The Weekly Caucasian

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 XIVth 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!!

POSTPONED—Many articles. All Politics; Ohio & Mississippi Railroad; Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; Wabash and Western Road; and Indianapolis and Columbus Road. All noticed next week.

Famine in Persia. Thousands dying of starvation. Cannibalism revived.

Major General Charles Mundee, of the Yankee Regular Army, died in the Tombs prison, New York, the other night.

New York had a nice little earthquake, last Sunday night. Yankeedom's on shaky ground, in more than one sense.

Adam Fuss, of Evansville, will never fuss any more in this world. A cherry tree, a slip of the foot, and a neck not made of gunjun-rubber, did the business.

A St. Jo preacher is in jail, for stealing wood. He's a fair representative of his villainous village, most of whose population are bound for a region, where they won't need to steal fuel.

A Radical editor, in one of our country towns, complains that he can't perambulate the street, without being rooted off the sidewalk by vagrant hogs. That's a sad state of affairs; but one hog has as much right to the pavement, as another.

Eldorado, Kansas, has been fearfully hurricaned. Falling trees, tumbling chimneys, crashing houses, flying timbers, dead and dying victims, men, women and children, roaring thunder and flashing lightning—all combined to form a somewhat stirring tableau.

Mr. Vallandigham died at 18 minutes before 10 o'clock, last Saturday morning. His funeral took place at 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and was the largest ever seen in Dayton. Special and half-fare trains were run on all railroads centering in the city.

Gov. Gratz Brown, of this State, had a reception given him, last Saturday, at the residence of our friend, Col. Stoddard Johnston, in Frankfort, Kentucky. Many distinguished citizens were present. At a serenade, given him, the evening before, by the military band, our chief executive made a very cautious and conservative little speech, advising the soldiery to go slow, as "an outside foreign authority is not desirable in State jurisdiction."

Super-"loyal" carpet-bag Congressman, Bowen, has been sent to the penitentiary, for two years, for bigamy, Brighamy, trigamy or quadrigamy. Time was, when from Congress to the Penitentiary would have been a descent. But that was years ago. To-day, its only a difference of garb, and not of desert. If justice were done, before to-morrow's sun went down, the Capitol and White-House would be empty, desolate; and their perjured, thieving outlaw inmates would be sporting their zebra stripes, and clanking their chains, in felons' cells. Beast Butler, Sherman, grant, McNeil, what are they all, but criminals, convicts, malefactors, of the deepest, blackest, most accursed dye?

CONCERTS!

Grand Concerts by the Caucasian Opera Troupe. In Waverly, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 5th and 6th. In Lexington, Friday and Saturday evenings, July 7th and 8th. Miss M. E. Donan, Soprano;—Mrs. Belle Donan Tatlow, Alto;—A. W. Smith, Basso;—P. Donan, Tenor;—Prof. Chas. Gimbel, Pianist;—Assisted by Prof. Tillotson, the great New York Organist and Baritone;—And perhaps by Miss Jennie Donan of Palmyra, Miss Loula Gordon of Waverly, and Miss May Whitsitt of Pleasant Hill. Proceeds to aid in finishing the new Christian Church.

FAUGH!

The "New Departure" in a butternut-shell, a rotten-egg-shell. Democrats! Patriots! Lovers of the Constitution, and of those grand and glorious principles, which can never change! How do you like this, as a "Democratic" record and platform? Eh?

"The war is a failure."—[Vallandigham, at Chicago, in 1864.

The Amendments are "unconstitutional, null and void."—[Vallandigham at New York in 1868.

The war was not a failure, and the Amendments are Constitutional.—[Vallandigham, at Dayton and Columbus, in 1871.

Beautiful patchwork. Unsurpassed, unrivaled by any old rustic dame's quilt, pieced up of dilapidated dress-skirts, petticoats, breeches—legs, vest-backs, dish-rags and coat-tails, stained and streaked with cochineal, cudbear, pokeberry, log-wood and lamp-black. Ringed, speckled, spotted and striped. Mixity-twixity, nincompoop-nixity. What a muddle of asinine dirt-eating, crawfishing, dodging and twisting. It is and it ain't, it will and it won't. Anything, everything, not much and nothing. Justice is eternal; Principle can never die. Cast both to the winds, and what is Democracy? Brethren the "New Departure" is a departure from all that is true, and noble, and good, to all that is false, and base, and wrong—a departure from right, principle, honesty and decency, from all that has made our Republic glorious, to all that is venal and vile, slavish and degrading. Its a surrender of everything that distinguishes Democracy from Radicalism. Far better disband at once, and join a nigger loyal league or a North Methodist sin-agogue.

