The Weekly Caucasian.

By DONAN & ALLEN.

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TERMS:

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NOTICE—Persons wishing the address of their paper changed, must state where the paper is at present received, as well as where it is to be sent in the future. tf

CLUB RATES—Thanks to the friends, who are already responding to our appeal for clubs. Let every reader constitute himself or herself, a recruiting agent for our grand army of true Caucasians. Each one can certainly get us one more.

Single subscribers.....$2 50 a year.
Club of Five.....10 00 a year.
Club of Ten.....20 00 a year,
and an extra copy to getter up of club.

LOCAL MUSH

The excellent communication of "A Democratic Farmer" will appear next week.....Lost, somewhere beyond the Sui, on the Chapel Hill road, an Etruscan gold and coral breastpin. For leaving it at the great Caucasian Ladies' Intelligence Office of North and South America, the finder will be liberally rewarded, by permission to kiss editor, business manager, one-legged type-sticker or devil of this pious shebang.....Read the "Caucasian Abroad," on the first page. It contains some rich and juicy dabs.....On the rise—Big Muddy river and Greeley stock. Both booming. Banks of party overflowed. Sami-bars of old issues submerged. Voorhees drift-wood swept resistlessly on, by the mighty current of common sense. Old-fogy cat-fish paddling for shoal-water. Grand steamers of patriotism plowing the giant tide, heavy-laden with the hopes and destinies of millions of anxious freemen, while the soft gales of prayer and benison play round the prows, and unfurl the proud Possum pennons.....Little son of chief wire-worker and lightning-scooter Ingram, badly hurt, a few days ago, by circusing from a whack on wrong-end-foremost. Getting well.....Glory, hallyjujerum! Work begun on the Gray road yesterday. Contractor Lillis clearing the track. Iron-laying to be pushed at once. Wake snakes, day's a-breakin'! Hot, hotter, hottest, more hottest, most hottest, most-to-the-hottest, hot as h——one of Radicalism's grandpa. Stilts and extension-fishing-pole necks necessary to see how high the mercury boils. Thermometer a hundred feet above Zelon. Strange how high then sort of birds does fly about this season of the year. Saddest feature of the great fire. Dr. Hassell's dentistical-shop destroyed, and half a dozen of our old lady friends left toothless. Their grinders fell to the "gum" stamps for the government.....Hoffman's grand concert, at Turners' Hall, next Monday evening.....Lovelier nights than we are now enjoying, never gilt spangled mortal notions into gosling pates. Skies of crystal. Earth deluged with a flood of silvery moonlight. Stars gleaming like gold embroidery on a cerulean mantle. Oh, lawsy! Ten dollars an hour, for a sweetheart, and a fine buggy and team.....Seven of Mrs. Barker's finest paintings were shermanized, in Temple's store.....Lots of our Lexington bucks and belles out at the Mayview pic-nic yesterday.

YARNS UNTWISTED—Well, well. Nay, rather, ill, ill. Who'd a thunk it? We've been a devout believer in the dogma—(a dog-ma is always the mother of doctrinal or opinional puppies)—of paperial infallibility—at least so far as one diminutive inkotypic institution, which modesty admonishes us should be nameless, is concerned. But a-lass, a-lass,—(for some how or other now, a lass is ever mixed up in all our blunders)—our faith is shaken, like a sick bulrush in an Abyssinian sirocco; our confidence is uprooted; our trust is busted, like a decayed shanghai-berry, hurled by lusty vigorous juvenility, against the battering-ram-proof cerebellum of an ancient Ethiopian ecclesiast. For we've learned by dolorous, hogsheads-of-tears-bedewed experience, that mistakes will sometimes, at intervals of a half century, a century, or century and a half, occur even in an admirably regulated a reservoir of truth and luminosity, as the mild and lovely, wise and g-washington's-little-hatchet-veracity-surpassing Caucasian sin-agogue.

1—Last Saturday, in speaking of the graduates at Central Female College, over which our esteemed friend and Methodistic brother, Prof. Abram Davanit, has presided with such marked ability and success, we mentioned the name of Miss Flavia Lindsay, who was not a graduate; and omitted the name of our charming young fellow-citizeness, Miss Nettie Wallace, who was the recipient of the diplomatic testimonial to her scholastic accomplishments.

2—In our notice of the closing scenes at the Baptist Female College, which the guiding hand of our distinguished and beloved fraternal relative in the bonds of orthodoxy, President Selph, is rapidly raising to the front rank of his aquatic-denominational institutions, we mentioned Miss Lizie Lyne, of Saline county, bore off the highest honors of her class. The collegiate standing of Miss Lydia Davis, of our village, is the same as that of Miss Lyne. They drew straws for the Valedictory, and the humming-bird of fortune perched upon the wings of Miss Lyne. Miss Davis then took the Salutatory. Straws show which way the wind blows, but they are not absolutely decisive indicators of scholarly attainments.

