THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

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Lexington Caucasian.

By DONAN & ALLEN.

P. DONAN, A. S. KIEROLF, } EDITORS.
E. ALLEN.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

FOR 1872:

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:

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

Anybody to Beat Ulysses the Gift-Taker!

OUR WEEKLY TALK.

MISERABLE GABBLE.

SIN.

THE WOES AND SORROWS IT HAS WROUGHT.

PANORAMIC GLIMPSES OF TERRESTRIAL UNPLEASANTNESSES.

THE MASTER-PIECE OF HUMAN WRETCHEDNESS.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.—Romans v:12.

SIN. How short the word. Only three little letters. The smallest paregoric-cherub that admiringly thumbs the Caucasian on Sunday afternoons, can pronounce it without spelling it or hesitating for a moment. And yet, in that one brief syllable, are compressed all the woes of earth and all the agonies of hell. Sin. All the crimes and follies, the wrongs and miseries, of six thousand years of human history, epitomized. Sin. Three tiny clicking types express it. But oh, how gigantic, how fearful a monster. Sin. Black with countless millions of horrors, and red with oceans of gore. On all God's beautiful earth, there's not a spot unpolluted by its hideous footprints. On land or sea, from pole to pole, there's not a breeze whose wings are not heavy-laden, sick with its poisonous breath. Sin. Where has it not entered? Who has escaped it? It crept into Heaven, in ambition's guise, and peopled Hell with devils. Its baleful whispers were heard amid the fragrant bowers of Paradise, when the mother of all womanity, fresh from the Creator's hand, stopped to parley-voo-fransay with the d—addy of flirtation and beduncanian democracy. It drabbled the hands of earth's first-born son, in fratricidal blood. It rolled the destroying billows of the deluge, over a world steeped in its filth. It reared and razed the proud battlements of Babylon and Nineveh. Foul parent of a horrid brood: Ignorance, Poverty, Lust, Robbery and Murder, War, Pestilence and Famine, Disease, Decay, and Death of body, mind and soul. It has poured out human blood enough to fill the ocean's mighty reservoirs, and float all the navies of the world. It has wrung from anguished eyes, tears enough to feed to overflowing, all the rivers, lakes, galts and seas, upon our planet. It has extorted every groan and sigh and wailing cry, that ever pierced the ear of pitying Omniscience, since mortal wretchedness began. It has inspired all the Neros, Herods, Caligulas, Domitians, Napoleons, Grants, Stantons and Lincolns, the monstrous massacrers, the wholesale assassins and pillagers, of history. It has reared all the idolatrous temples, all the altars of bloody and brutal superstition. It has, age after age, ravaged cities and plains, empires and whole continents, with fire and sword. It has swept with carnage-crimsoned, desolating tread, beneath the banners of Alexander, Cæsar, Tammerlane, Zenghis Kahn and Tecumseh Sherman. It has brought down fire from heaven, upon Sodom and Gomorrah, Jerusalem and Chicago. It has closed the gates of everlasting life, and dug all the cavernous pits of hell. It has darkened the skies, and kindled the flames of perdition. IT HAS SLAIN THE SON OF GOD! Its awful burden crushed his gentle soul, beneath the aged olives of Gethsemane. Its cruel thorns encircled his torn and bleeding brow. Its murderous spikes and mallets nailed him to the tree of Calvary. Its ruthless spear-head pierced his side. He died for sin, but not his own. The sins of the world were laid upon him.

And oh! the vast, incomputable, appalling aggregate of human woes, that it has wrought.

For God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor—misery.

The mighty, limitless, heaven-overtopping and obscuring sum of agonies and griefs, that it has laid on mortal frames and hearts and souls, since with halting steps and tear-wet eyes, our first father and mother took their mournful way from Eden's gates, whilst the mysterious shadow of the garden's deity-reared walls was chequered by the far flashings of the seraph's sword. The pangs and wailings, the gnashings of teeth, the clenchings of pain and passion tingling fingers, the sobs and death-throes of a hundred and fifty generations. Strange that the sun is not darkened and the skies overcast, with the ever-ascending clouds of groans and curses. Strange that sounds of music and mirth are ever heard in a world of hospitals, dungeons and graveyards, where every closet hides a skeleton, every turf conceals a tomb, and every foot-fall awakes the echoes of a sepulchre. Think of it. Look back. Contemplate, with a sickened and horrified shudder, the dread panorama of sixty centuries of crime and sorrow, remorse, despair and death. The mad dream of Babel's tower-builders has been realized. An earth-planted fabric has pierced to the throne of God. Black, dismal, direful, as the tintings of the hopeless bow that spans the vaporous brow of pandemonium, it has risen beyond the planets, suns, moons and fixed stars; —up, up, beyond the farthest orb that twinkles in illimitable space;—on, through the wide realms of gloomy chaos, in whose benighted halls no lamp was ever hung; whose awful stillness was never broken save by the rush of spirit-wings;—until at last, it has reared its hideous head aloft, at the very portals of Jehovah's glittering capital. It is the fabric of terrene sin and sorrow!