FOUND—At Harmonia Hall, on Monday night, 19th, after the play, a lace handkerchief, which the owner can get by inquiring at this office.

HOT—Thermometer 98 in the shade, last Sunday and Monday. Boiling over in the sun.

Heavy rain from midnight last night, till 6 o'clock this morning.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH!"

UNMITIGATED TOMFUDDLERY.

All over the country, the little penny news-rags are going into their annual connipions, about "celebrating" the fourth of July. And one prodigious relative of Balaam's saddle-pony, a Boston Yankee, is agitating a project for assembling all male descendants of the Declaration-signers, in one grand jubilistic higgledy-piggledy omnium-jumbelum, on the fourth of July 1876—"the hundredth anniversary of American Liberty." Bah! What hippopotamic jackassery! What gigantic absurdity! Why do we longer pretend to revere a day, which, as it recurs with every revolving year, is but a reminder of our former glory, and our present shame? Why keep up the farce of celebrating the day, when all that gave it holiness and grandeur, has disappeared forever? The liberties, of whose establishment it is the anniversary, have faded away into cheats as hollow and delusive, as the mirage of the desert. The Republic, whose birth it commemorates, is defunct, and a sot-governed Empire stands in its stead.

Phizz! whizz! whack! bang! boom! Pilly-willy - wink! Bum-tum - tumpty-tum! Burn your powder! Fire your crackers! Haul out your old muskets! Let your deep-mouthed cannon roar; the shrill fife squeal its most inspiring strains; and the loyal-legislator-like empty, leather-headed drum give forth its stirring thumps—Don your fanciest toggery, your linens, and muslins, and lawns; hie to the woods pic-nicking; eat tough, stringy cold rooster, jelly, preserves, pies, cakes, pickles and custards, all in one hideous, squashy "mash;" get sunburnt, freckled, torn up with briars, deluged with the inevitable rain; have your buggy upset, and your neck broken, beside your Betsy Jane; and call it FUN!—Have your "Declaration"-readings, your gas-baggy sophomoric young-lawyer orations, your big dinners and bigger drunks, your flags, processions and miscellaneous jackasseries—Shout "hurrah, "glory," "bully," "hallelujah"—"Celebrate" hugely!—And then tell us why, wherefore, what over, what for! "Fourth of July," you say? Ah! oh! yes! true! But 'what makes it a gala day? You don't know? Well, young man, young woman, listen, and we'll tell you. Ninety-five years ago, while Nastychusetts saints were still fattening on the African slave-trade, stuffing their pious pockets with the price of human flesh and bones and blood, the thirteen American colonies took it into their "disloyal" heads to "secede" from the "Union" with Britain, and set up a "Confederacy" on their own hook. 'Twas very "rebellious." It shocked the feelings of the "loyal." But, alas! alas! what cared the stubborn old "traitors" of the Revolution? Not a darn! Red-coated Bloodhounds of Union" were poured, by thousands, into the country. Blood was shed at Lexington and Concord. The old "Virginia Rebel," WASHINGTON, put a clean shirt, a red cotton handkerchief, a box of paper-collars, a fine-tooth comb, and a flask of snake-medicine, into his saddle-bags, told his old lady good-bye, mounted his horse, ordered one of his niggers to follow him, and set forth to join the "lawless hordes," in their attempt to "overthrow the government." The "old flag" was fired on, and the "great rebellion" began. Congress assembled, and on the Fourth Day of July, 1776, in the name and by the authority of their "traitorous" constituents, the people of the thirteen "seceding" states, declared their Independence forever, of the "glorious government" of King George. And why? Because:

"He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

"He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislature.

"He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

"He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

"For protecting them, by a mock trial from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States.

"For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world.

"For imposing taxes on us without our consent.

"For depriving us in many instances of trial by jury.

"For abolishing the free system of laws in a neighboring province, establishing them an arbitrary government, so as to render it at once, an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies.

"For abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally, the powers of our government.

"For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

"He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

"He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns and destroyed the lives of our people.

