# Our Religious Column.

CAUCASIAN THEOLOGY.

## THE GOD-MAN.

A world lay dying in its sins. The brightest sphere in all the wondrous planet-brood, stunk to creation's farthest bounds, with festering rottenness, pollution, lust and crime. The sun, in all his wide wanderings, beheld no foot of soil on earth's fair face, unstained by blood or tears. From pole to pole, on land and sea, envy, slander, lawless ambition, falsehood, treachery, fraud, robbery and murder, held the high carnival of fiends. Over continent and island, over mountain and valley and plain, wherever a human foot had trod, the very air was heavy-laden, sick with sin. Cain, first-born of all the sons of men, was a fratricide. Noah, the second head of our whole hapless race, became a sot. David was an adulterer; Solomon, a polygamist and idolator; and Socrates, a suicide. From Adam, skulking, and laying the blame of his transgression upon his wife, in Eden; to Herod, smitten with putrefaction and swarming with maggots, on his throne; there was none that wrought righteousness, no not one. All mankind were sinners, steeped in guilt's deepest, blackest, most hopeless dyes. Death was the Deity-affixed penalty for every offense. Inexorable Justice demanded its infliction. But Mercy plead for the doomed and helpless victims; and Omnipotence heard the plea. But how were Justice and Mercy to be reconciled? The fiat of Jehovah had gone forth: "He that sinneth shall surely die." How could the sinner be saved, without falsifying the threats of Infinite Truth and Holiness? A mediator, a substitute must be found. Some one must die. If he were all human, his death would be but the penalty of his own sins, and would afford no expiation. If he were all divine, he would be incapable of suffering or dying, and could render no atonement. He must be both human and divine. Human to suffer; divine, that his sufferings might be efficacious, and infinite in extent. Jesus Christ was this Mediator, this Savior. He alone, of all the beings who ever trod, or ever will tread, the surface of our sin-cursed globe, possessed this double-nature—was this God-Man. As a Man, born in a stable, at Bethlehem;—As a God, his birth hailed by legions of angels, whose refulgent splendors and heavenly harmonies dazzle and astound the shepherds on Judea's lonely hills. As a Man, cradled in a manger;—As a God, receiving the adoration and gifts of the Eastern Magi, led to his lowly cradle, by a gleaming world of meteoric light. As a Man, wrapped in the deep sleep of the weary, in that frail, tempest-tossed bark, on Galilee's Lake;—As a God, calming the raging winds and lulling the billows to sleep, with the omnipotent words: "Peace be still." As a Man, pitying the fainting multitudes, in the wilderness of Decapolis;—As a God, feeding the famishing thousands, with miracle-created bread and fishes. As a Man, weeping at the grave of Lazarus, his friend;—As a God, commanding the dead to come forth, and restoring him to his rejoicing sisters. As a Man, paying tribute to Cæsar;—As a God, compelling the fish of the sea to disgorge the needed coin. As a Man, suffering hunger, thirst, weariness, poverty and abuse;—As a God, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, casting out devils, restoring the limbs of the halt and the maimed, giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, making the dumb to speak, and raising the dead to life. As a Man, groaning in unutterable agony, and sweating great drops of blood, beneath the dark olive-trees of Gethsemane's Garden;—As a God, felling the armed rabble to the earth, by a look; and replacing the ear of the high priest's servant, with a single touch. As a Man, bleeding, gasping, dying upon Calvary's Cross;—As a God, bestowing Paradise upon the repentant thief at his side. As a Man, pouring out his anguished soul in that piteous cry: "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani!"—As a God, praying for his murderers: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" As a Man, meekly bowing his head, and breathing out his gentle spirit in that redemption-assuring murmur, "It is finished;"—As a God, all Nature convulsed with mortal terror at his death; the sun hid behind a pall of funereal woe; the solid earth trembling to its center, with mysterious awe; the very graves yawning forth their sheeted tenants; and the vail of Judah's proud temple rent in twain, to show that it no longer screens the Holy of Holies. As a Man, buried in Joseph's tomb;—As a God, bursting the bars of death, on the morning of the self-appointed third day and rising triumphant over hell and the grave, with a glory, which prostrates even the pagan soldiery about his sepulchre, as dead men, upon the ground. As a man eating a piece of a broiled fish, and of a honeycomb, with his doubting disciples; and permitting Thomas to thrust his fingers into the nail-prints in his hands, and the cruel hole torn by a Roman spear in his side;—As a God, swept up in a cloud, from the gaze of his adoring followers, to the right hand of the Father in Heaven, "where he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Reader, friend, what interest have you in the intercession of this wondrous Redeemer, this only God-Man?

