THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOLUME 1. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MISSOURI, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1866. NUMBER 10.

Business Cards.

DENTISTRY.

HASSELL is still in Lexington, and has been for the last EIGHTEEN YEARS. Office, over Lieblich's store. ap25 1y

T. T. MAJOR,

Resident Dentist,

LEXINGTON, MO.

OFFICE, Main street, two doors west of City Hotel. [ap25 1y]

DR. C. M. STEWART,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office over Hale & Graham's Store, opposite the Court House, Lexington, Mo. may 30 1y

ROBERT AULL,

BANKER,

OLD BANKING HOUSE, Main st., Lexington, Mo. ☞Exchange bought and sold. ap25.

GARLAND J. BLEWETT,

Attorney at Law,

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

Office over G. Hoss's Store.

S. L. SAWYER. WM. CHRISMAN.

SAWYER & CHRISMAN,

Attorneys at Law,

Independence, Missouri.

WILL regularly attend the Courts in Jackson, Lafayette, Johnson and Cass counties. Mr. Sawyer will spend a part of his time in Lexington, and when there, may be found at his old stand. Previous notice will be given of the time he will be in Lexington. may30 6m

MRS. SUSAN E. MONROE,

MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER, Wellington, Mo. Bonnets, Flats, Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Trimmings, &c., &c., constantly on hand. Bridal and Mourning Bonnets made to order in latest and best styles. my2

MILLINERY.

MRS. S. E. JAMESON,

RESPECTFULLY announces, to the ladies of Lexington and vicinity, that she has just received, at her store, on Laurel street, and opened on SATURDAY, APRIL 21st, a Splendid and Fashionable assortment of

Spring and Summer Millinery,

to which she invites their attention; and a call from them is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as I am satisfied that I can please them both in PRICE, QUALITY and TASTE.

☞Repairing of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch. S. E. JAMESON.

N. B.—DRESS MAKING, in all its varied branches, attended to promptly. ap25 3w

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

Mrs. M. F. PRICE

WOULD respectfully announce to the Ladies of Lexington, and Lafayette county that she has just opened an entirely New Stock of

Fashionable Millinery Goods.

Dress Trimmings of latest Styles.

Her stock consists in part of Bonnets, Haps, Caps, Flowers, Ribbons Ornaments, &c. Thankful for past favors, she solicits a share of public patronage.

P. S. Bonnets and Hats bleached and altered to the latest fashions.

Store on Main Street, one door east of the Public Square. may16 6m

VIRGINIA HOTEL.

Laurel Street. : : : : : Lexington, Mo.,

H. J. COMER, Proprietor.

FIRST class hotel. Coaches run regularly to and from the house, to connect with all boats. And also, stages leave from this hotel every morning, connecting with the various railroads Good Stables connected with the house. my9 1y

W. H. BALLARD,

WITH John E. Shawhan, Commission Merchant, and agent for Flour Mills, numbers 63, 65 & 67 South Main street, St. Louis, Mo. my16 3m

DRY GOODS MART.

GEO. A. HALL & CO., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Dry Goods, 217 Broadway, S. Louis. Guaranteed as cheap as the cheapest. ap25 1y

C. W. SMALL. SAM. T. RUFFNER.

SMALL, RUFFNER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 74 Commercial st., St. Louis. ap25 1y

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,

WHOLESALE Dealers in Staple and Fancy

Groceries.

No. 74 Second street, corner of Olive street, my3 1y ST. LOUIS.

WM. LIMRICK,

BANKER,

HAS resumed business at his old Banking House and solicits the patronage of the public. Deposits received; Exchange bought and sold. ap25

ROBERT AULL. I. J. POLLARD. ROBT. M. RENICK

AULL, POLLARD & RENICK.

BANKERS AND BROKERS. Dealers in Exchange, Gold and Silver Coin and Gold Dust. Deposits received. No. 58 North Third Street, St. Louis, Missouri. ap25 3m

LOWELL BREWERY.

ALE AND PORTER.—JOS. SCHMITT & CO., St. Louis, Mo. Sold in Barrels, Half and Qr. Barrels, and in Quart and Pint Bottles by the doz. DEPOT—No. 31 Commercial St., between Chestnut and Pine, where Saloons, Steamboats and Families can always be supplied. ap25 1y

D. H. WITT. E. M. SLOAN. J. A. THACHER

WITT, SLOAN & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, HEMP COTTON AND TOBACCO FACTORS, No. 111 North Second st., between Vine st. and Washington avenue, St. Louis.

☞Prompt personal attention given to Forwarding Goods and Filling Orders for all kinds of Merchandise. ap25 1y

EDWIN O. STANARD, St. Louis. CHAS. E. SLAYBACK, New Orleans.

STANARD & SLAYBACK,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, New Orleans, La.

E. O. STANARD & CO,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 5 City Buildings, St. Louis, Mo. Will advance cash and negotiate paper on shipments to our house in New Orleans. ap25 3m

Alex. Mitchell. S. G. Wentworth Wm. Morrison.

EXCHANGE & BANKING HOUSE

OF

ALEX. MITCHELL & Co.,

LEXINGTON, MO.

EXCHANGE on BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, ST. LOUIS, and other cities bought and sold. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted at current rate of exchange.