"He is at this time preparing to complete the work of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty, and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

"He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on our inhabitants the merciless ravages, whose known rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

Such was the "Declaration" which made the 4 Fourth of July a day immortal in the annals of the world. Read it again. Read it, and see if there is not some mistake about it—See if it isn't the history of ourselves to-day. We, American citizens, sons of the patriots that penned it, and the heroes that died to maintain it, have in the last ten years endured, are this hour writhing, smarting, groaning under, every outrage, every grievance it depicts. The myriads of new and useless offices:—The countless hordes of official vagabonds and thieves, swarming in every hole and corner of the land, feasting, fattening like maw-worms, on the very life-blood of our people:—The monstrous, murderous, unheard of taxation without our consent;—The "stamp act" compared with which those of Great Britain, were the quintessence of Christian charity:—The overthrow of our courts:—The abrogation of our legislatures, and the annulling of their acts:—The trials of citizens by shoulder-strapped bummers, and their brutal mymridons:—The abolishing of our most valued laws, and the imposing of a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and abhorrent to our feelings:—The huge standing armies in time of peace:—The licensed arrest, imprisonment, robbery and murder of our citizens:—The ravaging of our coasts:—The laying waste of our cities:—The destruction of our commerce:—All, ALL, ALL:—Just as true of us in '71, as they were of our "rebel" forefathers in '76! Every count in the grand indictment just as true of Radicalism and its head devils now, as it was of British despotism, and "George Rex" THEN! And like him, they are even now, "preparing to complete their work of death, desolation and tyranny," by raising with Ku-Klux bills and bayonets, some reckless adventurer to the throne of our MONGREL EMPIRE. And we, degenerate sons of noble dads, ten years ago, the freest and proudest nation on the globe—SUBMIT. Slavishly submit. Scarcely dare protest. Like tuck-tailed curs, crouch at their feet, and basely lick the filthy hands that smite us. And yet we "celebrate" the Fourth of July, Independence Day. Bah! That day saw the birth of the grandest revolution, the most glorious "REBELLION," BUT ONE, that ever shook the world. The heroes whose utterances and precious blood rendered it a hallowed day, were "Rebels." The "Father of his Country" was a "slave-holding" old "Arch-Rebel," who, if living to-day, would be indicted for "High Treason," by a jury of niggers and Nastychusetts carpet-suckers; and Mt. Vernon would be "confiscated," and turned into a nigger-school!

Away then, with these idle celebrations. Let not a day sacred to "Rebellion," Heroism, and Liberty, be longer desecrated by having the grand old "Rebel" Declaration of Independence mumbled over by A SLAVE TO AN AUDIENCE OF SLAVES; and by the insane wasting of powder that should be expended in a deadly, glorious struggle to BE FREE!

PROMPT—Treasurer Marshall announces his readiness to pay the interest on county bonds issued to the L. L. & G. road, as soon as due. Such promptness in these days, is a rare virtue.

SMASH-UP—Of a bridge on North Missouri railroad, near Salisbury, last Monday night. Fourteen freight cars sent to pot. Mails behind time all week.

CHARMING—Little children's Tableaux, at Mr. Wm, Morrison's, last evening.

VALLANDIGHAM.

An eloquent tongue is stilled. A silvery voice is hushed. An ever-busy brain finds rest at last. A man of genius and power has fallen. Clement L. Vallandigham is dead. At nine o'clock, on Friday evening of last week, he was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol, in his room, at a hotel in Lebanon, Ohio. He had for several days, been engaged in the defense of one of his friends, who was on trial for murder. His theory was, that the murdered man had shot himself; and he was in the act of illustrating, to Governor McBurney, his assistant counsel, the plausibility of this view, when the fatal accident occurred. Mr. Vallandigham was of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was born in New Lisbon, Ohio, in 1822. Received a good common school education. Spent one year at Jefferson College; and then took charge of an academy, at Snow Hill, Maryland. Returned to Ohio, in 1840. Studied law, and was admitted to the bar, in 1842. Was a member of the Legislature, in 1845 and 1846; and afterward edited the Dayton Empire, for two years. Thenceforth, devoted himself to law and politics—for in those days, the two were not antagonistic or incompatible. Was a member of the Convention, that nominated Buchanan, in 1856. Was afterward elected to Congress. Served three terms, with credit to himself and his State. But it was not until after the inauguration of Abe Lincoln's nigger-freeing, white-man-enslaving crusade, that Mr. Vallandigham loomed up conspicuously in national politics. Knowing him personally, as we did; and knowing his thorough selfishness, his devotion to his own interests, and his love of popularity and the winning side; we have never been able to understand his bold and, apparently, self-sacrificing opposition to the mad and murderous war-policy of Yankeedom. His bitter and formidable onslaughts upon the foul-tongued, jocular old Union-smasher of the Sangamo, his cabinet, his generals and his whole fratricidal administration, attracted the attention of the civilized world. In 1863, he was arrested, tried by a commission of shoulder-strapped banditti, and banished south of the Yankee lines. He made his way, via blockade-runner, to Canada. For ten months, aroused the sympathies of Northern Democrats, as "the distinguished exile, waiting and watching over the border." A ten-cent subscription was raised for his benefit, which is said to have amounted in the aggregate to fifty thousand dollars. In the fall of '64, he made his appearance, as a vigorous advocate of "peace measures," at the Chicago Convention, which nominated McClellan. He himself was nominated for the governorship of Ohio; but beaten by old Jack Brough, by 100,000 votes. He was a member of the national Democratic Convention of 1868. And within the last few weeks, had blazed forth again, as one of the leaders of the "New Departure," which originated with Dana, of the New York Sun, and old Greeley, of the Tribune. His death is a fitting commentary upon a movement which can only result in the establishment of a monstrous attempt to show a whole party how it is possible to kill itself, without waiting to be slain by its foes.

