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 BLUNDERMENT!

Total Repudiation of the Monstrous Yankee War Debt!—That Accursed, Unconstitutional Burden, accumulated by an Unconstitutional Mob staying itself a Congress, in the prosecution of an Unconstitutional Crusade, for the Accomplishment of an Unconstitutional and Horrid Purpose!

DOWN WITH BOND-HOLDERS AND TAXATION!

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 needsbe, by the Bayonet!

DOWN WITH TEST OATHS and REGISTRATIONS!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

A KLEPTOMANIAC ADMINISTRATION AND PARTY.

Booty has been the watchword of the Black Republican party ever since its infancy, when a few kleptomaniacs met secretly, and conceived the plan of a party for plunder, to embrace all the pickpockets and highwaymen in the Union.

Its authors were kleptomaniacs by nature—born in theft, and its rank and file, with wonderful unanimity throughout the country, are kleptomaniacs by nature and education.

Kleptomanically these early organizers stole away from the honest old Whig party, its principles, creed and good name; and from theft to theft, little and great, they have gone on clutching within their kleptomaniac grasp everything of worth, from cardinal principles of Democratic government down the scale of values, to silverware, pewter spoons and brass thimbles.

Covetousness has characterized every movement and aim of this monstrous aggregation of devils, along its whole dark and abominable existence. The satanic principle of kleptomania underlies, surrounds and overshadows every acter both the party and the contemptible Administration to which it gave birth.

Like the devils in "Swedenborg's Hell," every official member of the kleptomaniac party has the sign-board of

THIEF!

written by the hand of God, in glaring, glowing characters, across his brow.

In Congress, pauper kleptomaniacs, who had not the means to pay their fares to Washington five years ago, have grown fabulously wealthy by practicing the arts of the highwayman on the nation's effects. An empire of territory has been partitioned among a few of these leading bandit thieves.

In the loyal legislatures of the North, pauper kleptomaniacs have suddenly provided themselves with broad acres, palaces and bushels of railroad bonds, on salaries of from three to five dollars per day.

In the South, kleptomanic riot has held sway for years. Hordes of hungry thieves from the North have waded ear-deep in state bonds and lobby bribes. The wealth and credit of ten crushed and plundered States, once powerful sovereignties, with the armed negro's heel upon their necks, have been spirited away. Ten States are bankrupt—their credit scattered to the four winds—their honor irredeemably tarnished;—all the work of Yankee kleptomaniacs; and yet the greed for plunder is unsatisfied, and will be as long as there is a "loyal" pauper Yankee on the earth able to ply the highwayman's and pickpocket's profession.

The kleptomaniac Black Republican party is the grandest organization for land piracy that was ever known on the earth. It is the great wheel, in which ten thousand other wheels revolve, and each wheel grinds out the wealth of a nation. States and peoples, for personal gain, and to feed and fatten hundreds of thousands of national kleptomaniacs. It is as natural for Black Republican office-holders to steal a living as for water to glide down a slope, or whisky down a Congressional gullet. And as an immense proportion of the great piracy organization are in office, it is difficult to ascertain just where kleptomania ceases to be actively practiced. We believe, however, that not less than two hundred thousand thieves are now at work, extracting and abstracting wealth, in one way or another, from the hard earnings of the honest masses.

From kleptomania in the White House, where bribes are exacted and taken from applicants for high official positions—a sort of kleptomaniac black-mailing of candidates for kleptomaniac honors—along down to the dispenser of most trifling sinecures, theft everywhere stands out pre-eminently the object, the aim, the atoms, the ultima thule of all Federal and State, civil and military, transactions and movements of the scoundrel-breeding party in power.

Kleptomania at home—in society, morals, commerce, religion—in every nook and corner; here, there and everywhere. Kleptomania abroad—in Europe, in Asia, in China, in Japan, and the islands of the sea—all—all—wherever a Yankee holds a place, there is speculation, peculation, theft. In England—joint stock and mining swindles; in Spain—smuggling and revenue-defrauding; in France, speculation, peculation and theft; in Italy, peculation, speculation and theft; in Germany, speculation, peculation and theft; in the Indies, speculation, theft and cowardice.

But what else could be expected from debauchees, gamblers, loafers, drunkards, infidels, and mongrels, who have lost even the confident trust once placed in them by the thick-headed, asafetida-perfumed "sons of the kings of Dahomey," with whom they have struggled so assiduously to amalgamate, to the latter's unutterable disgust?

Compared with this monstrous swarm of thieves, whose homes are filled with the personal effects of the plundered patriots of a whole section, the land pirates of all lands, in all ages, combined, and marshaled under the kleptomaniac flag of ten thousand Robert Macaires, Jack Shepherds, John A. Murrills, and Lafittes, would appear a mere squad, too insignificant to merit sensation; and whose most dastard deeds provoke mirth in comparison with the damnable record of any single year of wholesale kleptomania, murder, arson, despotism, cruelty, and scoundrelism, during the past decade of Plutonic carnival, under the rule of the dead tyrant and the living ass.