Eve tearing her beautiful hair, and bemoaning the first-fruits of her folly, as the blood of innocent Abel rises smoking from the crimsoned sod of Mesopotamia. The frantic terrors of a world-ful of scoffers, as the pitiless billows of the deluge climb steadily higher and higher on all the mountain-sides, and the hope that it will prove but a moderate shower after all, dies out in their affrighted breasts. The horrors of the rich and lustful inhabitants of the Sodomitic plain, as the weird volumes of meteoric flame burst forth from seraph magazines, upon their doomed cities and coasts. The soul-melting anguish of Abraham, as he binds "his son, his only son," upon the rude altar of Moriah, and in obedience to the mandate of Jehovah, raises the murderous knife to plunge it into his gentle young bosom. The piteous lamentation of way-weary, age-and-grief bowed Israel, as he gazes upon the torn and blood-stained coat of his lost darling. The bitter wail which rang through all the wondrous valley of the Nile, from its delta-mouth to its long-sought fountain-source amid the Mountains of the Moon, as every mother in Egypt awakes to find that the death-angel has touched her eldest-born.

Misery! Wretchedness! Anguish! Wo! Horrible brood of Sin! Where have their skeleton feet not trod? What home has not been rendered dark and desolate by their harpy-like shadows? What heart has not been wrung by their remorseless clutches? The rustle of their wings was heard, when the Red Sea licked its hungry chops, and swallowed forever, Pharaoh's proud, embattled chariots and horsemen, four thousand years ago. They perched, like chuckling owls, upon the walls of Samaria, when mothers, maddened by starvation, boiled and ate their tender babes; and when in the morning, a hundred and eighty-five thousand of the Assyrian invaders, lay stark and stiff, with glassy eyes upturned, dead as door-nails. They flapped their hideous pinions above Judea's doomed capital, when those mysterious voices, God's angels in the air, murmured: "Arise, let us go hence;"—when those streets, from whose sands the foot-prints of the Messiah had scarce faded, and those temple-courts which had scarce ceased to echo his gentle tones, ran red with the blood of fanatical priests and Levites—desperate Christ-killers. And oh, the untold, eternity-alone-to-be-revealed accumulations of woes that wait upon Ambition. What scenes of devastation, death, despair, the enchanter's wand may summon up, from the countless Aceldamas of the past. Sesostris, Alaric, Tammerlane and Zenghis Khan, with their huge-wave-like barbarian hordes, slaying and destroying. The teeming myriads that obeyed the ruthless mandates of Babylon the Great. The all-conquering veterans of Macedon that, in all the splendor of piratical glory, whole-sale murder and pillage, followed Alexander, leaving a trail of ashes and tears, desolation and anguish, to the farthest confines of the globe. The beautiful valleys of Greece watered, and the lips of her shore kissing Mediterranean reddened, with the life-blood of her heroic defenders. The timorous millions, resplendent in crimson and gold, swarming after Xerxes, to ignoble graves in foreign lands. The invincible legions of Rome, bearing her golden eagles and iron fetters to every clime and nation. The religion-crazed crusaders, perishing like wild-beasts, and strewing two continents with their bones. The millions of millions who marched to bloody burials, beneath the standards of Charlemagne, the Edwards, Louises, Henry's and Richards, of the chivalric age. The ensanguined hosts, who laid them down at Linden, Borodino, Austerlitz 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 unending, black, dire vista of murder! And yet, mass all the pangs of all the myriads of myriads of gory massacrers; and what are they, compared with the woes of the broken-hearted widows and orphans left behind? Oh, Earth! Earth! Scene of horrors and miseries enough to have glutted hell! How canst thou array thyself in aught but mourning weeds? Thy verdure should be black, thy very skies should wear a drapery of gloomy crape!