## THE FOLLY OF UNIVERSALISM.

Of all the absurd doctrines, creeds or dogmas, ever promulgated by theological idiots, since Adam's unfortunate speculation in Fall apples, that of Universalism is the most utterly untenable, the most preposterously unreasonable and twaddlish. If all men, without regard to character, the righteous and the wicked, the saint and the criminal, are to share the same glorious reward's hereafter, as they share the same air and sunlight, seed-time and harvest here, what becomes of the moral government of God? If all mankind, the believer and the disbeliever alike, the scoffing infidel as well as the devout and humble Christian, are to be finally saved, all the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary were an empty, pompous, terrible farce; and the death of the Son of God, a needless and meaningless slaughter. If all the vile of earth, blasphemers, adulterers, liars, thieves and murderers, are to be admitted, unrepentant and unchanged, reeking with lust and pollution, into the imperial city of Him, before whose Infinite Purity, angels and seraphim veil their faces and continually cry: "Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, O, Lord God,"—Heaven will be but a branch establishment of Hell! Universalist friend, how can you believe such monstrous, hide-bound mockeries of truth, reason and common sense? Ah, you rely on the goodness and mercy of God? You don't think He could, or would, damn any one eternally, for mere temporal faults and frailties! And yet, you say you believe the Bible? You shudder with horror, at the name of Infidel? Strangely blinded friend, can you read? Can you understand plain English? Turn to that Bible, which you say you believe; and from Genesis to Revelation, through historians and prophets, songsters and apostles, and in all the teachings of the God-Man himself, hear the fearful antitheses—Heaven, Hell;—Everlasting Life, Eternal Death;—Salvation, Damnation;—Saved, Damned;—Unspeakable Joy, Smoke of their Torment;—Pleasures Forevermore, Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of teeth;—Light, Outer Darkness;—The righteous shall shine as the stars, The wicked shall be turned into hell;—A Golden City, A Bottomless Pit;—A River of Life, A Lake of Fire and Brimstone;—Do these, can these, words all mean the same? If so, language is a mockery, heaven and hell both myths, and the Bible a humbug! Friend! Fellow-traveler to Jehovah's grand assize! You know better! But know what you may, believe what you may, to one or the other of these states, these destinations, you and we are inevitably bound! For every one of us, whether tricked out in finery or skulking in tatters, has within us a wondrous soul, that will survive while God himself shall be;—A soul, to live in heaven; or to die forever, and yet never die, in hell!

## CHRISTIAN MEANNESS.

Is there, can there be, any such thing? Yes, verily, or else many of our professed christian churches, are so only in name. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," said Jesus Christ, the great head of the church. The faithful preacher of the gospel, the humble shepherd of the flock, certainly earns his living. And yet, what a burning disgrace to the christian name, is the treatment which many of these devoted servants of God receive. No other class of men is so scantily and grudgingly paid. The lawyer, the doctor, the butcher, baker and shoemaker, all whose labors end with the perishing body, get their wages promptly and cheerfully. The earnest worker for the good of the immortal soul, alone, is cramped and pinched and haggled with. We know a so-called "Christian Congregation" in this state, that actually deducted a week's salary from the miserable pittance they bargained to pay their minister, for every Sunday that the aged and self-sacrificing man lost by sickness! Can it be possible, that even all hell will afford a bake-oven small enough to accommodate such "christian" souls? Ministerial brethren, you can't convert sinners, by preaching the gospel to them at half-price. Any sinner who is willing to get his religion on such terms, will be satisfied with a wretchedly poor article. A congregation that will not pay you enough to support you comfortably, needs a missionary more than a pastor. "Dead-heading" on the heavenly road is, or ought to be, played out. A picayune saint ain't worth a dam—aged pewter spoon.

# Lexington Caucasian.

[Continued from first page.]

week with the white heat of white men battling for liberty for white men. Roll in the recruits—give the Caucasian a larger field and a bigger fight. Send us an army of witnesses, while we lunch this fall on acres of Radical thieves. We smack our chops in gleeful anticipation.

From a land where Democracy thrives and grantism droops. A compliment to the Caucasian; and more shadowy sweetness long drawn out on pasteboard, desired:

KASKASKIA, ILLINOIS, July 25, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: Find $1.25 for the Caucasian, to be sent to Rev. Dan'l P. Roberts, Ellis Grove, Randolph county, Illinois, also ruffled trash for a tac simile of your good-looking face to be sent to the undersigned at Kaskaskia, Ill. Long may the inimitable nominator of Presidents wave o'er the land of the free (the niggers), and the home of the brave (the South). This county is unanimous for Greeley and Brown, Democratically speaking, and about one-half on the Rad side.

Yours truly, W. R. B.

Thanks for both money and good words. The Caucasian goes regularly—picter shall follow. We are delighted with the character of many of our new subscribers. The men who preach the glad tidings, who know how the springs of human action are moved, how to reach the minds and hearts of men, are joining hands with the Caucasian to help on the good work; for they know that beneath the rough dress peculiar to this journal, the purest principles only are held in view. They doubtless understand that where kind persuasion fails, bully, good, sound licks often open a way to some men's dull minds.

