The Weekly Caucasian

STATE SOVEREIGNTY!

White Supremacy! And Repudiation

THIS IS LIBERTY!

OUR MOTTO:
NEVER DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC!

OUR PLATFORM:
THE CONSTITUTION OF 1861 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 an 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!!

THE TWO PARTIES.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS RADICALISM.

HARD NUTS FOR THE "NEW DEPARTURISTS" TO CRACK.

Shall We Abandon the Right, and Accept the Wrong?

Within the last few weeks, every little puritanjigger newspaper in the country has published, and cackled over, one of old Greeley's Radicalism-glorifying, Democracy-vilifying articles, headed, "A Contrast." The leathesome, vice-smitten, ulcer-eaten moral and physical leper, Morton of Indiana, long ago, summed up the whole question, far more ably and fully, in one of his ferocious discharges of fervid "loyalty," upon which we commented at the time. The whole land resounded with Jacobin newspaperial peans to the Hoosier benchman's eloquence and power. Some of our brevet-nigger-edited Missouri journals went into special conniptions of breeches-splitting delight, over this juicy dab of Senatorial oratory:

"There are not two parties now appealing for popular support, in this country. On these, one party points to the record, the other implores that the past be forgotten. The record speaks for itself, and it will speak for it, in future, because it is recorded in letters more durable than brass. It is graven on the hearts of freedom, regardless of the lessons of experience. Democracy refuses to learn, and in its infatuation, it asks that the fruits of its teaching be ignored. Democracy asks that the results of its teaching be considered as a great national crime. Shall we keep out of sight the fruits of treason? Shall we, as a people, forget, or invite the blessing of oblivion?"

Yelping in unison with "high-moral" and "loyal" ink-squirters, we say "Bully for Morton!" For the first time in ten years, he's stumbled on the truth. There are but two parties in this country! Of these, one does "proudly point to its record"—but not the "one" the gangrened Hoosier means. And the day is not far distant, when "the other" will in vain, "implore that the past be forgotten"—but not "the other" to which the putrid ex-governor referred. Yes, sound it aloud, till all creation' ears are deafened with the din; ring it forth, ye bells; post it, ye rams' horns; jingle it; rattle it; blow it; thunder it abroad, till every mountain, and valley, rock, river and plain, re-echoes the mighty truth—till every man, woman, child, nigger, baboon, dog and Radical from Kamschatka to Terra Del Fuego, shall hear:

"THERE ARE BUT TWO PARTIES IN THIS COUNTRY."

The one was conceived in the hearts and brains of patriots, heroes and sages; born with the Declaration of Independence; and baptized in the fire and blood of the Revolution—The offspring a monster "conceived in iniquity and shapen in sin;" born of hatred, fanaticism, ignorance and cant; nurtured by hypocrites, scoundrels, perjurers and assassins; and steeped in the gore of five hundred thousand brethren slain by brothers' hands.

The one is the party of Jefferson, Henry, Hancock, Rutledge, Madison, Marris and Lee—The other is the party of Blackguard Wade, Conspirator Ashley, Beast Butler, Forger Rodman, Felon detecter, Brute Brownlow, and Butcher, Sot and Office-Peddler grant.

The one is the party which framed the Constitution, established the Union, and maintained the rights and dignity of the States—The other has proclaimed the Constitution "a league with death, and a covenant with hell;" has rent asunder the Union, for which our "rebel" forefathers laid down their lives; and has turned ten of its fairest, noblest, proudest "free, sovereign and Independent States," into groaning, bleeding, bayonet-ridden, nigger satrapies.

The one, for fourscore years, guarded with sleepless vigilance and jealous care, at home and abroad, our rights and liberties of the humblest citizen—The other has converted the bulwarks of the Republic, named for the grand old "Rebels" of '76, Warren, Lafayette, Pickering and Montlrie, into dungeons for the imprisonment of their sons; has dotted our whole land with bastiles; has crowded our penitentiaries, jails and calabooses, with innocent women, children, priests, preachers and old men; and filled the wide heavens with the clank of chains and keys and prison-doors, and the wails and shrieks of AMERICAN CAPTIVES.

The one gave us peace, prosperity and happiness, that made us for eighty years, the envy and admiration of the world—The other has spread mourning, death and devastation over all the blissful scene; has crimsoned half our continent with fratricidal blood; has whitened every valley and hill-side and plain, from the Potomac to the Gulf, with the bones of our slain; has reared a monument of skulls at every cross-roads, and thrust a skeleton into every home; has swept fourteen fair and fertile States, with sword and torch, and left ten thousand blackened chimneys standing guard over ashes and ruins, and pointing like scorched and shriveled fingers, to that heaven which will yet pour out its vengeance on the guilty authors of such savagery.

