Lexington Caucasian.

HON. JACOB T. CHILD.

This gentleman who, after to-day, assumes editorial control of the Caucasian, is one whom we take pleasure in commending to all our readers in Lafayette county and elsewhere. He is a newspaper man of many years' experience, having served a long apprenticeship on the press of Richmond, Virginia, in its palmiest days. He is now a member of the Legislature from our neighbor county, Ray; is a thorough business man; high-toned, upright and courteous; a gentleman in the truest sense of the term, and worthy of all confidence and esteem. He [illegible]

SALUTATORY.

In assuming editorial charge of the Caucasian, we feel that it is our duty to its readers and the people of Lafayette county, to state briefly our views in regard to the policies that shall hereafter control its columns. Politically, it shall be in full accord with the Democracy of the state, believing that an adherence to the principles of that party is the only safeguard against further evils, and a step toward a return to the purer days of the republic when honesty and capability were the requirements necessary in a public servant. We shall favor retrenchment and reform in every department of government, a curtailment of expenditures, a reduction of offices and salaries; so that the excessive burden of taxation that has been fastened upon the people by Radical usurpation first and gross mismanagement since can be reduced eventually; so that when the tax collector issues his annual edict it will not be met, as is now the case, on the part of many, with pallid cheek and a dread of the future. This section is noted for its vast agricultural resources, unequaled on the continent, and capable of sustaining a dense population. It is now moulding into form; the embers of our late strife have mouldered away, and the germ of its future prosperity is rapidly expanding, destined in a few years to make the city of Lexington a grand centre of trade and commerce. Nothing is lacking but energy on the part of the people. There is here every facility and every incentive for exertion. Railroad connections, inexhaustible fields of coal, a fine climate, a cultivated and intelligent community; and it shall be our pride to aid them, as far as lies in our power, in its development. We shall necessarily be absent at Jefferson City, until the adjournment of the Legislature, when we will give our entire attention to the paper, and will endeavor to continue it up to its present standard, not only as a first-class country journal, but as a newspaper of state and national reputation; and we feel confident that in our efforts toward that end we shall receive the cordial endorsement of all liberal minded men that feel an interest in the advancement of principles enunciated for the public good.

J. T. CHILD.

A TEXAS THIEF.

During the discussion in the yankoniggar senate, last Tuesday, of the bill to repeal the back-salary piracy, a white hided, gerilla-souled thief from Texas, who, while out of the penitentiary, answers, among other aliases, to the name of Flanagan, made a display of himself which ought to secure him, as soon as he returns to the state he disgraces, by hailing from it, as much hemp as he can stretch with his neck, as a tribute of appreciation from his constituents. The telegraphic summary of the day's proceedings, contains this statement:

"Mr. Flanagan, of Texas, thought $7,500 not an excessive salary, and had remarked when the bill passed that it should have been $10,000. Since then he had not changed his opinion. He had drawn the money (producing greenbacks from his pocket). "Here they are, sir; this is my pay. I am going to fight for it till the last. [Laughter.] I have not stolen that pay; I have done nothing that grows upon my conscience; I have endeavored to earn it." [Renewed laughter.] After the adjournment of the Senate he had returned to Texas, and was received by the Legislature of the state, and not having been condemned by that body he felt easy. It was not so much the salary bill that the people objected to as the Credit Mobilier bill, but he did not think that such an odious measure. He thought Oakes Ames was one of the best men he ever knew, and he believed it was the demagogues of the country who preferred the indictment.

Thus, day after day, the meaningless buncombe squabble goes on. A robbery as unblushing as that of a footpad or pickpocket, is made a subject of national mirth. A theft as damnable as ever sent a Murrell to the penitentiary or a Kidd to the gallows, becomes a theme for senatorial jests and blackguard guffaws. If these scoundrels, including Conkling, Voorhees, Blair and King, could put $5,000 of the people's money into each of their pockets they could just as well have put $50,000. If they had a right to steal $5,000 apiece last session, they have full as good a right to steal $500,000 each, this session. A steal is a steal, piracy is piracy, whether the perpetrators be Democrats or Radicals, Yankees or Rebels; and whether the amount be $50, $500, $5,000 or $500,000. Away with the last vile grabber! Down with the thieves!

FAREWELL!

FAREWELL!

Saddest of all sad words that ever fell from human tongue or pen. Word that, whispered in heaven, would cast a shadow on the brightness of the jeweled gates and golden streets, would leave a blight on amaranthine bowers, and sadden the rapt melodies of seraph choirs. Word that, muttered in hell, would deepen the fierce anguish of flame and smoke, brimstone, parched tongues and fell despair. Knell of every earthly joy. Pall of every cherished aspiration and noble purpose. Tomb-stone of every tender feeling and affection.

