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 BE-DAMNEDMENT!

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 & REGISTRATIONS!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

HOME AGAIN!

"Home again, from a foreign shore." Have we been over the ocean? No. Been across the Rio-Grande, or St. Lawrence? No. What foreign shore are we home from, then? From old Virginia—The land of Washington and Jefferson, Lee and Stonewall Jackson—Land of Monticello and Mount Vernon—Which, rent of Union and restored fraternal feeling as you may, Radicalism has made alien and hostile soil. Home, from six weeks of wandering in Satraphes and Pashawlics, where noble States once stood. Home from rambling in regions, where conventicles of gibbering savages, Guinea Coast baboons, whose ancestors, only two generations ago, shed their tails, amid the jungles of the Niger or Lourgo, have taken the place of proud Legislatures; and bayonet-guarded Viceroys have for years usurped the functions of freemen-elected Governors. Home from a Paradise in ruins. Talk not of their abundant crops, their improving prospects, their liquidated debts, their reestablished credit—The spirit of the people is broken! And, to a freeman, a patriot, that would make a hell of Elysium! We've roamed over realms as fair as Adam beheld, on the first bright morning when, hoe in hand, he sallied forth to cultivate his early cabbages, according to Horace Greeley's rules for farming—[illegible] people as noble, true-hearted, generous and brave, as ever graced the golden age. And yet we're glad to get back even to this tax burdened province. Its like wandering among the tombs; one fears to hear the echo of his own foot-falls. Try to disguise it as we may, turn from the contemplation as we will, a pall has fallen upon the South. Her people laugh, but the tones are sepulchral. They dance, but it seems like sacrilege. Their mirth looks like ghostly moonbeams, reflected from grave-stones. At every step, we feel as if treading upon the ashes of a buried nation. Hark! What's that? The clank of a Yankee sabre. The rattle of a nigger musket. A garrison? What for? To hold down free-born American citizens—countrymen of Rutledge and Pinckney, Henry, Marion, Jackson and Polk—to crush the souls out of Virginians, Carolinians, Mississippians and Georgians; and force them to submit to the beastly rule of Yankee vagabonds and nigger slaves!

The grand Valley of Virginia is a splendid region. With its gently rolling fields and meadows; its crystal streams, bubbling and foaming, ripling and sparkling, in a hundred devious ways; its fine old patriarchal mansions; and everywhere the dark blue mountains, towering to the clouds, as an eternal background to the radiant picture—Oh! it's a land of majestic loveliness and beauty—A land of glorious memories, whose every sod, baptized in blood, is hallowed ground—But it's a conquered land! The heroic spirit which risked death for freedom, in '76 and '61, lies slumbering with Washington at Mount Vernon, and Lee and Jackson at Lexington. Subjugated, crushed. And, within the last three years, Virginians, with shouts of exultant joy, have hailed a "conservative" Yankee carpet-bagger, as their deliverer, and borne him on their shoulders, through the streets of historic "Richmond on the James."

Middle Tennessee is a land in which the angels themselves might love to dwell. Land of enchantment and poesy. Where the bending heads of golden grain, wave side by side, with the snowy bolls of the South's fleecy staple. Where the soft pink crape of the myrtle, mingles with the pale blossoms of the apple and pear. Where the boughs of the apricot and plum, the cedar and elm, are draped with festoons of honeysuckle, woodbine and clematis. Where the magnolia and cape jessamine, the cherry and peach, intertwine their rich foliage and bloom; and send forth their blended perfumes, in odors surpassing the famed breezes, which "sigh o'er Araby the blest." Land of gallant men and lovely women. And yet, over it all, a shadow has fallen—The shadow of Puritan fanaticism, of Jacobin misrule. To-day, after six years of so-called "peace," the tread of a hostile soldiery is still heard in her streets; and the rush of mercenary squadrons, "hunting Ku-Klux," ever and anon, startles the dweller in her quiet rural regions.