United States and other Stocks bought and sold on commission, and real estate paper negotiated on favorable terms.

Union Military Bonds bought and sold. my2 1y

M. J. ARMSTRONG. G. E. BELLES.

ARMSTRONG & BELLES,

ARE now receiving a large stock of

CHINA,

Glass and Queensware,

At their old stand (two doors east of the City Hotel) which will give the LARGEST and BEST ASSORTMENT west of Saint Louis.

We solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon us heretofore and shall give our best attention to the wants and interests of all our patrons. In

VARIETY AND CHEAPNESS

our stock will be unequalled by any other house, and we shall make it an object for customers to buy their goods of us. ARMSTRONG & BELLES. apr25 tf

A. W. RIDINGS,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Shawls, Gloves, Notion, &c.

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Main Street, Opposite City Hotel, Lexington, Mo.

KEEPS constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Hosiery, &c., to which he invites the attention of the public. He is determined to keep on hand a stock which will be second to none in the upper country, and by doing a large business, will be able to sell goods as cheap, or cheaper, than any other house in the city. Call and examine for yourselves, as it is no trouble to show goods, and we are satisfied we can suit you both in quality of goods and price. We also keep constantly on hand a complete stock of

GROCERIES,

which we are offering at the very lowest prices. A. W. RIDINGS.

Lexington, May 16, 1866. 1y

WAR IN EUROPE!

HO! YE WOOL-GROWERS!

NOW is the time to get good work, and get it Quick. Our Machine is doing as good work as ever, and it has the reputation of doing the best. We are now ahead of our promises, and will card immediately for those who come from a distance, and attend promptly to all who favor us with their work.

Persons who have brought Wool to our Machine prior to the 15th inst., will please call and get their Rolls. RICHARDS & CASH.

Location, Near the Stone Bridge.

Lexington, June 20th, 1866. tf.

Stray Notice.

TAKEN UP by George St. Clair, living in Lexington Township, in Lafayette county, Mo., and posted before the undersigned, Justice of the Peace of Lexington Township, in Lafayette county, on the 20th day of June, 1866, a stray Mare Mule, described as follows, to-wit: A black Mare Mule, with a few white hairs scattered over the body, about 14½ hands high, 8 or 9 years old, branded on the left hip and shoulder with the letters supposed to be J. H.; some saddle marks and gear marks; shod before, and appraised to $125.

je 27 3w* G. CLAYTON, J. P.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature gave us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy,
And future hopes, nor praise them,
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them.
For things so fair still greater are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were nigh, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us.

Military Trials of Civilians.

INDIANA CASES—ARGUMENT OF J. S. BLACK.

Continued from our last.

These rules apply to all criminal prosecutions. But, in addition to these, certain special regulations were required for *treason*—the one great political charge under which more innocent men have fallen than any other. A tyrannical government calls everybody a traitor who shows the least unwillingness to be a slave. The party in power never fails, when it can, to stretch the law on that subject by construction, so as to cover its honest and conscientious opponents. In the absence of a constitutional provision it was justly feared that statutes might be passed which would put the lives of the most patriotic citizens at the mercy of the basest minions that skulk about under the pay of the executive. Therefore a definition to treason was given in the fundamental law, and the legislative authority could not enlarge it to serve the purpose of partisan malice. The crime was also described, so that the prejudice and enmity might have no share in the conviction. And lastly, the punishment was so limited that the property of the party could not be confiscated and used to reward the agents and persecutors, or strip his family of their subsistance.

If these provisions exist in full force, unchangeable and irrepealable, then we are not hereditary bondsmen. Every citizen may safely pursue his lawful calling in the open day; and at night, if he is conscious of innocence, he may lie down in security and sleep the sound sleep of a freeman.

I say they are in force, and they will remain in force. We have not surrendered them, and we never will. If the worst comes to the worst, we will look to the living God for His help, and defend our rights and the rights of our children to the last extremity. Those men who think we can be subjected and abjected to the condition of mere slaves, are wholly mistaken. The great race to which we belong has not degenerated so fatally.

But how am I to prove the existence of these rights? I do not propose to do it by a long chain of legal argumentation, nor by the production of numerous books, with the leaves dog-eared, and the pages marked. If it depended upon judicial precedents, I think I could produce as many as might be necessary. If I claimed this freedom, under any kind of prescription, I could prove a good long possession in ourselves, and those under whom we claim it. I might begin with Tacitus, and show how the contest arose in the forests of Germany more than two thousand years ago; how the rough virtues and sound common sense of that people established the right of trial by jury, and thus started on a career which has made their posterity the foremost race that ever lived in all the tide of time. The Saxons carried it to England, and were ready to defend it with their blood. It was crushed by the Danish invasion; and all that they suffered of tyranny and oppression during the period of their subjugation, resulted from the want of trial by jury. If that had been conceded to them, the reaction would not have taken place, which drove back the Danes to their frozen homes in the North. But those ruffian sea-kings could not understand that, and the reaction came. Alfred, the greatest of revolutionary heroes, and the wisest monarch that ever sat on a throne, made the first use of this power, after the Saxons restored it, to re-establish their ancient laws. He had promised them that he would, and he was true to them, because they had been true to him. But it was not easily done; the courts were opposed to it, for it limited their power—a kind of power that everybody covets—the power to punish without regard to law. He was obliged to hang forty-four judges in one year for refusing to give his subjects a trial by jury. When the historian says that he hung them, it is not meant that he put them to death without a trial. He had them impeached before the grand council of the nation, the Wittenagemote, the parliament of that time. During the subsequent period of Saxon domination, no man on English soil was powerful enough to refuse a legal trial to the meanest peasant. If any minister of any king, in war or in peace, had dared to punish a freeman by a tribunal of his own appointment, he would have aroused the wrath of the whole population; all orders of society would have resisted it; lord and vassal, knight and squire, priest and penitent, boeman and soeman, master and thrall, coppyholder and villein, would have risen in mass and burnt the offender to death in his castle, or followed him in his flight and torn him to atoms. It was again trampled down by the Norman conquerers; but the evils resulting from the want of it united all classes in the efforts which compelled King John to restore it by the Great Charter. Everybody is familiar with the struggles which the English people, during many generations, made for their rights with the Plantaganets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, and which ended finally in the revolution of 1688, when the liberties of England were placed upon an impregnable basis by the Bill of Rights.