Farewell! Through eyes dim with the mist of tears, I behold that ruthless spectre word standing, grim and unpitying, in my pathway and, with warm, anxious finger, motioning me away from scenes amid which fond memory will linger, lingering, lovingly linger, while time and life endure. With trembling hands clasped across my bosom to hold my wretched heart a prisoner, I murmur again, through quivering lips, Farewell! Readers of the Caucasian! Citizens of Lexington, of Lafayette county, of Missouri! Friends! Enemies! Indifferents! All! Farewell! It may be for years and it may be forever;—and, if forever, still forever, Fare-fare-well!

My career, as a Missouri editor, is ended. Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to heaven just yet, if care, piety and hogsheads of physic can keep me from it. I don't propose to take Prussic acid, Gostar's bug-poison or a bare bodkin. I don't expect to go to Congress, the Penitentiary or a Southern yanko-pirato-nigger Legislature. I have no wings of soaring aloft on angel's wings, for fear I should be shot for a wild gander or a buzzard before I flew a mile,—or get into a climate warm enough to melt the waxen soldering of my pinions, and drop me into bubbling hugger-mugger, if my flight extended farther. I have no thought of scudding with witches, on a broomstick, through the skies; jumping with Mother Goose's old cow, over the moon, while little-dog journalists laugh to see the sport, and Beastie Butler runs away with the spoons; or climbing a tree and pulling the arborescent vegetation up with me. I have no anticipation of fading like a lily and dying 'mid perfume; and no intention of suiciding or perpetrating matrimony with a Nastychusetts damsel. No, no; not a bit of it. But I'm going to leave. The place which has known me, will soon know me no more. My boat is on the shore, and my paper-collar box, is packed. Surely in this closing hour of a somewhat eventful six years' career, I may be pardoned the small vanity of a hasty retrospect. Bear the infliction, for it's the last I shall ever impose upon you.

On the 21st day of January, 1868, as editor of the St. Joe Vindicator, I launched my then boyish journalistic bark on the stormy waters of Missouri politics. A reign of terror existed in the state. Tom Fletcher, Rodman, Loan, Van Horn, Winters, Drake, Babcock and McNeil trampled, with ruthless heel, upon the bowed necks of a million slaves. Every decent man in all our borders—even Frank Blair, a major general of the yankee army—was disfranchised. The bones of our dead and the temples of our God were sold at auction for unpaid taxes. The headstones of our graves paid three per cent. into the coffers of our pirate masters. Preachers and priests were indicted, as common felons, among horse-thieves, adulterers and assassins, for proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ, without swearing allegiance to hell and Beelzebub. White-haired heralds of the Cross, like Headley, were butchered in their pulpits for publishing salvation to a perishing world, without the mark of the Radical beast in their foreheads. Editors were banished and their offices torn up, for daring to whimper the feeblest protest. Men talked in under-tones, with timid looks, in bank-rooms of offices and stores. Even the voice of remonstrance was hushed by the iron grasp of brutal and irresponsible power. The first number of the Vindicator fearlessly attacked every wrong and its inflicters, denounced every outrage and held its accursed perpetrators up to the execration of the universe. The paper was bold, bitter, often blackguard, sometimes blasphemous. The whole country abused it, and yet it spread like tornado-driven fire upon the prairies. Everybody read it, and everybody said it was doomed to end in the destruction of all connected with it. I was assured that "no man could talk so in Missouri, and live a month." I was dubbed a "lunatic"—a "madman"—a "self-destroying fanatic." I was threatened with deaths enough to put an end to forty full-grown and vigorous Thomas cats; with cowhidings, tarings, mobbings, waylayings, assassinations and promiscuous smashings enough to have satiated the ambition of a hecatomb of aspirants for martyrdom. But I survived; and, when after seven months of success unparalleled in the annals of journalism, Fletcher's million landed in St. Joe, and the Vindicator was a wreck;—the whole horrid dynasty of despotic murder, robbery and malignity, was tottering to its fall;—the most timorous men had found that, even in Missouri, they might call their souls their own, and live.