FOR PRESIDENT.

B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri!

In accordance with the suggestion, contained in a recent letter from the illustrious philosopher of the New York Tribune, to the editor of the Caucasian, we, this week, raise to the head of our columns, the name of Missouri's great Liberal leader, Gratz Brown. He is the man we hope to see nominated by the anti-grant, anti-plunder-and-corruption Republicans, for the office now defiled by the vulgar and besotted Galena skin-scraper. We expect, week after next, to publish Mr. Greeley's letter, in full.

THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF NATIONAL VULTURES.

Once more, gladness reigns in Washington. Triumph times her lofty harp, in the Seldom of modern ages. Sounds of revelry and debauch, again re-echo through all her council-halls, her doggeries and bagnios. The brazen mulatto trumpet, who flaunts her dingy rags, as a Puritanic Goddess of Liberty, from the dome of the Capitol, waves her vermin-tenanted night-cap, in frantic exultation. Hash-house, grog-shop and brothel-keepers rejoice, with timbrels and dances. Their patrons are returning. Congress is reassembling. The brutal herd of perjured conspirators, besotted would-be Catalines, are congregating for villainy, beneath the majestic, frescoed arches of that grand edifice, from whose porticoes they should dangle by the necks, as a warning to all coming times, sworn to support the glorious old Constitution of our fathers, whilst with their every thought, word and deed, for ten long, dark and fearful years, they've been rending it to tatters, and trampling it beneath their unhallowed hoofs. They're meeting again. For five dismal, hideous months, at a cost of twenty-five dollars a day, besides mileage, swindlage, bribage and stealage, for each of three hundred and thirty thieves and ruffians, their ferocious wranglings and beastly blackguardings, are to delight Putnamigerdom, and disgust the civilized world. From near and from far; from the ice-bound lakes of Maine, and the golden valleys of California; from the bayonet-crushed satrapies of the South, and the lunatics-in-crazed provinces of the North; from the cod-fish banks, and tariff-robbery-enriched factories of the East, and the tax-beggared prairies of the semi-clad West; they're gathering, gathering, like carrion-buzzards, about the dead carcases of Liberty and the Republic. And what a menagerie! Amid the glitter of gilding and bronze; where the light falls, rainbow-tinted, through a thousand richly stained glasses, on carpets of Tyrian dyes, mosaic floors, marble pillars and noble arches, on costly curtains, velvet cushions and luxurious divans, on paintings, sculpture and elaborate carvings, on fabulous frescoes and high-sounding coats of arms; see them congregate. Low-browed, perjured, swaggering, white and black rowdies, on the floor—Pick-pockets, jobbers, bawds and niggers, in the galleries.

Here is the bellowing, whisky-steeped, "blood-letting" Michigander, Chandler, fresh from home carousals. Here is the dull-voiced roarer of Pennsylvania, ex-instigator of Catholic-church-burnings, in old Know-Nothing days, pig-iron Kelley. There is Bingham, the frog-souled widow-murderer. And there, the braggart Logan, of "dirty-work" fame; who raised a company for the Confederate service, in '61, and afterward got a Yankee Major general's commission, by palming off a paste diamond, on the Sangamon rail-splitter's vulgar and ignorant wife; who was one of the biggest cotton-thieves in the Federal horde of pillaging crusaders; and who now sticks himself up, as a leader of the Revenue Reform, Sore-Head Radical, Limber-Legged Democratic, and General Transmogrification Party. Yonder is the whinnying Nasbyehusetts moral and physical eunuch, Simpson, with the look of a Plymouth saint, and the soul of a fiend. There is Mississippi's despicable little carpet-bagahond, Ames; the pitiful embodiment of insect knavishness, and shoulder-strap malignity, and until lately, the senatorial colleague and compeer of the nigger preacher Revels, who swore eleven hundred dollars, from a Leavenworth, Kansas, church, just before he pilgrimaged Southward, to be metamorphosed into a statesman and head-light of loyalty. And there, wrinkled, writhing with pelsy and seared by premature flames of damnation, is the hoary-haired North Methodist miscreant, the reverend hyena, the frothing, foaming old demoniac of Tennessee. Here is the gangrened, licentious leper, Morton, of Hoosierdom, rotting away piece-meal, as the penalty of his iniquities. Here is the devil's pet pig, with an X mark in his eyes, the blathering, strabismic, bug-jawed Beast of Lowell; ravisher, pantry-thief and grave-robber; now confidential friend and adviser of the presidential tan-vat nonentity. There, as the representative of proud and chivalric South Carolina, is the lousy, leather-colored nigger, Rainey. And here, and there, and everywhere, sit swindlers, thieves, adulterers, fornicators, bribe-gobblers and bully-raggers; scoundrels of every grade and dye; the offal of a hemisphere; wretches who would disgrace a respectable States' Prison, or cover with infamy a decent gallows; convened to legislate for the glorious, free, enlightened and Christian Yankee nation! Ha! ha! Ain't the picture a lovely one? No wonder snow fell mingled with ashes, down east, the other day—Hell's certainly uppermost now!

