The Weekly Caucasian

Circulation Larger than that of any Two Other Papers in the State, Outside St. Louis.

TERMS:

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STATE SOVEREIGNTY!

White Supremacy! And Repudiation

THIS IS LIBERTY!

OUR MOTTO:

NEVER DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC!

OUR PLATFORM:

THE CONSTITUTION OF 1860, AND THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES!

OUR DOCTRINES:

This is a WHITE MAN'S Government, made by WHITE MEN, for WHITE MEN and their posterity FOREVER!

Down with the 14th Bedamnedment!

Total Repudiation of the Monstrous Yankee War Debt—Accursed, Unconstitutional Burden, accumulated by an Unconstitutional Mob, styling itself a Congress, in the prosecution of an Unconstitutional Crusade, for the accomplishment of an Unconstitutional and Horrid Purpose!

Down with Bondholders and Taxes!

Subordination of the Military to the Civil Authorities!

Down with the Satraps!

Equal Taxation and the Rightful Representation of all the States, or

Another Rebellion!

Revolution must be met by Counter Revolution—Force by Force—Violence by Violence—and Usurpation should be overthrown if needs be, by the Bayonet!

Down with Test-Oaths & Registration

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!!

AN OLD STORY PLAINLY TOLD.

RADICALISM AS IT IS.

THE DASTARDLY ABSURDITY OF SOFT-SODDER, SPOON-VITTLE DEMOCRACY.

THINGS TO BE KEPT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

The Bayonet Election hellionism is law. Troops pouring into the South. Butler lashing his jackal tongue, and pushing his Ku-Klux deviltries in Congress. Sumner urging his Universal Equality monstrosity. Millions of dollars of the people's money, daily squandered by a pirate crew, compared with whom Kidd, Murrell and Lafitte were high-toned christian gentlemen, in a thousand fiend-hatched schemes for perpetuating the slavery and degradation of American citizens. Four per cent taxation. Everything going downward, but tariff and the debt. The whole country sweeping hellward, with the speed of the hurricane. And yet there are those who still mumble: "Go slow"

"Conciliate" "Don't wound the feelings of our Radical friends" "Lay aside the bitterness of the war" "Chide mildly the erring" "Peace, peace and gentleness!" Oh, for an oath as big as Chimborazo of all the aggravations and abominations of these days of unutterable infamy, the most despicable and infuriating is that weak-backed, limber-legged, shaky-nerved policy, which puts the Democracy, the white men, of this country, in the attitude of base, boot-licking conciliation, and timorous, apologetic defense. Instead of boldly charging home upon the Radical party, its ten thousand times ten thousand crimes against the Republic, against Liberty, God and Common Humanity—instead of fearlessly arraigning the death-and-damnation-deserving miscreants of the ruling faction, before the bar of the world's opinion—Instead of compelling the malefactors of the Capitol, of the White House, and of all our Legislative and Executive halls, to answer for their unnumbered and innumerable villainies, their flagrant usurpations, and atrocious outrages—our leaders and our papers have placed us, the white men, the lovers of the Constitution, the champions of Freedom and of Right, the real patriots of the land, in the shameful position of whimpering supplicants, pleaders, dodgers, apologizers, favor-curriers. They have encouraged the insolence of our ruthless oppressors, and emboldened them to constantly increasing outrage. Away with this dastardly time-serving—this infamous Yankonigger-rod-kissing! Submission never righted any wrong. Tame acquiescence only invites further aggression. For six years we, as a party and a people, have tried the calm, conservative, dilly-dawdling course—And for six years our history has been one long, dark, dismal down-grade. Moderate measures in Revolutionary times, are not only folly, but madness and sin. For six long years, while bloody-handed conspirators have been thundering at the gates of the Capitol—while ruthless assassins have butchered Liberty in her own temple and at her own altars—we have stupidly, blindly, asinine-lically set, trimming our political toe-nails to a "loyal" pattern, explaining away our supposed offences, and mildly parrying the hard names our enemies have taunting-ly applied to us. Skulking, yielding, crawfishing, dirt-eating. And still we are told to "wait," "be easy," "deal tenderly," "avoid all harshness," "conciliate." Bah! When is this vile, tuck-tailed spaniel-ism to end? How much lower shall we, must we, can we go, before we turn upon our remorseless foes?