Four years and nine months ago, I returned to this state from New York, and took charge of the Caucasian. It was then an obscure country paper, with little circulation and no influence. To-day, it is known to the farthest limits of the habitable globe. Not to know it, in American politics, is to argue one's self unknown. In February, 1870, it inaugurated and led the movement which, by retiring the Democracy of our state from the field, brought about the split of the Radical hosts, the bolt of Carl Schurz, the organization of the Liberal Republican Party, the triumphant election of Gratz Brown, and the glorious disenthralment of our grand old commonwealth by the enfranchisement of eighty thousand of her noblest sons. In October, 1871, it blazed the way for the Possum Policy;—hung out the proud bird that swung by his tail, as the national ensign of common-sense patriotism;—denounced as insane mummeries any Democratic national conventions or nominations;—and hoisted the names of Greeley and Brown, as its candidates to lead a mighty revolt in Republican ranks. From ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the gulf, the continent rang with derisive laughter and jeers, wiseacre sneers and ignorامus mockeries of its "crazy freak"—its "monstrous advertising dodge"—its "utterly impossible absurdity." Ten months later saw its policy endorsed by ninety-nine hundredths of all the honest opponents of Radicalism in forty states and territories; and its candidates sealed with the approval of two great national conventions. And nothing but the steeple-eared folly of rule-or-ruin yankee so-called Democrats, killed the mighty scheme and blasted the hopes of half a hemisphere. Had the Greeley movement been left, as it was intended to be, a strictly, unquestionably Republican one, it would have succeeded as surely as there is a Devil, who is the father of lies and back-salary steals. The moment sharpened Northern proboscises detected the faintest flavor of Democracy floating about its vestments, it was dead.

Such has been the record of my six years' editorship. Looking back over it all, as I linger with my departing feet upon the threshold, there is not one paragraph, not one line, not one word, that I would now cancel or amend. I have sometimes seemed to wage a savage war; but the necessities of the times demanded it. I apologise for nothing, regret nothing, recant nothing. I am proud of the history of the Vindicator—prouder still of the history of the Caucasian. Usually, a newspaper struggles an antediluvian lifetime to gain a state reputation. It has taken the St. Louis Republican ever since 1808, to get known outside of the dingy purlieus, garbage-piles and fog banks of Green and Almond streets. The Caucasian sprang, like Minerva from the skull-cap of Jupiter, full grown and armed, into the arena of journalistic repute. It acquired not only national but world-wide notoriety, if not fame, in fewer weeks than, under the most favorable circumstances, it ordinarily takes years. To-day, its lines have gone forth into all the earth; there is no speech or language, where its voice is not heard. Its articles have been copied, from the rising to the setting of the sun,—have been translated into every language of Europe and America. I leave it with a reluctance which no words can express. But duty and interest call me to a more important if not a wider field. I am soon to take charge of the representative paper, the organ, the journalistic exponent of the entire white population of as noble a state, as ever the sunlight of heaven, or the blighting shadow of yankoniggerism, fell upon. Backed by men whose names are emblazoned high on the brightest pages of their country's history, and aided by my late gallant and gifted associate, Alf. S. Kieroff, in the capital of the proud Palmetto State, I am to strike for the altars and the fires of our queenly, suffering Southland, strike for the green graves of our sires, for Freedom, God and the Right.

I start with lingering steps and slow. Ambition, duty, hope and patriotism bid me go; affection only makes me pause, before the last link is broken that binds me to the scenes amid which my brief editorial life has passed. Six years is but a short space on Time's great dial-plate; and yet, it's long enough to form innumerable strong and tender ties. The heart's fond tendrils, with wondrous swiftness, entwine themselves around all worthy objects, in a clasp that only Death unbinds. But why do I hesitate to speak the final word, that must be spoken? Why do we stand on the deck of a foreign-bound bark, and gaze with aching eye back toward the dear spot we are leaving, till the last low line of snowy cliffs fades away amid the unbroken blue of sea and sky? Why does the dying man's soul hover on his lips and in his eyes, for one more whisper, one dim glance, till the last faint spark of life has fled and the longing, lingering heart is cold and still? And what is death—what are the pangs of death—but separation?—the separation of the spirit from its long-accustomed casket of clay?—separation from the places and things we have loved? Separation long or short, from dear, familiar objects, is death. What wonder, then, that I should loiter, pause, invent a thousand pretexts for putting off the last sad word?

Citizens of Lexington! Men, than whom more true and noble never wore God's image! Women, fairer, purer, gentler, lovelier, than ever peopled the Paradise of raptest poet's dream! I know not what Fate may have in store for me. But, in storm and in sunshine, on land and sea, in every vicissitude, final and disappointment, the memory of your kindness, your generous acts, your words of confidence and cheer, will be the cordial that shall nerve my heart and arm to do, and dare, and die if need be, as becomes one whom you have sent forth. Wherever my wandering feet may stray, the wide globe around, my heart, untraveled, will abide with you; and I shall drag, at each remove, a lengthened chain. May a God of infinite, unchanging love watch over and bless you all;—give you long life, health, peace and prosperity;—and render your beautiful little city a proverb of thrift, growth, enterprise, wealth, morality and religion.

People of Missouri! Worthy sons and daughters of heroic sires, who have stood by me in all the fierce struggles of the past six years! Farewell! May your grand commonwealth, ere long, become as famous for the righteousness of her laws, the wisdom of her councils, the stainless probity of her rulers and the contentment of her citizens, as she now is for the fertility of her soil, the exhaustlessness of her mineral resources and her rapid advancement in all material interests.