Misery! Scenes of wo-begoneness! This world has witnessed nothing else, since Omnipotence sent it spinning, tipsy, crazy, through the whirligig scalp-dance of spheres. Marius sitting amid the crumbling ruins of Carthage, once imperial Rome's most noble rival. Methuselah with nine hundred years of tooth-ache and rheumatism. Washington's patriot-rebels leaving their tracks of blood on the snows of Valley Forge. Frenzied young Poodledoody, after receiving a mitten about the size of a bed-tick, from the idol of his microscopic gizzard. Columbia in flames, while Sherman's bummers ravage her beauteous homes. All scenes of soul-crushing sadness. But the saddest sight in all this world of wo;—The most piteous spectacle that, in all his six thousand years of human-misery-surveying, the sun from his high chariot ever beheld;—The acme of earthly wretchedness;—The pinnacle of mortal pitiableness;—More doleful than Rachel weeping for her young ones, and refusing to be comforted, because they have skedoodled;—More dismal than gore-stained fields of strife, or widows' caterwaulings;—More touchingly deplorable than cities sacked or earthquake-swallowed;—More exquisitely miserable than death-bed pictures in yellow-backed novels or rural sermons;—IS A HAPLESS OLD BACHELOR, WITHOUT A THIMBLE, PATCHING HIS BREECHES, OR SEWING ON TWO GALLOWS-BUTTONS!! Earth's long catalogue of harrowing sights, sounds and deeds, furnishes no parallel to it! WE've been there. We tried it this morning. Two whole buttons to sew on, or no possibility of getting to breakfast. And look at those finger. Full of holes as a nutmeg-grater, or a country steeple in woodpecker time. All bleedy and swollen. So sore we can scarce hold the pencil, which does our talking to a half-million friends. We're disgusted, sick all over. But for our religious training, and our position as the evangelizer of a hemisphere, we'd twist the Third Commandment into moral basket-splits. Away with the tol-de-rol about the freedom and jollity of bachelor life! Down with humbug!

We know a bachelor, young in years, but wrinkled in heart and gray in soul, that is ready to trade all his single-blessedness for a second-hand pewter baby-whistle. He looks at his needle-punctured digits, and teartully, swearfully, groanfully, gruntfully, retracts all his libels on double-cussedness, recants all his heresies. He's a discontented bachelor. Worse yet; he's a suicide or matrimony bound bachelor; and don't care a counterfeit brass nickel which. He might cast his eyes over the illustrious array of single-misers, and congratulate himself on belonging to such a goodly company, as Elijah, Diogenes, Joan Randolph, James Buchanan, Susan B. Anthony and the Caucasian Theologian. He might survey the long category of double-blissers, the noble army of martyrs, and thank Heaven for keeping him out of a list that embraces Pontius Pilate, Beast Butler, Ulysses the Tumblebug and Brigham Young. But not so does this infatuted young man. He sighs for a soft hand to smooth his brow, mix his mustard-plasters, and SEW ON HIS PERPETUAL AGGRAVATORS. He pines for a gentle heart to sympathize with his sorrows, and occasionally caress his pate with the mollifying end of a broomstick. He longs for a musical voice to whisper words of tenderness into his donkey-ears, and a full set of loving finger-nails to embellish his physiognomy with impromptu maps of Italy and the American broad-gouge railroad system. He is fading like a jimson-weed, and dying 'mid perfume, for a chance to stick his idiotic neck into the hymeneal or hangmaneal halter.

He is handsome as a mullen-stalk. Takes a charming photograph, when he gets some other fellow to sit for him. Disposition sweet as a fine-tooth comb dipped in liquid honey. Character above suspicion, of ever having stolen anything bigger than a horse. Is fully qualified to fill the position of Hebrew tutor in a theological seminary; professor of instrumental ivory-pawing and vocalistic screech-owlery, in a female institute; first-cook on a canal-boat; or assistant milliner and mantua-maker, in a family of sixteen cross-eyed and red headed daughters. Music and poetry written, errands run, and braiding and embroidery patterns laid off with neatness and dispatch. In addition to his many other virtues and high and noble traits, he has a mortgage on a consulship to the Feejee Islands, if grant is reelected. And he's confident of his ability to make some old woman a model son-in-law.

In exchange for all these excellencies and accomplishments, with three empty carpet-bags, a file of the Caucasian and two pair of old boots thrown in, he only asks a slight improvement on an angel—a creature perfectly beautiful, pure, and POOR. Last requisite, a sine-qua-non; he won't consent to act as mere bagage-master, for any gal beneath the skies. References and pictorial lovelinesses exchanged. Apply before these needle-riddled fingers get well.

Dear friends, its a fact. Our fingers are too ill to hold a pencil. Believe us, and pardon the clumsiness of this week's confab. No more, till we recover from our attempted imitation of a "party by the name of Johnson," who hailing from the wildwoods of East Tennessee, once had an opportunity to immortalize himself, and—didn't. Come, come in.

No. 1, from the far Northwest, with full hands and gratifying assurances:

SPARTA, WISCONSIN, Aug. 29, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN—Gentlemen: Enclosed find $2 50, for which you will please send me 50 copies of the last issue of the Caucasian. If you cannot send me 50 copies for that amount, send me as many as you can. I shall probably want 50 or 100 copies every week.

