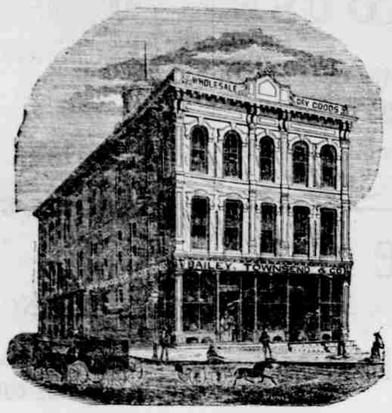
THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOL. 8. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873. No. 22.—WHOLE No. 386

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.

Bailey, Townsend & Co.



NOS. 101 AND 103, CORNER OF FIFTH AND FELIX STREETS,

ST. JOE, MO.

THE Houses of BAILEY, KAY & CO. and TOWNSEND & WOOD have consolidated under the firm name of

Bailey, Townsend & Co.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF CONDUCTING A GENERAL

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION BUSINESS,

ON THE

Southeast Corner of Fifth & Felix Streets,

Where they have opened one of the FINEST AND LARGEST STOCKS OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE ever brought to this market. In connection with our business we shall open a large

Retail Department,

Under the immediate supervision of our Mr. Townsend, assisted by Mr. H. C. Branson, which will be entirely separate and distinct from our Wholesale Department. All goods in the Retail Store will be classified and sold on the "Department System" and at the

Very Lowest Possible Prices.

To which we cordially invite our friends and the public generally.

sept20 **BAILEY, TOWNSEND & CO.**

Attorneys at Law

JAMES H. McHATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo., will attend promptly to business confided to him in Lafayette county. Special attention given to collections. Office in building of Saving's Bank, opposite Court-house. fe22-ly

WILLIAM WALKER. RICHARD FIELD.

WALKER & FIELD,

ATTORNEYS at Law, Lexington, Missouri. Office in Kramer's building. aug3-ly

W. T. & T. C. WOOD,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. T. C. Wood Notary Public. Office, one door east of Null Savings Bank 2d story, Lexington, Mo.

JOHN F. RYLAND. JOHN K. RYLAND.

RYLAND & SON,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, No. 67 Main st., over the store of Enceberg & Jennings. Practice in all the courts of this and adjacent counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State, or District Court of the United States. Collections made. jun 1y

J. S. BLACKWELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Wellington, Missouri, will practice in all the courts, and give prompt attention to collections. 122

GEO. S. RATHBUN. ALEX. GRAVES.

RATHBUN & GRAVES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, District and U. S. Courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office: Main street, over Krienn's shoe store. delly1

RICHARD A. COLLINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Waverly, Mo. Will practice his profession in all the courts of the State of Missouri. Collections made throughout the States. apr2

TILTON DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Special attention given to the collection of debts, investigation and Perfection of Land Titles, and to Criminal and Real Estate Litigation generally, in Lafayette and adjoining counties. Office at Sawyer's old stand, corner of Main and Broadway streets. july1lm

A. F. ALEXANDER. WM. H. CHILES.

ALEXANDER & CHILES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Will also attend promptly to the collection of claims, and to cases arising under the Bankrupt law. Office over the new Banking House of Wm. Morrison & Co. oc24y

Medical.

DR. PETER TEMPLE,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

AT HIS OLD STAND,
Cedar Street, near Franklin,
June28 LEXINGTON, MO.

G. W. BARKER, M. D.,

Practical Homeopathic Physician,

HAVING sought Lexington as a permanent location, after twenty years and more experience in the Homeopathic practice, and treatment of acute and chronic diseases, and having in former years, been favorably known in this city and vicinity as a Homeopathic physician, and latterly associated here for two with another physician of the same practice, would respectfully offer his professional services, and solicit a continuance of the patronage of the citizens of Lexington and surrounding country. Special attention given to the treatment of all curable chronic diseases. Office rooms on first floor of Bourbon Hotel, Main street. N. B.—Persons indebted to the firm of Temple & Barker please call at Dr. Barker's office (as above) and settle. june2

Dr. J. W. MENG,

SURGEON DENTIST,

OFFICE, opposite the Courthouse, up stairs, Lexington, Mo. All work done in a scientific manner. sep24y1

Persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please make prompt payment.

DENTIST.

J. F. HASSELL, D. D. S.,

Office over Limrick's Bank,
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

DRS. SMALL, CHAMBERS & CO.