What will this monstrous caravansary of malefactors, this cabal of outlaws, do? What can they do? NOTHING THAT WILL EVER BENEFIT THE COUNTRY! Set that down in letters of charcoal, and drive a mule-shoe-nail through it. They'll bawl their mawkish loyalty. Talk nigger. Damn rebels and rebellion, at home; and "execrate" hog-heads of sympathy for them, abroad. Praise nigger. Wallow in shameless debaucheries. Squeak nigger. Revel in worse than bacchanalian orgies. Hiccup nigger. Tinker at the work of destroying the South and enslaving the West. Howl nigger. Trample fully and hourly, upon every provision, every principle of the Constitution, the great Magna Charta of our liberties and our hopes. Yep, nigger. Cobble at the Tariff, that accursed invention of the Putrian devil, for enriching doodledom, and impoverishing the rest of the country—cobble but to make it worse. Sniffle nigger. Squander millions more acres of the people's lands, bought and paid for with the people's money, upon bogus corporations, of which each thieving Senator and Representative, is a head-grabber and robber. Whimper nigger. Hurl billingsgate and pot-house rhetoric at England, France, Prussia, Spain, Democracy, Ku-Klux and each other. Thunder nigger. Put through gigantic swindling jobs, San Domingo and St. Thomas jobs, railroad jobs, harbor and river-improvement jobs, patent right jobs, Arctic exploring jobs, election and bayonet pacification jobs and ten thousand other infamous jobs. Steal, embezzle, gobble bribes, retainers and lawless fees. Attend White House mobs of sweaty riffraff, kindly as receptions. Air their tinseled filthiness at diplomatic balls and dinners. Prate nigger, nigger, blessed nigger, endless nigger. And adjourn!

Five months of such patriotism, at ten millions a month—the lowest possible estimate—only amounts to fifty millions—nearly the whole annual expenditure of government under Buchanan's "reckless" and "dishonest" administration! And we, THE PEOPLE, stupid, slavish donkeys, will toil and sweat, twist, turn and economize, just ourselves of the very necessaries of life, to pay the fiddlers—to foot the hellionism bills! Bah! Take our ears for saddle-skirts or blacksmiths' aprons! Oh, folly, doltishness, serf-like submissiveness, thy name is "American citizenship!" REPUDIATION is the only panacea for our daily-increasing ills! Roll on!

Dan Sickles married a Miss Cree, and she married a mis-cre-ant.

"Twenty-five Hindoos are studying law in London." Twenty-five hundred Voudoos are making laws in America.

After a review of the late elections, a little nigger news-rag triumphantly exclaims: "Radicalism is spreading." So are small-pox and cholera.

The Democratic Executive Committee of Jackson county have issued an address, urging the universal adoption of the Caucasian's Policy—"No National Convention or Nominations." Good.

A daughter of Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, was married one day last week, to a Mr. Stocking. She only did what any lady can, without the bother of getting married—drew on her hosiery.

Vinnie Ream is busting the venerable Horatio of the Tribune. We need hardly Ream-ark that, unlike the philosopher of Gotham, Ulysses, the Czar of all the Yankeedoodles, does his own busting.

The Caucasian young man proposes to compete for Greeley's bucolic laurels. Here is his first essay: To cultivate hops successfully, drop a sledge-hammer on one foot. This style of agriculture is not particularly beneficial to the corn crop.

The Owyhee (Idaho) Avalanche tells of a pumpkin in that Territory, which measures nearly six feet in circumference, and challenges creation to beat it. There is but one hope for creation. Our pumpkin-headed president comes nearest to it.

The Yankee Ku-Klux investigators report the startling news, that in one county of Florida (no name), the Ku-Klux have assassinated seventy-five loyalists. We regret to have to announce, that the investigators were not added to the number.

Silverthorn, the Evansville (Indiana) "Wharf-Vulture," and editor of the Journal, gives notice to stopping steamers that hereafter, on Sunday nights, he will be at church. This will be a great relief to shippers of bananas and oranges from New Orleans.

During the past week about one hundred newspapers have asked for exchange with the Caucasian. It would give us pleasure to accommodate all who ask, but it is impossible. There must be some very good reason to induce us to add to our already long list of exchanges.

J. W. Landram, a kleptomaniac clerk in the Louisville post-office, has been arrested for stealing a few money-letters. If he had been smarter, he would have stolen the whole post-office department, and thus made himself eligible for high Federal honors and place. Hang him.