Respectfully yours, H. GREVE.

Hope you shall. It won't Greve us a bit, if you do. And the cry is, still they roll in by fifties and by hundreds. Let 'em roll.

From a future great railroad center of the beautiful "Prairie State:"

VANDALIA, ILLINOIS, August 20, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir:—I most willingly acknowledge the receipt of several copies of the "possum" paper. May you continue on your way rejoicing. God speed the day that sees the restoration of our liberties. Give it to them, Donan, and may heaven and all right thinking men help you. Please find enclosed $5, for which send "possums" to Col. Foreman, Dave Grary, John M. Schaief, Wm. Hankins and H. C. Fouke, all of Vandalia, Illinois. Long may she wave, the proud bird of Southern origin. Expect to hear from me again, Colonel.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. T. H. W.

Here, dear doctor, are our two old boot-legs slopping over with melting gratitude for the recruits, the funds, and more than all, the kind and cordial words, you tender us. The Possum has grown too huge to hang by his tail, without danger of pulling it out. He's elephantine, hippopotamic in his proportions. In hoc signo, we're bound to conquer—if at all.

A Kansas jaw-hawker, as witty as his fingers were nimble in the bureau-fumbling department of the late war, is shocked at his investment of six cents worth of Caucasian. A Radical epistle, showing the Garrisonian animus that controls the minds of Northern fanatics:

SALINA, SAIL-IN CO., KANSAS, August 20, 1872.

OLD DOUGH-NUT: Send back my six (6) cents. I guess I'll steal chickens a while longer. But not being desirous to extend the business, I would ask you to discontinue my paper—that is, six cents' worth of the "Kaukussian." A man's soul is small, indeed, that'll read it. Full of pusillanimous stuff, the thing must be wiped out.

Yes, I have had charge of (rebel) henroosts and rogues' galleries. I know how it is done, myself. You have been there. Did you mean to say, also, that I sailed on a brig during the rebellion? No, indeed, I did not; but I traveled a *man*-of-war. Perhaps you meant I was a Brig-General; and that is what rubs me. It will take your genuine (as well as my counterfeit) phiz to make up your rogues' gallery. You say "gallery," when it should be "rogues' paper."

Now, Pat, be "aisy!" Don't go fooling around a saw-mill till you get a good ready—and then don't go. Be careful and do not cut your-elf with a "brick." Be studious. Study up a good swear for the fall trade. I am mighty darned sorry for you; but can't help it. (The above is what I would call "hash;" but the same being of like nature with that in the Caucasian, will not be expected to amount to much, unless, indeed, it be considered "How different the old things works!")

Greely in such bad company, makes me think of a young man marrying an old "grass" widow—kind o' soft-like. His name now on the old flag, makes it look battered and torn, battered and worn, -battered and forlorn, and *must come down*. The wave kicked up at Cincinnati and Baltimore is receding fast into the ground.

The rebels do not hate Gen. Grant a bit because he whipped them—oh, no! They love him for that, but didn't like his way of taking things. I would like him still better if he had had a lot of you hanged, strangled, etc. I suppose, nevertheless, Greeley will appoint you secretary of the trea-ury, or postmaster (that is, provided, nevertheless, notwithstanding, by-and-by, pretty soon, after awhile).

You have no use for penitentiaries down where you live. Petty nuts, rougns, and "so forths," are allowed to run at large and eat the substance of the poor. Workhouses don't work well; and as for divorce—w'y! it is of no account to go through that "form-you-lay;" its kind-a-played, and does not answer the purpose, you see. It is considered green to apply for it—hain't it? Besides, your Nancy Janes and William Samuels do not like to push things so far—that's why!

To come back to "hash." Suppose you tell us how much nigger property you appropriated during the war? Pretty good assortment, I guess. Never was caught in any clothes (close) presses? How about the logs you lay under until young trees "growed" up around you? The hair didn't grow on the bottom of your feet any; nor you didn't crawl around in those days a little of the "yer!" oft, sylvan shades! Nothing to do, but to brush off mosquitoes, and "sich." Lots of fun.

Your old Ly-man Fules and A-dam P-oors, &c., I think, are helping you make plenty of mischief off the poor people of the South, humbugging them. You eat all their pie, and they all their own bacon.

The "anticipated" result of the North Carolina election made me a little "sic" at first, but (bic) I am all right again soon. I should be glad to get sick again, that way. I should have used you up before this, if it had not been for that.

Now, Pat, conclude to marry "the girl with the blue dress on," and go to "farming." Farming pays; and you will soon become sober and industrious, such as you were in childhood. Return, young man, to your native humbleness. We can't live in this world always!

