The Weekly Caucasian.

DEATH TO DEBTORS.

Here, you poor vagabond, shouting huzzas and popping fire-crackers over the "glorious natal day of American Independence," stop your noise, dry up your idiotic fol-de-rol, and tell us what reason you have for exultation,—what interest you have in this boasted independence,—why it makes one pin-head's difference to you whether the country goes to ruin or to glory. What rights have you in it? This is a Creditors' land, a Creditors' government. Its whole vast and ponderous machinery is run in the interests of that one class—the Shylocks—the money-lenders—the gold-grabbers—the mortgage-holders—the bond-owners—the pirates and vampires. Are you one of yankeedom's elect? No; you belong to the other division of our national hosts;—you are one of the great toiling masses, who sweat for their daily bread;—you are a unit of the mighty 999 out of every 1,000, who own no bonds or mortgages, hold no notes or claims against your fellow-drudges, and are yourself a debtor. You belong to a despised and trampled-on caste—a class which has no rights, that your government is bound to respect. You and your brothers in misfortune constitute nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the whole population of the Union; and yet, this is no country for you. Its whole enginery, political, financial, social and religious, is turned against you.

The bondholders of yankeedom and Europe bought their bonds, when greenbacks were worth only forty cents on the dollar. They have drawn twelve years' interest in gold, at 6 to 10 per cent., on the full face of their investment. And, for years, every act of federal legislation has tended to but one end—by rendering greenbacks as scarce as gold, to raise the value of these bonds of the rich, fetters of the poor.

In 1865 the circulating medium of the country was $2,000,000,000. In those flush times you bought a little more land, you built an addition to your house, you enlarged your barns and store-houses, you got into debt. Your city and county went into debt for public improvements. You borrowed money; it was abundant as the sand on the sea-shore. You gave mortgages and deeds of trust. Every debt is a mortgage, whether contracted by an individual or a community. Who would or could have thought that, in eight or nine years, by the machinations of official blacklegs and thieves, plunderers and blood-money speculators, that vast volume of $2,000,000,000 of currency would dwindle down, shrink away, to $400,000,000? But it has; and every man of you, who pays a debt contracted then, pays nearly three times what he owes—nearly three times what he is honestly bound for.

Millions on millions of dollars of debt have been piled upon the Southern and Southwestern states, while their people—the real owners of the land and bearers of the burdens—have had no voice whatever in public affairs. South Carolina, poor, devil-ridden, pauper satrapy, reels beneath the crushing weight of a $36,000,000 debt, imposed upon her by a vile mob of white pickpockets and free-plantation niggers. Not a decent man in all her borders, black or white, ever voted for one dollar of it. Sold out at auction to-morrow, the whole wretched province, from the mountains to the sea, real estate and personal property, wouldn't bring half of her violence and robbery created debt. Louisiana, overflowed and beggared, goes down in the depths of hopeless despair, beneath an incubus of $65,000,000, when every acre of her territory, every brick and timber of her improvements, and every head and hoof of her live-stock, put up at public sale, with all the world as bidders, wouldn't bring $30,000,000 to-day. And the whole power of the general government has been used to further pauperize them. Hordes of pillagers, in the shape of military and civil officials, have been quartered upon them; every native villain has been fostered and promoted; and the wail of protest has been hushed by ruthless bayonets and ku-klux bills.

All over the West, cities and counties were inveigled into debt by the superabundance of yankee money; and, from the very day of their entanglement till now, every measure has been designed to increase their load, and diminish their means of removing it. Every cent's decrease in the premium in gold, is exactly that much increase of their debts. Untold millions of their bonded evidences of indebtedness were illegally or fraudulently issued. In many counties of our own state, the vote which ostensibly authorized their issue, was a vote of mobocrats and ragamuffins, while the whole wealth and intelligence of the state, the real people, the tax-payers, were disfranchised—utterly voiceless.

Congress, courts and legislatures have all banded together against the doomed debtors. Bribe-stained, trafficking Presidents and Cabinet officers join the crusade. *Vae victis* is the rallying cry, and the victims are the debtors. Every contraction of the currency; every boastful allusion to the nearly equal quotations of gold and greenbacks; every railroad subsidy; every national bank authorization; is a stab at the one miserable class, who are proclaimed pariahs in the land their labor has made.

Every appeal for help is met with insult and derision. Recently, in Macoupin county, Illinois, the people protested against the payment of interest on a vast amount of county bonds, about the legality of whose issue there were many doubts. For complying with the will of their fellow-citizens, the seventeen county commissioners were arrrested, taken before the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, and fined $1,000 apiece—$17,000 in all. The people, regarding the commissioners as martyrs for the public weal, authorized the payment of the fines out of the county funds. The court has just decided that the commissioners must bear their own penalties, and has turned over the $17,000 already paid, to the bondholders who sued the county. Going still further, this bench of upstart autocrats has ordered the re-arrest of the commissioners, and issued a mandamus requiring them to levy a tax of 2½ per cent. on the property of the county, to pay the judgments against it.