Under the one, we were the freest, most favored nation on the globe. Our white-winged barks skimmed the surface of every ocean, bearing to earth's remotest bounds, our rich productions and the glory of our name. Gold poured into our treasuries; provisions were abundant and cheap; taxes were low; and our people contented, fearless and free—Under the other, our commerce has been swept from the seas. Filthy rags, mere empty "promises to pay" that will never be paid, till hell becomes a Sunday School, have usurped the place of glittering coin. Gaunt, pale, fearful STARVATION has stalked over half our land. The terrible cry of "Bread or Blood," has been heard in American cities. Only recently, a widow and her daughter died, starved to death, in New York. Tens of thousands of working-men in our large cities, are to-day, wringing their hands in despair, and imploring something to do, to save their families from want. Taxes right here in "Free Missouri," amount to within one cent and a half of the legal rate of interest—one per cent more than the rate at which millions of pounds sterling go begging for a borrower, in London. And upon the bowed, breaking backs of a down-trampled, tax-ground NATION OF SLAVES, is heaped a Debt so vast, that in one dollar greenbacks placed edge to edge, it would reach forty-four thousand miles beyond the moon. THREE THOUSAND MILLIONS—Think of it. Five hundred thousand dollars—three times the whole cost of Buchanan's Administration—for every year since the creation of Adam.

The one is the party of the Constitution and the laws—The other is the party of plunder, treason, usurpation and outlawry.

The one made America, "a refuge for the oppressed of every nation"—The other has filled every land beneath the sun, with American "exiles," "refugees" from barbarian tyranny at home; from a despotism of Congressional ruffians, African savages, and shoulder-strapped Yankees; a despotism more odious, more galling and degrading than that of Austria, Russia, Dahomey or Timbuctoo.

The one is the party of THE WHITE MAN—The other is the party of mongrels, mulattoes, miscegens, and Boston Yanks.

The one is the party which will restore the Union, in deed and in truth; re-establish the Constitution; bring back the dear old days of gold and silver, of peace, plenty, freedom and gladness; call home the wanderers and restore the dignity and glory of the American name—The other is a party which, with its piratical taxation, its thievery, fanaticism, smelling committees, scraps, bayonets and debaucheries, will sink the country and the people from lower depths to lower depths, till at last they ll knock the bottom out of earthly degradation, and plunge headlong into the hell whose gaping jaws are strewn with the wrecks of all former Republics—Universal Discontent, Confusion, Anarchy, Internecine War, Military Despotism.

Yes! Morton is right. THERE ARE BUT TWO PARTIES. And Americans, Voters, Men of the mighty Northwest, Choose ye whom ye will serve. There is no middle ground. There can be none. A man must be one Radicalism, with all its heinous abominations; or he must be AGAINST it. He must be one Democracy, with its glorious record of eighty years; or he must be AGAINST it. He must be for the WHITE MAN, or for the NEGRO. He must be for crushing the country, grinding the souls out of the people, to pay an accursed unconstitutional Sectional Debt; or he must be against it. He must be for the REPUBLIC, or for a niggerized EMPIRE!

HA! HA!