Trooly, yures, D. B—b—.
(Which stands for "Big Bumblebee.")

P. S.—Pat, did you ever get into a hornet's nest before? Send back my six cents.

You are mistaken as to the character of your nest. It is not composed of hornets, but tumblebugs. Your six cents are gone; you'll never see 'm again. They are as far up the spout as those articles you "found" down South. But the real "sick scents" which naturally belong to you, can never be taken from you till you are soaked a thousand years in old Nick's Ulyssian tan-vats, where, in time, your Radical hide will be sufficiently prepared for devil's tripe.

Subscription, renewal, and back copies wanted, in West Virginia.

WINFIELD, PUTNAM CO., WEST VA., Aug. 26, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Enclosed please find $2 50, one half of which to extend my subscription for six months, from Sept. 1, 1872; the remaining half for a copy of the Caucasian six months for Reese E. Bryan, Buffalo, Putnam county, West Virginia. Please let his subscription commence August 24, 1872. Also, if not too much trouble, send him the number containing the "Latest Invention—The Sheet-Iron Cat," and oblige, yours,

JOSEPH S.

Back numbers all out. However, the reading of back numbers is an unprofitable employment for Caucasianites. Every number possesses some novelty, and will be found readable. Just as the spirit comes upon us, so this or the next one may be the best. There's a big knot swelling in our head now—maybe it'll produce just what you will call the best thing you have seen in the Caucasian.

From the Pacific slope and the land of freemen:

SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON, August 17, 1872.

P. DONAN, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having seen a copy of the Caucasian, and liking its tone, its bold, independent course, I would like to have the paper, if you are willing. Greenbacks can't be picked up every day in this country, and it is rather hazardous sending coin by mail. If you will send the paper, as soon as we can obtain the currency, we will remit. We can get greenbacks frequently, but none just now. Send to G. B. Christie and Charles Miller, Scio, Linn county, Oregon. Very respectfully, G. B. C.

P. S.—Oregon will go for Greeley.

Paper sent—understand the difficulty of the monetary situation. All right. We believe Oregon will vote for Greeley. If there are enough such as you there, we know it will. Here's our hand across the big rib.

A subscription—an inquiry—and an answer:

LA RUE, MARION CO., OHIO, August 21, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed I send you $1 25. Please send the Weekly Caucasian for six months. I hope you will not consider it impertinent in me to ask you what you mean by saying or advocating "The speedy restoration of the Southern States to Union on terms of perfect equality." Send the paper commencing on or about the 21st of August.

Very respectfully, A. C. S.

This is what we mean by "a speedy restoration of the Southern States to the Union on terms of perfect equality:" The right of the people of South Carolina, Texas, Florida, North Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, to conduct their internal affairs without the interference of the united states' standing army, or the horde of perjured scoundrels who swarm in those states as u. s. marshals. The right of the people to have recourse to the ballot-box without government intimidation. The right to elect representatives and senators without consulting the powers that be, whether it would be acceptable or not, for fear of bringing down upon them the vengeance of the personal machine run at Washington for their express persecution. The right of habeas corpus and trial by jury for any and all offences. The removal of bayonet-props which have surrounded and upheld the infamous robber governments set up by Washington officials over them. The right to live in their native land, and to receive the support of their country in the enjoyment of their property, their liberty, and their lives. Yea, the right to the ten thousand other privileges and immunities enjoyed by the people of the Northern, Eastern and Western states, which for ten years have been made a mockery in the extreme Southern states.

A New Yorker filled chuck full of curiosity wants it immediately, if not sooner:

ALBION, NEW YORK, August 29, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed find ten cents, on receipt of which please send us a copy of the Caucasian. Curiosity impels us to send for the sheet which has the check to publish the enclosed slip, and which speaks for itself, and which the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle asserts to be a fact.

Send immediately, to Box 626.

Yours truly, W. M. & C. P.

As you observe, we have the cheek to publish the thing which so astonishes you. 'Pears that you haven't been far from home all your life, nor read much, or you would have learned a historical fact—the existence of a paper called the Caucasian, which has the cheek to do anything it pleases. Come again, sir.

A gallant Tennessee editor helps to circulate the Great White Man's paper, and what came of it:

MASON, TIPTON CO., TENN., August 17, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN—Sirs: My friend Walker Wood, editor of the Tipton (Tenn.) Record was so kind as to send me a copy of your paper a day or two ago, and I was so pleased with it and your opposition to Grant and his rascally administration, that I concluded to become one of your subscribers. Enclosed find one dollar and fifty cents for which you will please send me one copy of the Caucasian for six months, and oblige your friend, R. T. B.