A. V. SMALL, M. D. J. B. ALEXANDER, M. D. G. W. YOUNG, M. D. P. H. CHAMBERS, M. D.

OFFER their services in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, to the public, with the hope that their association together will tend greatly to promote their knowledge of diseases, and to improve their skill in treating them.

They will give special attention to Chronic Disorders. They will, in all cases, consider their fees due when the services are rendered, and will collect as soon thereafter as they may deem advisable.

☞All persons indebted to the late firm of Drs. Small & Chambers, or to any member of the above firm are respectfully invited, and earnestly urged to settle immediately. ,ctly1
Office over Boteler & Clagett's store.

DR. T. S. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office and residence on Main street, east of the Courthouse. Special attention given to surgery. Calls promptly attended to, in town and country. no20

Hotels, Etc.

SOMETHING NEW!

I wish to say something, and must: Retiring modesty is only a starving virtue in this degenerate age. Know ye, then, all, each and every one of you, that I, George Kennedy, am in charge of the Bourbon Hotel, ready, willing and waiting to supply the wants of both transient and boarding customers in the most facetious and satisfactory manner, with Haywood Turner as cook, and I as gentlemanly receiver of the motive lucre, and on really modest terms. Ladies and gentlemen, you are respectfully solicited to give us a call and for yourselves.

GEORGE KENNEDY,
apr26 Bourbon Hotel.

LONG'S HOTEL.

THIS Hotel situated on pine street, north of Main, has changed hands, and has been cleaned, refitted and refurnished. The fare is as good as any in the city and the rooms large and airy. Travelers will be handsomely and comfortably entertained. Call over and see for yourself, and you will call again.

WM. LONG, Proprietor.
mh22-ly

PACIFIC HOUSE,

MOBERLY, MO.

W. H. ROBERTSON - - - Proprietor.

TWO blocks west of Depot. Newly furnished and neatly fitted up. Fine Bar and Billiard Hall attached. oc26y1

HYGIENIC BOARDING-HOUSE.

I WILL accommodate a few boarders with hygienic fare. Those who are chronically ailing are especially invited, with a view to their restoration to health. Would be glad if encouragement be given to me, so that I could combine the psycho system with the hygienic system.

feb15-6m JOHN R. JORDAN.

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers

IN

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES.

Nos. 301, 303 & 305 Second street, corner Olive,

ST. LOUIS, - - - - - - MO.

m 1y

NEW FIRM.

P. BALLARD, WM. GUARD,
WM. Z. MITCHELL, T. J. BANDON.

BALLARD, MITCHELL, & CO.,

CARPENTERS & BUILDERS,

HAVING formed a co-partnership, are now prepared to do all carpenter's and joiner's work, or other work in their line, at the lowest possible figures. Being each practical carpenters, and employing no assistants, they flatter themselves that they can do any job in their line at lower figures than the same amount of work can be had for in the city. Our motto is "Live and let live." Shop on Main-Cross steet, near Episcopal church. Give us a call. jne7y1

L. A. BROWN, | W. W. PARKE, | JAS. P. PORTER,
Notary Public.

BROWN, PORTER & CO.,

GENERAL REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE & COLLECTING AGENTS,

MOBERLY, MO.

ALL business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. Office, corner Reed and Williams street. oc26y1

DAVIDSON & D'AVIS,

Manufacturers of

CIGARS,

AND DEALERS IN CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO,

No. 405 Delaware Street,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
jan25-1y

TURNER HALL,

On Cedar street, in rear of the Caucasian Office,
LOUIS GILLEN, Proprietor.

A large, airy hall, neatly furnished. The most quiet place in the city. Refreshments the best. Good liquors, brandies, whiskies, wines, cigars, tobacco, and fresh St. Louis beer daily on tap. sept13-1y

FULL SUPPLY

OF

LIME! LIME!

ON HAND AT ALL TIMES,
AT 75cts PER BARREL MEASURE.
June28m5 JOHN D. WRIGHT.

Lexington Caucasian.

Largest Local and a General Circulation, extending over all the States and Territories,

Going to a Larger Number of Postoffices than any other Paper in Missouri.

By DONAN & NESBITT.

P. DONAN,.....EDITOR
C. J. NESBITT,.....BUSINESS MANAGER

WHITE SUPREMACY!—STATE SOVEREIGNTY!—AND A UNIVERSAL OVERTHROW OF USURPERS AND THIEVES!

TAXES! TAXES!! TAXES!!!

NOTHING BUT TAXES!

And What is It All For?