And here, we merely pause to breathe a gentle benediction on all the young scholars and collegians, whatever their fortunes or misfortunes, their achievements or bereavements, their abilities or debilities. Heaven take a liking to them, individually and collectively; by the piece and in the lump. Amen. A-women, too.

KICKED—Many a squashily sentimental gusher loudly and frantically declares, that he idolizes his bright particular ten yards of calico, camel-hump panier, couplet of No. 1 gaiter-bootees, bird-cage skirt, and lightning-struck pie-pan bonnet, "as hard as a mule can kick." The Caucasian's susceptible young Jacob has been there; he's had it bad; he's perpetrated both the imagination and declaration. The pleasingly affectionate delusion would have been promptly dispelled, even in the severest case of "emotional hallucination," by a brief contemplation of the dire effects of an accurately directed and vigorously propelled mule-pedal, as exhibited last Wednesday afternoon, in the physiological department of Mr. A. A. Ferrill's human carcass divine. He is a worthy citizen of the Auliville region. Came to town Wednesday, with his mule team. Got ready to start home, about three o'clock. And was hitching up, when sudden as aids a chunk of double-concussed thunder from a cloudless sky, a east-log tornado lit in his face; a hundred-pounder Parrott shell exploded just behind; a shower of the lurac ory; Etna, Vesuvius, Stromboli and Popocatapetl all busted at once, right below his dexter optic. His cheek-bone was smashed, and his general handsomeness sadly marred. And all by a dam-aging mule's hool. Mr. Ferrill's injuries were dressed by Dr. D. W. Hunt and divers other initials. Every hair of his head on his homeward way so rowing over the uncertainty of long-eared deportment. Beware of jackasses, mules and legislators. Next to being "kicked" by a fellow's gal, is being pedaled by an emblem of Missouri law-grildery.

SMASH—It seems as if our railroaders would never weary of repeating the oft-tried-in-vain experiment of running two trains past each other, on the same track, at the same time. It has never been fully accomplished, and even the partial attempts have almost invariably been attended with unpleasant results. Same old game tried last Tuesday morning, at the Junction, four miles north of the city. North Missouri train, bound for Kansas City, stood on the track, so that the sleeping-car stood on the crossing of the Lexington and St. Joe road. Whizz, rattle, whack-ity-whack, cra-wash! And the engine of the bolt-tail lightning-express from this interesting village was plowing its cow-catcher in among the terrified sweethearts in the palatial chariot of Momus. Car upset. Track swept away. Men, women and children tumbled helter-skelter, neck-or-nothing, into each other's berths. Noses flattened. Shins skinned. Shrieks, yells, groans, curses and faintings, in extremis, mingled in wildest and jumbled. Trains delayed. Terrific scare. And nobody to inquest on—no handsome obituaries to grind, in a graveyard melodeon for warble, at twenty cents a line. Care, vigilance, peeled eyes, and due regard for passengerial carcases, are needed on all the highways where courseth the mighty steed, whose ribs are of steel, his hoofs of iron, and his lungs of fire.

LOOK HERE, MISTER!—When you visit our stupid old metropolis, which lies just twenty miles below Alton penitentiary, on the occidental borders of the murky papa of aquatics, remember what we tell you. Whether you go to attend a sangerfest tympanum-smashery; to lay in a stock of tape, pins, hoop-skirts, pack-saddles, panniers, and other fiddlederies for feminimical class-tomers; to buy a D. Varden for the partner of your jaw-y, and sharer of your bashy, or only to enjoy a Sunday-ious big drink. No matter way or wherefore if you want a neat, cool, pleasant, freshly furnished room; a splendid meal; and the best possible attendance; in a cosy, homelike hotel; and at the lowest city rates; go to the Laclede, on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets. It is everything that you could ask or desire. Sumptuous table; clean rooms; comfortable beds; well-trained servants; and a landlord in Malin, that spares no pains, care or expense, to gratify every guest. Be sure and try it; and if you ain't more than pleased, tell the chief clerk, Owens, to send your bill to the Caucasian office; and we'll—put it in the hands of a constable for collection. If that isn't liberal, pray tell us what would be?

ORPHANS' SCHOOL.

The appended note from our esteemed ecclesiastical friend and brother, Elder Haley, explains itself:

CAMDEN POINT, MO., June 12, 1872.

COL. DONAN: We take pleasure in acknowledging, by the hands of our sister, Mrs. H. C. Dallas, the receipt of the sum of six dollars, contributed by the friends at Lexington for the use and benefit of the Missouri Female Orphan School, at Camden Point, Missouri.