The unhappy "Suckers" had turned for refuge to a legislative enactment somewhat similar to the "Ferguson Assumption Bill," which created a transient stir, last winter, among the proudly waving forest of ears in our own noble Missouri legislature. The Illinois Supreme Court has just overthrown that hope, by pronouncing the law unconstitutional. This decision flings back all the debts upon the counties, towns and townships, that contracted, or are supposed to have contracted, them.

There's no eye to pity, and no arm to save the outcast Debtors. This is a Creditors' country, a Creditors' government. Total repudiation of every villainy and violence imposed debt, national, state, county and municipal, is the only sure relief!

A Lisbon dispatch, of June 24, says the Carlist general, Lizaragga, is dead. The news will doubtless be sad to his numerous acquaintances and friends in Lexington.

WAR ON THE PRESS.

The march of despotism in this fallen land, is steadily onward and downward. One by one, the last lingering vestiges of the old Republic are being trampled under-foot by maddened would-be Catalines. Blow by blow, ruffianly usurpers are beating down the bulwarks of freedom. The press, the last great champion of liberty and the people, is being smitten on every side. The whole enginery of hate is turned against it. The free circulation of ideas—the general diffusion of knowledge—is the deadliest foe to tyranny. Bold, manly criticism—fearless exposure and denunciation of wrong—is its surest antidote and preventive. The villains who rule and ruin in America know it, and they are stabbing, desperately, furiously, at the mightiest opponent of their diabolical schemes. The infamous postage law, laying an embargo on the dissemination of news—a monstrous tax on intelligence—was the first stroke. The arresting, harassing and brow-beating of newspaper correspondents, who dared tell the truth, at Washington, was another. The last acte of the dastardly mob of Capitol scape-gallowses before they disbanded this week, was the levying of pirate-tribute on the brains and honesty of the country, in the shape of newspaper prepayment after the 1st of next January; and the passage by the Senate, of Matt. Carpenter's atrocious bill for the suppression of all criticism of the scoundrelisms, which fester and canker in every vein and artery and sinew of Washington official life. He instigates, originates it, because he himself, base, corrupt, polluted, as he is, has felt the probe of fearless journalism. Of a piece with all this, was the recent high-handed, monstrous outrage, in New Orleans. Kellogg, Durell, Badger and all their vermin underlings have been lashed to the quick by the Bulletin. Their usurpations, piracies, briberies, embezzlements and universal and gigantic corruptions, have been shown up in colors black and horrible as the hinges of perdition. Last Saturday night, at midnight, the forms of the paper were seized, just as it was going to press, by an armed gang of twenty-five of Kellogg and Badger's Metropolitan Police cut-throats, and the issue of course suppressed. And this is America, the land of the free! How much better is it than Austria or Russia? What old world despot would dare perpetrate a grosser, more unexampled outrage? If such things are not checked,—checked at once,—terribly checked,—the day is not far distant when they will be as common as thieves in office. Permit them in Louisiana, and its only a question of time, when they will be attempted in Missouri and Illinois. Let the whole press of the country rally in its own defense. Let every paper, regardless of minor political differences, stand shoulder to shoulder for unlimited freedom of journalism. Let every miscreant in congress, who voted for the postage imposition, be marked for political slaughter. Let every patriot pen and voice in America unite in a mighty, thunderous denunciation of Kellogg and his associate malefactors in New Orleans, which shall, sooner or later, sweep them from the face of the land they defile. Muzzle the press, throttle bold and honest journalism; and Freedom may well shriek a hundred octaves higher than when Kosciuscko fell. American liberty will be but a subject for a coroner's inquest, and a cheap nigger funeral.

MANIA.

When will fools learn that there is no surer and speedier route to heaven, or the other place, than attempting to kindle a fire or fill a burning lamp, from a coal-oil can? When will they awaken to an appreciation of the fact that, unless they have their angel plumage ready, its unsafe to bring fire and kerosene, benzine, coal-oil or any other inflammable illuminating fluid, within a hundred miles of each other? There's death enough in each average five-gallon can, judiciously distributed, to put a whole village into sombre crape and black-bordered handkerchiefs. Every day's papers furnish awful, crisp-burnt warnings. Scorched and blackened "memento mori-s" are daily and nightly stuck up all over the land. Last week's Paris Kentucklan contained, in one column, accounts of three shocking and fatal accidents from the careless use of this most valuable but terrible agent. Monroeville, Indiana, last Monday night, furnished another, in which a man, filling a lighted lamp blew up his house, killed three of his children, and dreadfully burnt and lacerated himself. And Cincinnati and St. Louis have each contributed, during the week, another to the long, dark, appalling list. And yet, the intelligent American woman will go on kindling her fires and refilling her blazing lamp, with liquid destruction until, like Elijah of old, she is swept from the earth in a chariot of flame. Fool with gunpowder in canister, keg or barrel; daily with nitroglycerine; play upon the cockatrice's den; and laugh the idiot's self-complacent chuckle;—but, as you value earth, with all its beautiful and lovely things, handle your lamps with care. There's widowhood and orphanage, ashes, groans and tears, in every one of them.