We're glad to get home—back to our own abundant, growing, thriving country, where, although we are still cursed with some lingering dregs of the fletcher, McClurg, Rodman, Drake and Morton dynasty and code, we have no blue-coated janizaries to "keep the peace;" no nigger legislators, judges or lieutenant-governors. In all our wide wanderings we've seen no spot that, in natural advantages, compares with our own peerless Lafayette county. With an area of one hundred square miles, nearly as large as the whole State of Rhode Island; larger than many old-world principalities and arch-duchies—With a climate as equable and healthful, as any on the globe—A soil that is bottomless in depth, and exhaustless in fertility; producing, almost spontaneously, all the fruits, grains and grasses of the temperate zone, in the greatest perfection and profusion—With three hundred and fifty square miles of coal-lands; half our whole domain underlaid with the finest bituminous fuel in the West—With the heaviest timber and the richest prairie, intermixed in such admirable proportions, as can be found nowhere else beneath the sun—With four railroads in process of construction—And a people as intelligent, enterprising, high-spirited, generous and warm, as dwell between Kamschatka and Terra Del Fuego—What do we lack? What more do we need, to make this the "garden-spot" of America? Nothing but our share of the immigration, which is pouring into the State; and the Manufactures, whose establishment, we trust, is only a question of time. Friends—Fellow-subjects and subjectesses—Brother and Sister Missourians and Lafayettites! We're glad to home! You bet!

$500,228,355, A YEAR!

THE ACTUAL AMOUNT OF TAXATION!

[Table showing the gross revenues of the United States government, for the last fiscal year, distinguishing the principal branches thereof; revised from the annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General and the Treasurer of the United States, by Alexander Delmar, formerly Director of the U. S. Bureau of Statistics:

Customs	$194,538,374
Internal Revenue	$4,1869,756
Direct Tax	229,163
Postage	19,772,221
Public Lands, largely from sales of War Material	3,350,482
Repayments	69,200,657
Premium on Loans and Sales of Gold	15,295,644
Miscellaneous	12,942,118
Total	$500,228,355]

Ah, how they ripped, roared, raved and snorted, over the extortionate taxation, the extravagance, the profligacy, of poor old Buchanan's administration! How they foamed and frothed at the mouth, how they tore their vermin-peopled locks and split their dingy linen, over the unparalleled wastefulness, the inconceivable recklessness, of the Tennessee breeches-stitcher's four years. Just wait and see. The halcyon days return with the election of the soldier-statesman. The era of low taxes, close accounts and careful expenditures, dawns with the inauguration of the incorruptible Galena cigar-stump. Honesty and economy revive at the bugle-blast of the "great captain." The golden age rolls back upon us, as the signal guns boom forth to the world, the proud tidings that "Ulysses the Pure" is President of the New Republic! Yes, yes. Retrenchment, reform, frugality, and integrity, honesty, economy, and as many legions of other virtues as there were devils in the Genesaret porkers, were to roost in the National Capitol, the White House and the Treasury, from the very hour that the drunken ex-wood-hauler and watermelon-peddler, of St. Louis—the whisky-soaked ex-paramour of a D[illegible] squaw, in the mountains of California—the besotted ex-scraper [illegible] hides, in a Sucker tannery—the happy Sabbath-day jig-dancer and nigger-song-bawler of Pennsylvania Avenue—more than millennial perfections were to reign supreme in all our governmental affairs, from the day, the hour, aye, the very moment, this thing, this manlin chunk of cow-skin-cleanery offal, was duly installed, with all the absurdities of Chief Justiciary oaths and Bible-kissings, in the chair of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe! No more extravagance. No more swindling. No more leakage or shrinkage, ring age, bribage or stealage. No more embezzlements, defalcations, mistakes or inaccuracies, of a million or two. Oh, no! All clear as the noontide sun, in the Great Sahara. All pure as the icicle that hangs, curdled from thickest mud, on the brink of some pig-pen swill-tub. Honesty immaculate, uprightness unswervable, and economy unapproached and unapproachable, were to rule in every department of government. Such were their professions—And, mirabile dictu, there were bipedal donkeys long-eared enough to believe them! Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Tee-hee-ee-ee!

Thirty months of the "hero-president"'s model "economy" and taxation-reduction, have passed. And here, according to the most accurate statistician on the continent, from their own "official reports," after all the lying, dodging, whittling down and hiding they can do, are the figures for the last fiscal year:

$500,228,355!

Look at it. Think of it. Cipher over it. Five hundred million, two hundred and twenty-eight thousand, three hundred and fifty-five dollars! In one year's revenues, one year's gobbling, one year's murderous government extortion. Put the whole population of the country at thirty-eight millions; and that is thirteen dollars and sixteen cents, a year, for every man, woman and child, pauper, idiot and criminal, from Maine to California, from Cape Cod to Corpus Christi. Only that and nothing more.