T. P. HALEY, General Ag't.

MUNICIPAL PUB. FUNDS.—Our newly scrambled city register, treasurer, marshal and recorder have rented the upper story of the wedge-house, at the junction of Broadway and Main, as a joint-stock and mutual-skinning office. A citizen need no longer wear out his soles and vex his soul, in vain endeavors to find a peripatetic city government. It now has a local habitation and a name. Curb-stone official receptions are numbered with the things that used to was—with political honesty, raligless simplicity and juvenile diffidence.

SANCTUM ITEMS.

THE CENTRAL BAPTIST, Now owned and edited by our noble and zealous friend and brother, Luther, whose diminutive body is three sizes too small for his soul, is a leviathan among the tadpoles that wiggle in the puddle of theological newspaperdom. His denomination in this State have reason to be proud of their organ. It's a religious whopper, an evangelical buster, a locomotive headlight, dispelling darkness and error wherever it goes. How any man can pretend to be a Baptist, in Missouri, without having his name enrolled on the Central's list, and a receipt for a year's advance subscription in his pocket, is more than we can see, even with a forty donkey-power pair of green goggles. It ought to be deemed sufficient ground for excommunication, and for subsequent kicking of the delinquent member out through the sky-light, or the oriel.

THE LIFE OF JACOB CREATH, By P. Donan, which we have advertised for some time past, is selling far beyond our most sanguine expectations. The publishers pronounce it a great and gratifying success, and they are bringing out another edition in more handsome style than the first. One agent has sold over five hundred copies. A good Campbellite-Christian brother, in Monroe county, says it combines a compressed statement of the whole plan of redemption, and a vast amount of sound doctrine and valuable religious information, with all the fascination of a novel. He read it through twice without stopping.

THE ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, Published in St. Louis by our friends, the Marmaduke's, is the largest and most elegantly gotten-up, exclusively agricultural paper that reaches our shanty's cripple-legged table. The illustrations are really works of art, elaborate and tasteful enough for a first-class ladies' magazine; and the pages are crammed, full of the latest, scarcely shell, varied, instructive and entertaining rural literature. The farm, field, orchard, garden, conservatory and stable—all come in for a full share of attention. Every supporter of old Horace, of Chappaqua, ought to know something about farming, and Marmaduke's Journal is the fountain whence the knowledge may be most agreeably drawn, the mine whence it may be most readily dug, the tree whence it may be most pleasantly culled, the pod whence it may be most easily shelled. Try it.

RELIGIOUS.

Lexington District Conference of the M. E. Church South met at Waverly, Friday, the 14th inst., Bishop Doggett presiding. The Bishop was looking well, but wearied with watching the shepherds, having been absent from home since last April, attending to the scool-about duties of his office. There were present at the Conference only about ten ministerial chicken-eaters and twenty-four unbatchable lay members. Proceedings of the Conference harmonious and delightfully swift. On Sunday the Bishop preached two powerful sermons, urging the church to the necessity of godly living. Dr. Sullivan, the newly elected President of Central Female College, also preached an admirable sermon. The various interests of the church were reported to be in good condition. The Sunday School cause was prominent, and the wing of the church seems to be waking up to its great responsibility in this most important part of Christian duty. Central College at Fayette, and Central Female College at this place, each came in for its share of notice and commend, and the members of the Conference resolved to make these colleges what they were intended to be, the great educational central nebulæ of the church for the whole state. Miami was selected as the place for holding the next district henery. The following are the delegates elected to the next annual conference: R. E. Harvey, A. T. Winsor and John E. Ryland, with W. E. Goode and Lewis Neale, Jr., alternates.

Our reverend and highly regarded brother, J. H. Byers, was installed, last Thursday evening, as pastor of the Assembly Presbyterian sheeps and sheepesses of this city. The grand triumvirate appointed by Osage Presbytery, to conduct the services, were Revs. Cheever, Irwin and Milner, shepherds of the first, second and third Presbyterian flocks, of Kansas City. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Cheever, from 1 Corinthians ii-1-5. Rev. Mr. Irwin propounded the constitutional conundrums, and delivered the charge to the congregation. And Rev. Mr. Milner addressed the solemn admonition to the newly inaugurated union. A large audience was present, and the two hours' ceremonies were interesting and impressive.

Elder W. D. Moore, editor of the Christian Quarterly, Cincinnati, and pastor of the Porkopolitan congregation which worships in the finest church of his denomination in America, was in town last Thursday. At the solicitation of the brethren, he preached in the evening, at the South Street Christian church, an earnest and eloquent discourse on the personal nature of the religion of Jesus Christ. Greatly to the regret of many friends and admirers in this place, he was compelled to leave for home by early train of Friday morning.

Miss Hattie Moore, of Wellington, has been appointed agent of the Cumberland Presbyterian Missionary society, at that point. Any contributions to the good cause may be confidently entrusted to her hands.

Rev. Mr. Eichenberger, of the German Methodist church, preaches morning and night. There will consequently be no service at his gospel-shop in this place.

Services to-morrow.

At Old School Presbyterian, by Rev. Mr. Quaries.