The sanctimonious saints of Lombardery, N. H., have been enjoying their Puritanizger religious liberty, by tarring and feathering a poor white woman and her daughter. Oh, that she had been born black, and smelt like an acre of asafetida; then she would not thus have been outraged for sins these saintly monogamic polygamists taught her to commit.

The Daily Chronicle, at Washington, which is the organ of our chronically leather-headed president, is edited by a runaway tar-heel from the "Gold North state," by the name of Holden, ex-Governor. It is often but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but the step which helped Holden out of North Carolina, saved him from playing checkers with his nose behind penitentiary grates, for personal dishonesty and moral leprosy.

Iowa comes to the front with a bale of cotton of as good quality as any in the South.—(Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Being rebagged, its original Southern grower, from whom it was "bagged," would now hardly recognize it. Therefore, for the first time in its history, Iowa may safely "come to the front." We would also suggest that you Nasbyehusetts rascals may now come to the front with your large Southern stock of melted spoons, rings and jewels, with some degree of safety.

We are asked why we do not offer premiums for clubs of subscribers. We answer, simply because we give a full return for all the money calls for, and more. And, then, we are not editing an assortment of Yankee plunder, sewing and washing machines, pewter butter knives, etc; nor are we publishing brass jewelry, quill tooth picks, humbugs, or kitchen furniture. Those who do, get the highest market price, in cloth money, for these articles, and throw their cheap papers in for wrapping and kindling.

The Rev. Bro. Senator Jeems Harlan, D. D., of Iowa, seven years ago a pauper, is now one of the wealthiest pharisees in this American whited sepulchre. His first great success as a thief was in his "conversion" of Indians"—lands and annuities. And now, if successful in his Neutral-Lands piratical scheme, he will own territory sufficient to make a small State, but unless he can get it transferred before long to that mapless, tropical country, prepared for the devil and his Iowa angels, the reverend rascal is likely to lose the privilege of reading his "title clear" to it.

The Simon Cameron and John A. Geary wing of the Pennsylvania Kleptomaniacs are at it cheek by jowl. Cameron is the most unscrupulous villain in the Key-Stone State, and if it were not that we might slight about a million other rascals, we would say, in the whole country; while John A. Geary is the sublimest jiveack in that State. While Geary is the world renowned "hero of Snicker-ville," Cameron is the hero of ten thousand treasons, bribes and stratagems, and the winner of ten thousand spoils. In this fight it is easy to see that Simon will win, and that whisky-blushing Johnny won't.

The Hon. J. Wilkes Booth has floated up to the surface again. Little has been known of the whereabouts of this active and zealous patriot since his appearance in high tragedy in a Washington theatre, when he assisted A. Lincoln to bound the river Styx. We never have believed the stupid stories told about his demise; but confidently expect, ere ten years are flown, to hear his noble voice sounding its Demosthenian shout of "Victory or Death," in the Senate chamber. It is said that, in a museum in the East, they have a portion of his spine in pickle; but what of that? Such men have backbone enough to supply a yard to each museum in the country, and sufficient left to sicken a hundred Lincolns. "Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

Here is what the Louisville Courier-Journal's old candidate for President—Gen. Robber Tecumseh Sherman—says about that "old Democratic wagon" that the C.-J. maudlinizes over: "The Democratic party is composed of three elements—Southern Rebels, Northern Copperheads, and a few honest and honorable men, powerless against the combined influence of the other members of the party, who invariably act together." These "honest and honorable" men are such fellows as scourge Sherman, the negro-testimony editors of the C.-J., et id omne genus homo—cotton, negro and brain vultures, political dead-beats, and gangrened old sores in the Democratic party.

A-lass, a-lass! ah, wo is us! The fairest and rarest of all Eve's tongueless daughters, put our gentle young gizzard through an affectional sausage-mill, at White Sulphur. In one wild, rhapsodiziacal gush, we poured out the whole undammed flood of our lacerated emotional juice. 'Twas an effort worthy of our cause. The Sherman, Texas, Courier, summarily gobbles, confiscates, appropriates a column of it. And rubs gall and vinegar, ashes, salt, brimstone, mustard and turpentine, into our gaping wounds, by publishing it, without credit, under the head of "A Facinating Widow"—mind you, "facinating" without an "s." We fear, we'll have to think of a double s, in connection with that editor, forevermore.

HA! HA!