And, Brethren of the Press! True-hearted, brave martyrs to the public weal! Lion-souled knights of the paste-pot, quill and scissors! Fellow-slaves of the galley and the lamp! Humanity's half-paid, unthanked pack-mules and drudges! Heroes in a field more glorious than a thousand Waterloos! Dear brothers, more than friends, to whose generosity I have been indebted for so many thousand columns of miscellaneous puffery and abuse! Farewell! Till Time, like a huge green bull-frog, plunges from the last floating fragment of a shipwrecked universe, headlong into the vast ocean of Eternity, I shall cherish the loftiest esteem, the profoundest regard, the tenderest affection, for you all, Rebel, Radical, Democratic and Neutral. Exit to slow music—Air: "If ever I cease to love."

Friends! Enemies! Farewell! farewell! Here's a sigh for those who love me—(if any such there be);—and a smile for those who hate—(and many such there be);—and whatever sky's above me, here's little heart for any fate,—for most of it will be left behind me!

Readers dear, Farewell; and may Heaven have mercy on you and

Yours, faithfully, devotedly,
Now, henceforth and
forevermore,
P. DONAN.

DONE.

Last Tuesday, the yankee senatorial gang of bandits and conspirators confirmed old Caleb Cushing, a bought and paid-for tool of Spain and Spanish intriguers, as minister to Madrid, in place of the one-legged adulterer and assassin, Dan. Sickles. Now, will American honor be nobly maintained. Now, will the insult to the bald-headed carrion-vulture of freedom be avenged. Now, will the glory of the star-spangled, blood-streaked pirate flag be reasserted and upheld. Now, will effete, tottery Spain shake in her boots, till her gilt spurs jingle, with awe and godly fear.

Aha! Feast, buzzards of Santiago, on the choicest tidbits of American carcasses! Bleach on, oh, hapless bones of gallant Fry and his fifty martyr comrades! A base-souled barterer of his country's weal and fame, for filthy gold, is president; a fatty-headed dry-goods, counter-hopping Sardine is secretary of state; and a hired retainer, a feed pimp of Spanish butchers, is minister to Spain! How are you Radical diplomacy? Three cheers and a wild-cat, for the "soldier-president," at the mere whiff of whose fragrant (or flagrant) Havana, all creation was to tremble and skedoodle! Kinsas — spit upon — mocked and defied — walloped in the bloody mire of a citizen slaughter pen—by the toothless old skeleton of a chivalry defunct five hundred years ago!

Oh, for one day of Andrew Jackson, Marcy or Jeff. Davis!

ATTENTION, TRAVELERS.

We but discharge a duty to the traveling public, when we warn them against the Ohio & Mississippi railroad. It is a wretchedly one-horse concern. It runs half its whole length through desolate quagmires, on shackling and unsafe trestles. No scenery, no safety, no comfort. Without paying an extra price for a sleeping car, the journeyer is jammed into a filthy smoking-car, but one remove above a cattle-car. It makes no connections at Cincinnati, going east; reach Cincinnati at 7 in the morning, and have to lie over till 1 in the afternoon for the benefit of greedy hash-house keepers. Coming west, the same delay in St. Louis! Avoid the Ohio & Mississippi! Get tickets by any other route!

THE NEWS.

Caleb Cushing, minister to Spain, is 74 years old.

Ristori was almost, if not quite, a failure in London.

Grant has withdrawn the name of Williams for Chief-Justice.

Gen. Blair will be confirmed through pity, says the Kansas City Times.

There are 53,000 horses in Kalos. No census has been taken of the asses.

Chicago's recreant treasurer, Gage has given bond in the sum of $110,000.

The twelve Rothschilds are said to be worth, in the aggregate, $1,000,000,000.

Galignani, a famous Parisian editor, went dead with the old year—died Dec. 31.

Newsboys were first introduced into London, in 1842, by an American named Pray.

Small-pox raging in San Francisco. Schools closing on account of its pitiless pittings.

The black flag is being hoisted by some of the contending armies, factions, mobs or gangs in Spain.

The New Hampshire Democratic Convention, Thursday, nominated James A. Weston, for Governor.

The Spanish governmental what-d'ye-call-it has granted Jonvellar the extraordinary powers in Cuba, which he demanded.

Mexican banditti are daily and nightly raiding over the Texas and New Mexico border, killing the settlers, laying waste their ranches, and driving off their stock.

Chicago has in jail an interesting citizen named Cook, who is an octagonizing murderer—has butchered eight victims, winding up the gory catalogue, like a sensible fellow, with his mother-in-law.

The hoary-headed old thief, corrupationist and miscellaneous sinner, Simon Cameron, voted against the new constitution of Pennsylvania, but his own ward in Harrisburg gave 30 majority for it.

