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 FIFTEENTH BEDAMNEDMENT!

Total Repudiation of the Monstrous Yankee War Debt!—That 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 BOND-HOLDERS AND TAXATI—N!

Subordination of the Military to the Civil Authorities!

DOWN WIT— —E 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 and REGISTRATIONS!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

FAUGH!

What a land of vile flunkeys is this boasted American Republic, to-day. A nation of toadies, boot-lickers and title-worshippers. Every old home-manufactured nincompoop, who ever saw a corn-stalk muster, or presided at a dog-fight, sporting a brevet, as Major, Colonel, or General. Every corner-grocery, barrel-head umpire, a Squire. And the whole continent in duck-fits of ecstatic adoration, over every scion of "the effete despotisms of the old world," who airs his tawdry tinsel and gilt lace upon our shores. The lecherous, semi-idiotic prince of Wales. The stupid, vulgar Arthur. And now, the eldest cub of the Russian bear. A hemisphere in commotion. New York mobgobblery wild with enthusiasm. Fifth Avenoodledom aflame with shoddyistic glory. Our great metropolis on its head with dirt-eating rapture. Broadway lined for three miles, with huzzaing myriads of republican aristocrats. Women cheering and waving their perfumed handkerchiefs, till the very air reels, sick and fainting, at the uproar and the fragrance. Ten thousand State troops, in a guard of honor. American senators and governors, scrambling for the exalted privilege of an introduction and paw-shaking, or trotting along amid the staring, yelling mob, like southern pickaninnies after a circus band-wagon. And loathsomest of all, American ladies (?) clamoring, struggling, wheeling, maneuvering, for the felicity of being hugged by the royal visitor, in the first delicious waltz! The whole press of the country, editorial, local and telegraphic, overflowing with despicable gabble about the Grand Duke; Alexis; magnificent ovation; how he looks; he bows; he dines; he is serenaded; he sneezes; he grins; he is pleased; he is astonished. And who or what is Alexis? The heir-apparent of the most brutal despotism in Christendom—information on a par with that the chief-jailer of Siberia—head-crusher of the dust, whose carrion will smell no sweeter than that of his meanest serf. An earth-born and earth-bound insect, whose carcass the grave-worms, twenty years hence, can't relish the flavor, from that of the humblest beggar, who shivers in rags and starvation, amid the cellars and sewers of the mighty city, which squanders millions of dollars upon his "reception!" Bah! Away with this base, shameful, scandalous, public belly-crawling! It's not America, the Republican; and can but render us and our institutions contemptible, all the world over. We'd rather be a long, lean, mangy, egg-sucking, stray yellow dog, and bay the midnight moon, in hydrophobia season; than to call ourself an AMERICAN CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC, and be ever ready to drop on our knees, and with our coat-tails pointing straight skyward, stick our handsome Grecian olfactory proboscis forty feet deep, in the muck-heap of self-abasement, before every imported biped that wears a gilded star, and a jaw-breaking handle to his name! Down with flunkeyism!

BY AND BY.

By and by, when this little national muddle is all over, what funny things we shall see! Then we shall look over the wasted and flown years of national nightmare, and wonder that such fools ever lived upon the earth, as those who voted and fought for negro equality and Mexican mongrelism in these insane states.

Then we shall meet upon every hand, in locked embrace, all degrees of color, shade and tint, from scrofulous sallow to polished Guinea; of physiognomy, anywhere from Caucasian perfection down the scale of being, to the types exhibited in Brazil's tree-swinging, free monkey show; angel and bear; beast and human; and the delectable issue of sprites that follow miscegenation in all lands, called scrofula, Palsy, Leprosy, which in like manner afflicted Israel in the days when old negrofied Canaan bred them as articles of export.

By and by, we shall have to build more commodious State infirmaries, lunatic asylums, pest and poor houses, jails and penitentiaries, as the general demoralization of the times, and the increase of lunacy, crime, poverty and disease, already begin to forewarn us.