Taxes! taxes! nothing but taxes! !
Taxed on all that a man can eat;
Taxed on his flour, and taxed on his meat;
Taxed upon all that covers his back,
From his cotton shirt, to his broadcloth black;
Taxed on whatever is pleasant to see,
To hear or to smell, to feel or be,
Taxes! taxes! nothing but taxes! !
Grinding our noses as sharp as axes!

AND WHAT ARE THE TAXES FOR?

Why!—The Radical Party to keep in repair,
So that "high-moral" scoundrels may each have a share
In huge stealings and pickings, found everywhere!
Taxes! taxes! Republican taxes!
Taxed on the coffin, and taxed on the crib,
On the old man's shroud, and the young brat's bib—
To pamper the bigot, and fatten the knave!
Taxed from the cradle plump into the grave!

AND WHAT ARE THE TAXES FOR?

Why!—to buy all the rogues they can find far and near,
And give every Congressman half a million a year!
Taxes! taxes! Republican taxes!
For rich men to shirk; and poor men to pay,
From the pittance they earn by hard work all the day,
By the strain of the muscle, the sweat of the brow,
By the spade and the trowel, the ax and the plow!

AND WHAT ARE THE TAXES FOR?

Why!—The old Constitution to knock all to smash,
And fill every place-holder's pocket with cash—
To send Law and Liberty down to their graves,
And turn millions of Freemen to cowering Slaves!
Hurrah for the Taxes, the jolly old Taxes!
Come men, get your noses all ground into axes—
Bless Sumner, praise Chandler, Beast Butler and Wade,
And all your big "Bosses" that Taxes have made—
Ye "mud-sills," to Yankee "Philanthropy" sold,
Be quiet—obey—your saucy tongues hold!

FOR THAT'S WHAT THE TAXES ARE FOR!