At Assembly Presbyterian, by Rev. Mr. Byers.

At Southern Methodist, by Rev. Mr. Boggs.

At Christian, usual morning service.

At Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Plum.

At Baptist, by Rev. Dr. Talbird.

At Catholic, by Rev. Father Hoog.

At German Methodist, no service.

PERSONAL.

Jas. M. Flynt, one of our popular young business men, left last Monday evening, with his family, for Denver, Colorado. He bears with him the good wishes of many warm friends.

Wm. H. Hidell, of Georgia, private secretary of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, during his Confederate Vice-Presidency, is in town. He comes with a view of locating in our state, and we wish it were possible for Lexington to hold out sufficient inducements, to settle him among us.

Our stately friend, Col. Jas. H. Shields, of St. Louis, is prominently mentioned in connection with the attorney-generalship of this state. He is in every respect well qualified for the position, and if he gets it, we'll show him a name any similar official in America, for handsomeness—takes, a pony-purse of calf's-foot-jelly on the ball-shell.

Miss May Baker, daughter of our esteemed countryman, George W. Baker, has just returned from Columbia, crowned with the highest honors of the College she attended. She was chosen by a majority of her competitors from half a dozen states, and bears home with her, medals and other scholastic trophies, enough to deck a semipolis brave for a grand pow-wow.

We see from the Galveston News, that our accomplished and polished friend, Gen. R. D. Lilley, of Washington-Lee University, Virginia, has recently delivered a lecture to the cadet corps of Texas Military Institute, at Austin. His subject was "Higher Education in the South," and he is said to have handled it in masterly style—as well with his one hand, as most men could with half a dozen. It gives us pleasure to know that he is meeting with gratifying success in his efforts to raise the endowment for a Texas chair in the noble institution he represents.

Miss Bettie Boyakin, during the past session, assistant teacher of music at the Baptist Female College, left last Tuesday morning, for her home at Warrensburg. Thoroughly skilled in the divine art, which she has chosen as a profession, winning in manner, and assiduous in her devotion to the interests of her young charges, she has richly merited the high esteem and cordial regard of President, Faculty, patrons and pupils. And in general society, graceful, affable and gifted, she has during her brief stay among us, made a host of sincere friends, who will gladly welcome her return next fall, to the post of duty she has recently filled with so much credit to herself, and profit to the excellent institution in which she labored.

A letter from our gallant friend, Capt. W. A. Wash, Agent of the Kansas City Confederate Orphans' Home, dated Sherry, June 18th, conveys the gratifying intelligence, that his noble work is prospering. The ladies of Salisbury gave a festival for the benefit of the Home, last Tuesday evening; and the ladies of Huntsville followed suit on Wednesday evening. The ladies of Moberly are getting up a grand entertainment, festive and musical, in behalf of the same object, for the 26th and 27th of this month. At the solicitation of Capt. Wash and a number of prominent citizens of Carrollton, we have consented to take down our long-silent lungs from the spider-raple limb, and sit in a concert at that place, some time within the next three or four weeks. Our troupe from this city will consist of Miss Mildred Doan, J. W. Smith and Prof. Charles Gimbel. Carrolltonians, hola bene.

Three vacant chairs in the crape-hung halls of our heart. Every heart-broken gate-post of our soul, festooned with cypress, yew, and doleful fifteen-cent emotional black cambric. Our aged bosoms a sepulchre, from whose dose none will ever again roll away the stone, and sit within it an angel. Our eyes swollen, till they look like dark-rimmed, old-fashioned blue-china tea-cup bottoms. And our nose tear-washed, till its red enough for a signal lantern on the grand-trunk railway to dispatch seventeen hundred miles of locomotives to check the flowing torrent of our grief. An aching void in Lexingtonian social circles, that three thousand common people couldn't fill. Mrs. Ragland and her daughter, Miss Liza, accompanied by Miss Florence Lee, left last Thursday morning, to take up their permanent residence in Booneville. They started on the steamer, Jo Kinney, at about two o'clock in the morning, just as the great conflagration broke out. Its radiant, dazzling light was a fitting symbol of the brightness they bear to Boonville; its ashes and charred ruins depict the desolation they leave behind them, in Lexington.

VIRGINIA COLLEGES.—We are indebted to Gen. Custis Lee for an invitation to attend the Commencement exercises at the great University, which bears the interwoven names of Virginia's two most illustrious sons—the fathers of their country—Washington and Lee. The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered, tomorrow, by Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina.

And we acknowledge the receipt from Prof. Venable, of the University of Virginia, of an invitation to be present at the Commencement of that pet institution of the Father of the Constitution, Thomas Jefferson. We regret the impossibility of our acceptance of either.