The Keokuk Board of Trade, last Saturday, adopted resolutions pronouncing St. Louis' big bridge "a nuisance and an infringement upon the rights of the Northwest;" and calling on Congress to "abate" it.

Baltimore ships annually 20,000,000 gallons of the mellow mollusk. They are put up by fifty packing-houses, employing a capital of $6,000,000. The trade this season is duller than it has been for many years.

Dick Busteed, Alabama's infamous U. S. Judge is to be busted by Congress. Among other scoundrelisms, he is charged with stealing public money, and accepting a $30,000 bribe to throw the Meridian railroad into bankruptcy.

The sheriff of Henry county, delivered to the warden of the penitentiary, January 7, John Swindell, who was arrested for horse-stealing on the 6th, indicted by the grand jury, arraigned for trial, and sentenced for two years, all within the space of twenty-four hours.

Recent developments in the department carriage and horse line, at Washington, indicate that the country is henceforth to number among its blessings a National Livery-Stable, to be paid for out of the pockets of the dear toiling people—the great working masses.

The New York Bar Association, at a special meeting, last Tuesday evening, unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the nomination, and earnestly protesting against the confirmation, of the thievish little Oregon shyster Williams, as Chief Justice.

Immediately after the organization of the Illinois legislature, last Tuesday, Senator Casey introduced a bill extending the time for the payment of taxes for 1873, till July 10, 1874. It will probably pass, but the state treasury will be a busted institution long before the time expires.

Two degrees above zero is the way the thermometer does it at Santa Fe, New Mexico. We fear even that much frigidity, stirred into the hereafter of some of our good christian friends, would hardly reduce the temperature of the mixture far below the top of a ten-foot-long Far-in-heat tube.

The Ohio legislature met Monday morning. As soon as an organization was effected, a resolution was offered demanding of Congress a repeal of the salary-grab. It was referred to a special committee, with instructions to amend so as to censure Bull-Pup Ulysses for signing such a piratical bill; and, thus amended, passed immediately.

The trial of Gage, Chicago's magnificent $400,000-embezzling city treasurer, began Tuesday. Acquit him and send him to the senate. Such material for a christian statesman should never be wasted on the desert air of a penitential cell. No, no; to congress with him, or to—well, anything you please that rhymes with cell.

GAINING GROUND.

Sanford, the accommodating agent of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern road, is beginning to stir things up in the interest of his line. The new ferry-boat, insuring safe and speedy crossing, contributes to the improvement. Many of our largest stock-shippers are returning to their old favorite, and the tide of passenger travel is taking a curve in the same direction. A large bridal party from this city will go east over the line, next week. The road is straight and in good order; the cars palatial; the employes generally obliging and polite; and the time, blue lightning. Direct connections made with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas road, at Moberly; with the St. Louis, Alton & Chicago, at Mexico; and with all great eastern lines at St. Louis. Fare as low as by any other route.

A murderous affray occurred, New Year's day, at Craig, Holt county, between Wm. E. Hudson and Wm. Dorety. It began in the most absurd manner. A son of Dorety had been working for a man named Scott. Hudson and Scott had a quarrel, and Scott told him he intended to make his hired boy whip him. Hudson replied, "He can't do it, nor any one of the name of Dorety." The elder Dorety, father of the boy, here interfered, saying to Hudson, "You must take that back, and not say it again." Hudson retorted, "What I said on a I will say again." Dorety jerked off his coat and knocked Hudson down, and was arranging to give him a real genteel backwoods beating, when Hudson drew a small pocket-knife and stabbed him to the heart. Dorety, who had thrown himself on top of his antagonist, partially raised himself up, exclaimed: "I'm killed!" and fell dead. Hudson was arrested, examined preliminarily, and committed to the Oregon jail. He is 25 years old and unmarried. Dorety, the dead man, was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and several children.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JEFFERSON CITY, Jan. 8, 1874.

The Legislature has convened and many members are getting rid of the surplus buncombe that has accumulated during the interim of adjournment and reassembling, and the usual florid speeches made in regard to the time-honored custom of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

Bills have been introduced into the House and Senate to extend the penalty on delinquent taxes and they will receive prompt attention.

An effort will be made on the part of leading members, to make the session a short one, and I am glad to find that the members generally favor economy in every particular. The governor's message is a lengthy document—one that should be read carefully before an opinion is given upon it, as it treats mainly of the the grievances complained of, and enters fully into the wants and needs of the people. He is thoroughly impressed with the necessity of economy and the stoppage of all leaks in public treasury, and is of the opinion that the offices of the state should be conducted on at least one half the present cost and then be better governed than at present. In regard to criminal costs, he reiterates his former assertions, and points out with exactness several notorious cases. He also mentions that the judicial circuits can be reduced one half and suggests a return to the old system of Circuit Attorneys in place of County Attorneys, as the law now provides. In regard to mob law, he gives considerable space, and recommends the passage of a law authorizing the trial of persons engaged in mobs in other counties than that wherein the crime was committed, if, in the opinion of the Attorney General a fair trial cannot be had.