All over the land, from Maine to Mexico, from Florida to Minnesota, from the codfishy shores of Nastychusetts to the golden vales of California, hear the groaning and the moaning of a people crushed beneath their governmental burdens. On every hand, at every turn, from every hillside, plain and valley, hear the sighing and the wailing,—one long, vast, universal note of wo,—one bitter, endless, heaven-piercing cry of national lamentation. "TAXES! TAXES! NOTHING BUT TAXES!" A tax ere the poor man has the right to labor—They call it a license, or a poll. A tax on the tools with which the poor man labors—They call it manufacturers' tax. A tax on the poor man's hard-earned pittance—They call it income tax. A tax on every bite, that out of the scanty remnant of his trebly-taxed earnings, the poor man buys to eat. A tax on every rag he buys to wear. A tax on everything he sits, stands or lies upon. A tax on everything he touches, tastes, sees, smells or handles, from the lace cap his babe is christened in, to the bed he dies on, and the shroud and box he's buried in. He pays federal taxes. He pays state taxes. He pays county taxes. He pays city taxes. He pays revenue taxes. He pays dirt-road taxes. He pays railroad taxes. He pays white school taxes. He pays nigger school taxes. He pays poll taxes, and in many cases, gets kicked from the polls. He pays direct taxes. He pays indirect taxes. He pays taxes to feed, clothe, educate, arm and white-wash the lousy niggers of the South. He pays taxes to hold down eight millions of his white countrymen in the South, beneath the accursed bondage of bayonets and baboons. (Thousands of regular soldiers garrisoning Southern cities and "military posts," to-day.) He pays taxes to fill Southern Legislatures, State Senates, Lieutenant Governors' chairs and Supreme Benches, with nigger barbers, bootblacks and field-hands. He pays taxes to defray the cost of making a filthy ex-orang-outang, Secretary of State in Mississippi; and of sending a thieving nigger preacher to represent her in the United States Senate, so called. He pays taxes to elevate an ebo-shinned, woolly-pated Pennsylvania darkey, to the Supreme Judgeship of South Carolina. He pays taxes to foist a mulatto incendiary and Voudoo debauchee into the Lieutenant Governorship of Louisiana. He pays taxes to enrich a horde of drunken debauchees, perjured, gallows-worthy, thieving outlaws, styling themselves the "Congress of the United States"—every one of them solemnly sworn to "support and maintain" that Constitution, which their every word and act is designed to overthrow. He pays taxes to foot their monster land-grabbing bills; their Alaska iceberg and San Domingo earthquake jobbing bills; their gigantic railroad gobbling bills; and their universal squanderage and riotry bills. He pays taxes to foot their whisky-shop bills; their Fifteenth-Bedamnedment-enforcement bills; their gambling-hell bills; their scoundrely naval-appropriation bills, to furnish old Robeson and Tumblebug Ulysses with royal tubs for drunken dead-head cruises with their tinseled crews of he and she revelers and wantons; their "female-boarding-house" bills; their free-lunch excursion and stumping-tour bills; their nigger-arming and militia-banditti bills; their stealage-fraud-swindling-and-bribery bills; their perjured-witness-hiring bills; their nigger-cadet-fondling, West-Point-investigation bills; their Southern-outrage-hatching Committee bills; and their ten thousand other loyal-deviltry bills. He pays taxes to support the dregs of the free-nigger Bureau, with its thousands of sneaking, sniffling "Reverend" yankee thieves, and its millions of vermin-swarming, insolent African vagabonds. He pays taxes to support the reconstruction hellionism, with its irresponsible satraps and standing army of brutal janizaries, converting ten of our fairest and noblest states into a scene of desolation, outrage and horror—kicking them IN and OUT OF the Union—turning them into States, Territories, military Pashawlics, or utter Nonentities—at the mere will, the drunken whim, of a mob of forsworn miscreants, whose carcases should decorate the lamp-posts of the Capitol. He pays taxes to fill with jingling, glittering GOLD, the insatiate coffers of New England Bondholders,—Yankee Ignobility, *who pay not a dollar of taxes for any purpose on earth!*—A hundred and fifty millions of dollars, a year, *in gold*, as interest on an accursed, unconstitutional, monstrous aggregation of national, state, county and municipal debt—conceived in iniquity and begotten in sin—created by a lawless horde of scape-hell conspirators, in the prosecution of the most horrible crusade of robbery and murder, that ever befouled the face of God's beautiful earth, with fratricidal, nigger-treeing blood!—$150,000,000 a year, *in gold*;—$12,500,000, every month;—$2,884,615, every week;—$412,088, every day;—$17,170, every hour;—$286, *in gold, every minute;*—in rain and in sunshine, in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity;—wrung from the toil-hardened hands of honest industry, and cast into the remorseless treasury-maw of the "best government the sun ever shone on," to pay the interest on a debt of blood and outlawry, perjury, thievery, fraud and riotry! Two hundred and eighty-six dollars, *in gold*, every minute!—Hear it "clink! clank!" as it falls into the swollen and ever-swelling chests of yankee plunderers and usurpers! "Clink! clank!" Gold! gold! It tells a tale of ruthless extortion and dastardly submission—of riotous revelry and soul-crushing poverty—of insolent lordlings and cowering serfs. "Clink! clank!" There goes the widow's mite, the poor man's dole, the orphan's penny. "Clink! clank!" That's the tear of the sewing-woman, the sigh of the fatherless, the groan of the destitute, coined into gleaming gold, and gone to swell the annual tribute of a subjugated people, to their MASTERS! Taxes! Taxes! Limitless taxes!—To elevate *niggers*, and trample down *white men!* To *free baboons*, and *enslave ourselves!* Thank God! the tax-gatherer's visits are doing what logic, eloquence, prayers, entreaties and expostulations have all failed to accomplish; and the scales, big as blacking box-lids or donkey ears, have at last, at long, long last, begun to fall from the eyes of the toiling, hard-handed, sweaty-browed masses. The farmers, from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the gulf, are banding together to sweep away the dominion of pick-pockets and pirates. They've begun to see the gigantic iniquity, which is crushing their very souls out through their ragged trousers-seats. And knowing this, is it strange that the ruffianly fanatics and pillagers of yankeedoodledidldedom, and the oath-bound Conspirators of the Capitol, whenever finances and reform are mentioned, squirm like a nest of vitriol-sprinkled vipers? Is it strange that they are ever skulking and dodging the Tariff bills, the Funding bills, and the innumerable Infernal Revenue bills, which their villainy has rendered necessary? Not a bit of it. Yankeedom's weakest spot is its Treasury? Their fears are well-founded. On, on, ye robbery-fattened hellions! On with the dance, ye revelers in a nation's miseries! On with your deviltries. Pass your bills guaranteeing the bondholding buccaneers of Nastychusetts two dollars in gold, for every one they expended in rags and green ink. Pass your bills bestowing millions and tens of millions, aye, hundreds of millions, of acres of *the people's* lands, upon countless corporations of Railroad Thieves, in which every one of you is a stockholder and fund-snatcher. Pass your bills popping $5,000 of *the people's* money into each of your Iscariot bags, for services you've never rendered; and giving a tipsy tumblebug chunk of frolicsome Galena tan-yard offal, $50,000 a year for attending horse races at Saratoga, and spreeing in vulgar magnificence at Long Branch. Pass your bills taxing white men to furnish spelling-books, ballots, arms and offices, to three millions of stench-perspiring niggers. (United States muskets and cartridge-boxes distributed to three companies of nigger militia in the Abbeville region of South Carolina, last week) Roll on! Roll on! Riot! Squander! Feast! Steal! Ravish!—While you may! But ah! there is an end to such atrocities—There is a limit to even American dastardliness, submissiveness, slavishness—Somewhere—Sometime! THE PEOPLE—the long-suffering, patient, but OMNIPOTENT PEOPLE—the laboring men, the farmers, mechanics, merchants and artisans, the hod-carriers, donkey-drivers and editors; the one-legged, defrauded soldiers; the men who till the soil, build the cities and do the fighting—will ere long, rallying around the glorious banner of "STATE SOVEREIGNTY, WHITE SUPREMACY, AND A UNIVERSAL OVERTHROW OF USURPERS AND THIEVES," sweep you, and all your nigger-exalting, state-destroying, bondholder-enriching, poor-white-man-beggaring-and-crushing deviltries, back-pay grabs and credit mob-of-liars, to a figurative hell, as endless and bottomless as the literal perdition, to which, if there is any justice in the Universe, ten thousand of your loyal-issimest leaders, your brightest exemplars, your sublimest chieftains, are inevitably bound! He's a fool who doubts it! THE PEOPLE ARE MOVING! Forward the Banner of the Grange!