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE AFFAIR.—The festival given at Morton, Ray county, on the evening of the 13th. Under the management of such belles as Mrs. A. W. Willis, and Misses Julia Rue Bohannon and Virginia Brown, it just naturally couldn't help being charmingly pleasant. The Cass county contingent, from half a dozen states, and bears home with her, medals and other scholastic trophies, enough to deck a semipolis brave for a grand pow-wow.

BRGUN—Chief Engineer Lalor, of the Burlington and Southwestern railroad, got here last Tuesday morning, and at once proceeded to receive bids from contractors, for the work along the river. The contract was awarded, Thursday, to the well-known, experienced road-builder, Jas. Lillis. He begins at once, with a strong force. Hands and carts wanted.

FIRE!

TERRIFIC SHERMANIZATION IN LEXINGTON.

CHICAGO IN MINIATURE.

A $60,000 BLAZE.

HOW'S THAT FOR A RURAL VILLAGE?

About one o'clock, last Thursday morning, the dread clanging of alarm bells, the rush of hurrying feet, and the confused din of excited voices, told a tale of ruin coming. A deep lurid glow shot up across the nightly sky. Long tongues of fire lapped themselves hungrily hither and thither. And the conflagration was begun. It broke out in the boot and shoe store of George B. Temple. Every timber and shingle was hot, dry and dusty, and with lightning-like speed the devouring element flashed east and west, seizing with a death-grasp the clothing store of Philip Keller, and the grocery of R. E. Hays, to the westward; and the stove and tin-ware establishment of J. A. Graham, the variety store of M. E. Keller, and the clothing house of Morris Gratz, to the eastward. In twenty minutes the whole half block, comprising six of our leading business buildings, was sheeted in robes of pettillion's hottest loom-work. The roar of the flames could be heard for half a mile, and as the long banners of fire streamed in triumph from roof and window and sky-light of each doomed edifice; as rafters and floors fell in, and the fierce muttering blazes leaped and crackled and howled their exultant pens to Beelzebub, it vividly suggested Chicago, hell or Sherman's grand march to the sea. It called up feelings akin to sympathy for Brownlow, Butler, Lincoln, Stanton, and all the other great headlights of loyalty, but whose everlasting dwelling this was but a mild and limpid-tam epitome. Our gallant firemen, with their pitiful cow-hide syringe, squirted heroically, discharged their duty and their water manfully and well. But they might as well have injected their jaws with cow-hide gum, and tried to spit out purgatory. Every building from Hays' corner to Embery & Jennings' lumber-yard, was swept as by a breath from Tophet. And for a time it seemed as if the whole business portion of the city was doomed. Merchants all along the street, began to pack up their goods, and prepare for removal. Soppy young counter-hoppers pocketed the photographs of their Nancy Janes and Matilda Arminias. And the Caucasian shebang gathered its box of paper collars, its pocket-bible and pair of old boots, in a terrific panic expected every the end of our main thoroughfare. But the gap at the lumber-yard, and the high solid brick walls of Embery & Jennings' hard-ware store checked the impending annihilation. The charred shingles and cinders were found next day as far out in the country, as Dan Wills's; and it seems almost miraculous that the imitation of the method, by which the general-in-chief of the yankee regular horde of bummers and cut-throats gained his immortality down in Georgia and the Carolinas, did not extend its destroying arms far more widely.

It is impossible to form any accurate idea of the losses. The aggregate is supposed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of $60,000 or $70,000. Total amount of insurance $44,800. So that the excess of loss over insurance, will be some $20,000. The items in the list of insurance are:

H. E. Hays, on stock groceries	$ 5,500
Philip Keller, do clothing	5,000
G. B. Temple, do boots & shoes	8,000
J. A. Graham, do stoves & tin ware	5,000
M. E. Keller, do dry goods & notions	5,000
Morris Gratz, do clothing	5,000
J. F. Hassell, do dentist tools	800
J. Fields, do law library	500
S. Wilson, 5 houses	10,000
Total	$44,800

Of this, the companies represented by E. Winsor & Son lose:

State Ins. Co., of Missouri	$ 2,000
Ætna Ins. Co., Hartford	7,500
Hartford Ins. Co., Hartford	3,500
Andes Ins. Co., Cin., Ohio	1,000
Total	$19,000

The companies represented by Aull, Standish & Wilson, suffer to the tune of:

Home, of New York	$ 5,800
Phœnix of Hartford	5,000
Franklin, Phil.	5,000
North America, of Phil.	4,000
Total	$18,800

The companies of which George Withers is agent are victimized for:

North Missouri Ins. Co	$ 6,300
St. Joseph Fire & Marine	1,000
Total	$ 7,300

Wm. Morrison owned one of the six buildings destroyed, and was insured for $1,000. Wilson owned the other five, and only had them insured for about half their name. The law library of Harvey McHutton and the medical books of Dr. J. G. Chinn, were destroyed. No insurance. Philip Keller, George Temple and J. A. Graham lost everything. The loss is a heavy one, but we understand steps are being taken toward the prompt refunding of all the losses.