The venerable Horatio, whose surname is Greeley, denounces "Hole-in-the-sky" Boutwell's gold-dabbling, country-grocer, one-kit-of-mackerel-and-half-a-bolt-of-calico financial policy, as the pinnacle of monetary jackassery;—Swears it won't bring resumption of specie payments in a hundred years. Nobody but bipedal candidates for admission into the longest-eared rings of our agricultural showcasses, ever supposed it would. In the last six years, the usurpers and plunderers of the doodelistic government, have ground out of a crushed and slavish people, according to their own official figures, always under the truth, $2,700,000,000—over $400,000,000, a year. And out of this vast, by common minds, incomputable, sum, they have reduced the sectional, nigger-freeing, white-man-enthralling war debt, just $300,000,000. At this rate, will some of the charming little misses of our numerous flourishing female seminaries, figure out, and tell us, how many scores of years, and how many thousands of millions of dollars, will be required to pay off the whole gigantic mcubus—$3,000,000,000—the monstrous price of our own enslavement and degradation? The sunshine and storms, the rains and dews, of half a century, will have fallen upon our graves. Our very tomb-stones will have crumbled back to dust. Two generations will have come and gone. A new race, knowing and caring nothing about us or the things that concern us; utterly indifferent to our struggles, our hopes, fears, loyalty and disloyalty, our honor or dishonor; will have risen in our places. And as things have gone, they will find themselves crushed with the burdens we have accumulated—taxed to pay a debt, with the contraction of which they had nothing to do—a debt, incurred in the prosecution of a crusade, upon which they will have learned to look with abhorrence—a debt, piled upon us and them, for the achievement of objects, which all christendom will then regard with horror and loathing! How long, suppose you, will they endure the galling penalty of follies and crimes not their own? How long till, as one man they'd rise and hurl the whole vile, pocket-picking legacy of shame, to the d——addy of it and the party that imposed it? Save posterity the trouble, by REPUDIATING it now! Wipe it out! Its the price of blood and slavery!

NOT ANY, IF YOU PLEASE.

We see it stated, that all soldiers of the old U. S. (now u. S.) government, who have served in any war from 1790 to 1865, are entitled to the full quota of 160 acres of land. One of the editors of the Caucasian was an humble, patriot soldier in the Mexican war, performed his duty, and was honorably discharged. But we don't hanker after any of those land. In the first place, we are not loyal to that degree that would entitle us to any share of the people's "blood-bought domain," now in possession of John Brown's disciples. Secondly, we don't want any of Yankee-fied, sandy, sneezy, snivelly New England Mountain-precipice lands left by the railroad contingent—stealers and land-grabbers. We wouldn't give a snap of our finger for all the land let; nor would we live on it, if it were good, and have thieves for neighbors on each side, a nigger in front, and a Yankee free-lover behind, to complete our "wraps," roll our hen roost, burn our barn, and murder us to get the first 20 cents we might realize on a year's tilling of the soil. No, thank you; not any for us. We wouldn't have the whole western domain as a present, unless it was spread out on a continental gridiron, so that we might take it up and "flop" it over, like a pancake, and scorch the mongrel "nits," now fastened to it, over red-hot coals from Beelzebub's furnace.

GRANT'S ANNUAL TWADDLE.

We have looked over the five columns of President's twaddle, dubbed a Message, now being published by the loyal press of the country. We would give it to our readers in a full and unbroken dose, were it not that the infliction would be too much for respectable humanity to bear, and that we might be held justly blamable for so wanton an act.

After congratulating the country, upon the success which has attended his importunities for more cottages, fine hoods and bull-pups, he makes known, in his usually pointless pig-style, the astounding fact that "we" and "us" and "our" grant family are at "piece" with foreign nations. It is delightful to be apprised in a grave written document of such a remarkable fact.

"The year has been an eventful one in witnessing two great nations speaking one language and having one lineage, settling by peaceful arbitration, disputes of long standing," etc., says the writer. This profundity is evidently intended to allitate to England and the Ulssiaic Mongrelism. These two great nations, we are not of the same lineage, and hardly speak the same language. The lineage of this people, we insist, is more Irish, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, Swiss, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, Indian and Nigger, than our Hinglish cousins hover there, and hence we have not had the same lineage.

Having delivered his mind of this sweet little nonsense, he becomes greatly alarmed about the 40th parallel, evidently fearful that it will slip off our half of the British American boundary line, and one end of it be lost in the Lake of the Woods.

Then he simpers a few loving words about his new associates, the King of Italy and the Emperor of Brazil, to "whom I have caused my (royal) thanks to be suitably expressed." The fact is, Ulysses is such a consummate ass that he doesn't know that these royal gentlemen would decline such politics, title-scraping thanks until after they had been put into quarantine.

Ha! ha! Ulysses on finances. This is good! "Convince the citizens of this country of our ability to pay the national debt without bankrupting them." Ha! ha! Then it can be done, a million years from now, without quite bankrupting them! Ulysses! Ulysses! Don't the president is figuring up the probabilities of paying off, or converting this impossible debt, on the same principle that he would figure on the ability of converting a couple of green hides for a Galena drink all round.

"We continue to maintain intimate relations with Japan." And he might have said, very intimate relations with Africa, too.

"Mexico has refused to abolish her Free Zone law," to the disturbance of the mind of our weak-headed president. He evidently means Free Ozone (a large stink.)