We doubt whether yankeedom couldn't, to-day, discount Sodom and Gomorrah, Nineveh and Babylon, all combined. Her very priests at the altars are polluted with all uncleanness. Her loftiest exemplars are be-splotched with moral heinousness enough to give a rhinoceros the cholera. The Beecher scandal has just broken out with ten-fold bitterness and shame. Theodore Tilton, last Wednesday, discharged a seven-column broadside which would certainly seem, to an untutored South-western barbarian, sufficient to annihilate a hundred first-class clerical reputations. Really, there is scarcely a doubt left, of the Plymouth parson's criminality. Among other items, Tilton publishes a letter amounting almost to a full confession, which Beecher winds up by saying, "I wish that I were dead." The whole yankee nation is rotting at the core. In politics, society, commerce and religion, vilest corruption everywhere festers and riots.

What now? There's treason in the air. We smell a rat. Let's nip it in the bud. And several more such. Grant went off to white Sulphur Springs yesterday, with Gordon, Ransom, Longstreet and Mosby—four ex-Confederates, and all of them true Southrons yet, but Mosby and Longstreet. What's up?

Mrs. Liekeard, of England, and her guide, in ascending Mount Blanc, recently, fell through a crevasse a thousand feet. Bodies not recovered.

STATE HASH.

The Kansas City Exposition commences September 14, and continues six days.

Slippery Jim Rollins and Chas. McHatton are preparing to open up extensive coal-mines near Centralia.

J. W. Pattison has become editor of the St. Joe Gazette. Its brains won't slop over under his management.

Col. John F. Phillips, of Sedalia, was badly hurt, Friday of last week, by jumping from a moving train.

The people of Benton county are talking about voting $80,000 in bonds to assist in finishing a railroad now being built from Jefferson City. If they'll take Lafayette's experience-forced advice, they'd better don't.

Johnson county is afflicted with six newspapers: the Democrat, Standard and Journal, at Warrensburg; Enterprise at Holden; Missouri Farmer and Taylor's Local, at Knob Noster. Hapless county, more hapless editors.

Thursday of last week the Audrain circuit court granted a decree of divorce to Narcissa Byrnes; and, in five hours afterward, the plaintiff, Mrs. Byrnes, aged about 27 years, was led to the hymeneal altar by Joseph Watts, aged 64.

Sedalia has 1,417 school children enrolled, and employs 20 teachers. Moberly, with an enrollment of 1,280 scholars, only has 8 teachers. Why is this thus? Why such a disproportion? Does the average Sedalian urchin require twice as much teaching, as the ditto, ditto Moberlian?

Sheriff George Patton, of Clay county, has sued the St. Louis Republican and Globe for libel, in insinuating that he was too intimate with the illustrious James brothers, of the St. Louis Dispatch. He thinks his virtuous fame is damaged $100,000's worth—$50,000 by each offending journal.

In the Democratic State Convention, at Jefferson City, August 26, our Congressional district will be entitled to this representation: Boone county, 7 delegates; Carroll, 3; Howard, 4; Lafayette, 6; Randolph, 5; Ray, 5; and Saline, 6;—a total of 36, in a convention of 325 members, or about one ninth of the whole number.

The Moberly Enterprise-Monitor, of last Monday, gets out a splendid two-page sketch of that aspiring village, with maps, pictures of the railroad machine shops, and all the etoeteras of a huge, first-class blow. Such an article, properly circulated, is worth untold thousands to any growing town. Thompson has established his paper's rightful claim to the first half of its saddle-bagsy name.

GENERAL PERSONALS.

Garibaldi is reported very ill.

Last Saturday was the 28th anniversary of Pio Nono's papacy.

Guizot, the daddy of "European Civilization," is very ill, and 87.

Queen Victoria goes off on a gadding tour to Russia, in September.

Henry T. Blow, of St. Louis, is one of the new District of Columbia Commissioners.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge and family have gone to New York, to spend the summer.

Mrs. Carrie Megowan, daughter of the late Senator Garrett Davis, died at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, on the 15th.

James A. Dawson, chief editor of the Louisville Ledger, has retired from the position and the paper. It is the straight-out, Bourbon Democratic organ of Kentucky, and Dawson has controlled and managed it from its infancy.

The Carroll Journal, of June 26, says: "Gen. James Shields made an eloquent speech at the Commencement exercises of our High School, last Friday evening. The noble old soldier and statesman is now about convalescent."

It is rumored that the first American Cardinal will be our esteemed friend, James A. McMaster, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, than whom no truer, purer man ever lifted pen or sword for liberty and right. The motto of his paper, "Veritas Liberabit Vos," gives the key to his whole career.

APPROPRIATE.