ANOTHER PIC-NIC.

BENEFIT OF THE LAFAYETTE SILVER CORNET BAND.

The epidemic is spreading. The tooth-killer's visits have been too long postponed. From far and near, on every gale, come tidings of the disease in the old-aunt-sucking-pacifier line. That Brownsville trip scattered the mad contagion hence, over the land. Grand pic-nic yesterday at Mayview; one to-day at Dover, and another in the Tabo region. One invitation just received, from brother Trice of St. Jo, to attend one to-day, at Plattsburg; huge combination of Platte Purchase Sunday Schools. A letter of invite yesterday, from Shumate of Warrensburg, to be present at a golly-smasher there, on the fourth of July. And now a gigantic strawberry program at the Fair ground, for the birthday of our moribund republic. Our magnificent brass band, unrivaled in the state, whose melodious toolings so often delight all Lexingtonian sympathies, make our mouths mid-lights tremble beneath their burdens of auricular dainties, and did our souls with hogsheads of tuft hot-blasting of the literal fearfully beyond the other blue where the good and true shall strike their golden harps and sing forever and ever. Look here, something's broken loose. Whoa! whoa! Gentle reader, let's go back and begin again. Unsound a foot pencil with a lead-lump under its crupper, and no curb-bit—our famous corn-crakers and tuba-doers need no instruments. Their horns, long and stalkily blown, are in failing health. The valves stick and rattle. The tones are shaky and uncertain. The reputation of the performers is at stake. They must be nursed with those dilapidated implements. This band, her schools, and the loveliness of her daughters, are all under heaven, of which Lexington can boast—they are her pride, her only glories. The gals and the seminaries can take care of themselves. The brazen-lunged instruments need can't. They are unable to buy the needed hollow-ware. The honor of our city and county demands, that we should help them. It is proposed to have a mammoth pic-nic at the fairgrounds, on the natal day of Yankee Doodle. It is not to be considered a celebration of that particular diurnal humbug. But it is for our musicians. An admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged. And the whole population from Napoleon to Waverly, and from Lexington to Concordia, is invited to come and bring his wife, red-headed daughters, crossed-eyed niece and snub-nosed brats. Basket dinners; floods of ice-lemonade; brass and string music planking under the trees, for those who enjoy the sanctimony style of recreation; prayer-meetings in the ring, for the more piously disposed; and chaining little flirtations, on green and shady banks where the wild wood flowers, for the youngly sentimental; will unite to render the occasion memorable in the pleasurements of our lovely region. Meeting of our citizens will be held at the court-house, this afternoon, at two o'clock, to arrange the affair. Country and city, let everybody go.

THE COMING FAIR

Or exhibition of "the Lafayette Agricultural and Mechanical Association," the board have determined shall commence on the 4th day of September, and continue five days. The active and liberal minded gentlemen who now control this institution, have infused it with a new and vigorous life, that promises to make it a prominent, attractive, and creditable feature of Western Missouri. The pamphlet, containing the general programme, is in progress of completion at this office, and will be out forth in a few days, containing more generous offers in the way of premiums, than will be found in the lists issued by any other fair association, (save that at St. Louis) in the West.

Under this excellent management which is being recognized by the whole community, who wish it to prosper, individuals and mercantile firms have been prompted to take a part, and in a number of instances, offer special premiums in their own names, some of which have not heretofore found place among our prizes.

Theodore Bates, the wealthy and staunch old farmer of Texas Prairie, offers two premiums in his own name, one for the boy under 10 years of age, who in running a certain distance on foot, proves the swiftest, and one for the boy over 10 and under 15. The Secretary and bachelor member of the board, with some other unmarried gentlemen, will pay a commanding price for the sweetest, and most tastefully arranged bouquet. Grimes & Venable, always forward in enterprise, are prominent among the "specials." But chief among them, if not inclusive of the entire entertainment, will be the competition for the one hundred dollar prize offered by the president, Col. John Reid, for the best and most graceful rider among the unmarried lady riders of Missouri.

We shall look forward to the competition in this case, with extraordinary interest. Stipulating, however, that the president shall not assign to us the duty of being one of "the forlorn hope" who announce the award. It would be better, that man had ne'er been born;

"For better the knife, the halter, or the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul."

MCCORMICK—Notwithstanding the fire, we still have a supply of these popular reapers and materials for all necessary repairs, and can be found until further notice, at the Express office, corner of Main and Laurel streets.

It D. H. CARTER.

MILD MANNERS AT MAYVIEW.

A NOCTURNAL SCRIMMAGE.

