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J. S. BLACKWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Lexington, Mo. Will attend to all the courts, and give special attention to Land Collections.

RATHBUN & GRAVES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in the Federal and all the State courts. Office on Main street, south side.

TUFT & YOUNG, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in the Federal and all the State courts in this and adjoining counties. Office on Main street.

RICHARD A. COLLINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in the Federal and all the State courts in this and adjoining counties. Collections promptly made and remitted.

TILTON BATES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Special attention to Land Law, and to Collections.

RYLAND & SON, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Practice in all the courts. Special attention to Collections and Land Law.

ALEXANDER & CHILES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in the Federal and State courts. Office in the store south of the Court-House.

J. N. WALLACE & MITCHELL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Special attention to Land Law. Office on the south side of the Court-House square.

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The Weekly Caucasian.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY! WHITE SUPREMACY! AND REPUDIATION! THIS IS LIBERTY!

OUR WEEKLY TALK.

OUR CUSTOMARY LITTLE CONFAB RESUMED AFTER MANY FOLD WANDERINGS

A BACKWOODS INK SPLASHER ON A GRAND SCALLYHOOP.

False Philosophy Refuted—Habitual Sack-Cloth-and-Ashes ites, Chronic Groaners and Grunters, Rebuked—and the Beauties and Blisses of Earth Maintained and Defended.

FOUR THOUSAND MILES OF HELTER-SKELTER PEREGRINATIONS.

ST. LOUIS—CINCINNATI—NEW YORK—BALTIMORE—WASHINGTON—RICHMOND ON THE JEEMS—AND ALL ALONG BETWEEN

The Virginia State Agricultural Fair, and various other Fairs and Af-Fairs—Railroads—Steam boats—Promenades—Fashions—Broadway—Parks—Cemeteries—Churches—Hotels—Balls—Preachers, and Terrestial Angels with a small Sprinkling, here and there, of the Devil.

DRIVES—FROLICS—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—MUSIC—FEASTING—MIRTH—OAB—GLORY—FLIRTATIONS AND FUN

"Life is but a wilderness of thorns." "This world is all a dark, sad vale of tears." "Life, at best, is a tempestuous voyage in a leaky steamer." "Man was made to mourn." "Toil and trouble, pain and sorrow, make up the tale of our existence." "Woe!" "Darkness!" "Disappointment!" "Clouds and storms!" "Vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Bah, say all! Hence the chronic grumblers growl. Away with these satyrs of despairing theology. Away with these cheerless and comfortless disciples of sluggish-eyed Jeremiahs. Away with the stale vinegar and bile of Pharisaic pickle-jars. Away with the ever-resty, ever-squeezed green-persimmon juice of sainted sanctity. Away with the sack-cloth, polecats and asses, of those perennial-hair-splitting Jobs. Away with the groaners and comfortless grumblers of these religious hypochondriac, ever parading their bogus ailments, their spiritual spasms, aches and cuts. Away with the fellow at meetings of these moral musty, ever clinging to rubbs and gloom. Hush the slanders—Slanders, no less, because they're hoary with age, and sanctioned by one—Slanders, whether uttered forth by sentimental parson, in sanctimonious gospel-whine, or vice-weary old, in toothless twaddle,—by cowled monk, in cloistered cell, disheartened poet, in dingy attic, or cloyed dame, on couch of gouty age and misanthropic proclivities,—by North Methodist Bishop, over his mantelpiece-gore-stained altars, or by remorseless criminal, the night his dungeon gates—slanders, slanders, all! Life's our world is a thing of beauty, and it is a joy forever. If we make it so. Then sweep the sombre "death's heads" from our view. Hush the self-blinded, self-tortured weepers and wailers, silence the whining dervishes of discontent. Avaunt, ye bible-vampires—birds of night and ill omen—croaking heralds of a Tartarean gospel—dli-pensers of premature hell, to allopathic doses—promulgators of a faith that would punch out the eyes of the sun, clap an ebon extinguisher on the moon, quench the last star that twinkles in illimitable space, with a syringe-full of ink; drape the heavens in funeral pall, and convert our bright, beauteous globe into one huge, replete, hopeless prison-house, and all mankind into groaning convicts—Avaunt! Hence, with your dismal mutterings, and moral pokes, purges, plasters, and smoked-glass goggles. There's beauty, glory, joy, in air, and earth, and sea, and sky—in life, and light, and liberty, and love—for every well-tuned ear, and eye, and mind, and heart. Away with melancholy. Dum vivimus, vivamus!

"It is better to laugh than be sighing."