A Texan in Kansas—an angel of light in perdition. From a gallant Reb of the Lone Star Republic of Houston, who has wandered into the regions of political gloom. May he escape with his life and his pocket-book:

NEOSHO FALLS, KANSAS, July 28, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir: Some weeks since I left Dallas, Texas, where I live when at home. On arriving at this place, I saw a copy of your most valuable paper. I enclose in this letter to you $1.25. Please forward to me the White Man's Paper immediately, for six months, at Dallas, Texas. Col., your style suits me. I am one of the Rebs of the somewhat isolated Lone Star State, and I glory in the name. We will be with you, Colonel, in the Presidential election, and send up a majority of fifty or sixty thousand for Greeley and Brown. There are a few thieving Radical office-seekers and foul-mouthed niggers among us that have been run off from other states, or pardoned by sheep-head U. S. Grant out of some penitentiary, who will vote for Grant. The majority of niggers, however, in Texas, will vote for Greeley and Brown. Now, Colonel, my sincere wishes are that you will give them h—ll in your paper, which will undoubtedly be their final place of abode after death. I will show your paper to my friends, when I return home, and have them all subscribe for it; for 'tis THE paper for the people. Please forward it immediately, for I want my wife to read it.

My honest opinion is, that the state of Kansas will go for Greeley and Brown. Wherever I go in Kansas, Greeley and Brown are the talk and the choice of the people. May God help us in this struggle.

Truly yours, P. R. T.

Yea, verily, may God help us; and above all, may we try to help ourselves. There are but two peaceful means by which the people may be freed of grantism. The first resort is Honest Old White Hat—the second, should the first fail, will be potato-bug juice!

It takes like hot cakes in Virginia. A club of thirteen subscribers raised in half an hour.

TAZEWELL C. H., VIRGINIA, July 29, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN—Gentlemen: Enclosed please find post-office money-order for six dollars and fifty cents ($6 50), for which please send your most excellent White Man's Paper—the Caucasian—to the following gentlemen: Samuel Lecce, R. R. Sprasher, A. Lilly, Jos. Stras, A. L. Witten, H. Bane Harman, J. F. Trayhern, W. O. Whitman, D. E. Baldwin, Jas. N. Spotts, E. B. Gillespie, S. S. Dinwiddie, and S. C. Painter; all residing at Taz. well Court House, Virginia. The Caucasian takes like hot cakes on sight. Send us twice the above number of subscribers in less than half an hour.

Yours truly, J. D. A.

That's short and sweet, and right to the point. All that is necessary is for the Caucasian to be seen to be appreciated. No paper in the union claims any similarity to it. It is distinctly original, individual, free and sassy.

From a gallant Indiana Democratic doctor, who prescribes for a quack-afflicted patient as follows:

FRANKLIN, IND., July 28, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Sir: Enclosed find $2,50, for which you will send the Caucasian to Winston B. Garr, Franklin, Ind., for one year.

I have shown him a copy of your paper, and he requested me to send for it. He has been a constant subscriber for Pomeroy's Democrat for many years, but since "Brick" went back on Greeley, he has quit. M. R. SLATZER,

Editor Dem. Herald, Franklin, Ind.

Enclosure found, name recorded, physic sent. By Garr, no Greeleyite should be dosed with the grant-advertised patent Bourbon nostrum. Treason to the Baltimore Convention is treason to the country. It is co-operation with the enemies of the South for the re-election of the diabolical villain of the White House, than whom no baser scoundrel or hell-worthier wretch ever darkened its walls.

New Yorkers perishing for the revelations of truth which are to be found only in the "White Man's Koran:"

COEYMAN'S HOLLOW, ALBANY CO., NEW YORK, August 4, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Sir: Enclosed please find $6 25, subscription price for five copies of the White Man's Koran, for six months; names of subscribers, I. S. Palmer, A. S. Dean, D. Whitbeck, J. Exler, K. Noble. Will add more soon. Yours, LANT S.

And this, brother Lant, is the word that comes from all the States—the word that is voiceless, but all-potent;—the word that is earnest and means much;—the greenback word that renders us able to battle on for right. Hope the Caucasian will be as welcome to our new friends, as their support is us.

A patriot brother in inky drudgery, from the grand Empire State of the East, which proposes to rival Missouri's majority for the Republic's only savior:

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW, BAINBRIDGE, NEW YORK, July 30, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN—Gentlemen: Enclosed find 63 cents. Please send the Weekly Caucasian three months, or during the campaign, to the Review. Bainbridge, Chenango county, New York.

Fraternally yours for "White Supremacy" and the Old White Hat. G. A. DODGE.

All right. Paper goes, and our ☞ with it. Heaven grant that when life's evening sun falls slantwise on your path, and all your acts, words, thoughts and dreams pass in grand Review, you may have nothing to Dodge.