C. C. POOLE ASSAULTED AND BADLY BEATEN.

Humanity is a frail and unreliable vegetable. Much as it may vaunt itself, all its evil traits are realities, and most of its good ones humbugs. Its virtues are usually simple lack of temptation. Its honesty, want of opportunity to steal, or fear of discovery. Its truth, a mythical nixity, a two-sided nothing, warped by every breath of interest or circumstance. G. Washington, an ancient rebel slaveholder, is credited with never having told a lie, and yet we'd willingly wager our boots and breeches until cool weather sets in, that if he and some no less re-lie-able neighbor had been adversely concerned in any important occurrence, their versions of it would have been as diverse as the yarns of opposition hotel-runners or bus-agents. No two men ever see the same thing in the same way. Frailty, uncertainty, dubitation, falsity, thy name is the pantalooned biped, that prates of his honor, his comprehensive intellect, his accurate discriminations and his impeachless veracity. All history's a tissue of lies. All social intercourse, conversation, oratory, business gabble, a web of fabric and twisted truth, distorted fact and glazed-over fiction.

Our well-known countryman, C. C. Poole, of our Mayview neighborhood, was assaulted and brutally beaten, on Friday night of last week. The testimony in regard to the affair, is as contradictory as the yank and rebel histories of the late little fraternal misunderstanding.

One statement is that Mr. Poole was waylaid and attacked by J. J. Cloud, Lawson Smith and a man named Thompson. That he was knocked down with a slung-shot, and stamped, kicked and beaten, till his cries brought his wife and two hired hands to the rescue. All the parties mentioned were arrested, last Sunday, and released on bail to appear for trial yesterday.

The other edition of the story is, that Poole and his neighbor, Zantmeyer, had, for some time past, been indulging in the ever-expensive luxury of a vigorous and lively grudge. Cloud, as a mutual friend, was on his way to see Poole, and effect an adjustment. Thompson and Smith came up, while the two were conversing amicably in the road. Poole turned to Thompson, and demanded a retraction of some things he had said. Thompson proposed to fight it out. And that the subsequent events were all in the line of fair and honorable eye-blacking, skull-cracking and nose-smashing.

Be the truth as it may, Poole is badly battered; is laid up with a terribly bruised body, and one of his ears mauled into souse. But the saddest part of the affair is, that his excellent wife is said to have been driven distracted, by the fright and horror of the scene.

The preliminary trial yesterday, resulted in the continuation of the case. Thompson forfeited his bail by non-appearance.

COLLEGIATE REORGANIZATION.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of Baptist Female College, was held at the Chapel, last Saturday, June 15. The scholastic ballot-poking for trustees resulted in the election of M. W. Withers, C. O. Grimes, M. Chapman, W. V. Cromwell, C. B. Russell, T. D. Saunders, John D. New, A. G. Williams, A. V. Robinson, John W. Waddell, D. W. B. Davis, Rev. R. Talbird, D.D., and Rev. D. H. Selph, D.D., of Lexington; Rev. J. W. Warder, D.D., Clinton; J. M. Davis, Elmwood; Rev. J. Roth, Dover; Oliver Houx, Marshall; Rev. Jerry Farmer, Pleasant Hill; and W. L. Waddill, Lawson.

The board organized by electing Rev. H. Talbird, President; C. O. Grimes, Treasurer; and John D. New, Secretary.

The executive committee consists of John W. Waddell, M. Chapman, M. W. Withers, C. B. Russell and Rev. D. H. Selph; with Rev. R. Talbird, C. O. Grimes and John D. New, as ex officio members.

In the hands of such a corps of managers, encouraging many of our most successful business men and accomplished financiers, as well as distinguished scholars and divines, the prosperity of the institution is fully assured. We hazard none of our prophetic reputation, in predicting for it, a bountiful gal-crop, next fall.

MORE SHOOTING—Pistol-carrying should be made a penitentiary offense. Every vagabond found armed should be promptly seized, and furnished with a stale uniform of stripes without the stars. The ear is pained, the heart is sick, with every day's report of murderous derringers and colts. On Thursday of last week, Wm McCartney, without provocation or pretext, shot at Henry Herr, of Mayview, who was quietly attending to his own affairs, whom the would-be assassin's aim was fortunately inaccurate, and the life of a worthy citizen was saved. McCartney is still at large, but we trust will yet be captured, and punished with the utmost rigor of the law. More hanging and life-long imprisoning, and less bailing and emotional insanity humbuggery, are becoming necessary to decency. If our law-makers and executers will not or can not stop this epidemic of murder, the rude but effective surgery of Vigilance committees must ere long be tried, all over the land. No man's life is safe an hour. The papers have sunk into mere daily records of slaughter. And our legislators can afford to spend weeks in tinkering and grinning over a dog-law!

