The Weekly Caucasian.

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P. DONAN, Political Editor.

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STATE SOVEREICNTY!

White Supremacy! And Repudiation

THIS IS LIBERTY!

OUR MOTTO:
NEVER DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC!

OUR PLATFORM:
THE CONSTITUTION OF 1867, AND THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES!

OUR DOCTRINES:
This is a White Man's Government, made by White Men, for White Men and their posterity forever!

Down with the 14th Bedamendment!

Total Repudiation of the Monstrous Yankee War Debt. Accursed, Unconstitutional Burden, accumulated by an Unconstitutional Mob, styling itself a Congress, in the prosecution of an Unconstitutional Crusade, for the accomplishment of an Unconstitutional and Hypocritical Purpose!

Down with Bondholders and Taxes!

Subordination of the Military to the Civil Authorities!

Down with the Satraps!

Equal Taxation and the Eighteen Representation of all the States, or

Another Rebellion!

Revolution must be met by Counter Revolution—Force by Force—Violence by Violence—and Usurpation should be overthrown if needs be, by the Bayonet!

Down with Test-Oaths & Registration!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

THE ANNUAL NUISANCES.

Of all the tribes of bipedal shakers, beneath the luminiferous and diaphanous sky of day, the "Great American People" is certainly the long-eared-est, the most meek-spirited and patient. Year after year, Time's slow lagging pedller's cart rolls round, and dumps out the Third Monday in December, at the doors of their national capital, they one and all, submissively bend their knees and spread their broad backs to receive the long-accumulated infliction of interminably drawn-out, and inoffensively stupid "Messages." The season of their abominations, is once more upon us, and every printing-press in all the land, has been groaning and wheezing, for two miserable weeks, under its crushing burden of dreary common-places, stale recapitulations, vague generalities, flatulent sophistries and vapid nonsense. The telegraph, some weeks ago, gave us a soul-sickening picture of the last presidential Accident, secluded from the gaze of ordinary mortals, wrapped in the profundity of his own gigantic dullness and stupidity, sitting like an ancient dry-shaking idol upon a vast nest of official goose-eggs, and drowsily, wearily, hatching out his annual nuisance. The mighty incubation is over. The Message of Ulysses the Ninth, skull, is before us. Treasury reports, Navy reports, War-shop reports, Mongrel-claim, Cox imbroglios, Jim Fisk, and the Dent family, all are temporarily forgotten. The Imperial Ukase, the Ulysses-ian Pronunciamento, is the cynosure of every eye. And such a mass of inane twaddle, we never saw before—but once, and that was last December. In three silly and dreary, semi-everlasting columns of solid nonpareil, he manages to make himself dimly and haltingly understood, as refusing thanks to our Christian's God, for the mere temporal blessings we enjoy. Peace at home, entanglements abroad; territory vast, fertile, and able to support unnumbered millions of tax-payers; abundance of minerals, exuberant crops; variety of climates, fruits and lions of free and prosperous people; language; free press, free schools, and free religion; everything promising progress and improvement, manufacture and wide-spread loveliness. What inimitable satire on the wrangling, the discontent, the suspicious-ness, the grinding, crushing, blighting tyranny, which everywhere exists! He hesitates himself and hiccoughs, on the progress of Reconstruction between the South. Gives Georgia a kick. "Reserve that a free exercise of the elective franchise has, by violence and intimidation, been denied to citizens in exceptional cases." No allusion of course, to the gleaming of Yankee bayonets around the polls in New York and Philadelphia. No reference of course to the hideous election outrages of Hoboken and Kirk's cut-throats, backed by regular infantry and artillery, in North Carolina. No insinuation of course, in regard to the atrocities of nigger militia, aided and supported by squadrons of armed and uniformed hirelings, in South Carolina and Alabama. No hint of course, at the prompt removal of every office-holder in Mississippi, known to favor enfranchisement, justice and right. Oh, no! He thinks that an early resumption of specie payments is very desirable; doesn't fancy an immediate, but prefers a gradual, return; and strangely forgets to drop from the abundance of his inspiration, the faintest shadow of a suggestion, as to how either species of return is to be accomplished. Declares that, with far less taxation than his subjects have endured for six years past, the whole debt can be paid in a few years—Which, in view of the fact, that, after all the enormous burdens of the last five years, the debt, having been increased from a paper to a gold one, is to-day actually $50,000,000 greater than it was in December '65, is certainly a brilliant and startling mathematical proposition. Asserts that the taxes have been reduced fifty million dollars per annum; a lie so bold-faced and palpable, that even Boutwell's Nasty-nessism in impudence shrank from it in disgust. Is opposed to revenue reform, if it means anything at all; in favor of it, if it is only balderdash and buncombe. Twiddle-twaddles about the tariff, devil-detested pocket-pump; people-robbing, iron monger and cotton-lord-enriching monstrosity, like a school-boy dilly-dallies over the Great Pyramid, the Sphynx, or the Mastodon. Favors a continuance of the existing mode of speech gatherings, collections, with all its fallacies, inequalities, and temptations to perjury and fraud. Thinks "the present system of appointments does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men for public place"—(Light from a dark