WHOOP!

Goody! Goody! Gouch!

Hoot-too-too-too-too-oo-oot! Hoot! Toot! Blessed is he that tooteth his own trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do. For verily all the people shall know that he's in the land, alive and kicking. In this age and land of shams, swindles, false pretences and quack nostrums, real merit that is noiseless and modest, is lost in the roar of brazen and strong-lunged humbuggery. We don't propose to suffer any such fate. Toot! toot! toot! That's our "winding bugle horn." Never did an obscure little rustic news-raggy shebang have more reason to 'bloviate,' exult, flap its shanghai wings, and crow. TWENTY-FIVE new subscribers, in one hour, last Saturday morning; all of them in our own immediate vicinity, right around home. Spreading, spreading, ever spreading, like the fool's optics, "to the ends of the earth—going to every nook and corner of accessible creation—from Nastychusetts to Oregon; from Minnesota to Mexico—to England, Ireland, Germany and South America. Hoot! toot! toot! Crowded with work, day and night, from week's end to week's end. No rest for the writeous, one of whom we are which verily, almost hardly seems at all. just turned out six thousand catalogues, for our flourishing female seminaries, that are pronounced by all who have seen them, the most elegant things of the kind that ever came out of a country-office—far handsomer than those that William Jewell College had got up in New York. Thirty-five hundred forty-page pamphlets, now in hand, for our Agricultural Association. Circulars, handbills, cards, envelopes, supplements—whew! whew! a perfect deluge of business. And from every direction, testimonials pouring in, to the advantages of our little sheet, as an advertising medium. Wilson & Hutchison receiving orders for "Abdominal Corsets," from Potosi, Missouri, on the strength of an advertisement in the Caucasian. Miss Anna Dowden receiving orders for her wonderful balsams from New Mexico and Colorado, on account of her advertisement in the Caucasian. And not to mention scores of other instances, here are two letters, received in the last few days, by our enterprising young real-estate and Tic-Sano agent, C. Ben Russell. They speak for themselves. Blessed is he that soundeth his own tooter aloud, before him.

He that by his biz would rise,
Must either boast or advertise.

GREENVILLE, ALABAMA, June 14th, 1871.

MR. C. BEN. RUSSELL, Lexington, Mo.—Sir I see by your card in the Caucasian, that you have lands in southwest Missouri. For sale. I intend to become a citizen of that part of the State. You will place me under obligations, by sending me a price list of improved and unimproved lands in southern and southwest Missouri. So soon as I sell some Kansas lands, which will be shortly, I shall make a tour, through Missouri, with a view of settling there; indeed I have already so determined. I have seen the country, and was pleased. Nothing I know of, I know something more of it from you soon. I am

Very respectfully, J. HARRISON.

In reply, Mr. Russell desires us to say, that he has no circulars on hand. He will however write; and is satisfied that he can suit Mr. Harrison, at any time, in location, quality and price.

HILLSBORO, ORANGE CO., NORTH CAROLINA, June 11th, 1871.