Many times the attempt was made to stretch the royal authority far enough to justify military trials; but it never had more than temporary success. Five hundred years ago Edward II. closed up a great rebellion by taking the life of its leader, the Earl of Lancaster, after trying him before a millitary court. Eight years later, that same king, together with his lords and commons in Parliament assembled, acknowledged with shame and sorrow that the execution of Lancaster was a mere murder, because the courts were open and he might have had a legal trial. Queen Elizabeth, for sundry reasons affecting the safety of the state, ordered that certain offenders not of her army should be tried according to the law martial. But she heard the storm of popular vengeance rising, and, haughty, imperious, self-willed as she was, she yielded the point; for she knew that upon that subject the English would never consent to be trifled with. Stafford, as lord Lieutenant of Ireland, tried the Viscount Stormont before millitary commission, and cut off his head. When impeached for it, he pleaded in vain that Ireland was in a state of insurrection, that Stormont was a traitor, and that the army would be undone if it could not defend itself without appealing to the civil courts. The Parliament was deaf; the King himself could not save him; he was condemned to suffer death as a traitor and a murderer. Charls I. issued commissions to divers officers for the trial of his enemies according to the course of millitary law. If rebellion ever was an excuse for such an act, he could surely have pleaded it; for there was scarcely a spot in his kingdom, from sea to sea, where the royal authority was not disputed by somebody. Yet the Parliament demanded, in their petition of right, and the King was obliged to concede that all his commissions were illegal. James II. claimed the right to suspend the operation of the penal laws—a power which the courts denied—but the experience of his predecessors taught him that he could not suspend any man's right to a trial. He could easily have convicted the seven bishops of any offence he saw fit to charge them with if he could have selected their judges from among the mercenary creatures to whom he had given command in his army. But this he dared not do. He was obliged to send the bishops to a jury and endure the mortification of seeing them acquitted. He, too, might have had rebellion for an excuse. The conspiracy was already ripe which a few months afterwards made him an exile and an outcast; he had reason to believe that the Prince of Orange was making his preparations on the other side of the channel to invade the kingdom, where thousands burned to join him; nay, he pronounced the bishops guilty of rebellion by the very act for which he arrested them. He had raised an army to meet the rebellion, and he was on Hounslow Heath reviewing the troops organized for that purpose, when he heard the great shout of joy that went up from Westminister Hall, was echoed back from Temple Bar, spread down the city and over the Thames, and rose from every vessel on the river—the simultaneous shout of two hundred thousand men for the triumph of justice and law.

If it were worth the time, I might detain you by showing how this subject was treated by the French Court of Cassation in Geoffrey's case, under the Constitution of 1830, when a military judgment was unhesitatingly pronounced to be void, though ordered by the King, after a proclamation declaring Paris in a state of seige. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*—we may lawfully learn something from our enemies—at all events we should blush at the thought of not being equal on such a subject to the Courts of Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas, whose decisions my colleague, Gen. Garfield, has read and commented on.

The truth is, that no authority exists anywhere in the world for the doctrine of the Attorney General. No judge or jurist, no statesman or parliamentary orator, on this or the other side of the water, sustains him. Every elementary writer from Coke to Wharton is against him. All military authors who profess to know the duties of their profession admit themselves to be under, not above the laws. No books can be found in any library to justify the assertion that military tribunals may try a citizen at a place where the courts are open. When I say no book, I mean, no book of acknowledged authority. I do not deny that hireling clergymen have often been found to disgrace the pulpit by trying to prove the divine right of kings and other rulers to govern as they please. It is true, also, that court sycophants and party hacks have many times written pamphlets, and perhaps large volumes, to show that those whom they serve should be allowed to work out their bloody will upon the people. No abuse of power is too flagrant to find its defenders among such servile creatures. Those butchers' dogs that feed upon garbage and fatten upon the offal of the shambles are always ready to bark at whatever interferes with the trade of their master.

To be Contined.

A Splendid Oil Strike.