It was eminently in keeping with the eternal fitness of things, that Grant, as his last act before the adjournment of the Capitol ruffians and malefactors, should have sent in the nomination, to one of the District Commissionerships of Shepherd, the infamous penitentiary-deserving head of the Washington pirates. He has been convicted of almost every crime in all the black record-books of earthly villainy and shame—theft, fraud, embezzlement, bribery and subornation of perjury, being the mildest and most respectable of the long catalogue of infamies laid to his charge, and proved upon him. It was right and proper. He was, par excellence, the creature for the place. Any other style of animal would be a standing rebuke to the whole Galena administration. And we regret exceedingly that, in all the Senatorial gang of benchmen, only six could be found who had nerve enough to do the bidding of their master, and vote for the confirmation of a representative loyalist. Four of the heroic half-dozen who balted at no depth of degradation, we are proud to know, hail from the South:—Clayton of Arkansas, Spencer of Alabama, Flanagan of Texas, and Patterson of South Carolina. All honor to them—and a good long rope, as soon as they get back to the states they misrepresent, and the constituents who abhor them.

PRETTY SOUND.

The Republican State Conventions of Illinois and Indiana met, Wednesday of last week, at Springfield and Indianapolis. A platform was adopted by each, and this is the way they both talk about money:

Illinois,

3. That the laws for the establishment of national banks having secured to the states and territories the best system of bank circulation ever before offered to the people, its issuance should not longer be confined to a privileged class, but should be free to all alike under general and equal laws, the aggregate volume of the currency to be regulated by the untrammeled laws of trade.

Indiana,

5. We are in favor of such legislation on the question of finances as shall make national banking free, and shall furnish the country with such an additional amount of currency as may be necessary to meet the wants of the agricultural, industrial and commercial interests of the country, to be distributed between the sections according to population; and such as is consistent with the honor and credit of the nation and will avoid the possibility of permitting capitalists and combinations of capital to control the currency of country.

Not much endorsement of Grant in that.

Old "Shoot-him-on-the-spot" or Spot-him-on-the-snoot Dix, of New York, in a congratulatory letter to Grant, on his recent financial bull, says:

"I have read repeatedly your financial plan, and there is not a suggestion in it in which I do not fully concur. I am especially pleased that you recommend the withdrawal of all circulating notes under ten dollars."

As the circulating notes under ten dollars constitute about $400,000,000 of the actual currency of the country, and as there is scarcely $140,000,000 of specie to be issued in their stead, we'd like to see the absurd recommendation acted on to-morrow. The sooner the smash is over, and the fools and madmen, the botch cobblers in finance and politics, forever crushed in the ruins, the better for the country and the people.

GENERAL NEWS.

Newspaper postage has been fixed at two cents a pound.

The Rhode Island legislature has adjourned without electing a Senator.

Brazil is jubilant over the completion of her cable connections with the old world.

320 persons were drowned in the Sea of Marmora by the wreck of the Turkish vessel, Kais.

All crops, fruit, grain, and grass, throughout Southern Illinois, are reported above an average.

The U. S. government is going to construct a building in Topeka, Kansas, at a cost of $250,000.

The French Government is in political hysterics, and has forbidden the sale of photographs of the young Prince Imperial.

Ulysses the Drunken has approved of the bill for the distribution of the Geneva Awards, and appointed the Board of Commissioners.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's bill for the curbing of ritualism has kicked up a terrible discomfiture among English churchmen.

The Grand Lodge of high-colored and aromatic goat-riders met in Cairo, Illinois, on the 20th, and wound up with a picnic on the 24th.

A nigger barber in Leavenworth refused to shave an Indian on account of complexion. As a rule, no pure-blooded Indian needs shaving.

Louisville, Kentucky, has been getting up another little imitation of Sherman's grand march to the sea. She blazed last Sunday, $65,000's worth.

A monster mass-meeting was held in London on the 20th inst., expressing sympathy with the agricultural laborers who are locked out from work.

A collision occurred, last Monday night, near Alton, between the packet Spread-Eagle and the tow-boat Beaver. One man was killed, and another is missing.

George Francis Train has come to himself, admits that he has been making an ass of himself, and humbly begs the public to forgive him and let him have peace. Good, by George.

John Huber, a young man of Newark, N. J., entered his sister's room at midnight of last Monday, and shot her through the head, because she refused to discard a suitor whom he didn't like.

Bragg, who was formerly stationed at Topeka, Kansas, in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co., and swindled that company out of $2,000 some time since, by a forged draft, has just been captured in St. Louis.

Dry weather has, to a great extent, ruined the tobacco crop in Western Kentucky; and the unhappy natives will be reduced to the necessity of chawing sycamore leaves or slippery-elm bark to raise a spit.

Members of the Academy of Science and the University in Berlin united in giving a farewell dinner, on the 19th, to Geo. Bancroft, retiring U. S. Minister, who is succeeded by the convicted felon, Bancroft Davis.