In regard to the railroad interests, he points out many of the abuses as they now exist, and arrives at the conclusion that in Congress lies the remedy to cure the evils complained of, and suggests that instructions be sent our Representatives and Senators in regard to the subject.

The common schools receive his full attention and he points out various errors as the law now stands, and makes some valuable suggestions in regard to the utility and expense of the present system. The revenue law is also ably discussed as well as Savings Banks, the militia, payment of the paw paw militia, national questions, &c. In fact it is an exhaustive document;—much superior to his message of last session, evincing much labor and research and placing Governor Woodson in a better attitude before the people of the state than that he has heretofore occupied.

Nearly all the members are in their seats. The guns on Capitol Hill are sending forth their loud-mouthed reverberations in honor of Old Hickory. The sun is shining as soft and balmy as a moon in early spring and every one is buoyant with the hope that our imperial state is entering upon a career of future prosperity unknown in the annals of the West. You can rest assured that the interests of our section will be cared for, and no effort will be spared to obtain as speedily as possible the extension of the penalty now put upon delinquent taxes. Capt. Collins is at his post, working manfully, and will so continue till the end.

J. T. C

STATE HASH.

The Governor approves the new banking law.

The Booneville bridge over the Missouri is crossable.

Hogs were selling in St. Louis, Jan. 8, at $5.15 to $5.45.

Receipts of the State Treasurer for the year 1873, were $3,563,168.28.

It costs Moberly $781.15, to support four policemen for nine months.

The Senate adjourned over the 8th in honor of the battle of New Orleans.

Trains on the M. K. & T. railroad, are to cross the river at Boonville next Sunday.

Phoebe Couzins lectured at Jefferson City, Jan. 7, on the subject of "Women Lawyers."

Miss Carlotta Le Clercq, is engaged to play at Coates' Opera House, Kansas City, for one week, commencing next Monday.

Two sons of Franklin West, of St. Joe, 12 and 14 years of age, broke through the ice while skating, and were drowned, on the 2nd.

The First National Bank of Kansas City, which flopped under during the panic, reopened last Monday, with a capital of $500,000.

Peter B. Harris, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Saline county, died at the residence of his son last Sunday morning. He was 84 years old.

Collector Fox, of St. Louis, received last Tuesday, a check for $105,000, from the secretary of the treasury for disbursement on account of the new custom house.

Capt. Collins, of Lafayette was the first to introduce a bill providing for a postponement of the penalty upon the collection of taxes, and extending time until the first of April.

Kansas City had a lively little shermanization Friday of last week. Six of the frame hasheries, doggeries and gambling hells which abound near the Union Depot, were destroyed. Loss $12,000.

The Kansas City Times, of Jan. 6, in its report of the legislative proceedings the day before, contains the following: "Mr. Collins, of Lafayette, introduced a resolution to tender the use of the hall to the Democracy for the purpose of celebrating the victory of New Orleans. Mr. Heard arose and requested a qualification of the resolution so as to permit both Democrats and Radicals to participate. Mr. Collins came boldly to the rescue of his resolution and in an earnest speech of five minutes, convinced the House of his loyalty to the Democratic party. After several lively little spats, the resolution was tabled by a vote of 85 to 37."

THE CUBAN SHAME.

In all the annals of modern cowardice and national infamy, there is nothing more base, dastardly, tuck-tailed lly houndish, than the Cuban flare-up and flop-down of the yankoniggar government and its soldier-president. Half a hundred American citizens, captured on the high seas, under the blood-streaked, worthless bunting, that was once their country's honored ensign;—Led out to the sand-girt borders of a mulatto town;—And, amid the hootings and jeers of a vile rabble of barbarian half-breeds and niggers, shot like beasts, by the uniformed savages of tottering, toothless, decrepit old Spain, whose noblest specimen of chivalry died with Sancho Panza;—Butchered by a Spanish McNeil, and their ghastly corpses left for the buzzards of the Cuban shore to devour. A whole continent aflame with mule-beef and shoddy-breeches contract patriotism. The great and glorious yankeedoodlediddles moving as one man. Whole regiments of brigadier generals, colonels, majors and sutlers organized in every county-town. Star-spangled gridirons floating from a million house-tops. War meetings, [illegible] speeches and buncombe [illegible] day and night, in every [illegible]-hall, engine-house and corner doggery. Fierce dispatches between [illegible] sisters and cabinet officers. [illegible] declarations of determination to maintain the sanctity of the flag and the safety of the citizen, by president, governors, generals and tipsy pirate senators. Blood, thunder, fire and fury in the very air—Bah!