American! Countrymen! Fellow-Subjects! say what you will—mock at it, if you like—The Liberties, the Hopes, aye, the very Life of the Republic, of a Continent, is at stake! Annihilation, Irretrievable ruin is imminent. Cease your infamous truckling, temporizing and compromising. Boldness, earnestness alone can save us. Remember who are the culprits in this country. Remember at whose door lies the destruction of all that the human heart holds dear, in half the western world. Not the "Rebels," but the Abolition Jacobins are the guilty ones. Not to Democracy, but to Radicalism are all our woes to be charged. Remember it. Cast your eye back. Think. Listen. Remember our government, our country, ourselves, of ten years ago. And look at us to-day. Remember our glory and greatness, our freedom and prosperity, then. Behold our enslavement, our pauperism, our infamy, now. And remember who have ruled in the interval—Remember what accursed hell-and-yankeedom-devised "Isms" has held absolute and undisputed sway, from Maine to California, during all those dark and fearful years of national decay.

Step by step, blow by blow, Radicalism has overthrown the last proud pillar of the grand old government our fathers died to establish. It has torn to shreds, and cast to the winds, the Magna Charta of our Liberties—that hallowed Constitution, under which for four-score years, we were the wonder and the envy of the world. It has rent asunder that Union, whose foundations were laid, amid the thunders of the Revolution, in the mingled blood of New England and the Carolinas. It has ground the souls out of ten "Free, Sovereign and Independent States," under a worse than barbaric despotism. It has trampled Virginia, the noble old mother of ten Presidents, of Washington and the Republic, beneath the ungutted hoofs of beastly nigger janizaries. The sacred soil of Monticello and Mount Vernon, has for years, been daily desecrated by the tread of its ruffian soldiery, whose bayonets hold in bondage, the sons of the dead heroes and sages who founded the Republic, framed the Constitution, and formed the Union. Within the last week, three steamboats have passed down our own great river, by the very doors of Lexington, laden with the armed and uniformed myrmidons of tyranny, bound South, to aid in stamping out the last spark of free spirit in the land of Marion, Sumpter, Pickens, Rutledge and Calhoun.

Radicalism has enslaved and beggared forty millions of whites, to free four millions of niggers. It has shattered our resources; diminished our productions; paralyzed all our industries; and swept our commerce from the seas. It has piled upon the galled, bending, aching, breaking backs of a nation of bankrupts, a debt of 11,718,750 pounds—5,859 tons—nearly 6,000 two-horse-wagon loads—or solid gold!—A debt so vast, that all the gold of Ophir and California, the silver of Peru, and the diamonds of Golconda, heaped together, would be but "the small dust of the balance," but insignificant "pin money," beside it!—A debt which, in one dollar bills stitched end to end, would reach ninety-three thousand miles beyond the moon!—A debt contracted against the will of three-fourths of the people, by a conclave of ruthless, perjured conspirators, in the prosecution of an unconstitutional and murderous crusade, for the accomplishment of an unconstitutional and monstrous purpose!

Radicalism has defied all law; sapped the foundations of all virtue; outraged all decency; weighed bribes and blood-money in the scales of Justice; cut out the tongue of Truth; and banished Right to Boorloboolagha. It has made and unmade States, at the will of a drunken mob. Has environed the ballot-box with hireling bayonets. Has converted Legislatures into brothels, dens of pickpockets, and foul menageries of gibbering African chimpanzees; and turned Congresses into bear-gardens, doggeries, and shambles for the sale of oaths, votes and souls. It has defiled Supreme Judgeships, Lieutenant Governorships, State Secretaryships, and united States Senatorships, with the vile colored, semi-savage spawn of Hottentot orang-outangs. It has given us, as rulers and models, a whisky-soaked bundle of tan-yard offal, ignorance, insolence, stupidity and cigar-stumps; a besotted, shin-dig-dancing, bawdy-song-bawling, gold-gambling, San-Domingo-jobbing, appointment-peddling, gift-enterprise, President, grant—A rotten, vice-smitten, ulcer-eaten, loathsome moral and physical leper. Morton—A blear-eyed, bagjawed, fiendish pantry-pilager, grave-robber and woman-insulter. Beastie Butler—A hideous, hell-flame-seared old pair of hyenas, Stevens and Brownlow—A woman-murdering Bingham; and a bacchanalian, black-crook-pirouetting Yates—A ten-fold, trebly-damned assassin, McNeil; a beastial, gutter-wallowing swindler, forger and pimper, rodman; and a general, assorted and miscellaneous felon, fetcher. It has doubled the price of everything we eat, drink, or wear; and seizes, in tariffs, stamps and taxes, half of all we have to pay for it. It has opened the flood-gates of iniquity, and deluged a hemisphere with crime. It has made evil its god, and set a premium on villainy. It has made the whole earth stink with its debaucheries, and rendered the once proud name of American, a hissing and a byword among all nations.