$500,228 355, A YEAR.

$85,285,93, for every year since the creation of the world. $1,640,11, for every week since Adam, newly molded of moist clay, was leaned against the wall of Paradise, to dry in the afternoon sun of the wondrous "sixth day." $823,66, for every day since Eve, fresh-blooming from the hands of the Great Creator, caught the first glimpse of her innocent loveliness, flashed back to her delighted eyes, from the mirror-like bosom of Eden's crystal fountains. $9,53, for every hour since the mysterious Spirit of God brooded upon the dark waters of chaos. Ninety-seven and a third cents, for every six minutes since the voice of Omnipotence thundered: "'Let light be,' and light was." Almost a dollar, for every six minutes since "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of Jehovah shouted for joy," over a universe new-born.

$500,228,355, A YEAR.

$118,706, for every year since Noah set sail with his huge floating menagerie, and left all the poor little fishes to be drowned in the freshet. $174,295, for every year since Judas's evening sunlight first glanced in dazzling splendor, from the golden battlements, minarets and towers of Solomon's magnificent temple. $277,904, for every year; $23,158, for every month; $761 for every day; since Mount Moriah shook beneath the mighty tread of Rome's victorious legions, and that grand, gilded fabric, at which all earth had wondered, sank forever, wrapped in flames, and streaming with the blood of its own fanatical, Christ-killing priesthood. $183,907, for every year; $21, for every hour; since blind Homer begged his bread through the streets of seven cities, which afterward fought for the honor of having given him birth. $205,593, for every year; $557, for every day; $23, for every hour; since the captive Israelites hung their fiddles up to sleep, and sat down, heart-broken, to weep beneath the willows of Chaldea. $267,501, 79, for every year since the miracle-hung meteor gleamed above the manger of Bethlehem. $745, for every day; $31, for every hour; since all creation stood aghast, the solid rocks quivered with horror, and sun, moon and stars put on their mourning robes, at the awful scene of Calvary.

$500,228,355, A YEAR.

$1,319,863, for every year since Columbus steered his tiny fishing-smacks from the harbor of Cadiz, in search of a newer and grander, but doomed to be a more miserable, world. $2,000,913, for every year since heaven, to plague a hemisphere, permitted the psalm-singing old Pilgrim pirates and nigger-traders to land on Plymouth Rock, instead of letting the Rock land on them. $2,501,141, for every year since these canting old whelps of a bogus Zion, pumpkin-guzzling, prayer-sniffling ancestors of Sumner, Beecher, Phillips and Butler, were burning witches and hanging Baptists, massacring the Pequods, and distributing small-pox blankets among the kinsmen of Massasoit, their friend and benefactor. $3,598,765, for every year since the birth of the old Virginia "rebel-slave holder," Washington. $5,261,561, for every year; $14,426, for every day; $601, for every hour; $10 for every minute; since the American Union was born!

$500,228,355, A YEAR.

$41,685,696,25, a month. $1,370,488,64, for every day in the year. $57,103,69, for every hour of every day in the year. $951,72, for every minute. Rain or shine, good crops or failures, in sickness and health, prosperity and adversity, $15,86, for every second in the year, for every clock-tick, every pulse-beat, every throb of weary American hearts! Clank, clank! Clinkity-clank! Hear it! Gold! Glittering gold! The bone and muscle, the blood and groans of laboring men, the tears and sighs of widows and orphans, coined into jingling, gleaming gold, and going, going, ever going—NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-TWO CENTS, A MINUTE—FIFTEEN DOLLARS AND EIGHTY-SIX CENTS A SECOND—into the robbery-riot-and-debauchery-drained coffers of a cut-throat, pickpocket government! Addiotic snivelers wonder why times are hard!

$500,228,355, A YEAR.