C. BEN RUSSELL,—Dear sir. Having seen an advertisement of your remedy for Neuralgia—the "Tic Sano," in col Donan's paper, I write to ask what the price of it is. One of my sisters is subject, in the last few months, to terrible attacks of that torturing ailment, and ordinary remedies seem to produce little or no effect in alleviating the pain. If your medicine is a real cure, as I have seen it advertised and recommended, it is certainly a great blessing. There are a good many people in our village, who are sufferers in a greater or less degree, with this detestable malady. If your remedy should prove efficacious, I shall take great pleasure in recommending it to general use.

Respectfully, Miss E. S. CAMERON.

Mr. Russell has sent a small bottle. If it is found efficacious, and more is desired, order from the general agent, W. H. Russell, No. 30 Pine street, New York City.

SANCTIMITEMS.

The consolidation of the St. Louis and Baltimore Christian Advocates, has produced a leviathan among the tadpoles, that wiggle in the puddle of theological newspaperdom. The combined Advocate, edited by Drs. Bond and Finney, is a religious whopper, an evangelical buster, a locomotive headlight dispelling darkness and error wherever it goes. How any man can pretend to be a Southern Methodist, in Missouri, without having his name enrolled on the Advocate's list, and a receipt for a year's advance subscription in his pocket, is more than we can see, even with a forty-mule-power pair of spectacles.

We are glad to learn that the life of General Lee, by our friend, John Esten Cooke, is already pronounced by the publishers, a "magnificent success."

The Illustrated Journal of Agriculture, published in St. Louis, by our friends, the Marmadukes, is the largest and most elegantly gotten up, exclusively agricultural paper, that reaches our sanctum-table. The illustrations are really works of art, elaborate and tasteful enough for a first-class Ladies' Magazine. And the pages are absolutely crammed with varied, instructive and entertaining rural literature; the farm, field, orchard, garden and stable, all come in for a full share of attention.

LEXINGTON AS AN EDUCATIONAL POINT.

Mistaken Policy of the South and Southwest.

A Change for the Better.

OUR SCHOOLS AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

For years, the South has hugged to her bosom many ridiculous delusions, many false and fatal ideas. Of all the batch of humbugs she has thus cherished, none has been so prejudicial to her material interests, as her foolish disregard of manufactures and manufacturers; and none so utterly ruinous to the character of her people, as her insane contempt for her home schools and native teachers. In times gone by, none were capable of taking charge of her high-schools and academies, who were not direct importations from the intellectual and cultivated, moral and godly regions of pumpkin-pies, brass clocks and wooden hams "Nawthing" and "Keow" were the shibboleths, by which all applicants for the honor and high responsibility of forming the minds of her youth, were tested; and unless they could snuffle out the genuine "down east" twang, they might be "pretty good looking," but certainly couldn't "come in." The sons of Southern planters were never fully "educated," until they had smoked their meerschaums, guzzled their champagne, rattled their dice, shuffled their cards, and gone through many other equally classical and edifying exercises, amid the sanctifying "shades" of Harvard or Yale. And the daughters of the South—pure, high-minded, innocent and lovely—were never "accomplished," till they had spent three or four years under the refining and hallowing influences of a Yankee boarding-school—till they were "polished off" in the saintly atmosphere of Massachusetts or Connecticut—till they had learned to daub hideous colors, with equal skill, on canvass and their cheeks; learned to smatter a little twaddly French, embroider hankerchief corners, and work green poodles and blue roses on worthless ottoman covers; learned all the brazenness, the unfeelingness, the deceitfulness, that four years' tuition at the very fountains of impurity could teach them; and, in short, had transformed themselves, as far as faithful exertion and constant drilling could accomplish it, into the selfish, heartless, silly, simpering, affected, opera-squalling, piano-banging, useless masses of false curls, false smiles, trumpery, feathers, silks, laces and gilded vulgarity, known in Northern Babylons, as "a lady of fashion." All our professors, governesses, tutors and school-books had to come from Doodledom. Yankee morals, Yankee ideas, and Yankee manners were the models held up to Southern children. Their young minds received impressions that could never be eradicated; and the result was, that the South was every year, becoming more and more Yankeized.

We contend, born in the middle of a Mississippi cotton plantation, have never, to this day, been able to think of the name, "Southern States," without having that old villainous, sneaking, picture rise before us, that has for a quarter of a century headed this division of all our living Yankee-made geographies. Through all the years of childhood, when impressions are most easily made and most difficult to efface, we pondered over Olney or Mitchell, as we read, reading, "Southern States," without finding ourself confronted by that vile wood-cut of a cotton-field, with the fortune-nigger in the foreground, a miserable rag around their loins, and that brutal looking overseer with the shocked hat, jeans pantaloons and soggy beard, holding on his horse, the merciless bloodhound crouching at his feet, and the long ox-whip trailing behind in the air, as we knew it was, yea from sense shock at there day after day and year after year, as the representative picture of the Southern States, until the idea became inseparably associated in our childish mind; and should we live, which is highly probable, till the last trumpet tools, we can never get it out.