From the land of silver and scalp-lifting, of gold and freedom, of hardy pioneers and sledge-hammer Democrats, through which the Southern Pacific iron-horse is soon to bring thrift and theft, life and lice, snivelling yanks and paper banks, and all that sort of civilization which has, like the dung-hill umbrella of a night, spread its shaky shadow over the whole land. Something about Greeley and Brown in the Southern territories. A great New Mexican ratification meeting, speeches, etc.:

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO, July 22, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir: Being a subscriber to your valuable paper while in Missouri, and thinking you would like to hear of anything that was concerning Greeley and Brown—also, well knowing that you are the originator of the movement known as the "Missouri Policy" for the coming election;—I therefore take the liberty of giving you an account of the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever assembled in this country, to ratify the nominations made at Baltimore by the Democratic party in convention. On the 17th day of July, after hearing of the Baltimore nominations, the people of this city assembled in the hall of Mr. Lesinsky, and after the formal rules had been dispensed with, Mr. Lesinsky was chosen chairman of the meeting, and A. H. Morehead secretary—Mr. Lesinsky, after calling the meeting to order, spoke as follows:

Gentlemen! This day fills my heart with joy and gladness to know that honest men have been named at Baltimore for the rulers of the nation; that the enthusiasm which greeted Greeley and Brown's names was prophetic of coming victory; that the people are becoming tired of men running into office simply through the cry of "Rebel" until it had ceased to stir up the passions of men, and that sober second thought had taken possession of the people, and that from Maine to Texas would be sounded the names of Greeley and Brown with as much enthusiasm as greeted the name of Gen. Harrison in 1840. He called Mr. Greeley the Great Pacificator of the country, and that hand would be joined in hand of the veterans of North and South. Mr. Lesinsky spoke at length on the policy of Ulysses S. Grant; though he declared he was for peace in the beginning, he has stultified himself by his daily acts of aggression upon independent states and in defiance of statutory laws, outside of his excellency's sphere.

After entertaining the audience amidst outbursts of applause, for some forty-five minutes, Mr. Morehead arose and in a masterly manner reviewed the late movement of the Liberals and Democrats, and spoke in unbounded praise and gratification of the nomination of two of the greatest men of the times, who would sweep everything before them, like an avalanche, in November. Mr. Morehead's incisions on Grant were deep and lasting, and the audience fully concurred, by their attentive and earnest attention that was manifested throughout the entire speech.

After he had regaled them by his witticisms and unanswerable arguments, Mr. Maxwell arose, and for the space of half an hour, held the assembly spell-bound by his effort. He established the certainty of securing the inimitable Horace Greeley for President during the next four years. He spoke of Grant's peace-policy, and said it was peace towards the Indians. With complacency he folds his arms and permits them to murder American citizens indiscriminately, from day to day. And yet he clung to his Quaker policy of supplying the Indians with provisions and munitions of war.

The meeting was continued long in the morning hours, and every one went home feeling that a new era was about to dawn on our country, and that peace, in reality, and good-will between North and South would inevitably follow the election of Greeley and Brown. Three times three cheers were given for the Baltimore nominees, when the meeting adjourned.

Thus, Mr. Editor, you see that even in New Mexico, the people are alive to their interests; and although we are not allowed a vote in the electoral college, yet, by our actions, we evince to the state our strong adherence to the Baltimore nominees, giving them our hearty approval and support.

This place is about 115 miles distant from Silver City, and is the center of trade for Southern New Mexico. The Rio Grande valley here is seventy miles in extent, by from three to six in breadth, sufficient to sustain a population of a hundred thousand people. El Paso, in Texas, is fifty miles distant, and will be the point on the T. P. R. R. The surveying party is now here, and will make a survey of the route from El Paso to San Diego, California. But they are now awaiting an escort of soldiers, on account of Indians, and no soldiers are to be had, all being in the southern states awaiting the commands of their great master. Thus, you see, by this course, that a matter of the utmost importance to all the people is kept in abeyance and actually at a stand-still, because of the want of a hundred soldiers.

By the aid of the railroad the mines of this country will be developed, and the gold, silver and copper, that now lie hidden in the bowels of the earth, will be exhumed for the benefit of mankind. New Mexico is a grazing and mineral country, and in the course of time, when Mr. Lo is compelled to work for his rations, as others do, then cattle, sheep and horses will be seen on a thousand hills, fattening on the nutritious grasses of this region.

Twenty years ago, the people of this Territory were rich, and reveling in the lap of luxury, but now they are the poorest people on earth, simply because their herds have been driven off and destroyed by the savages. So when the railroad gets into this country, prosperity will again resume her sway, and a large and profitable trade will spring up in this Territory and Arizona. At present the mines are but poorly worked, as there are only some four or five mills in operation when there should be forty or fifty. The reason of this is, silver is found in closer proximity to the railroad, and capitalists are not disposed to bear the expenditure of carrying eight hundred miles from Kit Carson, when they can find plenty of work near or the railroad.