Stand up to the fun, ye hapless poor devils! Ye farmers, mechanics and artisans! Ye laboring men, American slaves! Face the music of Radicalism—The "clink-clank" of golden dollars pouring perpetually into Federal treasuries! Shell out! Fork over! The bludgeon of the government highwayman is at your head, his poniard at your throat! "Your money or your life!" Pour your hard earned pittances into the insatiate maws of Yankee Shylocks. Toil, groan under a Bond-age more damnable, more bitter, galling and degrading, than that which cursed Israel in the brick-yards of Pharaoh. What though your hands are blistered and sore? What though every bone in your wretched carcasses, does ache? What though you are weary enough to fly to the grave, as a resting-place? Ha! ha! There's no time for you to rest. Work! work! work! Its what you were made for, and its all you'll have to leave, as a heritage to your children. Work to pay the whisky, fraud, embezzlement and debauchery bills of the vile creatures, who now wear the "eagles" and "stars," and fill your Congressional, Legislative and gubernatorial halls. Work like drudges, work like slaves, in order that the insolent arch-bummer, Sherman, who eleven years ago, taught a pitiful little Louisiana school, for eight hundred dollars a year, maya draw a salary of eighteen thousand and stealage besides; and harangue the country, upon the necessity of maintaining his upstart dignity—That renegade Yankee gospel-yelpers, like Harlan, of Iowa, who ten years ago, peddled cheap North Methodist damnation, at four hundred and fifty dollars a year, may boast his thousands of broad acres, his "brown-stone front" and thirty-thousand-dollar furniture; and roll through the broad avenues of Washington, in a carriage that the Arch-Bishop of Ping-Ugly-dom might envy—That one-horse country jackleg lawyers, like John Sherman, of Ohio, may rise in ten years, from pauperism to a double millionaireship, on a salary of five thousand a year—And that a runaway nigger thief, like Revels, who stole twelve hundred dollars from a darkey synagogue in Leavenworth, Kansas, may retire, after a two years' squat among his brother nigger knaves, in the disunited States Senate, to a plantation of eleven hundred acres and an income of six thousand a year. Work, that the pig-faced urchins of Jim Fisk's "National Hog," may have a uniformed orderly to gallop after their heels, whenever they deign to honor Pennsylvania Avenue with their aristocratic presence. Work, that the vulgar wife of a rum-guzzling boor, who ten years and a half ago, was a mud-clerk in a backwoods tan-yard, may have six Brigadier Generals of the regular army to buy her carpets, clean her spittoons, hold her horses, receive cards, and do general chores about her flunkily imperial mansion. Work, that a band of damnable usurpers and outlaws, may vote millions in gold, annually, into the pockets of New England bondholders and factory-lords. Work, to pay poll-taxes and road-taxes, city-taxes, county-taxes, State-taxes, infernal revenue taxes, income taxes, direct taxes and indirect taxes, school-taxes to educate juvenile chimpanzees and baboons, (Darwin's missing links, who've just shed their tails in time to be made judges and rulers of their pale brethren), dealers' taxes, manufacturers' taxes, and a score of other taxes, that the world never before heard or dreampt of. Work to support in idleness and insolence, three millions of lousy savages, "the nation's wards"—To furnish them all spelling-books and Nastychusetts school-marms, umbrellas, linen dusters, palm-leaf fans, and pictures of the defunct old Union-splitter, "who died to set 'em free"—To thrust them, gibbering, devil-worshiping Hottentots, as many of them are, into Southern Legislatures, State Senates, Secretaryships, Lieutenant Governorships, Supreme Judgeships and united States Senatorships. Work to foot the bills for turning orang-outangs to white men, and freemen to slaves!

Work! Work! Only $500,228,355, a year, to keep up the army satraps, maintain the tail-end of the free-nigger bureau, in the shape of u. S. courts, enforce the Ku-Klax monstrosity, and carry out the Bayonet Election hellionism. Work! Work! Only $41,685,696 25, a month, to support ten legions of useless, thieving office-holders, and to finish grinding the hopes, the energies, the very lives and souls, out of our noble brethren in some of the fairest States of all our quondam confederation. Work! Work! Only $1,370,488 64, a day, to overthrow the constitution, stab Liberty to the heart, and serve her up as a cannibal feast for African barbarians; to destroy the last lingering vestige of the glorious old Union of "sovereign and independent" sister States; and to beggar and enslave yourselves!

$500,228,355, A YEAR.