A New York dispatch, of June 23, says: The Fleetwood Park trot for a purse of $3,500, between Goldsmith Maid and Judge Fullerton, was won by the former in three straight heats. Time, 2:26, 2:27½, 2:23.

During a strawberry festival in the Baptist Church, at Syracuse, N. Y., last Tuesday evening, the floor gave way with a terrible crash. Five persons were taken out dead, and upwards of two hundred are seriously injured.

Dispatches from Spain report Estella and Figueros besieged. No money. Efforts to mortgage the Phillipine Islands a failure. No telegraphic connection between Spain and France. Everything galloping headlong to perdition.

Times have changed. In England, on the very spot where Bunyan was imprisoned for preaching, his statue has been unveiled, and the Dean of Westminster delivered an address on the "Author of Pilgrims' Progress."

The temperance crusade is bearding the lion in his lair. Bourbon county, Kentucky, is about to vote in favor of local option. The "colored troops" have rallied under the cold water flag, and the worm of the still writhes in agonizing anticipation of coming doom.

The National Saengerfest began last Tuesday, in Cleveland, Ohio. Whole city resonant with melody. Dray-mules in the street catching the contagion and braying opera airs. Grand procession. 2,000 singers. Opening concert with an audience of 12,000 ears—8,000 people.

Hugh Donahue, who is attempting the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, at Hampden Park, has developed heart disease by his effort, and, although he will probably be able to accomplish the task he has set before him, it will be at the risk of falling dead at any moment.

The proposed tunnel beneath the bed of the Mersey, between Liverpool and the Cheshire coast, will shortly be commenced by the sinking of the shafts on the Liverpool side, and the work will be completed in three or four years. The engineers who have made the plans are John Fowler and John Brunless.

Philip Grimes, of Bourbon county, Ky., has laid on "old Craddock's" table, some ears of wheat 6½ inches long. He expects the field, from which they were taken, to yield 40 bushels to the acre, and claims that its the best in the county. We rather think so, at this distance—by about 15 or 20 bushels to the acre.

The Catholic church has forbidden its members to join the grange or have anything to do with it; and several of the bishops have called on all who have attached themselves to the order, to withdraw from it. The consequence is a great loss of strength in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio and other Northwestern states.

The long-standing conundrum, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" has at last been definitely answered. A few days ago, at a Madison county, Kentucky, love feast, a shot from Jas. Newby's little pistol struck William just as he was stooping over; and he has, ever since, for comfort's sake, taken his meals standing, from the mantel-piece.

Wm. T. Hughes, of Fayette county, Kentucky, who was shot some time since by his uncle, Granville Smith, died of his wounds, Thursday of last week. Smith killed himself immediately after shooting his nephew. Both were prominent and highly esteemed citizens, and the fatal deed was caused by a pitiful squabble over a few acres of dirt.

There are degrees even in perdition. We had thought the lowest depths attainable by a congress long since sounded. But we were mistaken. The last is assuredly the weakest, basest, vilest that ever cursed the country. It adjourned last Tuesday, and the execrations of 40,000,000 people go with it. The day is near at hand when to be known as a congressman's child will be a deeper, more bitter, burning disgrace than to be a sheep-thief's dog. The taint of infamy, the slime of the serpent, is over them all. They've not done a righteous act, or spoken a beneficial word, since they assembled last December. America needs a steam-guillotine.

A CALL.

We had the pleasure, last Wednesday, of a long and friendly visit from Thos. P. Barry, General Western Passenger Agent of the great Baltimore & Ohio railway. This giant corporation has recently consolidated with itself the Marietta & Cincinnati road; and is now building a short line to Parkersburg, which will make a difference of nearly two hours in time between Cincinnati and Washington. With the Vandalia Line from St. Louis, it constitutes the shortest and speediest route from the West to the East. It is the direct line to all the great watering-places, the famous Virginia springs, Cape May and Long Branch. It is the only road by which Washington City, with all its grand buildings and diabolical villainies, can be visited free. It passes through the most magnificent mountain scenery on the continent. And almost every foot of it has been made historic by the mighty deeds of the late war. Going east, take the Vandalia from St. Louis and the Baltimore & Ohio from Cincinnati. Double track, palatial cars, polite employes, and lightning time. If you have any business at headquarters, call on Barry in Porkopolis.

CHARITY.