A wind sweeps over, and the forests of bristling lances have fallen like reeds. The legions of mustering warriors have vanished like spectres of a drunken dream. Spain's navy is too powerful. Our monitors are unseaworthy. Our coast defenses are insufficient. Our finances are too unsettled. Old Fish dines and wines with Admiral Polo. Sickles who, though an adulterous assassin, is a brave man, is removed from his position of minister to Spain, and Caleb Cushing, a hired and paid tool of the insolent massacrers of American citizens—a pimp of Castile—is appointed to fill his place. The gory-decked Virginius is surrendered by the Spanish buccaneers, and scuttled and sunk by order of the yankee navy department, to prevent her resurrender to the Hidalgo braggarts. And Spain declines to waste even a pitiful keg of powder, in a blank-cartridge salute to the despicable striped rag which she has spit upon, and dabbled in the hearts' blood of its own citizens whom it could not protect. And now, the whole base, hideous, shameful affair is to be whitewashed by a lying, cowardly, sham "investigation." Here is the message of the head humbugger and back-out-er, transmitted to congress, last Monday:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

In my inaugural message of December last, I gave reason to expect that when the full and accurate text of the correspondence relating to the steamer Virginius, which had been telegraphed in cypher, should be received, the papers concerning the capture of the vessel and execution of a part of its passengers and crew and the restoration of the ship and survivors, would be transmitted to congress. In compliance with expectations then held out, I now transmit the papers and correspondence on the subject.

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE VESSEL.

On the 26th of September, 1870, the Virginius was registered in the custom-house at New York as the property of a citizen of the United States, he having first made the oath required by law that he was the true and only owner of the said vessel, and that there was no subject or citizen of any foreign province or state directly or indirectly, by way of trust, confidence or otherwise, interested therein. Having complied with the requisites of the statutes in that behalf, she cleared in the usual way for the port of Curacoa, and on or about the 4th of October, 1870, sailed for that port. It is not disputed that she made the voyage according to her clearance, nor that, from that day to this, she has not returned within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States. It is also understood that she preserved her American papers, and that when within foreign ports she made a practice of putting forth a claim to American nationality, which was recognized by the authorities at such ports. When, therefore, she left the port of Kingston, in October last, under the flag of the United States, she would appear to have had, as against all powers, except the United States, the right to fly that flag and to claim its protection as enjoyed by all regularly documented vessels, registered as part of our commercial marine. No state of war existed conferring upon maritime powers the right to molest and retain upon the high seas a documented vessel, and it cannot be pretended that the Virginius had placed herself without the pale of law by acts of piracy against the human race. If her papers were irregular or fraudulent, the offence was one against the laws of the United States, justifiable only in their tribunals.

THE RECLAMATION.

When, therefore, it became known that the Virginius had been captured on the high seas by a Spanish man-of-war; that the American flag had been hauled down by the captors; that the vessel had been carried to a Spanish port, and that Spanish tribunals were taking jurisdiction over the persons of those found on her, and exercising that jurisdiction upon American citizens, not only in violation of international law, but in contravention of the provisions of the treaty of 1795, I directed a demand to be made upon Spain for the restoration of the vessel and the return of the survivors to the protection of the United States; for a salute to the flag and for the punishment of the offending parties.

THE PROTOCOL.

The principles on which these demands rested could not be seriously questioned; but it was suggested by the Spanish government that there were grave doubts whether the Virginius was entitled to the character given her by her papers, and that therefore it might be proper for the United States, after the surrender of the vessel and survivors, to dispense with a salute to the flag, should such facts be established to their satisfaction. This seemed to be reasonable and just. I therefore assented to it on the assurance that Spain would then declare that no insult to the flag of the United States had been intended. I also authorized an agreement to be made that, should it be shown to the satisfaction of this government that the Virginius was improperly bearing the flag, proceedings should be instituted in our courts for the punishment of an offence committed against the United States. On her part, Spain undertook to proceed against those who had offended the sovereignty of the United States or who had violated their treaty rights. The surrender of the vessel and survivors to the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the United States was an admission of the principles on which our demand had been founded.

THE SURRENDER.

I therefore [illegible] hesitation in agreeing to the [illegible] finally made between [illegible] governments—an arrangement [illegible] was moderate and justly calculated to cement the good relations which have so long existed between Spain and the United States. Under this agreement the Virginius, with the American flag flying, was delivered to the navy of the United States at Bahia Honda, in the island of Cuba, on the 16th ult. She was in an unseaworthy condition. On the passage to New York she encountered one of the most tempestuous of our winter storms. At the risk of their lives, the officers and crew placed in charge of her, attempted to keep her afloat. Their efforts were unavailing and she sank off Cape Fear. The prisoners who survived the massacre were surrendered at Santiago de Cuba on the 18th ult., and reached the port of New York in safety.