Then there is the poor old Mormon, that everlasting subject of terror to impudent men, who can't run one wife successfully. They always get excited about their neighbors, who are able to sell assistants, at the rate of twenty large editions in small caps.

"Our relations with the Indian tribes have resulted favorably," says the fathead, in his item, of a digger squaw. No doubt. An Oregon paper reports that one of Ulysses' digger brats wandered into town lately, but was sent back to the "reservation" (he was neatly clad in ornamental hide, and could be smell a mile—a regular old assafoetida perfumer of reservation whisky, pulcrat and grout.

In view of the probabilities of his coming a candidate for re-election, he says that a few broken amnestic words might help him out. Hence he intimates that, assaulings are scarce in the South now, there being little else than the ground left, we might as well have "peace." But he doesn't press the point—he would prefer to press some more old articles.

Then, he fears he may not make the trip back into the White House, he thinks we had better cut off revenue from Internal Taxation, except whisky and other loyal luxuries.

Altogether the message is a good thing from such a pudding-headed politician, with the exception of his last year's mother-goosery, the shabbiest twaddle that ever came from the Executive Mansion, or that ever was constructed with an "U" single—to each line.

GOV. BROWN'S MESSAGE.

We cannot remember when we have perused an abler State paper—certainly not since the commencement of our internecine strife—than the message of the Governor of Missouri to the Legislature. We intend to furnish the document entire, in supplement form. We cannot, however, now omit expressing our admiration of its dignified, liberal and statesmanlike views and language, its intrinsic literary worth as a State paper, the broad, christian sentiment of charity pervading it, and its apparent honesty. As a political document, its appearance at this juncture is opportune. Upon reading it carefully, every citizen of Missouri will feel that he ought to exclaim, well done, good and faithful public servant.

Passing over much to which we would like to refer, we learn from it that the bonded debt of the State is $17,866,000; the assessed value of all property $575,000,000. The receipts from January 1 to November 1, 1871, have been $6,572,941, and the disbursements, for the same period were $6,725,750—leaving the snug sum of $847,125 to go to the sinking fund.

The only obligations likely to cause any difficulty in the immediate future, are the bonds of the State maturing in 1875 and 1876, which he suggests a provision for, by borrowing two and a half millions for the ten years, until the surplus shall come to the credit relief, and thus bridge the interval.

Considerable attention is given to the county, township and municipal indebtedness, which is ascertained by late reports to aggregate the monstrousum of $46,041,065.46; and the attention of the Legislature is called to the provision of necessary reforms and checks, by which to collide may be protected against the arbitrary rulings of imperious County Courts

CAUCASIAN STATE HASH.

There is to be another daily paper in Sedalia.

A coffin lately exhumed at Columbia contained a petrified body.

Hannibal is to be posted by the Grand Army of the Black Republic.

The Louisiana Journal favors the nomination of Col. Coltman for Governor.

John Boyn, a California stage robber and highwayman, has a wife in Johnson county.

Macon City has purchased a steam squirt, hose carriage and a thousand feet of hose. Putting on airs.

There were two hundred buildings erected in Moberly this year, says the Monitor, and it asks how will that do for a four-year-old city?

Capt. Jno. W. Hendricks, Secretary of the State Senate, killed W. H. McAllister at Bowling Green on the 28th ult.; was tried and acquitted.

They are building Summit City for the accommodation of an English colony in the spring. One hundred new houses are to be put up this winter.

At a public meeting at Paris a few days ago, Col. Thos. I. Anderson and Col. W. H. Hatch spoke warmly in favor of the Caucasian's Passive Resistance Policy.

A Kansas City bus driver has fallen heir to two million francs in France. If he will, he may now continue to be "buss"-driver to two million of creatures with fallin' hair.

The wife of a prominent citizen of Kansas City, dressed in masculine apparel, has been fighting the tiger successfully of nights, while her husband was "at the lodge."

The Bazoo tells of a horse that went clear through a negro's house at a gallop, at the dead of night, to the dismay of sleeping ebony, and landed on the other side of Jordan.

The Salem Monitor says the contract for the erection of the building for the school of mines, at Rolla, has been let to A. J. Dye at $85,000. Wish we may Dye if that don't seem a paying job.

There was a disastrous fire at Liberty on the first inst., in which the stores of Muller & Co., F. F. Allen, M. Goldman, Wittholf & Co., the Savings Bank, several lawyers' offices, etc., were consumed. Loss $16,000.

There was a stage upset and runaway near Carthage last week, by which Mrs. Corwin was dangerously wounded in the head, a Mr. Flood had both legs crushed, and a child was seriously injured—the latter two perhaps fatally.

Every attempt yet made in this State to effect a union between the Conservatives and Radicals has failed. Senator Benecke, in a late letter, shows the folly of these attempts. He is satisfied to remain out of the Radical camp.