Here's your boasted Yankee "morality." Here's the "higher civilization," of which the snivling puritanjiggers of Doodledom prate long and loud. Here's the "lofty scale of intelligence," to which, with bible and sword, tract, bayonet, hymn-book and torch, they've labored for years, to elevate the slave-driving barbarians of the South. Here's the "social and religious progress," to spread whose benign and luminous influence over the benighted heathen of Virginia and her sister sisters, they've ranted, prayed, granted and agonized, nasal psalm-twanged, preached, crusaded, slain, pillaged and devastated, with the obstinacy of jackasses, and the malignity of fiends. President Wooley, who has been compiling the statistics of divorce, finds that in 1867 the ratio of annual divorces to annual marriages foots up, for seven years, a total of 730 divorces to 15,710 marriages, or a ratio of 1 to 21. In Massachusetts, for a period of four years, there was a total of 1,022 divorces to 15,578 marriages, a ratio of 1 to 15. In Ohio, the divorces were 1,859; marriages 30,479, or a ratio of 1 to 27. In Connecticut, in a period of eight years, the divorces foot up 2,940; marriages 33,257, a ratio of 1 to 11. Hideous, horrible, loathsome revelation! Has established sacred relations—instituted and blessed by Jehovah himself, amid the sinless bowers of Paradise—and sanctioned by the presence and first miracle, of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, at Cana of Galilee, sunk into a vile thing to convenient and loathe, trample and cuckold at will, with every idle, lecherous whim! Marriage, the great foundation-stone of society, of civilized and christian life;—the sweet, heaven-ordained, indissoluble linking together of two harmonious souls and bodies, into a holy unity, which law and gospel both declare no man shall put asunder;—degraded into mere licensed, priest-mumbled-over prostitution! To such base uses have they come. Such are the inevitable results of the teachings of New England principles. Such fruits, these vile, do all the evangelizing efforts of the Plymouth-Rock and Cape-Cod Magi assuredly lead. The "liberal atheism" of Emerson, Phillips and Garrison—The "philanthropic" lunacies of Greeley and Gerrite Smith—The "free love" of Brothers Beecher—The abominations of Sumner—The slobberingly sentimental maunderings of Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes—And the crack-brained, free-love, pantaloonatic-the-rooster-refusing-to-crow-until-unsexed monstrosities, as Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Susan Anthony, George Francis Train, and old Harriet Byron Stowe the great post-mortem matrimonial tumble-bug of American Literature, God save the South from purity "morality" and "enlightenment!" Brought to such a low ebb, the people, from Yankee "progress," Yankee "philanthropy," Yankee "virtue" and "religion!" Angels and ministers of grace defend us from Yankee schools and school-marms, Yankee statesmen and preachers, a Yankee devil, or a Yankee God! Save us from the "barbarous" South Carolina, since the first settlement of the country, three hundred years ago! That tells the tale of difference! "By their fruits ye shall know them."

DARKEYNOTES.

PERSONAL.

Boulder Madison, formerly pastor of Zion African Methodist Church, in this city, has been back on a visit to his old flock. He is a fine specimen of his race; tall, well-formed, black as a coal or a few-berry; and dresses as stylishly as a Fifth Avenoodle or Madison Square gosperler. He's a far better Christian, and far truer white man, than Beecher or Bishop Simpson.

PICNIC.

Juvenile Ethiopia had a big time, last Monday. About six o'clock in the evening, some two hundred dusky urchins assembled at Zion church. The girls were all in white muslin dresses, lasting gaiters, and blue silk sashes; the boys in white pants, and black jackets to match their faces. Toward sunset, they formed a procession, making quite a handsome display; and headed by fife and drums, marched down to St. John's church, where a big free festival wound up the frolic.

IMPROVING.

A "gentleman of sable hue," whose ply ascertainable cognomen is Rufus, has recently built himself a small frame house on the lot adjoining Louis Hagood's, in East Lexington.

INDUSTRY.

There isn't a more faithful, hard-working "citizen of African descent," in Lexington than old Andy Auld. He is cultivating a large and tasteful lawn out yonder, on Mr. Zach. Mitchell's place. His vegetables are flourishing, and his strawberries and raspberries can't be beat. Any of our friends in need of such things, will find him prompt, reliable, and exceedingly moderate in his prices.

The old she-Lincoln still wears mourning for the rail-splitting, bawdy-joking baboon, who went to h—is last abode, from the private box of a vulgar fourth-rate play-house, on Good Friday night of '65. Wears mourning for the husband, whose last shirt she sold at auction, before his carcass was cold.

Chicago proposes a vigilance committee, to rid herself of her pickpockets, burglars, sneak-thieves and assassins. The trouble is she would have to send abroad, to get honest men enough to form the committee.

Blue Hill, Nevada, contains a "bottomless hole."—[Ex.

Under Puritanigger rule, forty millions of American bond-slaves are rushing headlong, to that identical locality.

Three murders constituted St. Jo's daily quota of amusements, a short time since. A nice village—for people desirous of investigating the mysteries of post-mortem existence.

There are twelve thousand wind-mills in operation, in Holland. [Ex.

And all of them combined wouldn't equal one session of our Yankonigger Congress.

WAL!

The old white-hatted reprobate of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley, has has just been down, orating at a donkey-show, in Texas; and gloating over the woes of the South, which he has done as much as any other one unhung malefactor, to produce. On his way back, Yankeedowndes, he stopped in Galveston; and of course was called on to tell "what he knew about farming" and things. In the course of his harangue, he let slip the following astounding contradictions of every paragraph and line he has penned, every word and syllable he has uttered, in the last five years:

"I believe at this day not so much violence occurs in Texas as in New York city; certainly there's not nearly so much said about it. With but an equal population in Texas as in New York, there are more desperadoes in that city than in Texas, and it is harder work to manage them. The North does not think Texas a land of the bowie knife and pistol. The proof that Texas is in good repute is shown by her steady increase in population. From other States there is a great desire to emigrate. In this, perhaps Texas is a single exception without it may be Oregon. Texas alone is rapidly gaining ground. Other States may increase—but because they are replaced by larger gains, but Texas does not lose any one. I intend to be just to her. All letters I shall write from here, and all I shall write about her hereafter, will show that such will be my representations, for I can testify that property and life are safe and protected in Texas."