$951 72, a minute; $14 86, a second, in Federal taxation alone! Look at it! And with our commerce swept from the seas;—Agriculture crippled;—Business paralyzed;—Paying double price for all we have to buy; and selling all we produce for less, in depreciated rags, than it brought in gold, in 1860—With lands declining, wheat declining, wool, pork, hemp and corn declining; and taxes and tariffs ever rising higher, and higher, and higher still—And with a hundred thousand official scoundrels, embezzling, swindling, grabbing, stealing—With a Congress of reckless, perjured bandits, squandering by millions and tens of millions, upon every iniquity and infamy that the ingenuity of hell and Nastychusetts can devise—And with an administration, from President, Cabinet Officers, Senators and Generals, down to the last pitiful "loyal" Legislator, and cross-roads log-digger postmaster, all, ALL, thieves and scrap-snatchers—When do you think we'll ever pay off our accursed, utterly illegal and monstrous Debt, interest, leakage and stealage included, of $3,000,000,000—$511,073 25 for every year since the universe was hatched—187,500,000 pounds, or 93,750 TONS, of solid silver? When will it be paid? Accumulated in the hellish work of destroying the Republic of our fathers—of crushing and enslaving ourselves and our brethren—will we—shall we—can we—ever pay it? Nay verily! And he who thinks otherwise is an ass, whose ears would do for blacksmiths' aprons or violincello-covers, for traveling-trunks or circus-tents! Repudiation of the whole soul-squelching, nation-beggaring monstrosity, is our only salvation!!

REPUDIATION FOREVER!

A whangdoodle newspaperial nose-rag finds material for a bit of purisatanical elation, in the fact, that "President Grant, unlike his predecessor, keeps the Executive Mansion closed against visitors on the Sabbath." The-hee-ew! That's only because the rush of pay-triotic would-be servers of their country, don't allow him a chance for a real, old-fashioned, family "drunk," during the week. He's obliged to take Sunday, or go sober.

The rotten, vice-smitten, moral and physical Hoosier leper, Morton, in his St. Louis outburst of oratorical filth, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it will soon be six years, since I was partially paralyzed." That's a new name for it. "Catchy" paralysis is an Esculapian novelty.

A Spanish proverb says "We are all as God made us." Butler, grant, and a thousand other "loyal" leaders, are certainly calculated to give one an unfavorable idea of the divine handiwork.

In the great trotting race, at Cold Spring, Michigan, Wednesday, Goldsmith Maid beat Dexter's fastest recorded time, a quarter of a second. She made a mile in 2 minutes and 16¾ seconds.

An exchange wants a receipt "to make hens lay." Tie their legs, so they can't stand.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

What is Meant by "Accepting the Situation."

Sample Slugs of What We are to "Endorse."

"New Departure!" What is it? To depart means to leave one place or position, and set out to another. Democrats! Patriots! True lovers of the Republic? When we are asked to "depart," what does it mean? Democracy founded the Union, and proclaimed the States "free, sovereign and independent." Are we to depart from that? Democracy has clung to the glorious Constitution and government of our "rebel" fathers. Are we to depart from them? Democracy has fondly, proudly cherished the principles of States' Rights, White Supremacy, No Taxation without Representation, and The Subordination of the Military to the Civil Law. Are we to cast these pearls of liberty, these crown-jewels of true republicanism, beneath the unholy feet of Yankonigger swine; and depart again? Democracy has proclaimed the Lincoln-baboon war, the debt, the annihilation of Sovereign States, the satrap reconstructions, the establishment of nigger suffrage, and all the ten thousand other usurpations of Jacobinism, unconstitutional, criminal and abominable. Are we to depart once more; recognize the validity of all these hideous deviltries; and clasp hands with the damnable outlaws, the scape-hell miscreants, who have perpetrated them? Are we to depart from principle, truth, justice, honor, decency and common sense; to depart from all that is noble, worthy and good, to all that is illegal, base and infamous; to depart from all that distinguishes Democracy from Radicalism; to depart from glory to perdition?

That's just what it means. There is, there can be, no half-way ground. He that is not for us is against us. Theirs are but two parties in this country. They are vitally, irreconcileably opposed to each other. The life of one is the death of the other. Mix Egyptian blackness and noonday light in a tin-cup; combine oil and water; mingle hell and ice-bergs; but essay not the impossibility of reconciling Democratic freedom with Radical despotism! As well try to ride, at once, two circus-horses flying at lightning speed in opposite directions!

Radicalism has overthrown the last proud pillar of the grand old government our fathers died to establish. It has torn to shreds, and cast to the winds, the Magna Charta of our Liberties—that hallowed Constitution, under which for four-score years, we were the wonder and the envy of the world. It has rent asunder that Union, whose foundations were laid, amid the thunders of the Revolution, in the mingled blood of New England and the Carolinas. Shall we depart to an endorsement of these iniquities?