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

A SHAME.

Shabby Treatment of One of Virginia's Noblest Sons by Virginia College Trustees.

We are and ever have been a zealous advocate of Southern education, and a supporter of every scheme, enterprise and institution designed to promote it. We have for years, thrown all our strength against the insane exportation of the Southland's sons and daughters to yankee schools, to receive yankee notions and imbibe yankee characteristics from yankee teachers and yankee text-books. We have ardently labored, with pen and tongue, to advance the interests of every seminary, academy or college, having for its object the instruction of Southern youth, by Southern men and women, on our own soil. Especially have we been a friend of that grand institution to which the South's illustrious chieftain gave the closing years of his heroic life. Founded by Virginia's first great rebel son—Washington;—and presided over by her second—Lee. Standing at Lexington, in the glorious Valley, where Stonewall Jackson wished to be buried, when he "crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees." Surrounded by those majestic, cloud-wreathed mountain peaks, whose every rugged crag is tapestried with all the rapt sublimities of nature, history, romance and poetry. Its every chair filled by men, whose names are blazoned on the scroll of Southern fame. We deemed it, of all, the fittest to become the Harvard, the Yale, the Oxford, of the South. We were among the first to urge the endowment of its University chairs by the different Southern states. And, on the death of immortal Robert Lee, from the Caucasian came the first suggestion to combine the names of its two greatest benefactors—Virginia's twin heroes—Washington, who founded the College, and Lee, who died laboring to upbuild it;—and make it a mighty, ever-swelling and enduring monument to their glory. We have worked for it faithfully, at home and abroad. And it pains us to have to use one word of reproach in regard to anybody or anything connected with it. But *justitia* must be *fiat*-ed through the *cœlum* may *ruat*. At this distance, it seems to a friendly eye, that a stain has been placed on the escutcheon of the South's chief representative institution. The treatment of the venerable and distinguished Judge John W. Brockenbrough, by the Board of Trustees of Washington-Lee University, looks shabby, aye,—it pains us to say it,—villainous. It smacks of treachery, trickery and ingratitude. One of Virginia's oldest and noblest sons, he, for nearly twenty years, reproachlessly filled a high position under the federal government; but at the beginning of the war, promptly resigned it to share the hardships and the ruin of his mother-state. He was the founder of the famous Law School at Lexington, where hundreds of Virginia's ablest minds acquired, scarce more by precept than example, their legal training and their exalted notions of honor and right. He was offered the chair of Law in the University. Gave up his private school, and accepted it, because he was assured it would be for the good of an institution of which Lee was President. J. R. Tucker was made his assistant. Recently, the Board notified him in a twisty, circumlocutory, uncertain style, that his department hardly justified the expense of maintaining it. Like a high-spirited, true old man, as he is, he immediately tendered his resignation, to be used whenever they saw fit to abolish the department. Secret caucuses were held, and he was notified of its acceptance. But to the shame of every trustee who took part in it, the moment Judge Breckenbrough was ousted by their chicanery, instead of abolishing the Law department, they installed his assistant, Tucker, in his chair, and increased his salary! Such conduct is a disgrace to the College, and to the South of which it is the educational pet and pride. It has called forth indignant protests from every portion of the country. The one below is from the pen of Col. D. S. Hounshell, formerly of Virginia, but now the law-partner of Hon. Thos. L. Jones, at Newport, Kentucky. He speaks like the gallant, warm-hearted, earnest gentleman we know him to be:

NEWPORT, KY., Aug. 3, 1873.