All this has Radicalism done! For all these accumulated, and still accumulating, evils and shames, the Sumners and Butlers, Mortons, Wades, Wilsons and Chandlers, the Shermans, grants, Beechers and Greeleys—the hellions who form the "Party of Loyalty and Progress"—are responsible. And yet, with an impudence, that would bring a blush to the black surface of a Dahomey devil-worshipper, they yelp of "rebels," "traitors" and "copperheads," and charge the Democracy with crimes and corruptions—And there are "Democrats" who counsel tame acquiescence, silent submission! Away with such ineffable dastardliness! Hurl their vile taunts back in their teeth, and if necessary, drive their teeth out through the back of their heads. Assert, over and over again, assert the truths, the hideous, horrible truths of our last ten years' history. Move on the enemy's works. Stop your soft-soapy palavering, and speak out for Country, God and Right. Stop your cowardly parrying of blows, that are meant to slay; and strike back. No compromise with Wrong. No "conciliation" of gallows-worthy political cut-throats. Quit patronizing and encouraging your deadliest foes. Stand by your friends, and your honest convictions. Justice is eternal; Principle can never die. And sooner or later, unless we are recreant to every precept of honor, recreant to our country and ourselves, Right will be triumphant! The political monstrosities, the Goliaths of sin and shame, that now crush, curse and degrade us, will be hurled from the high places they pollute, and smashed into a million stinking atoms, so fine that the Devil will have to use a fine-tooth comb to rake up his dues! Brethren, the day of "conservative conciliation" is past! Aggressive war's the word!

Know ye the land where the Radical Vulture
Is the emblem of Satrape who rule its fair soil?
Where all is protected except agriculture,
And Labor is free—to pay taxes and toil;
Where the farmer is robbed when he sells his produce,
And robbed once again when he buys what he needs;
Where the ever-gorged Vulture croaks "more" for Protection,
While the hard-working yeoman at every pore bleeds;
Where the Bondholder sits on his throne like a vampire
And cuts off his coupons unfaz'd, at his ease,
While the Soldier who fought thro' flood, field and fire
Is taxed for the steel-bands screwed on at his knees;
Where the Lion lies down with the Lamb—in his belly;
And the Shoddies proclaim, "the millennium is come"
Where Grant spreads his Peace o'er the desolate valley—
Where Negroes make laws and Blind Justice is dumb;
Where all things are changed and new nomenclature
Applies to all things both sides of the grave;
Where the Gospel is preached to suit sordid nature,
And Hell is abolished to please every knave;
Where "success" is the standard of right that such follow—
Where to steal half a million is glorious and bold;—
Where the truth is eclipsed by the "Almighty dollar,"
And the Devil is worshipped in purple and gold;
Where the Eagle is down and "E Pluribus Unum"
Is scouted, ignored and trailed in the dust;
Where the many are ruled by the few greedy new men,
Who have stamped on a nickel, in God how they trust!
'Twas the home of the brave, 'twas the Land of the free,
Where our sires nursed with blood fair Liberty's tree,
Must we now be all slaves in the South, in the West?
Is there, then, no refuge for the millions oppressed?
Shall thieves hold us down and rob us and keep all?
Oh! what is the remedy for the good toiling people
We want no new party with ideas erratic;
No, stick to the platform, the Old Democratic!
Up with the Eagle, and down with the Vulture—
Make those your vows and each day renew them—
For Free Trade, Equal Taxes, and Free Agriculture,
For God's blessing on them, and E Pluribus Unum!

A white girl baby was born down in Tennessee, recently, with two well developed tongues. Jerusalem and the tower of Babel! ain't that a talking machine? A woman with two tongues, when we know many a one that, with half a tongue, could run a telegraph, a daily paper, a camp-meeting and a she-rooster convention! Ugh, what is the world a-coming to?

Nasty Nasby has lately had the measles. The hogs in Howard county have just been scourged by the same disease.

NICHTS.