For the present we will have to go slow, until the iron horse greets us with his accustomed scream. The Valleys here are magnificent, and wheat, under the supervision and control of Americans, I am satisfied, would yield as well as in California. At present the lands are only worked in the primitive style of Abraham, a crooked stick for a plow and harvesting with the old fashioned sickle. Corn can be raised as well as in Missouri; we have two crops per annum. When I was in Missouri quite a number of families were talking of moving to Silver City, yet I have not heard of any arrivals from there; I suppose the certainty of Greeley's election will insure good times in Missouri, and hence their reluctance to leave Fatherland. I presume you are head over heels in the drudgery of the great leader, and have not much time to devote to letter reading; I can only say, go on with the good work and let us all be found fighting valiantly for Greeley and Brown.

If you will send me out a copy or two of your paper, I will try and raise up a club. AMBIO.

Verily, the day is not far distant when the vast territory from Texas west to the Pacific, will bloom like the rose. Much of that vast domain was once the property of the people of Texas, but they were not only despoiled, like the people of Virginia, of an empire greater than any crowned head of Europe rules over, excepting perhaps Russia, but by the slow process of yankee machination and hate, the empire-robbed Lone Star State, has been trampled upon in a thousand ways and her people plundered, not only of liberty and personal wealth, but of country. No buccaneers of the high seas ever acted with less conscience or honor, than have the penitentiary-deserving and hell-doomed rulers and law-makers of America in the past decade. To compare them with the pirates whose sails covered the seas in the eighteenth century, is to wrong the memory of dead picayune thieves. Come again, most amiable and amicable "Amigo."

A newsdealer in the Northwest asks for Caucasian literary and political comfort and consolation for the benighted in Wisconsin:

SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN, July 30, 1872.

EDITOR LEXINGTON CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: Please send, for the enclosed $1 a half dozen of your Caucasians, dated July 20, and continue to send the same regularly to

A. KUENZE, Newsdealer.

It is the great failing of the times that there are so many she-boys in a gang, in Wisconsin. If they will follow us carefully each week, a race of Radical hermaphrodites may be transformed into something better and less revolting. We have hopes.

Grand words from Grand View. An Illinoisan who wants more of the South's great Sunday School Paper in his'n:

GRAND VIEW, EDGAR CO., ILLINOIS, July 27, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: Having seen several copies of your White Man's Paper, the South's stunning Sunday School Organ, I thirst for more. I admire your candidness, your paper, your political views, and your manner of writing. So here goes $1.25 in the late lamented's scabs. Please send the Caucasian to my address six months, and oblige a Greeley & Brown man. Give the Grant men hell, till the last; and may you live long to fight out the good work of liberalism.

I remain yours, for WHITE MEN'S rights.

J. H. L.

The Caucasian needs only to be seen and read by honest men abroad to be forever thereafter their favorite. Such we hope it will be to you.

The Caucasian, by some hook or crook (particularly the former) gets into the hands of a bully good fellow at Memphis, in Western Brownlowdom, and they all have had a good time over it:

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, August 1, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN—Gentlemen: By some hook or crook a copy of your White Man's Paper has dropped into our hands. We have had one time over it. It is now loaned out to pearls worn out. Your "Sermon on Man" has captured us also. Please send us a copy or two as specimens, and no doubt we can get up a good club. Send to Capt. J. W., No. —, Main street, Memphis, Tennessee.

Respectfully yours, J. W.

Hope you got it. Now hear another "Sermon on Man"—the clear-rib side of the question, called woe-man. If you have ever been that, Capt. W., you know how it is yourself.

From where the thermometer freezes in the middle of dog-days:

ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA, Aug. 12, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN:—Please send me one or two copies of the Caucasian, and oblige.

I understand your's was the first paper to name Mr. Greeley for the Presidency, and I wish to see the paper that made the move in so great and popular a direction.

Yours truly, C. T. B.

Yes, sir, this is the paper that first nominated the man that will beat the rascal that got the house that Murphy built (or bought, or stole). Here you have it; and we are proud of our record and our cause.

Dear, unfortunate friends, if you have died of old age before reaching the end of our endless gabble, you can get a smashing obituary, with doggerel thrown in, by notifying us of the sad fact. Goodbye.

"R. E. B."


### A HINT.

To the wise is sufficient. There are a great many parties whose notes and accounts I hold for goods sold them in 1870 and 1871, who say, "Hold on; I will pay you interest," &c., &c. To all such I say, come up and pay off, or I will force collections. This is the last call, my friends. If you are forced, it will be your fault, not mine. Respectfully,

H. J. ARMSTRONG.

### FOR SALE!

Ohio Improved Chester pigs. There is no finer Stock in the state, and they are not subject to mange or other diseases. Price of single pig $15.00 or $25.00 a pair. Address,

L. G. BUFORD,
Dover, Lafayette County, Mo.

### SOMETHING NEW.

The Morrison Self Cleaning Plow with adjustable beam, sold by J. H. Armstrong, is the lightest draft and performs the most perfect work of any plow in the market. It never clogs with weeds or other trash. I have tried one of them, and it is the best plow in foul land I ever saw. THOMAS B. WEAVER.