A man named Coats, of Butler, went to Kansas City, some time since, took in a load of goods and started home, since which time he has been missing. Suspicions of foul play (worse than chicken fighting) are entertained by his friends.

The people of Marshall are agitated over the jail question, and the Saline Progress asks innocently—"Jail or no Jail?" Well, it's none of our business, but we suggest that if you pull up one every twenty steps, you may be able to fill them all.

Many a Missouri Jacobin leader is in mourning, to-day. Crape flutters on the door-knobs and ribbons of many a loyal high-priest's sons, within the borders of our noble commonwealth. Old Lize Haycraft died, in St. Louis, last Tuesday.

The Gentry County News has been comparing the "original" contents of one of the St. Joe papers with the contents of the Cleveland (Ohio) Leader, and discovers that the St. Joe institution is a brain vulture—a stealer of other people's brainwork. Of course.

The Potosi Journal says that section is infested by throves of a sorts of dead-beats, including a fair sprinkling of typographical mendicants. These vagabonds roam about from pillar to post, and never want work, but impose on the good nature of the craft, generally, to a wide berth, old whisky soaks.

There is a sure-enough fighting Methodist in Saline county. Brother Robinson was dogged on his way home from prayer meeting by a bully, who was bound to light him, when Brother Robinson shot a hole in the bully and toddled home, if not happier, at least unhurt. He was arrested and then honorably discharged.

The Boonville Eagle gives the details of an elopement planned by one Frank Turner, a conductor on the Pacific railroad, and a married man, to which a Miss Anderson of Holden, was to be a partner. The parties becoming known to Superintendent Cary, he sent Turner off in charge of a freight train, to gain time, and then informed the husband of the fact. Turner abandoned his family, who are living at Jefferson City, and has not been heard from since.

CAUCASIAN NEWS BURGOUT.

The Chinese inundation is a great success.

Ex-Governor Bigler, of California, is dead.

Terrific gale on the Atlantic coast, with loss of life and shipping.

The Republic in France is about as badly off as the same in America—mighty shaky.

Ten thousand stand of American arms have been successfully landed for the Cuban rebels.

Continued loss of life by kerosene lamps, notwithstanding all that has been published in warning.

Subterranean lakes have been discovered during the past month in Virginia, Illinois and Missouri.

The Missouri river was successfully crossed on the ice by a bold teamster, at Arago, on Wednesday of last week.

Georgians are going into various cotton manufacturing enterprises, at many points. First real step toward Independence.

The periodical revolution in Mexico is raging. Juarez stock is declining and Diaz going up—so also are a large number of others.

During the gale on Mt. Washington, on the 15th ult., the wind traveled at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Good for kite-flying.

Benjamin Grumbles, an oldest citizen of Travis county, Texas, grumbles no more. Ninety-five years and posthumous did it.

Haynau Burbridge had a fight mit Col. O'Neal, in Lexington, Ky., a few evenings since, which brought peace to not over-belligerent souls.

A Martin-burg, Va., doctor went to see a patient at night, but fell into an excavation on the way. The patient attended the doctor's funeral.

Groups of young upper-ten Yankeesee playing cricket in their carriages, form one of the latest novelties in Central Park. How are you, "high morality?"

A mob of Johnnies demolished the American and British missionary chapels at Shanghai, killing one missionary. If the mob of the Beecher type of religionist, little harm done.

A North Carolina paper, not entertaining a very dignified opinion of the knight errantry of the times, uses the plebeian term of "stick-jokers" for knights of the tournament.

Laura Hudson was beaten into an indistinguishable pulp at Lake Providence, above Carrollton, La., by her divorced husband in the absence of her last one. Matrimony is surely a terrible institution.

Capt. Wm. Forrest, brother of the General, is a rather numerous individual. One Texas paper reports him in the Lone Star state, and another gives the particulars of his death, in an Illinois, some time since, in an entirely different part of the State.

In a wrecking hut at Devil's Peak, Newfoundland, were found a huge pile of human care ows, handless, fingerless and earless—these members having been cut off to secure the jewels attached, such as bracelets and rings. They were the victims of the lost steamer Albion.

J. Wilkes Booth was seen the other day on a train at Fort Wayne, and was recognized by an actor with whom he had been for many years on intimate terms. There is no doubt of his safety, notwithstanding the reward, but he has his beard in a mess-um in Philadelphia. We expect him yet to have a seat in Congress. "Sic semper tyrannis!"

"All Fools Day" is the day when young girls sit down to write love letters to unknown scamps who advertise for correspondence. Lately the wife of one of these correspondence-soliciting individuals found a hundred and fifty letters from young ladies in her fool-husband's trunk. Girls, how would you feel if these letters should fall into the hands of the publishers of a "Police Gazette" and be published?