We learn from a gentleman just returned from a visit to the oil region of West Virginia, that the "Wirt Oil Company," who own a large territory at Burning Springs, struck in the third sand rock, at their No. 3 well, on the 1st instant, one of the largest wells ever obtained in the United States. When struck, it threw a solid stream of oil of five feet diameter, sixty feet high, until tubed and turned successfully into a tank, which was filled, by measurement, at the rate of seventy barrels pure oil per hour. A remarkable feature of this well is that, after flowing forty-eight hours, not a drop of water was drawn from the tank. When our informant saw the well, four days after it struck, he was assured by good judges, and his own observation confirmed it, that it was flowing fifteen hundred barrels a day of oil and no water. A greater flow of pure oil was never known to have been obtained by any well heretofore struck in any region. The oil is of the best quality and thought very pure.—*Pittsburg Gazette, June 11.*

The arrival in Paris of a black millionaire is announced—the Duke de Bouton qui Perce (swelled pimple!), the wealthiest of the ex-Emperor Soulouque's ebony courtiers. His fortune is stated to be seven millions; and a splendidly decorated and furnished hotel has been prepared for him in the Avenue de l'Imperatice.

Both houses have finally passed a bill to dispose of about three millions of public lands in the South to actual settlers. It is in effect extending the provision of the Homestead bill over those lands. It restricts the amount of land to be entered by one person to eighty acres for two years; after which one hundred and sixty acres may be entered. (Until January next, all who have taken part in the rebellion are excluded from the privileges of the bill.) After that this restriction is removed.

Honors to the Confederate Dead—An Immense Turnout of the People!

From the Winchester, Va., Times.

To pay honors to the dead is a universal instinct which has prevailed in every age and clime, and no people are so barbarous as not to regard with a certain degree of reverence and affection the memories of departed friends. "Even the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind," carries with him in his migrations the bones of his fathers whose souls are still supposed to be roaming through the happy hunting grounds of the Spirit Land; and the most savage races relax their wonted brutality beside the grave. Depraved indeed then must be the creature who could mock and deride a people in their greatest affliction, and that such *things* live we have had an evidence.

Influenced by these feelings, the people of the South cannot but adore the memory of the gallant men who fell in the great struggle for Southern independence; and duly to honor and care for the graves of the heroes who are sleeping in our beautiful Southern cemeteries.

Perhaps in the history of the ancient town, a more beautiful, more solemn and impressive scene was never witnessed in its streets than that presented on last Wednesday, the anniversary of the death of our gallant and chivalrous Ashby, and the day selected by the noble women of this town and the surrounding country to do honor to the memory of the brave men who, with their heart's best blood, sealed their devotion to the cause in which they were engaged. Beautifully sorrowful was the sight as the procession wended its way through our streets. There was the gray-haired parent going to the grave of a dearly beloved son; the disconsolate widow in her weeds once again visiting the sacred spot where lay buried her early love and hopes; the young maiden paying a last sad tribute to a lost brother or a lover; the little child; the once faithful slave; all alike impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

The day chosen to perform this sad duty here was propitious, and from early in the morning until long after the hour for the procession to move, the people from the surrounding country flocked to town. At 11 o'clock, after a beautiful and touching prayer by the Rev. Norvel Wilson, amid the solemn tolling of the church bells, and the sound of mournful music, the procession moved from the Episcopal Church in the following order:

The band, composed of a number of young men of the town, and under the leadership of Mr. J. I. H. Baker.

Surviving members of the Stonewall Brigade.

Survivors of Elzey's Brigade.

Delegation from Baltimore.

A group of fourteen lovely young girls, dressed in spotless white, with black sashes, and representing the thirteen Southern States, and Maryland, under the charge of Mr. Jos. E. Sherrerd, sr.

Ladies in general.

Soldiers and citizens in general.

The youths of the town and surrounding country.

A number of colored persons.

Persons in vehicles and on horse.

The route chosen was up Water street to Washington, and to the Old Episcopal graveyard, where a number of Confederates are buried. After decorating these graves, the procession moved eastward to Braddock street, thence northward along Braddock street to Piccadilla, to Market, to Water, and to the Stonewall Cemetery.

ARRIVING AT THE CEMETERY

The group of fourteen took position upon the mound that contains the bodies of the unknown, Mr. Sherrerd occupying a position in the centre of the group. Never shall we forget this incident of the day. Those lovely girls surrounding that gray-haired sire, his silvery locks floating in the wind, formed a picture beautifully suggestive.

The ladies who represented the fourteen States made the second circle, and the whole was encircled by a cordon formed by the Stonewall Brigade. The band then moved forward and played a funeral dirge, when the decoration of the graves commenced. If no "battle banner" waved above the silent sleepers then, wreaths of garlands of rare beauty and fragrant odor were suspended from the headboards which marked their last resting places, and no grave, it mattered not how humble, was neglected by the noble women who moved like ministering angels of love and tenderness among the rows of newly mounded graves, which contained representatives from every State from the line of Mason & Dixon to the Rio Grande. Beneath those humble mounds repose the chivalry of the South, the idol of many a heart, the pride of many an ancient house, for whom, in many a distant home, are daily sighs and tears, and "regrets, regrets eternal." But could the heart-stricken mourner have seen how tenderly on that day our ladies decorated the graves of the loved and the lost one, they could not but have derived some comfort from the sight.

After the decoration of the graves, the assembled thousands flocked to the speaker's stand to listen to the beautiful addresses delivered on the occasion, three of which we are enabled to lay before our readers almost entire.