### AGENTS.

Brownsville—George W. Peterson; Waverly—Charles Patterson; Wellington—Charles Duck; Dover—E. S. Van Anglen; Greenton—W. D. McHatton; Aullville—M. F. Price; Texas—F. M. Thomas; Plattsburg—Alex. McWilliams; Vibbard—J. L. Metcalf; Hordin—Posimaster; Hot Springs, Ark.—W. G. Musgrove; Pine Bluffs, Ark.,—Gus. Jacobs.

### DR. WILHOFT'S GREAT CHILL MEDICINE.

The pale army of martyrs to the dread effects of malarial poison is growing happily and beautifully small under the use of this providential discovery of the Great Wilhoft. Hundreds of thousands have tested the virtues of the great Anti-Periodic and not one dissenting voice is heard to speak its disapproval of this remedy for Chills and Fevers and all Malarial Diseases. It has never failed!!

july27-1m D. W. B. TEVIS, Agent.

### CHEAP.

Having determined to change my business, I now offer my large stock of Implements and Machinery at very low rates, for cash or good paper, well secured, on short time; consisting of 30 of the best Wagons ever offered for sale in this market, a large lot of Cider Mills, Wheat Drills, Reapers, Mowers, Threshing Machines, Straw Cutters, Hay Rakes, Planters' Hoes, Forks, &c.; Wagon Timber, well seasoned; Thimble-Skeins, and sundry other articles not named, all for sale at reduced prices.

H. J. ARMSTRONG.

GROCERIES—GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, BRAN and FEED. For the above articles, call on Messrs. A. A. & J. O. Lesueur, where you can find a large stock at the lowest market prices. octzl tf


## "MATCH HIM."

### LIFE-SKETCHES OF HIS IMPERIAL LOWNESS AND LITTLENESS, ULYSSES THE TUMBLE-BUG.

### A REMINISCENCE OF HIS FIRST NOMINATION.

Go back with us, over fifty-one long, dark months of misrule, usurpation, outrage and shame, to May, 1868. A vast catahowlery of zebra-colored riffraff is assembled in divorcianical Chicago—since swept from the face of the earth, for her crimes and abominations. Every tag-end of villainy, every off-scouring of scoundrelism, every stink-pot of infamy is jammed beneath the roof of that prodigious wigwam. Carolina blackamoors and Nastychusetts Bishops; Mississippi renegades, Texas ex-rebels and Louisiana slave-whippers, jumbled in with Guinea-Coast orang-outangs, Boston philanthropists, snuffle-snooted tract-peddlers, hypocrites, knaves, ravishers, thieves and assassins. John McNeil, the heaven-earth-and-hell-abhorred Butcher of Palmyra and Kirksville; the atrocious ravisher by proxy, of poor half-frantic Mrs. Humphrey; and the murderer of Flannigan and Mallory; is there to represent Missouri "god-and-morality." The convicted liar, swindler and second-hand assassin, the railroad, bank and paw-paw robber, Felon Fletcher, is there. The one-legged adulterer, Dan Sickles, who murdered the best patron of his Washington bagnio, is there. "Dirty-work" Logan, the blathering blackguard, secessionist and rebel-recruiter, of '61; the miserable sneak who afterward got a yankee general's commission by palming off eighteen dollars' worth of paste, for diamonds, on the ignorant and vulgar, old-clothes-vending she-government; is there, as an exponent of super-loyal Sucker consistency, virtue and elegance. Washburne, who with a brigade of soldiers at his command, let to ty of Forrest's scouts capture his breeches, and chase him a la black-crook ballet, from the Gayoso House, at Memphis; Fred Douglass, the pumpkin-hued representative of miscegenation; Bishop Simpson, the benediction-whimpering, hoary-pated old church-thief; the Beast of Lowell, pantry-pillager and grave-rifler, who cracked open the teeth of dead old women in New Orleans, to get the gold with which they were filled; Bradley, the shave-pated nigger convict, fresh from Sing-Sing penitentiary and the Georgia State Senate; and Major Mary Walker, the pantaloonatic martial she-rooster; ALL there, with five thousand others just as vile.