By and by, as in Mexico, Central and South America, San Domingo, and all the negro-infested lands of the tropics, we shall have to put in iron-barred windows and doors to massive stone houses, and go armed and fight our way from door to door of our neighbors' stone castles, with every mongrel hand raised stealthily against us as we creep noiselessly about in the street and by-ways, on the lanes and highways.

By and by, we shall have no rights we cannot assert by sheer force and at the point of the pistol or the muzzle of the musket. Then the sweet tone of the Derringer shall mingle in chorus with the inspiring cream of murder in every neighborhood. Then shall we live no more in the land of honest, manly toil, but the people shall carouse, gamble, and swear horrid mongrel oaths the live-long day; and rob and plunder the weak, when the blessed sun hides himself behind the horizon in shame for us.

By and by, pie or white fools and ignorant criminals, who now consort with Darwin's connecting links, and dream a horrid day dream of political cannibalism, will seek to obliterate the others which will cringe from the stinking hides of their miscegen offspring, and wriggle all their hair straightening oils and lye baths—but alas! vain will be their sorrow and their tears.

The Courier-Journal, a vile political albino, a white-woolled and red-eyed newspaperial nigger, published at Louisville, Kentucky, has taken to raving eloquently about the "old Democratic faith," the "good old Democratic wagon," the "glorious old principles of Democracy," et id omne venerable rhetorical nonsense. Its eloquent diatribes forcibly remind one of a worm-out bawd, haranguing on female virtue, from the head of a rotgut whi-ky-barrel.

Those Democrats who talk so piteously about the No-Convention-pas-ive-policy being a surrender of Democracy, are generally those who, by their New Departure way, have already surrendered all the principles which distinguish Democracy from Black Republicanism.

OUR PAPER.

Long life, peace, prosperity and gladness to every one of all the thousands to whom the Caucasian weekly finds its way. Know all men, and women too, by these presents, that our long looked-for assistant, Mr. Alf. S. Kierolf, has at last arrived, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, sharpened his "Faber No. 2," and gone to work. Friends of the Caucasian! Grand army of noble white men and women! Haters of tyranny and wrong! True, tried and faithful lovers of Democracy, liberty and right! For you and your children, for God and our common, bleeding, suffering country, the Caucasian will ever strike, as in times past, fearlessly and unsparingly—only a little more so. It is needless for us to tell those, who have known either Mr. Kierolf, or the Caucasian's ecclesiastical "R. E. B.," heretofore, what the character of the two combined, will be. Separately, we have been warm;—United, we'll be hotter than Chicago's fire-proof vaults, or the future home of Radicalism. Separately, we have been bold;—United, we will be as fiercely aggressive, as the times are desperate. Separately, we have been unyielding, unwavering;—United, we will be as firm as the everlasting hills, or the "Rock of Gibleter." Separately, we have been vigorous;—United, we will be strong as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army of pole-cats. We're as harmonious as the feline interstices on Paganini's fiddle, in regard to our future course. Here's OUR CREED.

We believe in the Constitution of 1860, unpatched, untinkered and unsullied; and in the Independent Sovereignty of the States, that form the Union Partnership. Down with the "Higher Law!"

We believe that this is a White Man's Government, made by White Men, for White Men and their posterity, forever; and we are, to the death, opposed to all niggerizing, mongrelizing, Mexicanizing devilries. Rome was great and glorious, till slave and freedman sat in her council-halls; that hour her doom was sealed. Down with all Ethiopianistic Bedamnedments.

We believe in Total Repudiation of the monstrous Yankee War Debt—an 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. No people's honor can be involved in the payment of a debt, contracted for their own enslavement. Down with the Boondholders, and the murderous Taxes.

We believe in the subordination of the Military to the Civil authorities. Down with the satraps, ku-klux hunters, martial-law proclaimers and habeas-corpus suspenders.