MY BELOVED FRIEND AND PRECEPTOR:

I have read, in a distant state, your noble letter of the 1st of last July, to the Lexington (Va.) Gazette, touching the action of the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee College upon the department of law in that institution, which culminated in your resignation and the election of Mr. J. R. Tucker as your successor in the Law school, of which you were the sole founder, and to which, as its able instructor, you had devoted so many years of the prime of your life. This blunder of the board, as I am constrained in my judgment to term it, has dealt a double blow equally injurious to yourself and the college. To you it was a grievous, inhuman wrong. What! in the twinkling of an eye, without notice, to deprive you in the last decade of your active life, of your school and livelihood, with a numerous, dependent, helpless family, looking to you alone for support, is an act which needs but to be mentioned to be damned to everlasting obloquy and execration.

Virginia herself, in her better days, as now, is indebted to you for the many hundreds of her sons all over the state, whom you have educated in the law and inspired with the high aims of your own pure and stainless life. As a capable, impartial minister of justice too, she owes you much; for in the capacity of District Judge of the United States District Court for the Western District of Virginia, you discharged the functions of both District and Circuit Judge from the year 1846 to 1861, and have not a single reversal to stare you in the face. This in itself is an historic monument to your diligence and ability as a jurist. Then, too, when the besom of destruction came to lay the household gods of our own beloved Virginia in ashes, you were not recreant to the great prime duties which bind the higher aspirations of our nature to the land of our birth, but laid down your great office upon the altar of your state's cause, and shared with her its ignominious rout. And to-day, without crime, pure of heart and soul, in a land whose jurisprudence has been illustrated by your own and your noble father's genius, you find yourself with the disabilities of alienage upon you. Shall Virginians, to whom your name and fame ought ever to be dear, witness with out indignation and protest, this act of degenerate souls in depriving you of a livelihood by teaching the ambitious youth of your native state the noble science of law? Your friends will surely resent this wrong. Can you not address a letter to your friends? Speak to us as to how we can best aid you in re-establishing your school. The spirited lawyers of Virginia, whom you have given the state, owe it to you, as well as to Virginia and their own sense of manhood, to send you, under existing circumstances, such a school as you never before have had in Lexington; to teach your oppressors and all of like spirit who come after them, that there is a might and force in the cause of a noble old man who has given his life and energies without blur to his country and a noble profession and its votaries, over which artifice, ingratitude and wrong can never prevail. I am ever, truly your friend,

D. S. HOUNSHELL.

Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, Lexington, Virginia.

Another blood-freezing religious crime. Location—Huntington, N. Y. Parties—the Presbyterian church and its pastor, on one side, and a poor idiot on the other. A fellow named Kelsey had insulted some ladies, when the brethren seized him, stripped him naked, tarred and feathered him, and shamelessly exhibited him before the ladies whom he was charged with having insulted. And then Kelsey disappeared. Shortly afterward his half-decomposed body was drawn from the river. An examination of it proved that diabolisms, more fiendish than were ever perpetrated by savages, had been committed upon his body. The pastor and a part of the congregation were the lynchers, and with the blood of their murdered victim on their hands, they have continued to play Christian, supposing that the crime was beyond resurrection. This is the most diabolical incident ever connected with a church, and merits the direst punishments of offended law, both human and divine.

Jefferson Davis spoke the truth the other day to a Lynchburg (Va.) Republican reporter, to whom he said: "We have been cheated, rather than conquered. What South Carolinian would not rather have died upon the field, than live with a negro legislature, a negro Governor, a ruined state, a prostrated present, and a gloomy future? What Louisianian would not prefer following Longstreet in the field, to Longstreet as a tyrant's tool in New Orleans? Our principles are not lost, and I hope to see them become the principles of the government."

UNPARALLELED SHORT-HORN SALE.

TOPLOFTICAL PRICES.

111 Head Bring $380,890.

ONE COW SELLS FOR $40,600.