The ballot for Emperor of our exaggerated Hayti, is taken. The chairman of the fragrant assemblage rises to announce, as the unanimous choice of that grand conglomeration of plantation niggers, scalawags, bummers, plunderers, libertycides, usurpers and conspirators, self-styled the "Party of Freedom, Loyalty, Progress and Morality," the name of a rum-steeped bundle of tannery offal, cigar-stumps, brass buttons, imbecility and insolence. A huge, roof-splitting yell, a roar as of ten thousand savage beasts, goes up from all the unclean throng. And just at this auspicious moment, to heighten the dramatic interest of the scene, some female, diverse in character from Cæsar's spouse, turns loose a red-headed, blue-backed—reasted, white-tailed dove, as an emblem of the loyalty and purity—(ugh!)—of the general-missimic nominee; and a gorgeous curtain, parting in the middle, reveals a statue of the smoking mummy, and emblazoned above him, this strange device, "MATCH HIM!"

Impossible injunction. It can't be done. Earth has no peer for him. He's a none-such, a nonpareil; thus:—grant—0. "Match him?" We give it up. For of all the empty pig-skins, that the wind of lucky accident ever inflated to elephantine proportions, the smallest, the meanest, the most utterly, infinitesimally despicable, is the THING which at present, squats in the chair once graced by a Washington, a Jefferson, a Jackson, Polk, Pierce and Buchanan. Take him when, where and as you please; and u. s. grant is un-"match"-able. He is the duplex-superlative of littleness; the acme of whittled-down contemptibility; a moral pigmy, of whom a million might dance on old Virginia break-down in the hollow of a cabbage-seed or a louse-skin, without treading on each others' toes or jostling each others' elbows.

Take him, as the besotted paramour of a nithy Digger squaw, and the papa of her vermin-crunching pigs, amid the mountains of California. Take him, as the Captain kicked out of the regular army, in 1854, for a trick too beastly to be even hinted at in as polished a journal as the Caucasian. Take him, as the drunken wood-hauler and watermelon-peddler, the notoriously dissolute and worthless teamster, the bagnio-loafer and doggery-sponge, of 1858, in St. Louis. Take him, as the old hide-scraper and Galena tan-yard porter, unfit for even a clerkship in his daddy's cow-skin-cleanery, in the winter of '60 and '61. Take him, as the whisky-soaked, tobacco-smoked slaughterer of his own legions, at Belmont, Shiloh and the Wilderness. Take him, as the lying betrayer of Andrew Johnson. Take him as the Sabbath-day jig-dancer and nigger-song-bawler of Pennsylvania Avenue. Or take him, as the great national dead-head, free-lancher and Cabinet Gift Enterprise Manager. And in every station, every vocation, from old-pelt-packer to the Presidency, ineffable meanness, inconceivable littleness, is the one all-pervading, ever-predominant feature of his life and character. In pitiful insignificance, combined with stolid brutality, he's un-"match"-ed and un-"match"-able.

Raised from the purlieus of Green street, St. Louis, to the Imperial Chair of Doodledom, the base slime of the gutters still sticks to his garments. He has carried the spirit of a pea-nut stall or a junk-shop, into the mansion of the Chief Magistrate. Money-grabbing, avaricious, weak, in shameless prostitution of his high position, he stands un-"match"-ed, unapproached by any former President. Nothing has come amiss to his sordid, grasping soul and clutches. From a palatial mansion, a sea-side cottage or a set of silver, down to a jug of gin or a pointer pup, he has greedily, gracelessly, seized everything that has come within his reach. Bobie presents him with a house in Philadelphia; and forthwith is installed as Secretary of the Navy. Don Hamilton Fish dittoes with a Gotham residence; and receives his portfolio as Chief Sardine of State. Bradley tenders him a "cottage by the sea;" and presto! Bradley is swaddled in the drabbled ermine of a Supreme Judgeship. Butterfield raises him a hundred-thousand-dollar "testimonial;" and straightway, Butterfield is transmogrified into an official Butterfly, as Assistant Treasurer of the united states, so-called, with ample opportunities to steal back his donation in ninety days. Jim Fisk gives him a jolly dead-beat excursion to Boston and Newport, and his wife a check for $25,000; and in six weeks afterward, Fisk, grant, old Dent's daughter, and Methodistical brother-in-law Corbin, are at the head of all the gold-gamblers on the continent. Delano, of Denver, promises him an interest in the profits of tea-trade manipulations; and the next steamer bears the speculative Buckeye abroad, as Consul to Hong-Kong. But why go on? From the nomination of Supreme Judges and Foreign Ministers, to the bestowal of cross-roads, log-doggery post-offices, and tenth-rate bung-smellerships, the whole patronage of the government and "our hero president," is to-day, and has been for three years, a marketable commodity, to be bought and sold, like skunk-skins or terrier-bolognas. Every movement of our governmental machinery has been degraded into a mere grinding out of paid jobs. Generals Babcock and Porter, two shoulder-strapped White-House flunkeys, are ordered from place to place, in their capacity of Staff Officers to the President, for no purpose under heaven, or above the other more fashionable place of resort, but to smell out "paying jobs," Ulysses the Tumblebug coming in for the lion's share of all the profits!