lantern! Astonishing slip of the pen! By his own words, he has been condemned! Witness his Cabinet; his foreign ministers, his consuls, collectors, his very postmasters—every one of them appointed for a gift, a bribe, or unscrupulous devotion to party villainy! Not even Canada in terrificissimo style. Dumps a swill-tub of cold slop on Cuba and the Cubans. Regrets to say that no adjustment of claims against Mrs. Victoria, has yet been reached. Whines over numerous insults and indignities, offered the 'hallowed gridiron,' by foreign governments. And in the very next breath, flatters his long eared audience, that the glorious Yankee nation never stood higher among the powers of the earth. Her flag respected; her obese blackguard, Washburne, spreading the greasy wings of his ministerial protection, over all the foreigners of Paris; her name honored; her citizens toasted and caressed, in every land beneath the moon—(This, notwithstanding the fact, admitted and lamented by himself, that even old worn-out, tottery Spain, and the tattered banditti of Mexico, have time and again, spit in the face of the venerable Mrs. Columbia; pulled out her pet bezzard's tail; used her Liberty night-cap, to stuff sausage in; and tweaked Jonathan's cock-eye a snout, till it looks like the red lantern on a hog-train.) He believes in strict neutrality, in regard to the lively young Franco-Prussian scrimmage. Urges the cultivation of lovely relations with the little mongrel, cut-throat "Republics" of South America. Bewails "our depressed commerce," and wants it revived and encouraged; but inadvertently fails to point out just how this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is to be realized, until the whole iniquitous and insane legislation of his accursed party and administration, is swept away. Likes China and the pig-tails. Hints at the building of high merchant ships, by the government. (Another "grab" cut in the meat-tub.) He grows earnest and enthusiastic over the San Domingo Annexation "job," alone. "Richest lookeey under the sun"—"Capable of supporting ten million people in luxury"—"Only a hundred thousand there now"—"They can't maintain themselves"—"Yearn for our protection and support"—"Desirable geographical position"—"Commands entrance to Gulf and Caribbean Sea"—"Richest soil, best harbors, most salubrious climate, most valuable products of forest, mine and soil"—"Equalize our exports and imports"—"Remunerative wages to ten thousand laborers;" (what a fall from the million people in luxury!)—"Sugar, coffee, tobacco, tropical fruits"—"Cut off a hundred million dollars of annual expenditure"—"Extinguish our debt"—Ha! ha! Ye Gods! raptures over a wild jungle! Sunset's Sahara, savage wilderness! A blasted hell's half-acre, (he says we could cut it away a dozen times, and never miss it,) anything too good, too rich, too pure for the gaze of the native home and breeding-place of earthquakes, yellow-fever, and squalid African vagabonds. Ha! ha! Fay on the side indeed! But then, the immaculate "Chief-president" of Vanderbilt, is to get half a million dollars and a dictatorship of land, if he succeeds in pushing the grand swindle through his Congressional mob! And that's the milk in the West India cocoa-nut! Rich! What a pitiful cat's paw for lobbying spec, a mulled-statian Chief Magistrate makes! He regards the exterminating Indian wars, as savage, so horrible and designs converting the Indian Bureau, into a "missionary agency" (Chief!) "persuasive to the reason!" And "exercise of humanity toward rebels" was a rapturous, applauded doctrine, when it fell from Nero, the pupils and forumes, a few years ago. He is mildly against any more gifts of land to railroads. Some corporation has doubtless failed to divide "liberally." The departments of War, the Navy, Post Office and Interior, are all doing their part nobly, in the great national squander and steal. The ignorance of Congress, is the way of Providence, in spatchcocking rebels. Was a Congressional outlaw, a Presidential jobber and bribe gobbler, to be pilloried any? "A faithful collection of every dollar and every cent in the disbursement of public money." Witness five hundred clerking collectors and paymasters, with salaries amounting to $7,200,000, in one year! Prompt payments of every cent of salary, appropriation, gambling and fraud-growing obligation, specifically excepted—Equal reduction of taxes"—($211,250,077 68, nearly twice the whole revenue of our first years, administration—Twenty years "Hunks" in Office! Well, we know Ben and John, and gold-gambling; Northern Pacific, national trial grabber, and a hundred of the minorous samples—) "Ye term is expiring!" A few more poor jobs, to supply us with more testimonials, seasonable—"Cozy residences and built-papers—Administration in scattering large and unmeasured bakes!" By curious of Yankee humanity, mode of nigger militia and intimidating letters, to be known to New-comers, Eastern and Southern "free-born" Americans, inaugurated before the time of "Spotted Jim," notoriety, or color. Appointed "spider-tucky signature, Attorney-Generals, by all odds, the most stupid, worthless, shamefully empty document ever put up against long-suffering, patient people. Was an enough-to-make-a-dog-howl-at-the-moon, collection of hating, stiff-legged generalities. False in statistics, malignant and skulking in tones and booty in rhetoric. Not an idea, not a thought, not a sentiment, that hasn't been twaddled over a hundred times, by every little backer and spitter, and raising-country-Congressman, since "Statesmanship! Sagacity! Patriotism! Vamoosed! Disappeared! Skulking in company with brutish beasts! And yet, the Ulysses-ian Nero, Caligula, Tiberius, bestial ex-scraper of old cow-sides, from a Sucker farm, and defiles the chair once filled by a Jefferson, a Madison, a Polk, Pierce and Buchanan! Bah! He wags his ears in the stomach of a Berkshire pig!