It is to these false teachings, these false impressions, indelibly fixed in the minds of Southern children, more than perhaps to anything else, that we owe our overthrow and present humiliation. Our people, semi-Northernized, failed to give a hearty support to their own cause. But, thank the Lord, our war, with all its horrors, cruelties, outrages and sufferings, has not been without some benefits to us. We have taught her that she must at last develop her own resources, work her own mines, establish her own mills, and build up her own manufactories, or else remain forever, what she is, a wretched, pitiful dependency—a mere oyster; can on the tail end of the dog of Yankee prosperity. But for more important than this, it has taught her that she must take the training of her tender youth into her own hands; that it is her duty to look to the character of her own home men and women, to act as if among them could not be found instructors fully as capable of instilling into our youth, the seeds of knowledge, the minds of her children, as any psalm-singing, tweak-nosed, nigger-loving editorial vagabond, who ever left the shades of Farmington, Boston or Mount Holyoke. And amid all our blackened chimneys and desolated homes, our aches and gaping wounds, one bright spot, of the brightest, one the bright spot amid all the darkness, is the progress of our schools, the number that are being established, and the character of those who are taking them in charge. Even our own staid Lexington has felt the new awakening, the stimulus of the times, and points, with just and laudable pride, to her numerous and flourishing schools.—Her three female seminaries, established in the palmy days of two male academies, where young men are thoroughly fitted for a university course, or for business life.—And her three large female seminaries, of which we wish to speak particularly, at this time. They are already the most important institutions of our town, and, with proper encouragement and support, are destined, ere long, to assume a position of State interest and influence, to place us in the foremost rank of educational centers, and render all our rolling hills and dimpling hollows, classic ground. Are we too enthusiastic? Not a bit of it. When a little, little insignificant, out-of-the-way, Blue-nosed Yankee village, like Mount Holyoke, has been able to make a world-wide reputation, by its one-cold-bread-and-butter and weak-tea female school, why should not Lexington, with her delightful climate, charming scenery and unvarying healthfulness, her refined and cultivated society, and her trio of well-established and surpassingly excellent seminaries, attain at least as enviable a fame? What earthly or unearthly reason is there, why the South should not have her 'Mole' and 'Athenses,' as well as the Yankees? Nothing in the world, common sense and if the people of our State, and our great Southern sisterhood, have one grain of hard sense to the pound, they will show to the world that they know and support to their own institutions of learning, as well as to their own factories and machine-shops. Citizens of Lexington and Lafayette county, behold a trinity, which should be your boast and pride:—Marvin Female Institute;—Baptist Female College;—and Elizabeth Aull Female Seminary! All worthy of the highest commendation—all flourishing, building up solid influence and reputation, and adding to the lustre of our renown—all bringing money into the coffers of our business men, and shedding light and refinement into the darkest corners of our domain.

MARVIN FEMALE INSTITUTE

Is conducted under the auspices of the Southern Methodist church, and takes its name from the distinguished Bishop of this State. Although established only two years ago, it is already one of the most flourishing institutions in Missouri or the West. With a series of examinations, exhibitions and concerts, most gratifying to all its patrons, and to all friends of education in our community, it has just closed a session of wonderful prosperity. By reference to its elegant catalogue, we see that it had, during the past ten months, enrolled upon its lists, eighty-four students, representing two or three different States, and many counties in our own. The building, at present occupied, is situated in one of the prettiest and most fashionable portions of the city; a large, handsome and airy edifice, embowered in shade-trees, shrubbery and flowers; near to the church; and surrounded by the tasteful residences of many of our most wealthy and worthiest citizens. Out of the dust and noise, out of the bustle and strife of the busy streets, it is just the place for study, art, music, meditation and mental improvement. Some time next spring, the school will be removed to the famous Masonic College, itself historic ground, on the beautiful and commanding hill, just north of town.

The Faculty consists of Rev. J. O. Church, D. D., an able and skillful educator, formerly President of the noted Jackson College, Tennessee; President, and Professor of Theology, and Mental and Moral Philosophy:—

Mrs. Eliza N. Church, with many years of experience in the management of her boarding-school "daughters;" Matron and Governess.