Our noble Legislature adjourned last Monday, after nearly a three months' session. And what has it done? Did it call a State Convention, to amend or sweep away the accursed drake-and-Beelzebub-hatched Constitution, under whose infamies we have groaned for years? No. Did it amend our worthless road law? No. Did it revise or improve our iniquitous, speckled Yankonigger school-laws? No. Did it give us any legislation in regard to the gigantic railroad interests of the State? No. Did it put Missouri on record, as openly and unfalteringly opposed, to the death, to all the flagrant usurpations, debaucheries and enormities of the Drunken Tanner's brutal administration? No. Did it curtail the vast, and in almost every case, villainously abused, powers of officials, who owe their position to the damnable Drakonian code? No. Did it lop off one of the countless horde of treasury leaches, who are preying upon the hard earnings of an almost beggared people? No. Did it, in one single item, diminish the expenses of our State or County governments? No. Did it, during any one day of its whole session, set an example of dignity, diligence or economy? No, no, no! What then has it done? Its sitting has cost the people of the State, at least a half a million dollars. What has it to show for all this money? What? Listen. Two lone items make up the total of its worthy achievements. It substituted a clumsy, bungling Registration law, for a villainous one; and it sent Frank Blair to the united States Senate. That's all; and two days should have been ample time to do it. The rest of the three months, has been squandered in gab and frolic. As a Democratic legislature, it has been an eminent failure. Brethren, it won't do. If Democracy is to triumph in this country, it must be by showing that it means reform, retrenchment, jealous guardianship of the people's rights and interests. It must be by prompt, vigilant action. The day of wind-work, gassy resolutions and buncombe harangues, is over. Lopping off of expenses, reduction of taxes, lightening of burdens, honesty, economy and work, must be our platform. We must be able to point the people to deeds done, and money saved, in order to make them appreciate the difference between Democracy and Radicalism.

GLORY!

Strike the loud timbrel; redemption draws nigh. New Hampshire swept by Democracy. Thunder from the Granite State. Governor, State Legislature, and full delegation of Congressmen! All Democrats, Copperheads, Traitors, White Men! Thank God! South Carolina, bayonet-crushed, sends three niggers to Congress. New Hampshire responds with three pure and unmixed Caucasians. For the first time in fifteen long years, the council fires of freemen, patriots, lovers of the Constitution and Government of our fathers, beam brightly amid the Green Mountains. The sons of the heroes who followed Stark, are rallying to the rescue of the descendants of Marion, Morgan Henry and Lee. Wonderful, glorious revolution. Think of a full Democratic Congressional Delegation from the flinty hills of a New England State. Well may the hellions at Washington, pause in their villainies, to ask what it means. Well may the besotted hiped of the White House, close the doors of his Executive pig-stye against all visitors; get on a prodigious drunk; and for two days, announce himself "sick." This election is a straw, big as a saw-log, that shows which way the hurricane of '72 will blow—the tornado of a long-suffering, patient people's righteous indignation, which will yet sweep all the monstrous atrocities of Radicalism, with all who have perpetrated them, and all who have supported them, to a hell of eternal infamy and execration. It means condemnation of the nigger-raising, white-man-crushing, unconstitutional, null and void Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Bedamnedments. It means condemnation of the ruthless usurpations of Congress—its profligacy—its debaucheries—its squandering of the people's money. It means condemnation of bayonet election monstrosities, San Domingo jobs, tariff monopolies, and all the ten thousand other deviltries that make up yankonigger "loyalty," Ulysslanic Radicalism. Brethren of New Hampshire! You have done nobly. Missouri sends you greeting!

A Washington dispatch mysteriously states that "something's going to happen." Let 'er happen. After surviving the last five years, we can stand anything short of an earthquake, or having to live in a house with four old maids. Be it death to the Republic, or to Radicalism—The annexation of San Domingo, or the black crook hornpipe of a drunken Senator in a capital dining-room—The sinking of the Tennessee, the drowning of a kitten or a nigger baby, the mysterious disappearance of a presidential terrier, or the blowing up of the whole Capitol with all its brutal contents, by some modern Guy Fawkes, with a million tons of nitro-glycerine—Be it what it may and as it may—Let 'er come. We won't faint. Anything will be an improvement.