REMARKS OF MAJ. U. WRIGHT.

This is a spectacle, alike honorable to the living and the dead. Human nature puts on her lovliest aspect in the presence of death. Human resentment stops at the brink of the grave. There has never been a despotism so absolute, as to conquor the affections, or subjugate grief. The victor who should seek to stifle emotions springing from the "primal bond of nature," would find his laurels withered by the execrations of mankind. In every age among the people, civilized or savage, the melanchally luxury of grief is an unrestricted privilege — sacred to mourners, whether the tumult of the heart be caused only by the sundering of natural or domestic ties—or be inspired by heroism expended in a triumphant or defeated cause. The mother who mourns over her dead sons, the the wife who bends over the grave of her husband, the sister who stands by a brother's bier, and she who, neither mother, nor wife, nor sister gazes upon the pallid face of her lover, cold in death, each and all may seek and find solace in their sympathy with the cause which made them martyrs, and break no commandment.

Such emotions are ordinances of nature — older than christianity itself. The red man of the forest understands them, and vies with christendom in rendering homage and honors to the heroic dead. Almost the solitary virtue which Pantheistic Egypt has left as a legacy to the world, is revealed in the enduring monuments which speak her veneration for the dead. Pagan Greece and Pagan Rome, even amid the fury of intestine feud and civil war, never forgot the veneration due as a national sentiment to all their sons or allies who fell in battle. The genius of their artists was tasked to perpetuate in marble the memory and achievements of the heroic dead.

But we do not need examples brought from Savage or Pagan nations to vindicate the propriety of this scene.

We are here to-day by a right, not in the province of government to bestow. We are here by the sacred, hallowed, divine right of grief. We are here to mourn for the dead who died for us, who gave their lives for a cause which *was* our cause and who sealed their devotion to it, in death, before it was a *lost* cause. We come in the spirit of humble submission to the Great Ruler of the Universe, who made their death a part of his providence, as we come in true and honest acceptance of every legitimate result wrought by the arbitrament of arms; and we trust that our sorrow for the fallen, and the garlands which we strew upon their tombless graves, in honor of their heroism, will offend neither Heaven or Earth.

The mothers and daughter of Virginia are the chief mourners and actors in these touching obsequies. Some are drawn hither by the gravitation of domestic woe; some are guided to these cypress shades by those fine chords of sympathy which tie them to other hearts, bleeding in far off States; and all are attracted to this scene by the broader emotion of gratitude for sacrifices offered up in a cause which woman's instinct made her *own*.

The women of the South were no political casuists. They did not pause to inquire whether the teachings Jefferson, Madison or Macon furnished the true interpretation of the constitution, and correctly marked the boundaries of State and Federal powers. It was enough that their fathers, husbands, sons, and lovers were in the field. The first clash of arms invoked, and the war in its long and bloody carnival developed and illustrated the noble virtures of devotion, patience, fortitude, gentleness, constancy and self-sacrifice, which have never been surpassed in the annals of woman's heroism. Now, here in the wide theatre of this terrible drama, were these virtues more signally exemplified than amid the scens around, of valley and mountain, which so often trembled under the earthquake shocks of war. How often here was the wail of the field or town hospital hushed or solaced by her "angle visitations?" The war of the Crimea furnished but one Florence Nightengale, while under our fratricidal conflict, they came out as beautiful and multitudinous as the stars, bound by every heart-tie to one cause, their noble humanity was dedicated to the wounded and dying to either side.

And now that the war is over, they come not to bind the brows of the living with "victorious wreaths;" but to deck the graves of the fallen with evergreens and flowers.

The dead who sleep around us are insensible to this tribute; but doubtless often in life, the hope of such honors was felt on the march, in camp or bivouac, and the strife of battle and the deeper gloom of the hospital.

There is a moral beauty in this tribute which commends itself to all right-minded beings, but more than all others, it touches the heart of the soldier. Partizans and political plotters have other teachings, but for one I feel that any soldier may rightly mingle in these obsequies, no matter under what flag he fought, or what uniform he wears.

The noblest, the bravest of all victors, are those that treat the vanquished with honor. What American youth has not felt his bosom swell at the tears shed by Cæsar at the sight of Pompey's severed head, and who is insensible to the manhood of his grief, that Cato's suicide robbed him of the power to be generous! There is a glory in these two incidents which will outlive his victories.