CRACKEY!—Enterprise, steam, lightning, push, progress of the age. Think of wheat harvested in Southern Georgia, May 15; threshed May 23; ground May 24; shipped 800 miles, and sold to Garneau, Hillard & Co., of St Louis, May 27, at $250 a barrel; and baked into crackers, May 28! Just nine days from the harvesting in the far-away realms of the Savannah and Oconee, to the baking in the "future great city" of the western world. First barrel of flour, made in the united satrapies, of wheat grown in 1872. We are indebted to the famous bakery for a box of these lightning-line crackers. Delicate and delicious. Any of our friends, who desire to try the taste of ambrosia made of $250 barrel flour, can be accommodated by dropping into the saintly Caucasian mu-eum, to see-um and muse upon the wonders of fast-age bakeshoppery.

ON, MERRY WERE THE TIME—At the Turners' Society pic-nic, in Graham's grove, last Sunday. Fine music, dancing, feasting, all lubricated with bounteous libations of the lager when cheers but not inebriates. The terpsichorean hoppers especially showed the inspiring effects of the sparkling foam-wreathed nectar of hope. Eloquent speeches were made by Messrs Sinauer, Hardy, Kreiche and Primer, on the occasion of the anniversary of our nation's birth. And not a wave of trouble rolled across the joyous breasts of the multitude of frolickers, save the runaway and subsequent smash of Arter's bus, which fortunately injured nobody.

NEW VOTING PLACE—In compliance with the wishes of many citizens of that fertile region, the county court has established a new ballot-punchery, at the store of S. S. Andrews, in Sni-a-bar township. We trust it will add to the convenience, with which the intelligent and patriotic suffrage-drapers, "thar and thar" congregate, to fill, deposit their Possum-headed Greeley-wads.

TO TEACHER—The annual election for teachers in the public schools of Lexington, will take place at the Court-house, in this city, on Wednesday, July 3, at 4 o'clock P. M. All applications for situations must be made in writing to the Secretary of the Board, and must be accompanied by a testimonial from some of the County Superintendent of public schools. By order of the Board

ETHAN ALLEN, Sec'y.

FURNITURE—The handsomest set of bed-room furniture we have seen for some time, is the "Dolly Varden," now offered for sale at Mrs. A. Hays's furniture store on Main street. Take a look at it.

TO THE PEOPLE OF LAFAYETTE AND RAY COUNTIES.

As this is considered the dull season of the year, and as every one wants to get value received for every dollar paid out, we are gratified to inform you that we are prepared to, and will, sell you all kinds of Dry Goods at reduced prices. And we would respectfully solicit your attention, and invite you to call and see us, and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We regard our interests as mutual and feel confident that we have the inclination and ability to sell you the best lot of Dry Goods at a very small profit. To live and let live, is our standard motto. Honesty is the best policy even in these degenerate days. We are determined to give every reasonable man and woman full satisfaction, and will be warm to defend all our goods to be just what we represent them. We desire to largely increase our list of regular customers, and hope to do so by honorable, upright, fair dealing, policies on all, and by always giving you the worth of your money. If you want anything in our line, call and see us and we will take pleasure in waiting upon you. Respectfully,

MCCAULSAND & BEDFORD.
89 Main Street.

PICTURES—To all who are lovers of fine Pictures, we would say go to Saunders' Gallery, opposite the Court-House. He makes by far the finest Pictures of any one in the city. He makes all Styles and Sizes; the only one in the place that makes the true Rembrandt and Porcelain pictures. Don't mistake the place if you want the best pictures. Saunders' Gallery, opposite the Court-House. tf

NOTICE—All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle and save trouble. I can be found at the store of A. A. & J. O. Lesueur.

June22tf R. E. HAYS.

FOR SALE—A good work mule. Apply here.

A CARD.

TO MICHAEL SUMNERS—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in saying to you that the charge made against you by Thomas Bass, of grand larceny, before Granville Clayton, Justice of the Peace, was not sustained. After a full hearing, you were honorably acquitted. I believe the charge to have been preferred through malice.

A. J. HALL, Circuit Attorney.

BARGAINS DON'T EXPIRE IT—Go to Wilson & Hutchison's and get an arm full of those cheap goods from the great New York fire, which Wilson & Hutchison are selling at less than half cost. These goods are not injured in the least but are as good as if fresh from the loom. Call early and see for yourselves. tf

WELLINGTON ITEMS

NO SARDINE.

As a disciple of the venerable Izaak Walton, in the lazy-leisurely art of bobbing for whales with a pin-hook, our accomplished fellow-citizen, Henry Johnson, is an eminent success. As a tosser-in of contortionizing angle-worms, and a jerker-out of ichthyological shiners and wrigglers, he has few equals and no superiors—(that phraseology, on account of its startling novelty and originality, we have concluded to patent)—along the four-thousand-miles-stretched shores of Big Muddy. Last Monday, with an ordinary hook and line, he lifeweighed from the murky depths a cat-fish weighing 115 pounds. It is supposed to have been a distant relative of the chap that took the renegade prophet in out of the wet, some time ago.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The papers are filled with horrible stories of mad dogs and their ravages. Twenty children bitten in one day, in Louisville. A bride dying, raving, barking