At a big, high-pressure revival meeting, in Yankeedom recently, a ranting North Methodist pulpiteer, in a paroxysm of bogus fervor, prayed: "Oh, Lord, humble us, break us down, smash us all to pieces!" With forty-seven full-grown hearts, souls, strengths and gizzards, we trust the Lord will answer his prayer, both literally and figuratively; and smash him; all his canting, sniffling, war-yelping denomination; and the whole accursed race of whangdoodling hypocrites, cut-throat philanthropists, pickpocket moral reformers, and sanctified patent humbuggers and bamboozlers, to which he belongs; into ten million impalpable, stinking atoms! Amen! Amen!

France is rocking in the throes of Radical Revolution. The hideous atrocities of the days of Robespierre, seem about to be re-enacted. The mob has possession of Paris. The soldiers sent against the murderous rabble, desert and join them. Several distinguished generals have been massacred. And the devil's to pay generally. Wilhelm would do the world a service by crushing out the whole Revolutionary brood. Their resemblance to the vile old universal-freedom-and-equality-yelping Puritans is too striking to escape notice.

An exchange says: "Leavenworth is imitating Chicago. Three men mysteriously missing there." Oh, that Washington City might catch the imitatory contagion, on a far more extensive scale. We could mention at least three hundred individuals there, whose "mysterious disappearance" would be a god-send to the land.

A Detroit paper says there at present, in the Michigan State prison, over seventy convicts from Indiana. These are the better class of Hoosier criminals. The viler malefactors, like Morton, Colfax and Julian, are sent to Congress.

The Centreville, Iowa, Clipper, one of the straightest-out, hottest, little white Democratic journals on our "X" list, flies at its mast head, the name of Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for President in 1872. Most too early, brother Holcombe.

Thanks to Hons. Frank P. Blair, Fernando Wood, Carl Schurz, and A. Comingo, for valuable public documents.

THE CAUCASIAN ABROAD.

One of the liveliest newspapers on our exchange list is the weekly Caucasian, published at Lexington, Missouri, with that sarcastic, brilliant, powerful writer, Colonel P. Donan, political editor. The Colonel is one of the most vigorous, plucky and terse writers the world ever knew.—*Pomeroy's New York Democrat.*

We heartily endorse the well-deserved compliment by "Brick" to the Caucasian. —*Warren (Virginia) Sentinel.*

The prospectus of the Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian will be found in another column. The paper is one of the very few Democratic journals that says right out in plain words what it means, and does not beat around the bush when it wants to say anything, and as such we recommend it to such Democrats as are tired of slops and dishwater.—*Greenfield (Indiana) Commercial, Radical.*

The above is from the Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian, from which Mr. Julian has retired, leaving the noted Col. P. Donan sole editor. The paper has been enlarged to nine columns to each of its four pages, and has more news crowded into the same space than was ever before seen. The Caucasian claims, uncontradicted, more subscribers than any other two papers in Missouri, outside of St. Louis. The Colonel has said so much cleverly of Bourbon and the Bourbons, that we honor the Caucasian with a place on our regular files. Indeed it contains that that can be found in no other paper, being unequalled for wit, adjectives and sharp and forcible paragraphs —*Paris (Ky.) True Kentuckian.*

Lexington Caucasian.— This paper a few weeks since was enlarged to a nine column sheet, and is now one of the largest papers outside of St. Louis, in the State. One of its former proprietors, Mr. Julian, has disposed of his interest in the paper to Messrs. Donan and Allen, the remaining members of the firm. The Caucasian has an immense circulation, which is constantly increasing, and it is universally recognized as one of the soundest and ablest Democratic organs in Missouri. —*Columbia (Mo.) Herald.*

The Lexington Caucasian. A spicy, pungent, barem-scarem, rollicking, reckless, and interestingly readable paper is the Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian, with P. Donan as political editor. The Caucasian would be equal to a dose of salts in a good, healthy, growing Republican family, while as a Democratic tonic it has no superior.—*Albany (Oregon) Democrat.*

Lexington Caucasian published by Donan & Allen, Lexington, Mo., is the liveliest paper published in the West.—*Owingsville (Ky.) Inquirer.*

We are pleased to see the Weekly Caucasian among our exchanges. The Caucasian is "red hot" for the right. Any person who is desirous to obtain a journal that advocates "the Constitution o. 1860, and the rights of the States," with a vim, should subscribe for the Caucasian. Address, "Caucasian, Lexington, Mo." —*Chester (Illinois) Clarion.*

Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian—There's a paper for you! Its Editor, Col. Donan, immortalized himself in his "R. E. Bel" letters to the Metropolitan Record in 1866—'67. The Caucasian, like Brick Pomeroy's Democrat and the dignified and statesman-like Day Book, of New York, only more so, takes the broad ground indicated by its name. It don't stop after going halfway, but rings forth in clarion tones, "This must and shall be a white man's country." It speaks boldly for repudiation of the National war debt; and says, in every issue, "Down with the 15th bedamnedment!" And we say, God speed it in its advocacy of truth right and justice.—*Pee Dee Herald, Wadesboro, (N. C.)*

Commenting on a squib, in which we drew a rough contrast between the treatment bestowed by "our ge-hell-orious government," on Gen. Anderson of Fort Sumpter fame, and Milton Turner, a Missouri nigger of bad repute, the Canton (Mo.) Press says:

That's it, Parson Donan. Punch them up lively. Such contrasts, enlivened by your forcible manner of quill driving, should be given to the public on every possible occasion, and in more than Homeopathic doses at that. Such punchings create a stink in the political atmosphere, but it preserves the same from becoming putrid and black. So therefore, we beseech thee oh! "ecclesiastical youth!" to continue thy punchings.

The evidence given in the impeachment trial of Governor Holden, of North Carolina, indicates an enormity of cruelty which is a disgrace to civilization. The tying, knocking down, shooting at, imprisoning, hanging by the neck, pulling up and pulling down, and then pulling up again, the fainting of the victims, give to this trial the air and interest of the deepest tragedy. One Lucien M. Murray testified to having suffered this sort of treatment, inflicted by Bergen, who said, as testified to by all the witnesses, that he was acting under the orders of Governor Holden. Wm. Patton testified to having been hung up by the neck. A pistol was put to his head and threats made to shoot him if he did not tell who killed Outlaw. He was brought to Raleigh, and made a confession that he might be relieved. George Rogers, a young man, was next called. He testified that he was hung up several times by the neck.

Young men who go to see girls have adopted a novel method of obtaining kisses. They assert on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas jet to flicker, and easily induce the girls to repeat it in the interest of science. The first kiss or two the parties watch the flame to see it flicker, but soon become so interested in the experiment as to let it flicker if it wants to.

A Western man who was recently invited to a seat on the floor of the House at Washington, indignantly refused, saying that he was accustomed to sit on chairs at home.

The floor of one of the Litchfield (Conn.) churches is so uneven that in passing up one of the aisles, a person goes out of sight thirteen times. So says a local paper.

Mr. Thillman has brought a suit for $10,000 against the Women's Medical College of Cleveland, for dissecting the body of his wife.

Notice of Pacific Hotel, Kansas City, next week.

STOCK, FIELD AND FARM.

County Court Day.—Capt. Kidd reports about 200 head of cattle on the market. The top 1 two year olds, weighing 1,100 pounds, sold at from $6 to $6 50; yearlings, good, sold at $6 25; and weight medium, sold at $6; brought $28 per head cash. The demand for all kinds of all kinds was good, but of low grade. The owners in the beginning of the market were not willing to take the prices offered by drovers, and consequently several lots were withdrawn, and sold afterwards at much lower prices than their anticipated. Sales of all sufficient to mention proved to toward the close of the day. There were very few mules in the market. A few single hoses sold from $125 to $200 per head, and were much in demand by farmers. A few common 2-year olds from $80 to $100 per head. Fancy saddle and harness horses were in demand, and sold from $125 to $200 per head.

—Abdallah Stallion Sold.—Major Wm. J. Bradley, sold his dam Abdallah Stallion, 9 years old, dam by Red Jacket, for $2,000, to Robert Dickson & Son, of Hender on, Kentucky. We congratulate the breeders of that part of the State, on securing so fine a horse. He will be a great accession to their county, coming as he does from one of the best breeding stables in the country. His sire was the sire of Gold Smith Maid, whose performance astonished the country last season. In the matter of the Stallions—Star Davis and Riccioli, two stallions belonging to Mr. John M. Clay, got out the same night, and fought until the former was killed by his younger antagonist. It must have been a fearful encounter, between these animals, as they locked horns and kicked each other and tore up the earth in their death struggle. Star Davis was sired by Glencoe, and was one of the best of his get of any stallion on this box, recently sold by Mr. Clay for $7,000, for one of his colts. Although he was considerable over the age, yet he was a superior one, and they might have been many years of service to him, except for the unfortunate accident which he lost his life.—Live Stock Gazette.