When will the farmers of Lafayette wake up to an appreciation of the wonderful advantages of their county, as a stock-raising region? With fields almost boundless in extent, and exhaustless in their production of grain. With tens of thousands of acres of pasture and meadow lands, rivaling the far-famed blue-grass Eden of Kentucky in beauty, and surpassing it in fertility. With wide-spreading forests and beautiful groves of noble timber, for shade. With numberless sparkling streams meandering, here, there and everywhere, within her favored borders. With a climate healthful and mild; just that happy medium always so desirable, and yet so rarely found. And with labor abundant and cheap, and prices of living as low as anywhere else in all this Ethopianized Republic—What does our glorious old county lack to make her the greatest stock-growing realm on the globe—the equal, nay, the superior, of boastful Bourbon, Fayette, Scott, Woodford, and Madison counties, in fine-horsey-cowy-and-bully "Ole Kaintuck?" Nothing at all, as we've often said before, but the enterprise, the energy, the public spirit, on the part of her citizens. When shall we see this spirit—this spirit of progress—spirit of improvement—salutary spirit of emulation—fully awakened? Our sluggards begin to roll over uneasily, now and then, and rub their long-drowsing eyes. When, oh! when will they become thoroughly aroused, and go to work—keep step to the music of the times—set forward on the march to wealth and ease? When will our best farmers grow ashamed of their old hazel-splitting, alligator-snouted hogs; their giant-antlered, staggering, blue-gutta-percha-beefed, barrel-hoop-ribbed, scrub bovine monsters; and their scant-wooled, thistle-cleaner sheep? When will they exhibit some little reasonable repugnance to jogging into town, on the old-timey, knock-kneed, scraggle-tailed, splay-hooted, equine crow-baits, that they've ridden ever since the Almighty unfortunately forgot to drown the breed in Noah's general ducking-frolic;—kicking in the ribs, sticking cockle-burrs under the crupper, hickorying, puffing and cussing, to get up a wretched, stiff-jointed, churn-dasher trot? Then will they learn to blush their faces full of red-flannel jackets, at the idea of their wives and daughters having to come in shopping, behind a pair of obstinate, stupid, blathering, legislator-like donkeys? When may we hope to see all these antiquated, uncouth styles swept away; to see our country gentlemen and their sons prance into the city on their proudly curveting thoroughbreds; and to see their families, our noble dames and lovely damsels, drive in behind their dashing spans of blooded matches? When, oh! tell us, when?

That our farmers may have some idea of the profits of raising fine stock in preference to scrubs and buzzard-roosts, we give in full, the report of the sale, at Utica, New York, on the 10th inst., of the New York Mills herd of Short-Horn cattle. It was the most remarkable event of its kind in all cattle history. We take the account from a special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, of Sept. 11:

The herd, the property of Hon. Samuel Campbell, while not the largest, was one of the most celebrated in the world; and the sale brought together the leading fancy breeders from all portions of the United States, while many of the English breeders were either present in person or represented by agents sent across the Atlantic for the purpose. There were 111 animals sold for $380,890. Ten of the Duchess tribe of females brought $219,250, an average of $21,925.

The sale commenced at 1 p. m., the first animal led into the ring being the Duke Bull, Second Duke of Oneida, which was started at $10,000, and advanced rapidly to $12,000, and sold to T. J. Megibben, of Kentucky.

The Duchesses, as the females of the same family are called, followed; the first being Eighth Duchess of Thorndale, 13 years old and in all probability a non-breeder, sold to C. J. Wadsworth, of New York, for $450; a low price, but under the circumstances large enough.

The next was the Twelfth Duchess of Thorndale, eight years old and an uncertain breeder. She was started at $500, and advanced rapidly to $3,000, $4,000, $5,000 and finally to $5,700, at which Hon. A. B. Congar, of New York, became her owner.

Then came the Duchess of Oneida, a calf less than six months old. $5,000 was the first bid, by Col. King, of Minnesota, raised to $6,000 by Lord Skewnerdale, of England, and $6,500, at which Mr. Berwick, supposed to represent Lord Dunmore, secured her. It was the highest figure ever paid at a public sale for a short-horn cow or calf, and the excitement at once rose to fever heat.

Then came the Thirteenth Duchess of Thorndale, six years old, for which $10,000 was offered on the first bid, and as the figures rose thousand by thousand, the audience fairly held their breath, and she was knocked off to Mr. Congar at $15,000.

At least time the Eighth Duchess of Oneida, a calf less than a year old. It seemed as if the auction was begun to repeat of those high prices, and $5,000 was the first bid; but the excitement arose again as $6,000 was bid, and then a clean jump to $10,000, and by the time Mr. Berwick, of England, led her out at $15,300 it seemed to have reached the highest possible point.