And yet this itchy-handed, boorish inebriate, this sea-side lounger and dead-beat, this bacchanalian dog-fancier and third-rate horse-jockey, is the THING that Radicalism's great national catawampus has determined to replace for four years more, in the presidential chair of our Republic—The THING whose election a few bought-up and paid-for recreants and malcontents, under the leadership of B. Duncan, B. Pomeroy and B. Bateler, are laboring to secure by their Louisville side-show of "straight-out" bull-headism and jackassery—The THING which, as surely as there is a devil who begat ulyssianic loyalty and administrative virtues, will again defile the highest office in the gift of Americans, unless every true man in the land, rebel, democrat and liberal republican, every seeker for reform, every hater of corruption and wrong, every lover of liberty, justice, peace and fraternity, stands shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, for GREELEY AND BROWN—a nation's redeemers! God speed the Right!

## YANKEEDOODLEDIDDLEDOM.

### PECULIARITIES OF SAINTLY PURITANS

### DIVERS REMINISCENCES AND A STARTLING HISTORICAL FACT.

Tell us, ye winged gusts of locomotory atmospheric ether, that round our pathway giggle, do ye not know where lieth the hatching place of "saints?" The boisterous zephyrs dwindled to a snicker low, and stuck their thumbs on their smellers, as they whispered in sepulchral gurgles: "In Nasty-Nastychusetts." Where is the grand reservoir and storehouse of shoe-peg civilization, pasteboard-horn-button enlightenment and cod-fish refinement, of Vic-Woodhullian-and-Jim-Fiskian morality, patent humbugs, pantaloonatic women, self-rocking cradles, ungristled bogus babies, tract-peddlers and loud-tooting godliness? In Nastychusetts. Where is skin-flint paradise? And where's the Hub of the Universe? In Nastychusetts. Whence oozes that balm of Guile-ead, that is for the swindling, and the diddling, and the plaguing of the nations? From Nastychusetts. Whence flows that holy stream of white-choke-ragged, straight-coated, twang-proboscised, cursed hypocritical bible-maulers, that has flooded the whole accessible domain of God, with sanctified devilries?—The pulpiratical mountebank Beechers and Bellows', Tyngs, Vintons and Collyers?—The ruthless church-thieving Bishops Simpson and Ames?—The Reverend General O. O. Howard, head-rogue of the free-nigger escritoir; with his one arm, dabbling in more scoundrelism than a Briareus-handed ordinary villain ever attempted to stick finger in?—The Reverend Colonel Higginson who, with his regiment of nigger brigands, laid in ashes the beautiful little city of Darien, Georgia, and perpetrated ten thousand nameless atrocities upon its defenceless families?—The Reverend Colonel Chivington, a foul adulterer, and the worse than savage butcher of a hundred and sixty-five helpless Indian women and children, who had come in, under his own flag of truce, and at his own invitation, to surrender themselves to his pious protection?—The Reverend General Governor Pile, of nigger brigade fame, whose appointment as their chief executive officer almost drove the disgusted half-breeds and greasers of New Mexico to revolution?—The child murdering Reverend Lindsays; the school-girl-debauching Reverend Howes; and the incest-benediction-ing, seducer-and-adulteress-marrying Reverend Frothinghams?—Whence flows all this tide of clerical filth and infamy? From Nasty-Nastychusetts. Whence came that hundred vinegar-visaged and virtuous maidens who, all aglow with the promethean fire of Cape-Cod humanitarianism, went down six years ago, into the barbarous regions of Carolina, to teach the poor, downtrodden African brother's idea how to shoot; eighty-seven of which hundred chaste virgins of the modern Israel marched back again, just twelve months afterward, each bearing with her an animated, pumpkin-colored reminiscence of her philanthropistic labors? From Nastychusetts. Whence emanate razor-strop-venders, quack-medicine and quacker-philosophy dispensers, freedman's-bureau-knobs, strong-minded, weak-virtued females, and free-love lecturers? From Nastychusetts. Whence sprang that hideous libel on the Religion of heaven, which has for years, converted its sanctuaries,—houses dedicated to the meek and lowly Savior, whose service is peace, forgiveness and love,—into blood-reeking temples of the Moloch of Hate?—Whose priests have been howling dervishes of havoc and ruin; apostles of destruction and death; brazen-tongued trumpeters of fratricidal strife?—Whose prayers have been turned into war-whoops; whose love-feasts into scalp-dances? From Nasty-Nastychusetts. Whence were spewed forth Mormonism, Table-Tipping-ism, Tom-Paine-ism, Abolitionism, Free-Niggerism, White-Slave-ism, Diabolism, and every other foul and horrid ism, that the hell-racked ingenuity of fiends and yankees could invent, to blacken, blast, pollute and damn a hemisphere? From Nasty-chusetts. Whence, in some of Nature's wrathful f