Last Wednesday was a gala-day in the borrowed-money metropolis of Kansas City. The corner-stone of the new Orphans' Home was laid, with vast quantities of pomp and ceremony. Hosts of heroic-looking Knights Templar, with long rooster-tails and terror-flashing drawn swords; fancy horse-collared Masons, glittering with brass-headed trunk-tack jewels, and gorgeous with prismatic cotton velvet; and plain citizens and citizenesses, in anything that their tailors and dry-goods merchants would credit them for; marched through the streets and, with house-fly air-pumps in their legs, scaled the perpendicular avenues, to the inspiring strains of the Lexington band. All the high and noble capricornine cavaliers of the place turned out to participate in casting the first brick-bat. Fifteen hundred spectators witnessed the august mumble-peg ceremonial of planting, as manure, a copy of Van Horn's Journal and Amos Green's Times, side by side, beneath this newly-sprouting charity. All the grand panjandrums passed around the wooden hammers and tin swords, and took a peck at the unoffending block of granite. The solemn fellows with the long painted broomsticks flourished them mysteriously over it. The big pine battle-axe chaps made an awe-inspiring tomahawk demonstration. Rev. George Betts delivered a "chaste and eloquent"—(you Betts)—address. Col. Amos Green, ex-Mayor Warner and Judge Farrow unbosomed their gentle feelings. A benediction was pronounced. A lively dash of rain came tumbling down. General stampede for shelter took place. And so Mrs. Lykins' long-lobbied-for $40,000-grab "charity" was duly and beautifully inaugurated. Faith, hope charity; and the greatest of these is sometimes a tinkling cymbal or a sounding brass kettle.

PLEASANT.

Last Wednesday was the anniversary of Saint John the Baptist, a big day in Masonic annals. In the evening, the mystic brotherhood of our city had a grand blow-out. After passing Brothers Davis and Hays to the Fellowcraft degree, the officials, for the current year, of Lexington Lodge No. 149, were installed with the customary impressive ceremonies, by D. D. G. M. Xenophon Ryland. After the "Boss" and his assistants had been duly invested with their horse-collars and jewels, the members and visitors adjourned to the hall below, where the newly inaugurated dignitaries had prepared an elegant lunch. The fact that the cake was made by such skillful hands as those of Mrs. E. A. Dulin and Mrs. J. A. Price, and the ice-cream by such mistresses of the art, as Mrs. I. N. McGirk, Mrs. E. Allen, Mrs. A. V. Small and Mrs. J. A. Price, is ample testimony to their excellence. Cake more light and delicate, cream more deliciously flavored and perfectly frozen, and raspberries more exquisitely rich, fragrant and luscious, never melted in a William-goat's mouth. The thanks of the brotherhood are due to the ladies whose skill and kindness rendered the entertainment so delightful; and permit us to add, brethren of the mystic tie, that we think our lady friends should be invited to participate with us occasionally in our anniversary feasts. It would not only enhance our own enjoyment, but it would give them a glimpse of the social beauty of Masonry, the brotherlike harmony that prevails among us, and the cordial welcome that greets the stranger who chances to be thrown among us. Let's reform in this particular, and invite creation's fairest and best half to join us at our festal boards. Away with these selfish stag banquets.

CIRCUIT JUDGE.

EDITORS OF THE CAUCASIAN: Several articles concerning the office of circuit judge have appeared in your paper, and the only gentleman named for that office, so far, is Judge Wm. T. Wood. One paper in the district, the Sedalia Democrat, thinks it would be indecent to nominate any one else for the office. Other writers think the claims of Judge Wood to the office, superior to the claims of any other person. We are told that Judge Wood was swindled out of his office. That he was elected to the office, no one doubts. The people were outraged more than Judge Wood himself, by the wrong inflicted upon him. The Radical party did not care a fig for Judge Wood, in that they deprived him of the office; but their object was to defeat the will of the people. Judge Wood was not the only victim of the dealers of the Radical party. In another district, Judge Dinning was elected, and also deprived of his office. What did he do? He left nothing untried until the rights of the people were vindicated, and himself placed in office as their choice. Judge Wood made an effort and was defeated, and took no further means to assert the rights of the people, until the success of Judge Dinning made him also confident of success. When there could be but one result, he makes the effort, is seated in the office, and lo! his too zealous friends call upon us to view the sacrifices he has made, and assert that the people owe it to Judge Wood, to re-elect him. The people are always generous and scarcely ever fail to reward those who merit it. If the people desire to re-elect Judge Wood, they will do so, but is it not premature to attempt to forestall public opinion by declaring that he alone is entitled to the office? Suppose the people should see fit to call upon some other gentleman equally qualified, to become a candidate for this office, have they not a perfect right to do so?

We have heard expressions in favor of others for the office, but we would not dictate to the people and say you must consider their merits alone. What we desire to say is, that the position taken, that any one individual is entitled to demand of the people an office without regard to their wishes, smacks of the same spirit which overruled the will of the people and kept Judge Wood out of office so long. In the late judicial election in Illinois, the people without regard to the calls of lawyers, made their own selections for judges and elected them; and we believe they will do so in this state, next fall. For the first time since the war, they are in a position to make their wants known and enforce their rights. And their selection of the Circuit Judge for this district, whether their choice falls upon Judge Wood or any other gentleman of ability and integrity, will give satisfaction to all and make us feel that our rights, liberties and property are once more safe, because the servant of the people will be in office to enforce the law and protect them. RIGHT.

"LORUHAMAH."

A NOVEL BY VIRGINIA DU'RANT COVINGTON, OF HERNANDO, MISSISSIPPI.