A SPECIMEN "LOYALIST."

Rear Admiral David Porter has been one of the special pets and darlings of Ulysses the Eagle-faced. He has been made head of the navy. The finest vessels in the service have been placed absolutely at his disposal. With all their gallant crews, their heavy guns, and costly armaments, the choicest and fastest man-o'-war have been convenient have more pleasure-boats, gaily decked out, for the delectation of the gilt-laced, bedizened fancies, and his pampering friends. Other and older officers have been slighted and humiliated at his bidding, sweeping changes have been made in the whole department of governmental aquatics, to gratify a favorite. Confession has been recommended, flag-officers and signals altered, at his sinister behest. Fleets have sailed and returned, cruised and anchored, at his word. No spoils have crept across the stards and stripes of his fleet. No cloud has darkened the resplendent sunshine of his prosperous career. No dead wind have baffled his progress. All has been bright and fair, with the spoiled pet poodle. But alas! alas! Things not an ocean, nor even the Atlantic! Right into the midst of all this self-satisfied, flower-bagging, gilt, mild-visaged and snowy-bearded old step-son of Napoleon, Gideon Welles, a few weeks since, dropped a hundred-pound shell, charged with nitroglycerine and nitro-glycerine. The beaming, smiling Gideon simply published a private letter, written to him, by Porter, in January, 1869. In that confidential epistle, the present occupant of the White House, is alluded to, in the following "Sunshine" and "Shade" fashion: "Blair is a good fellow, but a—d—d—d