The Weekly Caucasian

STATE SOVEREIGNTY!

White Supremacy! And Repudiation

THIS IS LIBERTY!

OUR MOTTO:
NEVER DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC!

OUR PLATFORM:
THE CONSTITUTION OF 1860, 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 XVth Bedamnedment!

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 a Unconstitutional and Horrid Purpose!

Down with Bondholders and Taxes!

Subordination of the Military to the Civil Authorities!

Down with the Satraps!

Equal Taxation and the Rightful 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!!

New Advertisements.

GLORY.

A Day of Retribution Dawning at Last.

Glad are we, always, to note the triumphs of a true man; but ten-fold is the pleasure enhanced when the triumpher is a tried-and-never-found-wanting friend of years, and when his victories are achieved over the common enemies of himself, ourself, and our country. No truer patriot, no more gallant soldier, drew a sabre during the late grand struggle for American Freedom, Southern Independence, than Col. A. W. Slayback, now of St. Louis. And since the downfall of the Republic, no man in all our State has more emphatically made his mark at the bar. Young, handsome, fearless, talented far beyond the common lot, and of tireless energy and indomitable resolution, he has risen in his profession, almost beyond precedent. Two of his legal successes during last week, are of general interest to Missourians. In one of these cases, he got a verdict for $2,000 against John McNeil, the ten-fold assassin of Palmyra, for the improper seizure of a boat belonging to Capt. D. H. Silver. In the other, he was assistant counsel to Attorney General Baker, in the great suit of the State against General John B. Gray, for moneys gobbled by him and tom fletcher, during felon tom's gubernatorial administration. The amount pocketed by these "loyal" patriots, in one little operation, was $98,000. And Baker and Slayback, in behalf of our poor old long-plundered and outraged State, got a verdict, on Thursday of last week, for $113,157 28, the entire amount of the "steal," with interest at six per cent to date! Whoop! Glory! De day ob jubilo hab surely come! Call out the militia! Enforce the Ku-Klux bill! Another horrible "rebel" atrocity. Strictly "loyal" thieves, like Gray and McNeil, compelled to disgorge! Oh, that we should have lived to see it! And in long-downtrodden old "Free Misery" too! Bully! Bully! Injerum! What is the country coming to! When "loyal" leaders can be called to account for their crimes! Every thief and scoundrel is to be hauled up and punished, from the White House and the Capitol, down to the last back-wood, log-doggery post-office, there will not be an official den tenanted; and penitentiaries will burst with over-feeding! Slayback, Slayback, cease laboring to bring such a woful state of things about. Think what would become of the Puritan-nigger Empire without grant, Beast Butler, Ames, Bullock, Holden and Revels! And are they not all criminals as vile as Gray or John McNeil? Don't do it any more.

But ah! ha! ha! Ain't it goloptious! John McNeil and fletcher's pirate crew, nipped by the fingers of long-paralyzed justice. Good! Heaven speed the day when the laws shall be everywhere enforced to the uttermost letter, against the high-handed ruffians who have for years trampled upon the rights of their countrymen. God grant that the hour may be near, when every victim of Jacobin usurpation, tyranny and outrage, shall find full redress, ample revenge, at the hands of the law. Wo! wo! to the fletchers, rodmans, grants, McNeils, Burbridges, Brownlows, Holdens and Beast Butlers, when it comes! It were better for them to have been born cur-pups, put in a sack, and drowned in a hog-trough, before their eyes were opened! Oh, ye official scape-gallowses! you'll catch h—ll of fun yet! See if you don't! Sail in, Slayback! Go for 'em every chance! Our prayers are with you.

An exchange says Brigham Young's son Joe "chews and smokes tobacco, drinks whisky, gets drunk, plays poker, flogs his wives, and preaches the gospel." If Joe could only black his hide, thatch his skull with vermin-swarming wool, and scent his pocket-handkerchief with extract de Mephitis Amerikana, what a glorious head-light he'd make, for the "party of progress, loyalty and high-morality!" What a worthy co-paytriot of Butler the Beast, Bowen the polywhist, Reveis the thief, Morton the debauchee, McNeil the assassin, and grant the bribe-gobbler and sot. Oh, what a pretty lot of pairs they'd make, upon some gallows-tree together?

When a woman starts out to make a cussed fool of herself, she always succeeds better than a man could. Some gushing idiot of a female correspondent says: "That stormy old patriot, Browlow, is tired of life." Not a bit more tired of it, than we are of him. He can go to—rest, whenever he chooses; and the sooner the better. But, judging from the way the spring has opened, won't he find it hot and dry down there, during the dog-days season? Ou-u-u-uch!

A Hoosier merchant was fined thirty-six "loyal" skals, the other day, for kissing a lady customer, against her will. Whew! That's a huge price for a kiss, in a State where wives only cost a second-hand two-cent revenue stamp and a peck of dried apples, per dozen. Land of Morton and divorces, you're improving!

It costs just $1,500, exclusive of gravestone, to bury a defunct member of Congress, in official style. Expensive as it seems, we'll gladly stand our share of the charges for a hundred or two, at that rate.