This is a very fascinating book—a wholly Southern story; the characters, the language pleasingly familiar and home-like; a vein happily struck, that has never heretofore been wrought out. Many of the scenes are highly dramatic; and we should not be surprised some day, to read a live act tragedy from the same pen. Mrs. Covington is capable of a success in that line; and she is also capable of writing novels fully as absorbing as those of Miss Braddon; whom in person she somewhat resembles. She has a quick sense of humor, a fine perception of the varying shades of character, and a familiar, very attractive style, quite within the range of a large class of American readers, for whom such works as "Ouida's" and "George Eliot's" have no charm. This is Mrs. Covington's first effort, and we bid her take courage from her present success—we expect yet to read a novel of her's, which shall become a household word among her own dear Southern people. The book is for sale at the store of Young & Brothers, Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

That venerable abolition hack-politician and third-rate rascal, Hen. Wilson, of Massachusetts, has fallen in love with a Philadelphia belle. He'll now be, for 60 days, a bigger fool, if possible, than knave.

ST. LOUIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Political Fermenting—Social Gossip—The Great Bridge Fire-Cracker Show.

Grand Preparations for the Biggest Thing Ever Seen in the West.

ST. LOUIS, June 26, 1874.

EDITORS CAUCASIAN: Even at this early day the political elements are collecting, preparing for the fall campaign; and we notice on the thoroughfares men who heretofore at this season have abandoned the bricks and mortar and hot sidewalks for "springs" "watering-places" and rural retreats. There is every prospect of a warm campaign, when politicians who have dollars left over from their last efforts, prefer the warm city to the cooler groves that generally claim them in the summer time. Schemes, combinations and wire-pullings excite them now and recreation is out of the question. The Democracy have acted with effeminate in putting off the meeting of their nominating convention until the 20th of August, thereby veiling their hand from the scrutiny of the Republicans, until it is too late for the latter to organize a strong opposition. Nevertheless, the Democracy as represented by the St. Louis Times, will find skillful organizations wherewith to contend; organizations that will combine all the elements of opposition to the present regime. It is highly probable that the friends of Senator Schurz and of the St. Louis Republican, as well as the Republicans, and in fact all the "outs," will go into an independent ticket and go in to win. This is the opinion of sagacious politicians in the Republican party. The only obstacle to such an arrangement is the ambition of Schurz, Grosvenor, William Hyde and Hilton—they are able men and have never pulled together before; but it is very probable they will do so now, in order to place their ideas and friends in power this fall. President Grant has installed Judge John F. Long in the highest office in the Custom House, although he has been a life-long Democrat, and why should he not agree with Schurz, Grosvenor, Hyde and Hilton, as they are in favor of his financial policy, and three of them Republicans at heart? So look out for strange events and lively times in politics this fall.

This city has never before been so stirred to its center as it has been this summer. Conventions have been held and more have been promised. The town has been flooded with strangers from all parts of the Valley and the West; and trade has flourished accordingly. There seems to have been a general waking up on the part of the old conservative element, an infusion of young blood and fresh life into the ancient fogy class, arousing them to most unwonted exertions in the interests of St. Louis. The last six months have been marked by the most extraordinary growth. Three thousand five hundred new buildings have sprung up within that time, and the necessity is demonstrated in the fact that never before, at this season, have there been so few houses in the market for dwelling or business purposes. Whatever may have been heretofore claimed against the town for sloth in its development, the charge would be unfounded now, in the light of present endeavors.

Society is comatose, what little is left in town. The majority of the *crème* have abandoned the lights and shadows of the city for green fields and fresh pastures, and are healing up the scars of last winter's social campaign. A large number have crossed the ocean for continental Europe, and some have sought the extreme Eastern watering-places. The fashionable streets are barren, and blank windows, bolted doors and rusty knobs and bell-pulls frown upon the lonely passer-by. How many of the inhabitants of "the fronts" are rusticating in the kitchen and garret, has not yet been reported, and how many of the rich attires that dare the eye at fashionable retreats have been secured by pledging the family plate cannot yet be computed. The gay birds have flown for the summer, however their wings may have been obtained. It is said that there is an establishment here, a branch of an Eastern house, whose function it is to lend dresses and money upon "personal property." If there be such, it is difficult to find it, and it has so far eluded the search of your correspondent.

Hereafter the Declaration of Independence will not be considered by the average St. Louisan as in any way identified with the fourth of July. That day will mark only the formal opening of the Great St. Louis and Illinois Bridge, and future generations will look upon future observances of the day, as but the celebration of the completion of that structure. The whole city is in arms and almost every human being is engaged in preparations to insure the success and contribute to the grandeur of the coming event. Committees are in session daily, and hitherto mild-mannered men, who never hurried before, are plunging around in their shirt-sleeves, striving to their utmost to complete the programme of a magnificent entertainment. The celebration will be on a scale of magnificence, never before known in the west, if in the country. An immense amount of money has been subscribed to carry out the exhibition, and the details are in the hands of men who will stop at nothing to insure success. Judy, who has the contract for the pyrotechnic display, has reported that the fireworks will be perfection, and the committee on decorations have perfected arrangements for ornamenting the bridge during the day. And so the great gray structure, that, though symmetrical, has had her attractions for the multitude, apart from its usefulness, will be on the day of its dedication a thing of marvelous beauty, a frame for the support of all that art and taste can suggest.