THE ACCOMPANYING DOCUMENTS.

The evidence submitted on the part of Spain to establish the fact that the Virginius at the time of her capture was improperly bearing the flag of the United States is transmitted herewith, together with the opinion of the attorney general thereon, and a copy of the note of the Spanish minister, expressing, on behalf of his government, a disclaimer of any intent of indignity to the flag of the United States.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT.

JOHN B. RYLAND. EDMUNDSON RYLAND, Notary Public.

RYLAND & RYLAND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, No. 67 Main street. Will practice in all the courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court and United States District Court. Collections and all other business attended to promptly. janlo-1y

HENRY C. WALLACE. WM. H. CHILES.

WALLACE & CHILES,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT Law, Lexington, Mo. Office, front room over the "Lexington Savings" Bank," opposite the Court House. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties, and also in the Supreme Court of the state of Missouri, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts for the Western District of Missouri. janlo-1y

OFFICE LAFAYETTE INSURANCE COMPANY, Lexington, Jan. 5, 1874.

AT the Annual meeting of the Stockholders of this company, held this day, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the current year, viz:

John W. Waddell, Lexington.
Henry Marshall, "
A. V. Robinson, "
John H. Ardinger, "
Robt. Hale, "
William Morrison, "
L. W. Wetzwag, Berlin.
Arnold T. Wilson, Waverly.
Robt. Ralston, Lafayette.

And at a meeting of the Board of Directors, John W. Waddell, was elected President, Wm. Morrison, Treasurer, and E. Wilson, Secretary.

A Dividend of six per cent. was declared upon the full amount of the stock and ordered to be credited on the stock notes.

ja1012 E. WINSOR, Secretary.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

WHEREAS, Oscar F. Resick by his deed of trust, dated January twenty-third (23), A. D. 1871, and recorded in the recorder's office for Lafayette county, in the state of Missouri, in deed book No. 2, at page 274, conveyed to the undersigned the following described real estate (with other real estate), situate, lying and being in the county of Lafayette, and state of Missouri, to-wit: All that part of the southeast quarter of section thirty-three (33), in township fifty (50), of range twenty-eight, (28), containing one hundred acres more or less, which said conveyance to the undersigned was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain note therein described. And whereas said note is now due and remains unpaid, and at the request of the legal holder and owner of said note, and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, I the undersigned, will on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, A. D. 1874,

between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, in front of the court-house door, in the city of Lexington, in the county of Lafayette, and state of Missouri, expose to sale at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash the above real estate to pay off said note and the costs and expenses executing this trust.

ja4dtd JOHN B. RYLAND, Trustee.

STATEMENT

OF THE

AULL SAVINGS BANK

Of Lexington, Mo., Dec. 31, 1873.

RESOURCES.

Cash v'n note	$ 15,14 25	
Cash, v'n currency	14,807 30	$ 29,021 55
U. S. Bonds		5,857 50
Due from banks and bankers		16,384 71
Discounts		71,603 42
Overdrafts		305 97
Furniture and fixtures		626 18
Revenue Stamps		92 44
Protest account		15 38
Total		$126,561 91

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$ 50,000	
Forty per cent. paid in		$ 20,000 00
Surplus		7,041 19
Due depositors		71,840 36
Due banks and bankers		3,677 91
Bills paid in part		3,921 73
Total		$126,561 91

I certify that the foregoing statement is correct.

JOHN AULL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of January, A. D., 1874.

ja 11 THOS. C. WOOD, Notary Public.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

LEXINGTON SAVINGS BANK

Of Lexington, Mo., Jan. 1, 1874.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand	$ 30,429 56
Cash due from banks and bankers	83,913 27
Loans and discounts	136,788 10
Overdrafts	2,831 60
Real estate	1,400 00
Banking house and furniture	16,444 25
Protest	72 87
Revenue stamps	223 00
Suspended debt	450 00
Total	$265,060 59

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$ 50,000 00
Demand deposits	187,768 94
Time deposits	21,143 74
Dividend	8,428 60
Surplus	5,867 75
Due banks and bankers	850 51
Total	$265,060 53

I certify the above statement to be correct.

M. CHAPMAN, Cashier.

Attest:
(L. S.) JNO. B. ARNOLD, Notary Public.

CHAS. ROENER'S

LAUREL STREET, OPPOSITE F[illegible]

The best of refreshments for gentlemen constantly on hand the finest whiskies, and the finest cigars for sale—
Imported Rhine Wine, at
Imported Concord Wine, at
Give him a call.

NEW ME[illegible]
AND
VEGETABLE[illegible]

THE public attention is called to the fact that we have just received and stand for the sale of Fresh Garden Vegetables, in Dulcie Kor[