When the passions of the hour shall have passed away, such feelings will become general. Human nature in the long run may be trusted, and exasperations must be cultivated, with infinite skill, and fostered with fiendish persistence, to suppress for a long period the natural and instinctive admiration left by all men for the heroic in thought or action. It is the spontaneous emotion of the soul, ineradicable as the love of liberty, or the light of reason. I may not live long enough to see it triumph over the animosities kindled in our mighty struggle; but that triumph will come. I know that the waves of the ocean outlive the breath of the tempest which lashes them into fury; but I know also that at last they sleep in quiet upon the shore, and thus it will be with our great civil feud. There will come a time when the voice of factions will be drowned in the calm, clear, solemn utterances of the Muse of History. This Titanic war of States. educated in the principles of freedom, will be set down by the enlightened judgment of mankind as a great contest for a great principle. The philosophic historian and statesmen will be unable to trace it to any other adequate cause. Inexorable facts will exclude every other hypothesis. Contemporaries, heated by the strife, may—nay will—seek to solve the conflict by giving importance to collateral and adventitious influences, but in the clear light of reason, they will be regarded as only stimulants to the contest. Beyond them and beneath them the great historic cause of the convulsion will be found in a sincere, honest, fundamental difference of opinion—entertained from the origin of the Government—as to the actual distribution of powers made by the Constitution between the Federal Government and the States. There was no hostility to the instrument itself; the difficulty arose from the antagonism of two interpretations. The evidence is ovewhelming to that result. The seceding States constituted no new form of government; they re-enacted the Constitution. If they went off as tribes, they took the Ark of the Covenant with them. It was not like the War of the Roses, the offspring of the pride of Barons; nor did it arise from personal ambition of a Marius or Scylla, a Pompey or a Cæsar. It was not a contest for the overthrow of free institutions, nor to establish a despotism in form or substance. Neither belligerent repudiated the work of the Fathers of the Republic. It was a conflict to sustain a written Constitution, by a people reared under free institutions—fond of liberty, and jealous of every encroachment upon their fundamental charter.

It would be to surrender all hope of humanity, to believe that a contest resting upon such elevated principles, and animated by such ennobling motives, can be followed by lasting animosities. It is our destiny to remain a free and united people; the day will come when even the battle-fields on which we shed each other's blood will be regarded as alters erected to Freedom; and the heroism displayed on either side will be cherished as the common property of the nation.

I come not here to-day to speak of chieftains who gave lustre to our military annals, and perished as distinguished martyrs. The past, is for them at least, secure. If their genius and valor have won the admiration of the world, and extorted the praise of adversaries, we of all men would be most execrable if their achievements failed to inspire our gratitude and love. They live in our hearts, and will live in our memories as long as we are worthy of life. I pitty the man who, devoted to the cause in which they fell, shall ever forget them; and he—whoever he may be—is scarcaly less to be pitied, who thinks that such sentiments are incompatible with the common discharge of every obligation we owe to the legitimate authority of the Government of the United States.

But I came not here to-day to speak of the dead whose fame embraces both hemispheres. My thoughts are elsewhere.

Of all the heroes who repose in our soil, the unknown hero, the obscure private soldier, most attracts my sympathy. The accessory stimulants which rank and station give to the valor and ambition of a Commander-in-chief, never reach the private. He fights upon a naked patriotism. He goes into battle without a hope that his name even shall ever appear in the bulletins of victory. He knows that glory loves to light upon a lofty plume, and that from her elevated perch her words fall massed upon regiments, brigades and corps, in which the individuality of the soldier is lost. If the chieftain fall on the battle-field, whether in the hands of friends or foes, his body is safe from the pall of oblivon; it lies in state for a time, and then passes with funeral pomp to its honored grave. The private, no matter what the heroism of his manly soul, is never sure that the spot where he shall lie will ever be found by the mother who bore him, or by the father from whose loins he sprang. In the words of the greatest of living heroes, the only certain reward of the poor private, "is the consciousness of duty faithfully discharged."

Let us to-day give special distinction to the unknown heroes who sleep around us. This cemetery of the nameless—let it be decorated with the choice garlands, and perhaps some far away mother may beguile her anguish with the sweet fancy that we are paying honors to her child.

Mothers and daughters of Virginia, this noble enterprise is your work. Scenes like this rising up, wherever our dead lie, gild with melancholy light the desolation of the land. They took their origin in the brain of no politician, no schemer, seeking individual distinction, or plotting the renewal of strife. They were born in the heart of woman; the true, the pure, the inexhaustible fountain of moral inspirations. In this, as in all the great moral enterprises of the age, you subordinate our sex, and may heaven crown your conceded supremacy with blessings forever!

Major Waight was listened to with much attention, and during his remarks we saw many an eye glisten with a tear.

RICHMOND, MO., June 14, 1866.—*Editor Conservator:* Allow me in behalf of the M. E. Church South in this place, to make public through the columns of your paper our acknowledgments of the receipt of material aid and comfort from our friends of St. Louis as follows:

W. H. Markham	$50 00
Crow, McCrary & Co	25 00
Jameson, Cotting & Co	25 00
Henry Bell & Son	25 00
Chaney I. Filley	25 00
W. E. Storer	25 00
A. F. Shapleigh & Co	25 00
D. A. January & Co	25 00
Mitchell, Fellows & Co	25 00
J. Kennard & Sons	25 00
J Arnot & Co	20 00
Parker, Russell & Co	15 00
H. T. Simon & Gregory	10 00
H. & R. B. Whitmore & Co	10 00
Barnum & Bro	10 00
Appleton, Noyes & Co	10 00
Geo. C. Kimbrough	5 00

The above donations were made for the purpose of assisting us in the erection of our new church building, and are fully appreciated by the church.

O. A. McFARLAND,
Chairman building Committee.

The Washington Chronicle has taken the trouble to hunt up the number of vetoes issued since the formation of the government. It is as follows:

By George Washington	2
By James Madison	6
By James Monroe	1
By Andrew Jackson	9
By John Tyler	4
By James K. Polk	3
By James Buchanan	1
By Andrew Johnson	3

There is a young lady in this place whose lips resemble peach blossoms so closely that she has to keep a veil over her face to keep the bees out of her mouth.—[Brandon Rep.