Nor will the exercises be found wanting in splendor of detail. A grand procession, combining all the trades, the arts and everything that is imposing in a display, has been arranged. Dedicatory speeches by eminent gentlemen have been provided for. In short, the occasion will be something in the history of western enterprise and effort with which there are but few things in the World that will bear comparison. Probably the fireworks in the evening will be one of the of the most attractive features ever offered at any celebration. When the contract was awarded to W. W. Judy, it was given to a man who thoroughly understands the business, and he has arranged for a most magnificent display. The finest works of the most intricate design are now in process of construction, and, in themselves, will amply repay a visit to the city.

The long mooted question of a connecting railway between the Iron Mountain, North Missouri, and Atlantic & Pacific Railroads, approaches solution. A company of capitalists have organized for the construction of a depressed road, connecting with those above mentioned, and the Grand Union Depot. But for a short-sighted local policy, this would have already been accomplished, rather than a matter of prophesy.

CENTRAL FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Carrollton Journal of June 19, alludes to one of Lexington's pets and prides, in this gratifying style:

Bro J. A. Mumpower, of the Southern Methodist church, of this city, returned Wednesday from attendance upon the "Commencement" exercises of Central Female College, Lexington. From him we learn that our good friend, Sullivan, under whom the college has gained a new lease of life, has taken it for six years longer. The exercises were of a very high order. The graduates are—Miss Kate Kramer, who read the essay, "There is no Happiness Attainable in this Life;" Miss Belle Hendrix, essay, "Perishable and Imperishable;" Miss Ida Chick, essay, "Seed Corn;" Miss Flavia Lindsay, Valedictory, "The Aim of Life." Among the gifted scholars who delivered essays at the closing exercises at the college, were—Miss Lulu Kerfoot, "What a Sea Shell told Me;" Miss Sallie Marmaduke, "Voyage of Life;" Miss Maggie Marshall, "Pride and Frankness;" Miss Clara Gregory, "A Chapter taken from the Book of Chronicles." President Sullivan's impromptu address to his graduates, like everything else which comes from him, won the admiration of his auditors. Central Female College has a high place in the foremost rank of educational institutions, which will not grow less prominent under its present most efficient head.

And the St. Louis Christian Advocate, of last Wednesday, June 24, under date of "Waverly, June 21," contains this letter of strong commendation from our esteemed friend and brother, Rev. Charley Boggs:

MR. EDITOR CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE: As a member of the Board of Visitors appointed at the last session of the West St. Louis Conference, and for the benefit of those who were not in attendance upon the examinations and commencement exercises, at Central Female College, Lexington, I desire to report some things that I saw and heard.

Under the test of a most thorough examination, the young ladies stood well, evincing that they had been diligent in study, and that their instructors had been faithful in their duties. In all the branches taught and upon which examinations were had, the interested audiences were satisfied that the pupils understood the subjects well, as far as they had progressed; they readily giving a reason for everything, from a simple question in arithmetic to the construction of a difficult sentence in Latin.

The music of the occasion was really delightful, reflecting great credit upon both teachers and scholars. A new and pleasing feature in the exercises, was the offering of beautiful gold medals as prizes to the best speller, the best reader, etc. The Olympic Games could not have created deeper interest, nor excited greater emulation in the minds of the boys or Greeze, than was manifested by these young lady contestants, and the successful competitors may congratulate themselves, as they met upon the field *fer-pieds* worthy of their steel.

The commencement exercises at the Southern Methodist church, on Wednesday morning, were full of interest. After the awarding of prizes, we had reading of essays by the graduating class, consisting of four of Missouri's fairest daughters—viz: Miss Kate Kramer, of Lexington, Miss Belle Hendrix, of Fayette, Miss Ida Chick, of St. Louis, and Miss Flavia Lindsay, of Clinton. These essays evinced thought and thorough preparation, and were most creditable to their authoresses.

The literary address, by Rev. T. J. Gooch, of Mexico, Mo., was able, sensible and appropriate to the audience and occasion.

Diplomas were then delivered to the graduating class, by the President, in an address of surpassing eloquence and beauty. This closed the pleasant and brilliant scene.

The college has entered upon a career of unprecedented prosperity. Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan has demonstrated clearly, yet without ostentation, his capacity for presiding over and conducting successfully a Female College. All who know the man believe him to be *the man* for the position he occupies. As Southern Methodists, we have reason to be justly proud of this noble institution, which is an ornament to the city of Lexington and an honor to the