We believe that revolution must be met by counter-revolution; force by force; violence by violence; and that usurpation should be overthrown, by any and every means, that the God of nations and of battles, places in reach of downtrodden freemen. Sic Semper Tyrannis!

We believe that, far gone as it is, on the broad road of lawlessness, ruthless ambition and corruption, that has led every other Republic of earth to death and damnation, others may yet be saved, if our people will rally to its rescue! Nil desperandum! Never give up the ship, while there's a spar afloat!

And finally we believe, as firmly as we believe in a heaven for christians, and a—nother place for "loyalists," that the cause of States Rights Democracy, Anti-Radicalism, is the cause of the Republic—the cause of truth against falsehood—of right against wrong—of freedom against despotism—of white men against niggers, baboons, orang-outangs, gorillas, Nastychusetts-lites, Brownlow, Beastie Butler, the Tan-Yatter and the Devil.

Believing thus, and believing that Radpolism is Ruin; that the "Progress" of which it prates, is a progress to perdition; and that the "Peace," which, through the cigar-smoke of its dummy figure-head, it promises us, is the peace of Despair and Death; we have sworn Eternal Hatred to it and all its horrid cohorts. By the graves of all our hero dead, slain by Radicalism, we've sworn it. By the ashes of all our blackened cities and home-steads, desolated by Radpolism, we've sworn it. By all the tears of our heroic Southland women, wrung from their dear eyes by Radicalism, we've sworn it. Hatred through life, hatred in death, and hatred to all eternity, of the hundred-fold damnable issue which, springing from hell and Nastychusetts, has swept half a hemisphere with fire and sword; dabbled a continent in fratricidal blood; blasted the fairest land in all the universe of God, with murder, arson, outrage and rapine; beggared a nation, whose every mountain teemed with gold; and enslaved forty millions of the noblest freemen that ever the sun shone on, to free three million semi-savage slaves. Hatred—hatred, forever and forever, world without end, amen!

"War to the knife," is our battle-cry. We shall, as heretofore, attack villainy, debauchery, cant and hypocrisy, wherever we find them, in high places or low; whether in the tinseled toggery of a hiccuping, gift-taking, office-trafficking, peanut-peddler-souled President; in the drabbled togs of a gutter-wallowing, "high-moral" Senator; or in the sanctified robes of a Plymouth pulpit. Radicalism is treason to humanity. Down with the traitors. No half-way measures for us. No diddle-dawdling New-Departure compromise with wrong. No softening down of scoundrelism, and gilding up of scoundrels. No bated breath, and mincing, dancing-master-ish terms. Abhorring vulgarity, as an essential element, a fundamental principle of puritanical moderate jacobinism, we shall let no much modesty, no sham delicacy, no false simpering sentimentalism, deter us from proclaiming the truth, combating error, and denouncing crime and criminals. In language plain enough to be understood by the stupidest ass that cocks up his No. 10 cowhide boots on mahogany desks, and quirts "nigger-head" tobacco-juice in the benighted states senate, or the legislative thief-dens of the Carolinas, Georgia, Arkansas and Texas. We shall ransack no vocabularies, to find mild and honey-fogglish phraseology to describe the beastly, ex-old-hide-scraping boor, who has converted our noble presidential chair, into a vile huckster's cart. We shall thumb no dictionaries to di-cover polished terms in which to speak of such gray-haired, palsied, old, blaspheming fiend, too foul for the lowest, blackest cavern in all the fathomless depths of destruction, as he who, for years, trampled the very souls out of the glorious people of Tennessee, beneath the ungutted hoofs of his nigger janizaries. We shall speak of Morton, chief fugleman of Ulysses the Beautiful, as a vice-smitten, ulcer-eaten, moral and physical leper—a fit representative of his party. Of Butler, as a burglarious beast, a criminal out of the penitentiary only GRATIA DIABOLI. Of John McNeil, as a gallows-deserving tenfold assassin. And of Beecher, Cheever, Bishops Simpson and Ames, Collyer, Newman, et id omne envieling brood, as cavting, ranting, false-tongued apostles of damnation—guide-posts to perdition—wolves in lambs' wool—whited sepulchres, fair without, but within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