Then came the Thirteenth Duchess of Oneida, Mr. Duncan, of Illinois, starting her at $5,000, bidden up by Mr. Morris, of New York, raised to $10,000, and she was finally sold to Mr. Halford, representative of another English breeder, at $15,600.

Then came the Ninth Duchess of Oneida, a calf a year and a month old. She was started at $5,000, and, after a spirited contest, was knocked down to Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Kentucky, at $19,000, and it began to be whispered that perhaps some animal could touch $20,000.

The Tenth Duchess of Oneida, this spring's calf, was led in, and started at $5,000 by Col. Morris, which bid was doubled by King; $8,000 more was added by Geo. M. Bedford, of Kentucky. Then the English party and Mr. Alexander's representatives came in, and $20,000 was specially bid, and she was only surrendered to Mr. Alexander at $27,000.

It now seemed time indeed, to call a halt, and the Fourth Duchess of Oneida brought $25,000, and was awarded to R. G. Bedford and T. J. Megibben, of Kentucky, but the precious Duchesses were now nearly all sold.

As the First Duchess of Oneida was led in, anxious faces were seen on all sides, and $15,000 was the first bid, which was raised at one jump to $30,000, amid the wildest excitement, and at $30,600 she was awarded to Lord Skemmerdale.

Two more Duchesses remained, and the Tenth Duchess of Geneva was led in. She was five years old, and started at $2,000 on her head for every year. $15,000, $20,000, $25,000 were rapidly bid, and finally $30,000 was reached, and $100 bids succeeded, but as the aspirants locked horns, the thousands again arose, and finally, at $35,000 she was knocked off to Mr. Berwick, of England.

The queenly Eighth Duchess of Geneva, the last of the Duchesses, was led into the ring. She was started by the English party at $10,000; $15,000 was the next bid, and here bidding slacked, and appeared as if all were done. Slowly, however, a bid of $16,000 was made, and after a time, $17,000 was offered, and then $20,000 by two different bidders, which one of them settled by making it $25,000, and then she rose up by thousand dollar bids until she reached and passed all her sisters, and the auctioneer announced that there was $40,000 bid. Softly Mr. Berwick raised it $100, and then Mr. Bent, with an English order in his pocket, ventured $200 more. Mr. Berwick responded with $200 more, when Mr. T. Davis, of England, made it $40,500, and received the prize. Such a scene of wild enthusiasm was never before witnessed in a sale ring. As the cheers rose, peal on peal, it seemed as if it must have been all a dream instead of a reality.

Later in the day a few more bulls of this family were sold. The Fourth Duke of Oneida, concerning whose breeding there were some misgivings, bringing $7,600, and the Seventh Duke of Oneida, who had two crosses on his face sold for $4,000; the former to Mr. Congar, and the latter to Mr. A. W. Griswold, of Vermont.

The Oxford family were next upon the catalogue and sold well; Mr. Griswold paying $6,000 for an 11-year-old cow; Second Maid of Oxford, The Third Maid of Oxford, a year younger, did not appear to be in calf, and, on account of her age, sold at $1,000 to Warnock and Megibben, of Kentucky. The Seventh Maid of Oxford, the same age, concerning whose breeding there were doubts, sold at $450. The Second Countess of Oxford, although eight years old and had aborted her last calf, brought $2,000, and went to Mr. Griswold. Bunn Oxford, a beauty, sold to Bush and Hampton, of Kentucky, for $1,500, and her heifer calf, a few days old, sold for $600, to C. F. Vanmeter, of Kentucky. The English party started the Twelfth Lady of Oxford at $6,000 and captured her at $7,600. They also went for the Third Countess of Oxford with a $5,000 starter and followed her to $9,100, at which price they surrendered her to Mr. Congar, of New York. Col. Morris started the Twelfth Maid of Oxford at $2,000 and obtained her at $6,000.

The Lady Bates family, another popular lot, came next, but the English party not wishing any of them, the American bidders had it all their own way. The first one was 11 years old, and sold for a song, but Mr R. G. Bedford, of Kentucky, was glad to take the next at $3,250, and Col. King, her heifer calf, a few days old, at $1,000. Mr. Bedford took the next at $1,100, but paid $2,300 for the next; Mr. McConnell obtaining one at $1,600.

The Rosamonds, five in number, sold from $525 to $2,650, Mr. Duncan, of Illinois, taking one at the latter figure and Mr. Mix one at a lower price.

The Blooms ranged from $325 to $2,500, Mr. Congar taking the highest priced ones. Then seven of the Wild-Eyed sort, two of which some of the English party wan