Live Stock Items.—There has been considerable demand during the past week for broke mules, early farm and fine horses. Mr. Talbott, of Louisville, paid Wm. Tarr $600 for a pair of mules that Capt. Geo. Moore sold for $1,000 when sold. Mr. Tarr also paid $500 for Mr. Fox, Kentucky, of pony horses. Mr. Talbott also bought the following: Jas. A. Wat, one extra mules for $500; Geo. A. Pepper, one fine black gelding for $500; two fine combined geldings and saddle gelding, of Turner & Strode, one mare and colt and fast pacer, one combined mule of Pat Batson for $200; one combined mule of Pat Batson for $200. W. H. Whaley sold to mule in Alabama at saving rates, via $120 per head, one price $125. Mr. W. came through Memphis, Miss., during the riot that resulted in the judge of the city court being killed by negroes, and in return for progress being made in the city. Geo. W. Ogden, of Springdale stud farm, near Paris, sold a stallion to Reid's Mandamus Poor, for $2,500, to David Dunn, of Garrard. Mr. Ogden has also purchased a splendid stallion for $4,000. He is a famous brother to Mandamus. Chas. Gano, of Mt. Beach, sold Puss, by old Grey Eagle. Pat Bowden left yesterday for Pennsylvania with a car of fine mules. Hand dam. Neil's $250 for one. Jas. Bradley, of Fayette, sold his Abdallah stallion to Robert Dixon, of Henderson, Ky., for $2,500. Thos. Sauer, of Paris, reports the sale of Donnell's estate near Jacktown as follows: Yearling heifers and steers $25 to $30; 2-year-olds this Spring, $35 to $40; fall old steers at $80 2's, nine cows from $40 to $55; hogs about $5 per cwt; horses $25 to $75. The show of dover right sold for 22½ cents to his brother-in-law. Donnell for $2,200. Corn brought $2,14 in crib, oats 75 in stack, wheat $1 10. Everything sold at good rates.—Paris (Ky.) True Kentuckian.

At the Cynthiana, Ky., County Court sale, there were about 15 head of coffee colored mules, 4 year old stock, calves sold from $20 to $25; yearlings from $25 to $32; stock mostly interior, one hundred medium three-year mules, fine plugs of the lot from $50 to $100; good ones from $150 to $200.

Mr. William H. Hall, paid several visits to Tuesday. He says that the tobacco plant is now putting up at Mr. Mathis' factory, near Mt. Airy, about 60,000 pounds of tobacco, for which he paid from $1 to $1 per hundred.—[Raleigh Citizen.

One of John H. Quisenberry's jacks that last spring for $500, recently brought $1,000.—[Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

Successful.—Jerry Johnson, colored, has just returned from New Orleans, where he invested $1,000 in a speculation. He took in some horses, which brought the following prices: 1 pair match horses, $800; 1 sorrel mare, $600; 1 sorrel horse, $500; 1 black mare, $500; 1 black horse, $500; Pebble sale—Col. L. B. Goggin sold the following property belonging to Jacob Weed, on a falling Creek, Saturday, March 4th, 1871: 1 gray horse, $101; 1 gray mare, $101; 1 small hog, 6 50; 1 small sow, [illegible]; 1 sow and pigs, $20; 1 sow and pigs, $20; 1 sow and pigs, $20; 1 roan heifer, $6; 1 cow and calf, $[illegible]; 8 shoats, 51 75; 24 year old steers, 1 130 lb, 1 cwk of oxen 25 50; 1 pair of oxen 50 50; corn, 50 cents per bushel; fodder, 50 cents per bushel in the crib.—State Sale.—Col. L. B. Goggin sold the following stock, on a County Court day, Monday, March 13th 1871, at the corner of Market and Second streets: 1 bay horse, $90 00; 1 bay horse, [illegible]; 1 bay horse, $[illegible]; 1 black horse, $125; 1 mare, $[illegible]; 1 gray horse, $[illegible]; 1 mare, $90; 1 buggy, $[illegible]; 1 cart, $[illegible]; 1 cow, $[illegible]; 1 cow and calf, $[illegible]; 1 stack of fodder, taken in at $280; 1 stack of fodder, taken in at $[illegible]; 1 stack of fodder, taken in at $[illegible]; 1 stack of fodder, taken in at $[illegible]