Professor Abram Davault, every inch a scholar, ably fills the chair of Mathematics, Ancient Languages, and Natural Science.

Miss Aurelia Miller, Assistant in the Collegiate Department; and Miss Laura Bowman, principal of the Preparatory Department; need no commendation to those, who heard their classes examined, last week.

The Musical Department is presided over, by Mrs. Laura B. Lawrence and Professor Charles E. Kroeger. Both are accomplished performers, and thorough, careful teachers. The complete revolution they have, in a very short time, wrought in all the music of the Methodist seminary, church and Sunday School, is a triumph of energy and skill, of which they may well be proud. The singing and playing of their class, at their recent exhibitions, were creditable to both pupils and teachers. The vocal performances of Misses Kate Hawpe, Celest Houck, Irene Stacy and Bettie Armstrong, was especially admirable; and Miss Flavia Lindsay, in her rendering of Gottschalk's "Last Hope," displayed full, little instrumentalist, out-of-the-way, Blue-nosed Yankee village, like Mount Holyoke, has been able to make a world-wide reputation, by its one-cold-bread-and-butter and weak-tea female school, why should not Lexington, with her delightful climate, charming scenery and unvarying healthfulness, her refined and cultivated society, and her trio of well-established and surpassingly excellent seminaries, attain at least as enviable a fame? What earthly or unearthly reason is there, why the South should not have her 'Mole' and 'Athenses,' as well as the Yankees? Nothing in the world, common sense and if the people of our State, and our great Southern sisterhood, have one grain of hard sense to the pound, they will show to the world that they know and support to their own institutions of learning, as well as to their own factories and machine-shops. Citizens of Lexington and Lafayette county, behold a trinity, which should be your boast and pride:—Marvin Female Institute;—Baptist Female College;—and Elizabeth Aull Female Seminary! All worthy of the highest commendation—all flourishing, building up solid influence and reputation, and adding to the lustre of our renown—all bringing money into the coffers of our business men, and shedding light and refinement into the darkest corners of our domain.

Is conducted under the auspices of the Southern Methodist church, and takes its name from the distinguished Bishop of this State. Although established only two years ago, it is already one of the most flourishing institutions in Missouri or the West. With a series of examinations, exhibitions and concerts, most gratifying to all its patrons, and to all friends of education in our community, it has just closed a session of wonderful prosperity. By reference to its elegant catalogue, we see that it had, during the past ten months, enrolled upon its lists, eighty-four students, representing two or three different States, and many counties in our own. The building, at present occupied, is situated in one of the prettiest and most fashionable portions of the city; a large, handsome and airy edifice, embowered in shade-trees, shrubbery and flowers; near to the church; and surrounded by the tasteful residences of many of our most wealthy and worthiest citizens. Out of the dust and noise, out of the bustle and strife of the busy streets, it is just the place for study, art, music, meditation and mental improvement. Some time next spring, the school will be removed to the famous Masonic College, itself historic ground, on the beautiful and commanding hill, just north of town.

The Faculty consists of Rev. J. O. Church, D. D., an able and skillful educator, formerly President of the noted Jackson College, Tennessee; President, and Professor of Theology, and Mental and Moral Philosophy:—

Mrs. Eliza N. Church, with many years of experience in the management of her boarding-school "daughters;" Matron and Governess.

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BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE.

The stranger, who saunters admiringly, along South street, the Fifth Avenue of Lexington, can't fail to notice, just opposite to where the Southern Methodist Church rears its tall and graceful spire heavenward, a spacious and stately edifice reposing, in calm and placid dignity, amid embowering trees and vines. In front and around it, cedars and pines, apple, peach and cherry trees, wave their leafy arms, and the rose and lilac swing their perfumed censers. With its substantial, stone-colored walls and dark-green blinds, the building looks like a noble mansion of the "olden time;" but a neat new chapel, at the western side, proclaims it a public institution. That is the Baptist College; and it is worthy of the large and increasing patronage it receives; worthy of the good old city, in which it has been the parent of the numerous, wealthy and intelligent denomination, to which it belongs. In spite of some drawbacks, with which it has had to contend, during the session just past, a reference to its admirably gotten up catalogue, shows an enrollment of a hundred and two students—a larger number than either of its competitors. Its board of trustees comprises many of our most prominent citizens.