This from the antipode hellion, whose "Ku-Klux" and "Rebel Outrage" lie-factory, has run without ceasing, morning, noon and night, under a full head-of hell-engendered steam, for years! Well, the world does move after all. And yet the old miscreant will go back to New York, and as soon as his stock of Texas whisky evaporates, the same huge black-letter-headed, skull-and-cross-bones tales of Southern horrors and atrocities, will be revived. Never mind. There's a hell somewhere, sometime. And Universalist as he is, old Greeley's good for a "reserved seat" "where blue blazes are fiercest, bubbling brimstone plentiest, and red hot pitch-forks sharpest—where the worm dieth not, and the fire never quenchedh.

IMPROVEMENTS.

And still the work goes on, in every direction.

Col. Reid's elegant residence will soon be ready for occupation.

Louis Hagood has newly roofed the dwelling, now occupied by Rev. Mr. Beggs, in Old Town, and added a new frame stable to the out-buildings.

The Lemaires have just put a handsome awning and gingerbread cornice, in front of their great grocery depot; and have painted and grained doors and windows, till the whole establishment looks like a fiddle.

Grimes & Venable have adorned their jewelry establishment, with the most elegant show-window we have ever seen in the State, out of St. Louis. A glittering silver-plated "loafers' rail" spans it on the outside.

Ethan Allen, the capturer of Ticonderoga, next to Dexter as a trotter, a devout Presbyterian deacon, a fierce goat-cavalier, and more than all, the Cincinnatus business-reviver, has established his handsome residence, on Franklin street with Venetian blinds; and is having his whole house painted up and renovated.

J. E. White is painting up the houses of S. G. Wentworth, Mrs. Rice and Harrison Smith.

J. W. Grant has just painted and papered the houses of Sam Douglas, Dr. Temple, Dr. Trotter and F. Klug.

Mrs. Sam Wilson has just finished whitewashing and papering the rooms of her charming suburban residence.

John Behr's big building, on Franklin street, is rapidly approaching completion.

Messrs. Jones & Long are pushing on the carpentry work for the buildings, which Mr. Stanley Matthews has erected. They are to be five in number; two on the lot occupied in part by Judge Price's residence; two on Franklin, adjoining our old friend, David Locke's; and one, further out the same street, on the corner beyond Mr. Wm. Foley's residence; all brick business houses.

And last, but far from least, the front of the great dry-goods emporium of Wilson & Hutchison, and the Caucasian entry, are to be spanned by the most stylish awning in the city—iron pillars, and filigree gingerbreadery enough for a pilot-house or a barber-shop.

David Russell has enclosed his premises on Asa street, with one of the most substantial fences in town. He has also made other improvements which add value and beauty to his place.

A Boston, Nastychusetts, cigar-dealer sells three hundred mild Havanas, daily, "for ladies' use." High-moral and refined she-"Hub"-ites.

Kit Burns' famous New-York rat-pit has been converted into a North Methodist chapel. Not much of an improvement.

PICK-NIC.—The children's tableaux and festival, at the Presbyterian church, last Monday evening.

STATE ITEMS.

It is expected that the cars will be running between Hannibal and Moberly, within two months.

A proposition to build a railroad from Hermitage to Warsaw, is being agitated in Hickory county.

Lead mining in Washington county is very prosperous. At one of the mines two miners have been raising from $70 to $80 worth of mineral a day.

A man named Weant, employed on the farm of W. Maddox, near Fulton, was on Friday of last week, struck by lightning and severely injured.

The North Missouri switch engine at Kansas City, neatly divided a dog, on Tuesday, leaving the head on one side of the track and the rest of him on the other.

The Buffalo Reflex thinks that, should no serious calamity happen to the fruit between this time and harvest, there will be a fair crop of peaches and a full one of apples.

Mr. Childs, of the Hudjons' House, Richmond, a few days ago, while digging in the new addition, threw up with his spade three five franc pieces and three silver dollars.

The Richmond Republican, of May 20th, says: "Some of our exchanges complain of the ravages of the Hessian fly in wheat. This county has been fortunate so far, as we believe none have appeared anywhere within its borders.

On Thursday of last week, a notorious desperado named Brown, residing near Moberly, attempted to cut his wife's throat with a knife, and would doubtless have succeeded, but for the timely arrival of her brother, who shot Brown dead.