The Brunswicker, we are glad to learn, has been sold to a gentleman who intends to make an Andy Johnson NEWS-paper of it. Hitherto it has been devoted exclusivety to the publication of the tax-list.—[Glasgow Times.

A New Radical paper is about to be started in Neosho, Newton county. We would not mention the fact, (as it cannot do any good) were it not for an uncontrollable desire to print the editor's name—The Neosho Tribune, by Skews—Major Ed. Skews! We like to hear of newspapers starting and thriving, but your radicalism, Major, don't suit us. Please ex-skews us. What regiment do you belong to?—[Glasgow Times.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Board of Directors of the Ray County Agricultural and Mechanical Society has determined to hold a Fair the approaching fall, commencing on Tuesday, September 25th, and to continue four days. A list of premiums to be awarded is now in course of preparation, which will be published in due time. The return of peace and prosperity to the country, with the glorious future that is before Ray county, should encourage the people to bestir themselves to make the approaching Fair the best one ever held in the county, and the best county Fair ever held in the State.—[Mo. Freeman.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

BY MRS. LYDIA A. WINDSOR.

The circumstance I am about to relate occurred full fifty years ago, but rises before me as freshly and vividly as then. Most of those who knew of it; and she who was the most concerned in it, are now in their silent graves; but the descendants of some may recognize the story which startled our small circle so long ago.

When, after the peace of 1814 was concluded, the Continent was once more opened, every one that remembers it knows how gladly the English availed themselves of it to leave their island home, and seek, some health, others pleasures, in the the complete change of scene and life. My husband and I shared the almost universal "fureur" and went to France. There, however, our wanderings ceased for a time, for when we arrived at the picturesque old town of D——, we were agreeably surprised to find some old friends there. Soon after, others arrived, and we yielded to their wishes that we should remain.

In those days the English drew closely to each other. Now, when abroad, you must be careful of making acquaintances till you know your compatriot's "motives" for absenting himself from his native land. Our little coterie became intimate friends.

Our house was in a central situation as regarded those of our friends; though it was in the town, it had a small garden before it, and a gravelled path led to the hall door.

My husband was fond of society; I am still, I must own, though too old to enter into its spirit as formerly. Our house was always open to our friends, but we were especially glad to see them of an evening; then music and the whist-table whiled away the hours till half-past nine, when the supper-tray appeared, and at ten o'clock our last guest departed. Those were primitive times! Of all our acquaintances, the person I was most drawn to was a Mrs. Norris, a very pretty young woman, light-hearted, and always cheerful. All the most severe critic would blame her for, was perhaps an extreme love of amusement. She was my constant guest. Her husband was in the army, and, at the time I speak of, was quartered in Ireland. Mrs. Norris was anxious to give her four children a better education than their limited means could procure in England. Captain Norris had only just left D——, to join his regiment, and had expressed his wish I would "look after" his wife and assist her with advice, or in any way that might be necessary.

Of all the Norris children, Louisa was her father's favorite, but her mother always disliked her, apparently, if one can use the word dislike to describe a mother's harshness to her child. I used to think Mrs. Norris was severe to Louisa because she feared her being spoiled by her father's indulgence. I afterwards found that the mother's harshness caused the father's favor.

One evening our small circle had assembled as usual at my house, and dispersed about ten o'clock, Mrs. Norris being the first to leave. When my husband and I were alone, we chatted over the little incidents and gossips of the evening. At last, I took my candle and went to my room, a front one. I had undressed, when I heard a noise at the window like hail rattling against it. Knowing that the night had been very fine, I drew back the curtain in surprise, and saw Mrs. Norris standing on the path.

The servants had long gone to bed, so I hurriedly threw my dressing wrapper around me, and ran down stairs.

When I had opened the hall door, before I had time to ask a question, Mrs. Norris exclaimed—

"Oh! I fear something dreadful has happened to Charles!"

"Why do you think so?" I said "have you heard anything of him?"

"No!" she answered, "I have not heard of or from him lately; yet, as you know, I was not uneasy about him, and was quite happy and cheerful with you this evening. I left you early to go to my children; they were all asleep; I went to bed directly, but in about ten minutes after, by the light of the night-lamp, I saw my husband standing by my bedside; he had a fearful gash in his throat, from which the blood was pouring. He spoke to me and said, 'Farewell, be kind to poor Lou.' In a moment he disappeared. When I could collect my thoughts, I dressed, and came to you, my dear friend, to tell you I fear something dreadful has happened to my husband, and I must go to him. Will you look after my children till my return?"

Traveling in those days was a most disagreeable process; the slowness, cold, dirt, and misery, of sailing-vessels and coaches, made people generally reflect a good deal before they undertook a journey, unless they could afford to travel post. I therefore tried to persuade Mrs. Norris that she had only dreamed of her husband.

"I had not even closed my eyes," she replied; "and I saw him as plainly as I do you."

Then I tried to persuade her to wait for the arrival of the next mail from England.

"No," she said, "he might be dying even while we are standing consulting together."

I asked what she thought most likely to have befallen him.

"He might be fatally wounded, if not killed in a duel."

I saw that it was useless trying to dissuade Mrs. Norris, so I now hurredly dressed, and helped her preparations for departure, promising to be a mother to the children in her absence.