True, earth's pleasures are often mingled with its pains: But what of it? There's no rose without its thorn; Shall we, therefore, eternally scourge ourselves with the thorns, and never once admire the matchless hues, or snuff the exquisite fragrance of the lovely flower? The royal lily of the tropics, blooms beside the foul, slime-covered pool, or in the murky fen;—Shall we, then, forever, plunge our faces in the muck and mire, and cast no glance upon the snowy symbol of sweet innocence? Dark hours must come—God knows enough of them—to every human soul;—The night may be long and starless, as blackness deep as Erebus, thick as tar, and horrible as the nethermost caverns of Butler's, Hoff's or Brownlow's hell;—But shall we, when Aurora gilds the mountain-tops with gleaming gold, and every tree, rock, lake and stream is bathed in floods of orient light,—or, when glowing Phœbus sinks to rest, and spreads his quilt of heavenly patchwork round his couch; when nature has, apparently, kicked over all her radiant paint-pots on the western sky,—shall we, with hyper-sanimical stupidity and stubbornness, shut close our eyes, and whimper of unending gloom? Shall we refuse to inhale the perfume-laden zephyr of a summer eve, because perchance, once in a century, that same soft air, stirred by the hurricane's fierce breath, may sweep across a hemisphere, hissing and shrieking, raging and roaring, like countless legions of infuriated fiends, uprooting mighty forests, leveling proud cities with the plain, and strewing all our coasts with the wrecks of noble navies? Shall we deny ourselves the cosy comfort of the cozy fire-side? The warmth and pleasure of the ruddy grate or the old hearthstone, because anything, sense in a score of ages, the weird and fearfull element that fumes, roars, and clears, spouting its human contents, may burst forth like hell in the earthquake, and in a single night, leave a great, inert pile, a mass of ruin and desolation? Shall we, because Death's arrows sometimes find a lodgment near us, furnish our gallery with coffins, set our table with funeral baked meats;" seal up our eyes with solemn copper, or leaden nickels for watchers? mahogany supplied with plated handles, and fine, velvet trimmings studded with gilt nail heads; take our drives to cross, and wear our shoons for traveling dirges? Shall we, because sorrows, now and then, must do, bedeck me;—Because a prowling Thomas cat despoils our pet canary, or he Forbe Islanders fatten on our favorite mule, who has gone among them as a mid-course? Because our sprightly terrier dowses himself in a horse-trough, in a fit of temporary insanity, arising from unrequited affection, or our sweetheart folds her white hands across her gentle breast, closes her loving eyes to open them no more on earthly scenes, and with one faint shudder and a tiny sigh, returns to her native heaven and her sister angels? Because a Cerberus howler would mar the harmony of our twilight Sunday shaft, with his much "Sue-ing!" or our venerable grandmamma, with the assistance of three learned physicians, becomes deluded in the most approved style of Lucretia Jane, and leaves us fifteen cents invested in New Jerusalem laying stocks, or Kansas schemes, Bureau Bills, Gaslavian and Terra Del Fuego Railroad bonds. Because a ferocious rival pulls our nose on to the length and likeness of a Chamois hunter's valley gourd-bottle, or the Pawnee scalp our resistant paternal ancestor, amid the mountains of Idaho? Whether he has wandered to Hell rather from whoozy asthma. Because an exasperated political antagonist remonstrates the malpractice of a government, in a letter not a dozen lines, or the adjutant-absentee, who objected to our sojourn in Dixie, presents us with a dozen pages of his mind? Because we have a cherished friend, Democrat, from Pattonsburg, who, like the deceased and chilblained Shylock, cries, oyes, howls, hollows or groans, quadruplets, which Rabelais, Swift and Sterne, in their wildest imaginings, never dreamed of? Because we have a friend, who, like a Bedouin, lies in ambush, at banquets? Because we have a silver headed cane, or a cherished friend? Because our ancient maiden aunt's respectable gown is the pride of her heart, and rattling, coughing and sneezing, the glory of Reputation? Because our fathers, and hers, down the long grand pilar of Liberty's temple? Because a mouse is discovered in the apple-turnover crock, or a wart in the pie crust? Because the jaw-bone into the pelican-pitcher, or a grinning gee the Sphinx, in the corner of our parlor? Because the great Colonel Butler Brownlow, such or Cother, at three and kindred pattern-splitting grists, may discover occasional globules of lachrymal liquidity, or Gen. Wm. Shelby, never dare to see a tear in his eye? Because we have a sweet, sweet, sweet, sweetheart, who, to catch our tears?—Shall we ever shift though life, gray, grisly images of despair, trudging on our under lips, and paying our thirteen double price for chewing jimpy-cracks their natural length? Shall we, because of stale dead, dumb and blind asylums of sick folk, dumb and blind asylums of sick folks, hospitals of our homes, apothecary shops of our stomachs, penitentiaries or purgatories of our minds, and morphic, pining captives in our souls?—No to-by! Look, ye mourners! Up with your bunting! Unfurl your flags! Wave, ye banners! Ye flags, stands a good old world—the best we ever knew—perhaps, the best we'll ever know. Dame nature is a gem of pure drinkin' liquid to the skeer, takes wings to get there. Ain't it pleasant, we prefer our eggs half-fried, little mixed, and also, when we're better a-fixed, shell?

"Oh, sweet is the flower,
Sweet, sweet is the bee,
But sweeter yet is the girl,
For we combine it in one."

We would not live always—nary time—we ask not to stay till we are reaped, like some lovely corn, in our shocks. And yet we do hate to leave our sublunary scenes. We would not die in spring-time, when young chickens and green peas are in their prime. We would not die in summer, when flowers are in bloom, when the bee and butterfly are in full chase, the pidgeot and fair young damsel hands bedeck our dingy scribbling den, with tasteful bunches of geranium, horse-pickle, catnip and other sweet-scented floral vegetables. We would not die in autumn, when the woods are in affluence with gorgeous hues from heaven's own royal dye-works; when crimson nods to scarlet, and orange and Bismarck wave a courtly salutation to sullen-sir, London smoke and pure pale sunshine greet; when gold comes down in showers from dear old Jerusalem laying stocks