The last brutal display of fisticuffs came off at a point on the Texas railroad, about 45 miles from New Orleans, on the 21st ult. Mace and Coburn were the bruiser, and a large crowd of gallows-birds the audience. The battle lasted 2 hours and 10 minutes, Coburn threw Mace every time. After the 12th round, the brutes both failed to "come to time," and the fight was declared a draw, although Mace was entirely used up.

The Steubenville Herald tells a sommambulistic yarn about a young lady there, who, armed with a lamp, wandered into the apartment of a sleeping young gentleman visitor, gathered up his duds, carried them back into the kitchen and deposited them carefully in one corner and covered them up with the washpan; when she withdrew to her room, locked the door, and retired. In the morning, the young man was called to breakfast, but he could not answer the summons. The girl's father was cognizant of the facts, having been awakened by the noise made by the dish-pan; but he said nothing till a late hour, enjoying the young man's embarrassment.

The "noble red men" are raising h—one of Butler, Brownlow, Beecher and Beelzebub, on our western border. Almost daily reports of horrible atrocities. Men slain and scalped. Women outraged and taken captive. Children tomahawked. Houses burned. Stock driven off. Families fleeing for their lives. No succor, no protection. Hapless victims are only white trash. Thirty thousand Yankee bayonets enforcing martial law, and guarding niggers, in the South. Two dozen broad-brimmed honey-fugglers, with their "thee" and "thou," soft-sodder, beads, and shaddy-belly coats, to save our brethren from hatchet, knife and torch of savage foe, on western plains. Such is the masterly policy of "our soldier president." Such is the "peace," of which he prated. Ha! ha! Who wouldn't be a nigger? Oh, for blacking and brush! Nigger-freeing, white-man-enslaving, nigger-raising, white man-crushing, nigger-protecting, white-man-destroying monster, fiend, goblin damned, thy name is Radicalism!

A bill is before the judiciary committee of the North Carolina House of Representatives, providing for the repudiation of the whole scalawag State debt, fastened upon that State, as the Lumberton (N.C.) Robesonian says, "by the ignorant, corrupt and irresponsible horde of jail-birds, thieves, and besotted ignoramuses, whom Federal bayonets put in control of our affairs." The same class rolled up the Federal debt. Down with it all! Let the ball roll on. We hope to live to see the day when a similar bill will be offered in the Federal House of Representatives.

Nevada, after all, may be the Mecca for the pilgrimages of pale mongrels. It is said that the waters of a certain spring there possess the necessary properties to render white black, instantaneously and indelibly. How happily nature's bountiful God hath provided for poor human wants; for there, steeped in its ebon-hueing waters, then wrung out, and hanged up to dry, the poor mongrel, weary and disgusted with his white skin, may be transformed outwardly, as he is inwardly, into the likeness of as black a nigger as roars his hideous gorilla anthem from his covert in Afric's "devil-bush" jungles. Now, if only there could be found a hair-kinding oil, what "glad tidings of great joy," we might be able to proclaim to the devil's American disciples, afflicted with bleached hides.

The total indebtedness of the ten Southern States is now put down at $200,000,000. Monstrous as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that $175,000,000 of the $200,000,000 was run up by Yankee thieving carpet-baggers during the past four years. And yet, notwithstanding such palpable conviction of theft, with scalawag governors and officials flying from their plundered people, to escape the rope or penitentiary, there are those who talk eloquently about paying our public debts. The truth is, Yankee highwaymen and burglars have made Repudiation the very first step necessary to the restoration of Liberty. Down with thieves, taxes, and the Yankee-made debts.

THE CAUCASIAN ABROAD.

OUR PAPER, OUR PLATFORM, OUR CANDIDATE, AND OURSELF, AS OTHERS SEE US.

[From the Mt. Vernon, Illinois, Free Press.]

The Lexington, (Mo.) Caucasian is on our table, containing the name of our old friend, Ethan Allan as manager, and Col. P. Donan, as the spicy editor. The Caucasian has gained a national reputation for wit, spice, denunciation and the skinning of radicalism generally.

[From the Carroll, Mo., Record—Rad—Dec 2.]

The Lexington Caucasian, the editor of which miraculously stood on a lone crag of the Blue Ridge during a long summer night in 1864, and still survives to advocate the election of Horace Greeley, Gratz Brown, Cox, Trumbull, or the devil, to the Presidency of the United States, has given the invaluable sanction of its unqualified approval to the much needed new judicial circuit. In the issue of the 25th November, it says:

"We trust the effort may succeed. The three great counties of Lafayette, Ray, and Carroll, with territory and population enough for a State, possess more of real solid worth than a shop of their own. They are capable of furnishing abundant grist for a first-class independent Justice mill."

The question may be regarded as settled.

[From the Bellefonte, Pa., Watchman.]

Alf S. Kierolf, formerly connected with this paper, one of the best editors in the country, has joined himself with Col. Donan in the publication of the Lexington, (Mo.) Caucasian, one of the "all-fired best" papers in the universe. Under Donan him self, it has been rich, racy and pung