Do you like the platform and the programme? Can't help it, if you don't. "Them's our sentiments." And in the language, unjustly credited to an individual, who is some what famous, or infamous (which, as things go now, amounts to the same) for his exploits among Digger squaws, St. Louis bagnios, camp soup-tureens, and Washington dogg ries and gift-enterprises, we "intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes" till Brownlow sees us—Paradise. The Caucasian, already, more widely known, read, quoted, and commented on, than any other journal in America. It goes to more post-offices to-day, than the boasted St. Louis Republican, with its seventy years of establishment, and its half million of money. There is no region of the globe, where English is read, to which it does not find its way. We intend, God helping us, to make it the leading anti-Radical, States-Rights Democratic organ of the West and Southwest. We want the people of our own beloved section to feel that it is THEIR paper; that they have a right to its columns; a right to speak their minds, fully and freely, through it, as a co-partner. Let them write when, how, where, and whatever they please; pour out their grievances, their wrongs, sufferings, hopes and fears, their opinions, their likes and dislikes, aye, their very hates; and they will be welcome. Our paper is at their service, and will give the world the benefit of what they say.

And now, with a thorax full of gratitude to our exchanges, for their many kind notices and commendations;—With a sign for those who love us, (we fear, however, that's a hefty grunt thrown away); and a thump on our perfumer-catcher, for those who hate, (and verily, verily, they be many among the god-and-morals tribe);—With a curse upon "Loyalty;"—And with a prayer that Omnipotent Justice may hasten the day, when Radicalism, Niggerism, Diabolism, with all its vile minions and myrmidons, shall be hurled, howling, to—Ole Abe's bosom; and when our once peerless Republic, redeemed, regenerate and disenthralled, shall rise like a new-fledged dominica, from its ashes, once more FREE, WHITE and GLORIOUS, we sub-side.

THE DEVIL'S INN—BLOW IT UP.

Soon there is to be a gathering of devils, dolts and Dantons at the Devil's Inn at Washington—that omnium gatherum of first-class American thieves and fools, called a Congress. Never in any other country, has a body of men of like character, met openly in broad day; for the thief loveth darkness and hideth from the light. But these villains are proud of their burglaries, and roll about in wealth abstracted from the hard earnings of the people, and especially the poor.

Men will soon meet at Washington, as Senators and Congressmen, who, a few years ago, were dragged out from bar-room counters and green-scummy gutters—moral lepers, curbstone-and-dry-goods-box loafers and profaners—ignorant and lustful boors—black-legged and black-hearted pigeon-droppers, a lazy pack of country curs.

No wonder that they have grown wealthy, while honest men have become poor. They have reared in all their lives but one thing, and that the art of stealing successfully.

Some of them are murderers too; their accursed hands are red with the blood of the outraged helpless!—red with the hearts' blood of defenseless, white-haired old patriots; of virtuous women, and of innocent children. They are the authors of bloody, cowardly and revengeful deeds that have fattened their microscopic, mustard-seed souls for the better enjoyment of that kind of depair, where are congregated millions of devils not half as villainous.

In this inst- carnival there are about 600 bills for the further promotion of robbery, plunder and outrage, to be considered. The few scraps of the public domain, not already divided out between them, will receive due attention, and a clean sweep of the Continent be made.

God sent us Wilkes Booth, with his "Sic Semper Tyrannis," from old Virginia's shield and arms, and a bullet from Liberty's mould. Oh, that the people might now find a Guy Fawkes, to creep beneath the Devil's Inn, and by the simple power of a million tons of n-tro-glycerine, blow it as near to heaven, as any of its thieves will ever get.

DUNN DONE.