Dan Rice gets $1,000 a month, for playing the fool in a circus.—Ex.

And the whisky-soaked cigar-stump, Ulysses Soup-Tureen, gets $25,000 a year, or $2,000 a month, for being a fool everywhere.

Brick Pomeroy's wife has obtained a divorce from him.

THE KU KLUX BILL.

What It Threatens.

The Subversion of Liberty—The Establishment of Despotism.

THE ERECTION OF A CONSOLIDATED, ONE-MAN GOVERNMENT, UPON THE RUINS OF OUR CONFEDERATED REPUBLIC.

THE FALSITIES OF RADICALISM.

The laughter of fools at serious things, was proverbial, e'en back in the days of Brigham Young's great revival (that is much-married men, Solomon, some two years and a half ago, the Income Asylum at Columbus, Ohio, was burned to the ground, and a number of the hapless lunatics perished in the conflagration. The fire occurred at midnight, in the dead of winter. And the most horrible feature of all that night of horrors, was the maniac laughter, which rang from one of the fourth-story windows, where a miserable wretch, chained and beyond all hope of rescue, doomed to inevitable and terrible death, clapped his hands, and danced, and jeered with frantic glee, as the long, serpent-like tongues of flame, that were already lapping themselves about his cell. Such is the lunatic merriment, the idiotic mirth, of a low-demented tag-end of niggerism, who treat as a jest, a joke, the solemn warnings which have been called forth, from every true patriot in the land, by the monstrous enactment, hell's master-piece of villainy, which is the culmination, the crowning devilitry of Radicalism's ten long years of usurpation and outrage. Statesmen and scholars, men profoundly versed in the history of nations and the causes and means of their rise and fall, declare that this most hideous consummation of the Washington Malefactory, ends the Republic and founds the Empire; and the "ha-ha's," of "loyal" madmen, ring out and mingle with the roar of the Niagara ahead of them. But in their levity, the fiend is blended with the maniac. Eleven years ago, these same lunatics scornfully mocked at the idea of a civil war. They unanimously assured each other, that the South would never fight; They indefatigably swore, with Chandler, that six hundred old women armed with broom-sticks, would drive the whole Confederacy into the Gulf, in thirty days!" They braggadociously reared, with nominal-pointed Dick Yates, that "Illinois could take an apron-full of corn-cobs, and whip out Jeff. Davis and all his crew, any morning, as a mere breakfast-spell!" They positively affirmed, with the old Sangamon buffoon, that it would all end in gas and smoke, with "Nobody hurt!" "FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND YANKEE GRAVES IN SOUTHERN LAND TO PAY FOR HOW THEY LIED. Some lied through ignorance and folly. Their lunacies at the dread prospects of our Republic, were simply maniacal. Some lied knowingly and deliberately; lied to deceive and destroy—Their pretended fillintry or the hideous grinning of rum-plotting, war-exulting fiends. Take them all together, learned and ignorant, the lunatic guilty, crafty schemers, machine-manned leaders and ignoramus followers; and their whole party history has been one long unbroken lie. The corner-stone of their whole vast fabric of iniquity, is the palpable, self-superfine lie, that all men, Arabs, Hottentots, Esquimaux, Fenee Fenchers, Digger Indians, philanthropic do-good, east Yanks, nigger-and wooly-sis, are "born free and equal." And through all the dark years of their career, every word they've uttered, every line they've written, every harangue they've poured, every sermon they've preached, every prayer they've sniffed through their intermeddling snout, every act they've perpetrated, has been a lie coined in cold, cold blood. Well, stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once! Infinitely better, which the Congressional outlaws. When you should have scattered the serpents in the grass, and hung men for treason before the lamp-post of the Capitol. When you should have sent the Union traitors, to dwell among their kindred, the apes and mule representatives. And when the great national liberty-loving solution of the people, overwhelmingly swept upon you, and set you in tremblings the hearts-inspired Democratic conspiracy and overwhelming you, as the rock of Gibraltar, grinding the sea-weed, Carter Harrison will swallow you, and he'll—You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you shiftless part of a man!

"GWINE TO HELL ON A BLACK MULE"

A critic of South Carolina furnishes an exchange a graphic description of the frightful orgies with which, in the name of worship, the niggers of his region desecrate their churches and insult the Almighty Ruler of the universe. We extract this paragraph from his account:

"Then commences a jumping, yelling, screaming, groaning, shouting, clapping, stamping, and the most unearthly noises that ever issued from human throats. Some are jerked up as if by a spring, and go jumping and yelling like a jack-in-the-box. Others roll and tumble on the floor, and jump up and go at it like a ball. Others go into a trance, and lie as stiff as a log. Others go into a kind of a dancing, jerking, shuffling motion, and go round and round the room, or house, for hours, and days, without ever stopping, or even slacking their speed. Others go into a kind of a jerking, twitching, shaking, and trembling motion, and go round and round in one place, and cut all sorts of antics, and make all sorts of motions, and utter all sorts of sounds, and sometimes they will go round and round in one place, for hours, and days, without ceasing, and without