be ever so high, than to sell my land. I will sell enough every year to help pay the debt which I incur during that year—for which purpose I used to sell a nigger—I will not part with my land. I intend to live on this way to the end of my days, and when on my death-bed, my children shall swear that they will never part with it. So you have heard my story. Yes, sir, I have; and now allow me to express my opinion. Your story does not surprise me in the least, because I have heard it from more than one, and it is a sad one, and contains the sentiments of the farmers of the county. With all respect due to this most useful class of men, I think it is about time that a more foolish idea of how to promote your individual welfare and that of the community, never entered the mind of any living man, and I hope that by the time you have to deprive yourself and yours of the actual necessaries of life, in order to meet your yearly payments you will be convinced, that you are not only impoverishing yourself, but aiding to retard the prosperity of our noble county. We will now listen to one of the bankers: Sir, I heartily concur with the farmer in his views as set forth above. I think that he is acting exactly right in holding on to his large tract of land; because I know in these times, when taxes and labor are so high, and produce so low, that a great many of them cannot raise the means for defraying their expenses, and are compelled to borrow from me. Right here I know I have the advantage, and I make them pay me from eighteen to twenty-five per cent for money that only costs ten. Yes, sir, you may rest assured that I am perfectly satisfied with this state of affairs, for if any change were made, it would injure my business. So you have heard what I have to say on the subject. I have, and assure you it is just as I expected, for we could scarcely expect you to be in favor of a change, when such a rare opportunity has presented itself for fattening on the toil and sweat of your honest fellow-men. You are a professed christian, and think you try to serve God, and perhaps you do, but there is one of His injunctions which you sadly neglect, and that is, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." If you did this, you would not take advantage of him at every opportunity. I would almost bet my existence, that if the love of God and the love of Mammon were weighed in your appreciation, the preponderance would be in favor of the latter. Believe hearing the old, old story of the merchant. I want to tell a joke on one of our most prominent bankers, and one who has succeeded admirably in his business, and doubtless has his thousands lying beside him. The hero of my anecdote went down town one morning, I suppose after having had a badly cooked breakfast, stepped into the store of one of our merchants, and told the proprietor that he (the proprietor) had a stove which he very much admired