If this ground the souls out of ten "Free, Sovereign and Independent States," under a worse than barbaric despotism—it has trampled Virginia, the noble old mother of ten Presidents, of Washington and the Republic, beneath the ungirthed hoofs of beardless, nigger zouazzies—sacred soil of Monticello and Mount Ve non has for years, been daily decorated by the tread of its ruffian soldiery, whose favorets have held in bondage, the sons of the dead heroes and sages who founded the Republic, framed the Constitution, and established the Union, are even now ordering its armed and uniformed myrmidons in from the Indian-ravaged frontier, and sending them South, to aid in stamping out the last spark of free spirit in the land of Marion, Sumpter, Pickens, Rutledge and Calhoun. Shall we depart to an acceptance of these atrocities, as right?

Radicalism has enslaved and beggared forty millions of whites, to free four millions of niggers. It has shattered our resources; diminished our productions; paralyzed all our industries; and swept our white-winged commerce from the seas. It has piled upon the gallied, bending, aching, breaking backs of a nation of bankrupts, a debt of 11,718,550 pounds—5,859½ tons—nearly 6,000 two-horse-wagon loads—of solid coin—A debt so vast, that all the gold of Ophir and California, the silver of Peru, and the diamonds of Golconda, heaped together, would be but the "small dust of the balance," but insignificant "pin money," beside it—A debt, which in one dollar bills, stretched end to end, would reach ninety-three thousand miles beyond the moon—A debt contracted against the will of three-fourths of the people, by a conclave of ruthless, perjured conspirators, in the prosecution of an unconstitutional and murderous crusade, for the accomplishment of an unconstitutional and monstrous purpose. Shall we depart from that, and accept of these hellish nostrums, as planks in our future platform?

Radicalism has defied all law; sapped the foundations of all virtue; outraged all decency; weighed bribes and blood-money in the scales of Justice; cut out the tongue of Truth; and published Right to Booriaboolagha. It has made a dead-mule States, at the will of a drunken mob. Has environed the ballot-box with hireling bayonets. Has converted Legislatures into brothels, dens of pickpockets, and foul menageries of gibbering African dum-jangers; and turned Congress into a bear-gardens, doggeries, and shambles for the sale of oaths, votes and souls. It has defiled Supreme Judgeships, Lieutenant Governorships, State Senatorships, and united States Senatorships, with the vile-odored, semi-savage, spawn of Hottentot orang-outangs. Shall we depart to an acceptance and endorsement of these devil-amazing monstrosities?

It has given us, as rulers and models, a whisky-soaked bundle of tan-yard offal, ignorance, insolence, stupidity and cigar-stumps; a besotted, shin-slip-dancing, bawdy-song-bawling, gold-gambling, San-Domingo-jobbing, appointment-peddling, gift-enterprise President, grant—A rotten, vice-smitten, nicer-eaten, loathsome, moral and physical leper, Morton—A blear-eyed, bag-jawed, dirdish pastry-pillager, grave-robber and woman-insulter, Beastie Butler—A hideous, hell-flame-seared old pair of hyenas, Stevens and Brownlow—A woman-mordering Bingham; and a lunchanalian, black-cook-pinoneting Yates—A ten-fold, trebly-damned assassin, McNeil; a bastial, gutter-wallowing swindler, forger and perjurer, robman; and a general, assorted and miscellaneous felon, fletcher. Shall we depart from the teachings of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jeff. Davis, to accept these, as our leaders and guides?

It has doubled the price of everything we eat, drink, or wear; and seizes in tariffs, stamps and taxes, half of all we have to pay for it. It has opened the flood-gates of iniquity, and deluged a hemisphere with crime. It has made evil its god, and set a premium on virtue. It has made the whole earth stink with its debaucheries; and rendered the once proud name of American, a hissing and a by-word among all nations.