The Rolla Herald states that the contract has been let for building the new $25,000 school-house. It is to be completed about the first of November next. The site selected is three and three-fourths acres, on what is known as the new fort property, on the north side of the city.

A suit has lately been decided in St. Jo awarding the heirs of Wm. Blair $10,000 insurance on his life. Blair left St. Jo for the East about four years ago, and never returned, and evidence was brought to show that he fell from a car on the Pacific railroad, while crossing the Osage river, and was drowned

SANCTUMITEMS.

"With the compliments of the author to Col. P. Donan, Chief Musician of the Caucasian Hoss Opera," is the weird cabalistic inscription emblazoned upon the margin of one of the most charming pieces of music, that has reached our sanctum-table, in a month of Sundays. Wednesday night prayer-meetings, and Saturday pic-nics, are all-fired poor—compared to it. Stop, stop, and catch a long breath after that interminable fifty-six-word, forty-horse-power air-pump of a sentence!—"In the Wide, Wide World Alone," is the latest production of our gifted young composer and orchestra-leader, John E. Burden, and is dedicated to our sweet little Waverly friend, Miss Lula Gordon, one of the fairest and loveliest young blossoms in all old Lafayette's bright "rose-bud garden of girls"—(Tennyssonian). It is an exquisite song and chorus, in the touchingly plaintive style. Written partly in "D minor," the very key, tone and language of sadness and homeliness, it breathes the deepest soul of tender woe. The poor fellow, who uses it as a safety-valve to the over-charged boiler of his emotions, sobs and sighs, as if he'd long ago broken up his occupation, over the reflection that he's "alone," that there's only one of him,—as if a single-cussed individual could expect to find himself any more numerous. He piteously bewails the fact, that "there is no gentle hand to smooth his brow," or admonister his pills, accompliage and Tic Sano, regularly. He agonizingly laments, that there is "no kiss to press these lips," when any school-boy, or school-girl either, could tell him that six weeks of moonlight-strolling, buggy-riding, Tom Moore-quoting, candy-munching, sentimental-flabby-sipping, and mush-and-milk-one-spoved-squash-tomfoolery, capped off by ten minutes shivering and stuttering, in tight boots and white kids, before a parson, and backed by a sub-nuchely vow to devote the remainder of his natural life, to paying dry-goods, grocery and millinery bills, would put him, at once, into a position to do all the "kissing," and "pro-nouncing," and "tipping," that the most tender-hearted bride could desire—Gentle reader, if you've lost the connection, and haven't the slightest idea what we're talking about, be comforted with the assurance, that you're as well off as we are. But to resume—somewhere in the neighborhood of our point of digression, this is decidedly, the best song yet brought out by the author of "Ms Love" and "One in Heaven." The air is admirably adapted to the sentiment. The arrangement is original. The accompaniment is brilliant. And the whole piece is elegantly published, in an elaborately engraved, tinted cover, by Lee & Walker, 922 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It should be on every well-regulated music-stand in our county.

Missouri, at last can boast a first-class monthly repository of fashion and polite literature. The Queen Lake Magazine is one of the largest and handsomest periodicals that comes to our office. A hundred and seventeen pages of choice literary selections, poetry, stories, music, and carefully compiled fashion reports; profusely illustrated, and inclosing patterns and plates, in every number, it is not a whit behind the oldest magazines of the east. We trust the ladies of our State will give it a liberal support. Price $3 a year. Address Margaret E. Johnson, Editor and Proprietor, or Editors and Proprietress, 16 North Fourth Street, St. Louis.

We are indebted to the great Louisville publisher, D. P. Faulds, for a copy of the "Sweet Briar Schottische," one of Kinkel's sparkling compositions.

The mammoth music-publishing house of Balmer & Weber, St. Louis, has had its under at least a sugar-logshead-full of obligation, for a variety of new, choice, and popular, religious and comic, all in one prodigious bundle—Song of the bride in spring-time; a beautiful ballad, by Blanchy—Heavenly dying brilliant romanza, by Blanchy—Piano transcription of Benny white tender flowers; by Fred Pannell—South wind never comes again; a pathetic ballad—Indie up as a solo, by Soledewski—The Moss-Rose, solo by Waldemar—Malmenc; words from the poetry—Auber, quaint and pretty—Violet; words by Goethe, music by Holmes—Now wouldn't you like to know; song and dance by Cardella—Don't leave the farm by boys; Von Rochow—Jewels of the heart, (many of which we've found to be punchbeck), by Miland—Oh! you are back my childhood days; Ho-ho-ho-