A number of editors in all the states have shown a similar fraternal sympathy, and we are indebted to many of them even for clubs. We do oppose grant. We hate him from the bottom of our heart. We despise him, not because he has been a traitor to Democracy, but because he is a low, mangy cur, a convicted liar and thief, and a disgrace to the country;—a contemptible boor and rascal, whose four years of presidency has made us a by-word abroad and a shame at home. We'd rather be a sick nigger gal brat, hunch-backed, blind, deaf and croupy, than such a chunk of miserable impotence and beastliness.

One of Uncle Samivel's mailicious letter-fingerers seeketh to see that which is rung daily in his ears:

PIONEER, O., August 29, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir: As I wish to be posted in political matters both north and south, enclosed I send you stamp and wish you to send me a few numbers of the Caucasian by return mail, as I wish to subscribe for some paper in the south. Please send by return mail and oblige,

Yours truly, ORIN KELSEY, P. M.

Paper sent. If you have not already subscribed to a northern paper, the Caucasian would do for both. In a private and confidential note from Whitelaw Reid, Editor of the New-York Tribune, he informs us that he often delays the issue of the Daily Tribune a day or two, to get the unusually very important New York City news and gossip, which he can get no other way, than from the columns of the Lexington Caucasian. This was the first paper that gave him the news that Horace Greeley was going to be nominated at Cincinnati and Baltimore, and it is the one that now convinces him that the said H. G. is going to be elected.

Mississippi ladies postponing marriage for a look at our ugliness. No song, no sugar—no picture, no more subscribers:

CARROLLTON, MISSISSIPPI, August 18, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: I have waited for that promised pa-teboard phiz of yours till I am out of patience. I have come to the conclusion that you think that I intend to show it to some of our Mississippi beauties, and that you know your old bald-headed ugliness will frighten them, and you are ashamed to send it. I do hope you will carry out the first intention, for several of our young ladies have postponed marriage on account of the expectation of seeing you and thinking they might do better. Do send it, for I will not get you another subscriber till I get it.

Yours truly, J. D.

You shall have the first one of the second millionth edition, now nearly ready. We have employed a hundred photographists to point their cameras at us, to take us at our desk, on the wing, while asleep, feeding or chatting. They are to shoot us off wherever found. Already, a hundred rogues' galleries are illumined by our style of beauty, and the darling creatures at Carrollton shall not be without it. You are first down on the list.

A New Yorker says there's nothing like it—all others are but mere primers—something that ought to be in every household:

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK, August 16, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN—Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $1 50. Would like two copies of your paper for the next three months, and some extra copies to distribute among my friends, as it may procure for you more subscribers. It only needs to be seen to be appreciated, and should be in every household. Its red-hot—Just the paper I've been looking for. Its down on bull pups. Brick Pomeroy's paper is only a primer compared with yours. Give 'em hell, and I'll send you more subscribers.

Respectfully, D. C. D.

We intend, sir, to "give 'em" that. They'll get it from us, and after a while, the old gentleman with the red-hot poker-claws will comb out their hair for them.

From a land where the light is breaking, and where the people want more of it:

EMPORIUM, CAMERON CO., PA., August 21, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN—Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dollars subscription to your spirited and peerless paper. It is very much needed amongst our friends here as a campaign document. The people want light. Please send all the back numbers you have on hand since the Cincinnati Convention; especially that in which Mr. Greeley's letter to you was inserted.

Respectfully, F. J. C.

Thanks for compliment. Cannot send back numbers—all out—demand has been great. That letter of Mr. Greeley to us did the business for him. It set him where he ought to have been long before. It makes him President! We knew that it would.

A white man in Michigan, who has probably read the Missouri Vindicator and Sentinel-on-the-Border, wants a dose of the two together:

MARSHALL, MICH., August 1, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN: Will you be so good as to send me your rates of subscription for your weekly edition for the campaign? Would be glad to receive a sample copy of your paper. You probably notice the condition of political affairs in this state. It is encouraging.

Yours truly,
H. H. M.

We feel a deep interest in the campaign in the Lake state. Hope the Philosopher will redeem it from Chandlerism, grantism, and all the other isms.

A call for the grant-Exterminator from 40,000-Radical Iowa, and an inquest into Ulysses' Digger bug-eating relations hinted at:

WEST POINT, LEE CO., IOWA, August 6, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Sir: Please send me your Lightning Grant-Exterminator (the Weekly Caucasian), for one half year. You will find the necessary shinplaster enclosed; also send me your paper containing the history of Grant's Indian family, and oblige your friend. O. A.

P. S.—The several papers you sent me, I distributed among my friends and I think you will receive a liberal sub-scription from here. Please send me your photograph by return mail.