Louisiana is in mourning. New Orleans in ashes and tears. Minute guns firing. Flags at half-mast. Crape fluttering on pillars and door-knobs. Business suspended. Bells tolling. And general boo-hooing. All over the death of a nigger barber. Lieutenant Governor Oscar J. Dunn has kicked the bucket; passed in his checks; pegged out; gone defunct. No more will he exhale his sweetness on the desert air of the Pelican State's senatorial halls. No more will he scrawl his bowish X mark at the tail end of her official acts and edicts. Nary more. But let the bereaved creoles take heart, and dam their eyes. There are plenty of dusky-hided chim-scrapers and pate-scratchers in New Orleans, able and willing to shake the vice-gubernatorial gavel, in place of their done-for Dunn.

The Presidential nincompoop was instructed by Indiana's Brigham Young—old, rotten-spined Moxa Morton—to declare martial law in Marion county, South Carolina, as there were some articles down there in a certain man's house that he wanted his pimps to steal for him. But on account of the doltishness, stupidity, and general ignorance of Geiena's leather-shop poor-er—who couldn't spell out the right word—Union county caught it, and soldiers were hurried off to the wrong direction. The only compensation for such an assi-nulle occurrence, lies in the hope that the Marion patriots had time to "set their houses in order"—to hide pocket-books, jewelry, (if they had any left), and sich things—and scoot—run; yes, fly their native land, from a tyranny that any single night of terrified pop and cobbler-sucking scalawaggery may hatch forth, to be executed by the day's dawn. This is the kind of republican governments now in fashion in America.

James Sumner, one of the supposed numerous sons of the prolific kings of Dahomey, and "man and brother" to Charles, the late nigger Senator in Congress, is like all other Southern politicians of his very mixed school—somewhat ubiquitous. He lives in Tennessee, but has been elected scalawag sheriff of Holmes county, Mississippi—the mean whites from Yankeedom, who infest that county, preferring a Tennessee nigger to a Mississippi white Jacobin. The election of this African is a happy move on the part of the Holmes county white-cuts, as they can now have him all to themselves. After he abides with them for a season, there will doubtless be a brisk demand for bleaching baths and hair-straightening oils in Radical families there!

There is a good deal of brotherly affection in the Radical menagerie. Old Ben Butler, with his offa-heel eye in italic capitals, is a rather crooked, unruly pupil for some Jacobin eye-bailers. He and Sanborn, of the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican have frequent set-tos. The other day, when the editor arose before a crowd to denounce the Beast, he was hissed down by the latter's hirelings. "General, they say you ordered the band to play if I attempted to speak!" Butler—"I expect the audience has a right to decide upon the kind of brass they will listen to. But you do me wrong. I only ordered the boys to throw you out of the window."

In Fayette county, Kentucky, the drouth has been so severe that the fortunate possessors of wells, not yet dry, are asked to sell water at a handsome price.—[Exchange.

That is a lie in all its particulars—from top to bottom. Fayette county is well supplied with good water; the wells did not run dry; nobody sold water, and there is nobody there mean enough to do it, with the exception of one or two Rads, who drink so much whisky, they have no use for water. Many of the cleverest and best people on the earth live in Fayette.

A tall slim friend of the New York Post is in trouble. He wants to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A Gotham journal advises him to chalk his head, and go as a billiard-cue. A "one-horse country sheet," published at Louisville, Kentucky, thinks he might bind his legs, and go as a whip-lash. The "trifling and absurd" Louisville, back would be the most appropriate place in all our knowledge, to test his quality in the latter character. We beg to suggest however, that he might swallow himself, round and round, a few dozen times, and go as a roll of tape.

It cost the people, per capita, about 90 cents to run the Federal government for four years under Gen. Jackson; $1.65, under Van Buren; $1.78, under Polk (with the Mexican war); $1.96, under Pierce; $2.19, under ten-cent Jimmy Buchanan; but for only two years of the Tan-Yard Boor's government, the sum of $15 04 has been abstracted. However, none of the Boor's predecessors sported fast horses or bull pups, nor did any of them have to feed such an army of low, dirty, hungry, poor-white-trash kin, upon the public substance.