Brother Democrats! Brethren in sufferings and in interest; in humiliation, hopes and destiny! Will you, can you, ever "depart" from your glorious record of eighty years, and plant yourselves upon an endorsement of the atrocities of the last ten years? "Acceptance," "acquiescence?" No! No! For God's sake, no! Away with such ineffable dastardliness! Stand, as you have always stood, the unfaltering, immutable champions of State Sovereignty, as the great foundation stone of our Confederated Republic, the only bulwark of individual and national liberty;—and the champions of White Supremacy, as the only endurable condition of society, the only salvation from the rotten mongrelism of Mexico, Jamaica and San Domingo! Stop your soft-soapy palavering, and speak out for Country, God and Right. Stop your cowardly parrying of blows that are meant to slay, and strike back. No compromise with Wrong. No conciliation of gallows-worthy political cut-throats. Stand by your friends and your honest convictions. Don't try to throw a cobweb bridge across the gulf that divides heaven from hell. Justice is eternal; Principle can never die. And sooner or later, unless we are recreant to every precept of honor, recreant to our country and ourselves, Right will be triumphant! The political monstrosities, the Goliaths of sin and shame, that now crush, curse and degrade us, will be hurled from the high places they pollute, and smashed into a million sticking atoms, so fine that the Devil will have to use a fine-tooth comb to rake up his dues!

We want no new party with plain creeds. No, stick to the platform the old fathers left us with the Eagle and Shield upon it, viz: Make Texas your watchword, and the motto—For White Rule, Sovereign States and Free Agriculture.

For God's blessing on them, and E Pluribus Unum.

THE CONFEDERATE RE-UNION.

The Primary Meeting and its Results.

Prospects for a Grand Jollification.

From near and from far, our proposal for an ex-Confederate Reunion, at this place, on the 10th of October, is meeting with an enthusiastic response. Everything bids fair for an immense attendance, not only from every portion of Missouri, but from other States. Our people are taking hold of it with a heartiness, that assures abundant hospitality for all who come. Brothers Confederates of every State, come and welcome! Meet with us. Renew old associations and friendships and lay the foundation for new ones. Join with us in making this the grandest assemblage of the sort, that has ever taken place since the muskets were stacked, and the "Starry Cross" furled and laid away, to "conquere I Banner."

The Primary Meeting, last Saturday afternoon was all that we could have desired; earnest, harmonious and practical. The crowd assembled at the court house, about two o'clock.

On motion of Capt. D. R. Wright, Col. Geo. S. Rathbone was called to the chair.

On motion, it was moved that Mr. L. W. Groves be appointed secretary.

Mr. Brooks moved to fill the name of Col. Duncan as a delegate, which was carried.

The chairman then announced the object of the meeting, which was received with loud and prolonged applause, which was repeated and vociferously applauded.

Mr. Brooks moved for a committee of seven to report a plan for a general meeting. The chairman appointed Mr. Brooks, Capt. Wagner, Robert Early, Dr. Dryden and Jas. Kirtley as a committee.

Mr. Young suggested that during the absence of the committee, the meeting organize, which was responded to by appointing Capt. Hall president.

The chairman remarked that the duties devolved upon the president were very simple, and instructed everyone, on assuming a seat, to become a vice president.

The committee then reported the following resolutions, which were received with loud applause:

Resolved, That a mass meeting of citizens of Lexington, and the city of Lexington, on the 10th of October, one hundred and forty-five, be recommended to the people of Lexington, and that the Lexington Band be requested to be present on that occasion.

Resolved, That the citizens of Lexington, and the surrounding country, be requested to contribute a sufficient number of beeves, to feed the multitude, and that the committee be authorized to make such arrangements for the slaughtering and cooking of the beeves, as they may deem proper.

R. S. SMITH, Secy.

Mr. Young moved that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to the Directors of the Fair Association, for their courtesy. Unanimously adopted.

Mr. Blewett offered the following:

Resolved, That the committee be and they are hereby authorized to call a general meeting of the citizens of Lexington, on the 10th of October next, and that the same be announced in the general call for the meeting, and that the committee be authorized to make such other arrangements for said meeting, as they may deem proper.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to see the Director of the Lexington Band, and request the attendance of said Band on the occasion of the meeting on the 10th of October next.

Under the fourth resolution, the chair appointed Mr. Blewett, Capt. Wagner and Capt. Ferrill.

Under the fifth resolution, the chair appointed Mr. Young, Capt. Hall, Dr. Dryden, Jas. Kirtley, Dr. Wood and Wm. Martin, as a committee to confer with the railroads about a reduction of fare.

Under the fifth resolution, the chair appointed the following committees on fixing the various localities:

MIDDLE FORK TOWNSHIP.