She was the only inside passenger by the coach, and to beguile her sad thoughts, bought a newspaper at the first town where they stopped to change horses. At the next stoppage the guard found my poor friend senseless.

She had found in the paper an account of the death of Captain Norris by suicide at the very moment she had seen his apparition.

When Mrs. Norris returned to her children and had in some degree recovered from this awful shock, she spoke with calmness of what she called her "last interview" with her husband. I remarked that even if she had dreamed it, it would have been extraordinary; she was firm in asserting she had not closed her eyes, and but just extinguished her candle. So I said no more; but other friends were more pertinacious in insisting his presence could not have been a reality.

Her answer was invariably, "I saw him as plainly as I see you."

YOUTH AND AGE.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare;
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild and age is tame.

Gen. Blair's Advice.

From the Jefferson City Tribune

A friend in Osage county desires to know what Gen. Blair advises in respect to insolvent Registrars who reject legal voters.

We understand Gen Blair to recommend in all his speeches that they be prosecuted criminally—the penalty being disqualification forever after holding office.

Registrars however will seldom give occasion for prosecution criminally or for damages. Because the course recommended by Gen. Blair for proving the intentions of rejected voters, will defeat any object the Registrars might have in excluding them. He recommends that persons so rejected shall nevertheless offer their votes to the judges of election, and propose to take the oath, and if then their ballots are refused, call witnesses, retire to some convenient building, appoint judges and clerks of election, open polls books, and cast their ballots.

The ballots and poll books are to be preserved and used as evidence when necessary in election contests. If, for instance, in Osage county, a Disunionist is returned to the Legislature through the exclusion of legal votes, and this course is pursued by the excluded voters, then the Union candidate must claim the election and make a contest. By the time the contest comes up for decision, the opinion of the Supreme Court declaring the oath null and void will be promulgated officially. It will then be the supreme law of the land on this subject; and under that law the votes rejected by the Registrars will be legal votes. The Union man will get the seat, and the Radical be turned out; while the Registrars and Judges of Election will have to fork over damages and be disqualified for holding office.

This course we understand General Blair to advise. It will render success certain, as any rebellion on the part of Fletcher to defeat it, can only result in his ignominious expulsion from the Gubernational office, and doom him to a traitor's fate.

A Noble Act.

From the Memphis Post—Radical.

Like an oasis in the desert was that pleasing incident which is recorded in the Columbus (Mississippi) Index, as having taking place in that city on the 26th of April; on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead with flowers, the same ladies decorated the graves of the Federal dead, who had fallen so far from home, among a hostile people. This tender, kindly, Christian act cannot fail to touch the heart of every one at the North who has a friend or relative buried on the battle-fields of the South. It kindles a spark of hope that we may, at some future time, become in heart, one people. We have one God, one language, one Government; and may we not hope that we shall eventually become indeed one people? Such expressions of gentle pity and charity are very grateful and pleasant to hear of. May God bless the kind-hearted ladies of Columbus, who forget not, in paying tribute to the memory of their own loved and lost, that loving mothers, and sisters, and daughters at the North, mourn also for their lost ones, who are lying in lonely graves, far away, among strangers.

The United States District Court grand jury for the Southern District of Alabama, Judge Busteed's district has found an indictment against George M. Gayle, on the joint charge of murder and conspiracy to overthrow the United States Government. Gayle has been arrested and held to answer in the sum of $15,000. He will be remembered as the man who advertised in the Selma papers for contributions to a fund of $1,000,000 to procure the assassination of Mr. Lincon, and who was brought here under arrest last summer, but recently released and allowed to return.

The Senate Finance committee have finished the Tax bill. It will be reported on Monday. The committee have yielded to the Eastern manufacturers and changed the cigar tax from a part ad valorum one to a full specific tax. The income tax is changed from the House bill so as to allow it to remain as under the present law, and the committee propose to raise the salary of the commissioner of Internal Revenue to $6,000.

A prominent lawyer, in conversation with a friend, the other day, remarked that there was actually danger of his litterally starving to death. "Why, is not your credit good at the butcher's?" asked his friend. "It's not that," was the reply. "The fact is, I have no appetite for breakfast, I never have time to go home to dinner, and when I go home to tea I am generally *too drunk to eat!*"

Apple Jelly. One pound moist sugar, one pound apples, one lemon—juice of the lemon to be used and the rind added—to be cut very fine. Boil the whole until it becomes a perfect jelly. Let it stand in a mould till quite firm and cold. Turn out and stick it with almonds; set custard around. If for desert, use a little small mould, plain.

Will the editor of the Sedalia Times informs us whether or not he in person will lead a radical mob against the Conservatives of this county the next time they invite General Blair to speak here? A very imprudent threat, Mr. Staffold, but it will not in the least terrify men who, unlike yourself, have seen long and faithful service in the cause of their county.—*Saline Progress.*

Santa Ana has at last issued his pronounciamiento at New York, addressed to the people of Mexico. He advises them to drive out Maximilian, and offers his own services. He declares that the people of Mexico will never tolerate a monarchy.

A lady in the east says that the hair can be made to "crimp" much more readily by rolling it in a strip of the New York Tribune. When one of Sumner's speeches is used, the hair curls up like that of a negro.