The boldest and the biggest outrage ever perpetrated in a Republican government, in this or any other country, has just occurred in Limestone county, Texas.—[Jerseyville (Ill.) Democrat.

Mis-aken. That was only the levying of black-mail and highway robbery, a very com non thing. "The boldest and biggest outrage" that ever occurred took place when the tan-yard boor, the author of these tyrannies and robberies, was made President.

CAUCASIAN STATE HASH.

[illegible]

The town of Wickerville, Alabama, is for sale at $2 per acre, the Yankees and niggers having failed to carry off its ground.

Personal government—hereditary regality's will the law. Family government. That which is *relatively* the will of hereditary loyalty.

Grant and Brigham Young are resting under a cloud just now.—[EX.

They ought both to rest under the cross-beam of a gallows.

Grant's "Let us have peace," was a typographical blunder. It should have been spelled "piece"—of something you have, from a terrier pup to a Long Branch cottage.

The iron diggers at Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, have undermined that town. It is the only place in America that may be said to be settling down quietly on a metallic basis.

Some of the Democratic journals of this State are discussing the question of a State Editorial Convention, "to take steps," &c. Have they misplaced their railroad passes?

An Arkansas exchange says Horace Greeley is not honest. Will the editor tell us in what party, and in what particular place we may lay our hand upon an honest politician?

There is a famine in portions of Oregon on account of failure of crops the past two years. In all the doses of hundreds of families in the valley of San Joaquin, death threatens to seize" was in its.

Old Parson Brownlow, whilst Governor's Governor, left the State forty million in debt. He is laughing on living to see the tax even paid. Long live and be fed to dogs, if the saying of Mahomet is absurd two thousand years.

Doctor D. W. N[illegible] received an injury of 300 cents and a ribbon from Sale Scanlon in the county of York, Va. We regret to hear of such waste-time s;—his nigger was worth about a thousand dollars before the war.

The Concession speech in the Antwerp "righteousness, temperance and judgment" suits the Democratic National Nominating Convention, about as much as "Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee."

Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, which is going down, like Caracas, to find a more sound foundation, would be a good place for Grant and his runners to locate a vat. Perhaps a good place for the whole party to Hyde from retributive justice.

R. K. Scott, the carpet-bag thief and Governor of South Carolina, has knocked Bullock's pretensions as a first class robber all to flinders. Bullock only got five millions of Georgia's dollars, while R. K. S. went him twenty-five millions better, and is "scot free."

Old gabby grant, the stupid old simpleton that sired the Tan-Yard Boor, asserts that "his boy" is now worth a million dollars. He may have stolen that much, and doubled—five, perhaps—if he cheated if we paid over a nickel for the hide and tallow of a dozen such fellows.

It was when Lieut. grant was the husband, protem, of a dirty, vermin-crumbling squaw, out on the frontier, that he first became interested in pelt-ries. The untanned raw hides of wild beasts were his sole couch. For his early infancy in the pelt-ries and peltries, was his dream and the service in disgrace.

Not a day passes, that the Courier does not receive subscribers from Kentucky. The Courier-Journal's circulation has, in the last few months, decreased from 42,000 to 8,000 odd loaf. We know it, and can prove it. How's that, ye "trifling and absurd" city sheet, run by country squib?

The news from the North Pole—of the destruction of many fine whale ships, which were surrounded by floating and utterly or-ruined by pressure of shells. Thirty-three ships in all, were like rats on Noah—lies, were caught in the ice, and crushed like pipe-stems. Such news is good for the country—for it keeps down the supply of whale oil, and keeps up the price of sperm. Let the good work go on.

Mr. Jos. Miller has sued Kansas City for a million dollars in embankment, by which he lost his horse, valued at $2,000. Eventually it will cost Kansas City about $2,000. Eventually it will cost Kansas City about $2,000. Eventually it will cost Kansas City about