Paper containing article referred to all gone, out, non est. Study the pious morality of this issue, and overcome your curiosity to inquire into Digger genealogy. Photographs out—will send you one when the next jack season commences.

A Missourian renews, shouts for Old White Hat, and bids us God-speed:

NEOSHO, MO., August 20, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN—Gents: I see that my time for the White Man's paper expires this week. I herewith enclose Post Office order for $1 50. Please send paper for six months, and the remaining twenty-five cents is for Donan's photophiz, which I hope to receive immediately. And with a shout for Greeley and Brown, I bid you God-speed in your noble work for them. I remain, very respectfully,

M. R. DEG.

Thanks. Photophiz will be sent soon. Only about eight weeks yet remain till day of election. How much may be done in that time! Let us work, friend DeG., as if life depended upon the result, which it, and even more, really does.

A gentleman, who falls in with a copy of the Rad-bane is "fearfully struck" with it's:

NEWVILLE, RICHLAND CO., OHIO, August 24, 1872.

MESSRS. DONAN & ALLEN—Dear Sirs: Through politeness of my friend, Sam Glessner, of the Shield and Banner, of Mansfield, this county, I fell in with a copy of the Caucasian of date of July 6. Being perfectly struck with its good sense and the square manner in which you pump it up to them, have decided to enclose you money to catch the 'Possum' as follows: 65cts for one copy to H. D. Ruth, three months; $1 25 for one copy to C. Y. Freeman, six months.

If you hold out faithful as per copy 6th of July at hand, I will get you a large club from this place. When opportunity offers, ventilate M. M. Pomeroy thoroughly. It will do much good in this county and elsewhere as your associate,

A. S. Kierolf, can testify. Yours, for the Possum, C. Y. F.

Thanks, friend F. A few such friends as yourself are worth whole counties of modern Americans. We, both, know Pomeroy's record, but he is now very small fish—almost two small to fry. Of the many yankee frauds, this nasal-twanger has been the most stupendous. How any chap who runs around snouting the word "home" into flattest puritanical "hum," could ever have duped Southern men into hurrahing for him, is a hippopotamic wonder.

A gentleman, who sees extracts from it, wants his pabulum at first hands from the factory:

MORGAN, ASHTABULA CO., OHIO, August 12, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN—Gentlemen: If your paper prints articles such as I see accredited to you, I want it. Please send me some specimen copies of different numbers. We have no good Greeley paper around here. Respectfully yours,

H. J. C.

Well, friend, C., they credit so little to us, and steal so much more, it is hard to tell what is truly from the Caucasian. We furnish half the pirate press with the brains they have. But here goes. How do you like it?

Demand for the White Man's paper from a state in which the great revolution is earnestly at work:

WOBURN, BOND CO., ILLINOIS, August 23, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN—Sirs: You will please find enclosed one dollar for the Caucasian, or White Man's Paper, which I desire to be sent to the Woburn P. O., Bond county, Illinois. Very respectfully,

H. Q. R.

Hope you get it. Intend that it shall increase ten degrees hotter each issue till Old White Hat is seated on the throne of the Galena Seizer.

Short and sweet, from the land of Warmoths, Pinchbacks and Caseys:

FRANKLIN, LOUISIANA, Aug. 13, 1872.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN—Dear Sirs: Enclosed find $3 75, for three copies of the Weekly Caucasian for six months; one to T. Evans, one to Dr. C. M. Smith, and the other to myself.

Yours, respectfully, J. T.

All right. Papers sent—money spent—left, not a cent.

God-speed from that rarest of all rare things—an Iowa patriot:

ONAWA, MONONA CO., IOWA, Aug. 26, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Sir: I beg leave to return you my sincere thanks for three copies of the Caucasian. Enclosed please find $1 25, and send the Caucasian to me regularly. Wishing you God-speed in your noble enterprise, I remain, yours very sincerely, P. W.

That which, friend W., you so kindly recognize as a noble enterprise, is denounced by the hell-deserving scoundrels who are plundering the country, as a dirty and villainous sheet. But we dare say what we believe to be true, and we say it in such words as are simplest and mean most. That's all of it.

A Doolittler in pine-land, concludes to invest in Rad-bane:

MENOMONEE, DUNN CO., WIS., August 13, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed find $1 25, for which send the Weekly Caucasian to Charles Giers, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,
KNAPP, STOUT & CO.

Men-o'-money chaps for subscribers are the boys that tickle us. We always feel *stout*, after a *nap*, and we "hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same," after nodding over the Caucasian, or words to that effect.

From the land of Sumner and Banks,—Nasty, Nastychusetts,—comes this inquiry after Caucasian truth:

CLINTON, WORCESTER CO., MASSACHUSETTS, Aug. 25, '72.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed, I hand you $1 25 for a copy of the Weekly Caucasian for six months.