Capt. Richardson, Capt. Wagner, Capt. Fletcher Graves, Capt. Mark Bell, Dr. Jas. Dryden, Wm. Black, Capt. Capt. Ellis, Hugh Arlington, Perry Carson and Capt. Hall.

FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

Lieut. John Rainey, Jas. Bond, Capt. Boone Majors and Shad Rainey.

CLAY TOWNSHIP.

Dr. R. M. Slaughter, Capt. Jacobs, Dr. A. P. Dillard, Capt. Jas. Kirtley, Capt. Ferrill, Dr. F. Fulkerson and Jas. Bonduff.

SNIAB RUN TOWNSHIP.

John Waggoner, Col. Lewis Wagner, Capt. Luther Mitchell, Maj. Dan Major, Capt. Wm. Wood, John Bledsoe, Capt. M. Hughes and Dr. Hereford.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Martin Sims, Capt. Wm. Lyons, Dr. W. A. Grimes, Capt. Wm. Lyons, Capt. Ferrill, Dr. R. Nickles, Alex. Fulton, Capt. Wood Bledsoe and Capt. Withers.

HUNTSVILLE TOWNSHIP.

Maj. G. J. Rhodes, Capt. Bradley, Capt. Alex. Lesueur, Wm. McCormack, Sec. Hunt, Hugh Bailey, Thos. Johnson, R. H. Lewis, Capt. Jas. Bailey, Thos. Bailey, R. H. McCorkle, Capt. C. P. Dryden and Wm. Martin.

Under the sixth resolution, the chair appointed Wm. Boston, Rod Sandford, Wm. Allen, Wm. Martin, Capt. John D. Williams, several gentlemen being absent.

Capt. Wagner moved that a special invitation be tendered to Uncle Billy Benton to attend the meeting, and to become the honor guest on the occasion.

Before the committee had retired to act on the resolutions, Dr. R. A. M. Arnold addressed the meeting with the following:

The Board of Directors of Lexington county Agricultural and Mechanical Association, have requested me to make confidential proposals by their committee, and will freely concur in everything that may be deemed necessary, in arranging for their participation in the Confederate reunion.

R. S. SMITH, Secy.

Mr. Young moved that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to the Directors of the Fair Association, for their courtesy. Unanimously adopted.

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Under the fourth resolution, the chair appointed the following committees on fixing the various localities of the several townships of Lafayette county, and requesting them to hold meetings at the several townships, in their respective localities, on the day of the general meeting, viz:

Mal Blewett called to the chair, and the following were selected:

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Under the fifth resolution, the chair appointed Dr. Dryden, Jas. Kirtley, Dr. Wood and Wm. Martin, as a committee to confer with the railroads about a reduction of fare.

Under the fifth resolution, the chair appointed the following committees on fixing the various localities:

MIDDLE FORK TOWNSHIP.

Capt. Richardson, Capt. Wagner, Capt. Fletcher Graves, Capt. Mark Bell, Dr. Jas. Dryden, Wm. Black, Capt. Capt. Ellis, Hugh Arlington, Perry Carson and Capt. Hall.

FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

Lieut. John Rainey, Jas. Bond, Capt. Boone Majors and Shad Rainey.

CLAY TOWNSHIP.

Dr. R. M. Slaughter, Capt. Jacobs, Dr. A. P. Dillard, Capt. Jas. Kirtley, Capt. Ferrill, Dr. F. Fulkerson and Jas. Bonduff.

SNIAB RUN TOWNSHIP.

John Waggoner, Col. Lewis Wagner, Capt. Luther Mitchell, Maj. Dan Major, Capt. Wm. Wood, John Bledsoe, Capt. M. Hughes and Dr. Hereford.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Martin Sims, Capt. Wm. Lyons, Dr. W. A. Grimes, Capt. Wm. Lyons, Capt. Ferrill, Dr. R. Nickles, Alex. Fulton, Capt. Wood Bledsoe and Capt. Withers.

HUNTSVILLE TOWNSHIP.

Maj. G. J. Rhodes, Capt. Bradley, Capt. Alex. Lesueur, Wm. McCormack, Sec. Hunt, Hugh Bailey, Thos. Johnson, R. H. Lewis, Capt. Jas. Bailey, Thos. Bailey, R. H. McCorkle, Capt. C. P. Dryden and Wm. Martin.

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