Its Faculty consists of Rev. Duncan H. Selph, D. D., formerly President of the famous Seminary at Georgetown, Kentucky, and more recently of the almost equally celebrated institution, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee; President and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy:—

Mrs. L. E. Selph, a veritable mother to all her girls, watchful, careful and sympathizing; Matron and Assistant Principal.

Miss Mary F. Hawkins, a lady who has no superior, as a teacher, has charge of the Literary Department:—

Miss Gabriella Hawkins is Principal of the Preparatory Department, assisted by Miss Emma Lankford. If the three ladies, just mentioned, had not been already known, as thoroughly competent and faithful instructors, the examination which we witnessed, last week, of their classes in grammar, logic, rhetoric and physiology, would alone have been sufficient to wreath them with well-earned laurels. The little ladies showed a readiness and accuracy, a familiarity with the philosophy as well as the facts of literature and science, that was positively amazing. The classes in mathematics were pronounced by Prof. C. O. Smith, of this place, who witnessed their examination, the most astonishingly proficient, quick and thorough, he ever saw. He declares that young girls of fourteen or fifteen years triumphantly passed an ordeal, which would have been severe for the masculine graduates of our most noted colleges. The Musical Department is attested to the skill and care of Miss Sade Summers. The performance of many of her pupils is admirable evidence of her fitness for the position. Misses Fannie, Alice and Susie Waddell, Miss Susie Chapman, Miss Belle Graves, and the little Misses Selph, are worthy of especial mention. Several of these little ladies bid fair to become brilliant pianists.

Prof. W. H. Foster teaches the guitar:—

And Misses Anna Merrell and Mira Ridley have charge of the Art Department. A number of very pretty little paintings, and other specimens of the ornamental arts, adorned the chapel walls, and told that the efforts of the fair instructresses had not been all in vain.

The two weeks examination exhibitions, last week, were attended throughout, by crowds of our best citizens and many strangers. The chapel was far too small to accommodate the throngs on Commencement evening. And praises of the school, its management, teachers and pupils, have been on many tongues. We understand that everything seems fair for a larger attendance than ever, next session. The Baptists of Western and Southwestern Missouri certainly can find no better place to send their daughters.

ELIZABETH AULL SEMINARY

This institution, under the control of the Presbyterian Church, takes its name from the lady, by whose munificent bequest it was established. The spacious building, comprising school-rooms, boarding-house and chapel, rears its head proudly aloft, on our tall hill, commanding a glorious view of woodland, hillside, plain and river, orchard, meadow, lake and field, for twenty miles up and down the great Missouri. The lights and shadows chase each other over the blue hills of Ray, and the flower-clad prairie-valleys of Carroll; the dim old forest, over the river, nods its thousand heads, revealing with every movement, some new tint of coloring, or some novel combination of sunlight and foliage. Daily musing upon such a scene, would itself fit one for communion with all high and noble, good and beautiful things.

The Faculty consists of Rev. Jas A. Quarles, President and Prof. of the Mental Sciences:—

Rev. James Allen, A. M., Professor of the Natural Sciences and Ancient Languages:—

Miss Jane E. T. Lewis, Teacher of Belle Lettres:—

Miss Letitia E. Gray, Teacher of Mathematics:—

Mrs. A. M. Drennan, Principal of the Preparatory Department:—

Charles Gimbel, Professor of Vocal, Piano and Organ Music, and Wm H. Foster, Professor of Instrumental Music:—

John S. Morton, Professor of Drawing and Painting:—

The Boarding Department is under the management of Mrs B. R. Ireland, a lady who has shown herself, in every way, qualified for her responsible and arduous duties. The Cumberland Presbyterians have also fitted up a large and handsome house, almost adjoining the seminary, and will be prepared to board girls, by the first of July. President Quarles has changed the whole system; abolished public exhibitions; adopted a full college course of study; and introduced written, instead of oral, examinations. The school is in the heyday of prosperity. Applications for board are already pouring in at such a rate, as it kept up, will soon fill the institution to its utmost capacity. The closing exercises, on the first of last week, were with one of the most brilliant little affairs we ever attended. The music of the Kutterpian clubs and Prof Gimbel, was magnificent. The singing of Miss Whitsitt would have done no discredit to a city opera-house. The reading of Misses Gordon, Findlay, Neill, Vaughan, Whitsitt and the other young competitor for the medal, was dramatic in its power and pathos. A critical audience was delighted with the whole performance.