P. S.—Please send immediately. Respectfully, P. H.

Yes, sir, right at once; you shan't have to wait. You're much obliged;—thankye.

From a land where they had 18 inches snow on the 10th of August:

FAIR PLAY, RUSH CO., COLORADO, August 16, 1872.

COL. DONAN—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed a Lincoln scad, for which you will please send the worth in your red-hot paper to me out here in this cold country, where it snows every week. We had 18 inches of snow on the tenth. "How is that for high" in the Rocky Mountains? I think somewhat like the old Dutchman; the summer in this country is two-thirds winter, and the other third very late in the fall.

Yours truly, J. T. H.

Give the Caucasian Fair Play, and it will warm even the snow-clad peaks of Colorado.

The Democracy of the Golden Gate send greeting:

COLUSA, CALIFORNIA, August 3, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: You will please send the Caucasian to the Colusa County Democratic Club, Colusa, California, for and during the Presidential campaign. Will remit on receipt of first paper with bill. By order of the club.

Very truly yours,
J. B. DEJ., Secretary.

May it do your souls good and may you grow fat in the faith. California must go for Greeley. Gentlemen of the Pacific slope, do your level best this fall.

A newsdealer has frequent calls for the Caucasian:

NO. 29 VINE ST., MACON, MO., August 22, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: I enclose fifty cents; send me copies of your last edition to that amount. I have frequent calls for the Caucasian (keep a news-stand). What will it cost to take—say five copies, per week?

Respectfully,
R. W. CASWELL.

Five copies per week, at 3 cents, 15 cents. Retail price, 10 cents.

A brace of recruits from the Buckeye State:

PALESTINE, GERMAN POST-OFFICE, DARKE CO., OHIO, August 15, 1872.

COL. P. DONAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed find post-office money-order for $2 50, for which please send two copies of the Weekly Caucasian for six months. Address as above. Send to S. B. Miller and William Wilcox and oblige,

Yours truly, S. B. M.

Enclosed found—paper sent.

It takes three copies to do for one man in an Iowa town:

JANESVILLE, BREMER CO., IOWA, August 23, 1872.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—Dear Sir: Enclosed find $1 50, for which please send me three copies of your paper, as long as the money will pay for and oblige,

Yours truly, W. H. RICH.

That's the way for all to get Rich—in the possession of Democracy and common sense.

And here, with hundreds from north, south, east and west, still waiting, we're compelled to tie up our needle-sittered fingers in ten yards of domestic, and snuffle, Good-bye. Ouch! how these digits hurt!

R. E. B.

JUST THINK OF IT.

Here is a case of what carpet-bagabondage has done for a once proud sovereignty of the Union. A few years ago, the assessed taxable property of South Carolina was five hundred millions of dollars. Now it is, all told, one hundred and eighty-four millions. Only a trifle over ONE-THIRD of what it was, before the lying scoundrel and boor Ulysses, with fraud upon his blasphemous lips, and lies and deceit in his putrid heart, became the purchasable tool of a hell-spewed cabal, and president of a puritaniggerized mongrelism. This is only a part of the result in one state, of his maudlin hiccuppery about "Peace." Prisons, illegal arrests, Jeffreyan trials, false nigger testimony, bayonets, hired robbers, death, desolation, and political damnation, make up the record. And the case of South Carolina portrays the end sought by the traitorous Cromwellian administration of public injustice, which has been peddled by soulless pro-consuls in all directions over a whole section, during three years of horrible nightmare, to crush out, not only the proud spirit of a free-born people, but more particularly to destroy the remnant of their wealth, that their estates might fall into the hands of powerful rings and land-grabbing combinations—the most damnable scheme of gigantic practical plundering and adventurous acquisition ever known upon the earth, since the days of Pizarro and Cortes.

And how about the blood-sweat wrung from this crushed people, tribute to the national buccaneers, who rule with the butt of the musket? A few years ago, the taxes collected for all purposes aggregated about $450,000 per annum. What is it now? Only TWO MILLIONS ANNUALLY! And the public debt of the state has been increased THIRTY-TWO MILLIONS by uncloncealed frauds of the most aggravating and startling character. This is the price of three years of that ten-thousand-times worse than epidemic of pestilences and plagues, death and hell, otherwise known as the scoundrel-president, Ulysses S. grant, Judas, skunk, shitepoke, dog-fennel, pewter, liar, thief—the most disgraceful offspring of sewer-born piebeianism ever dried in a maccaronic and garlicky sun.

THE NOMINATION OF GEN. CLARK

EQUIVALENT TO THE ELECTION OF A R