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 REDRAWNDMENT!

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 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 needs be, by the Bayonet!

DOWN WITH TEST OATHS and REGISTRATIONS!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

FOR PRESIDENT,

B. GRATZ BROWN,

OF MISSOURI.

PEACE

"Peace!" "Peace!" "Let us have peace!" How the whole land rang with the mocking, catch-word tones. "Peace!" was the watch-word of all the vast horde of peace-singing public plunderers and bummers, who followed the standard of the whisky-soaked man-slayer-and-gift-grabber-in-chief of the nineteenth century. "Peace!" was to be the motto of his administration. Under his benign dominion, the yank-rebel niggerum millennium was to have, and speedily brighten into full-orbed day. All wrath and bitterness were to vanoosee, at his potent nod. Envyings, jealousies, sectional hatreds and war engendered malignities, animosities of years, were to disappear before his magic wand, like frost-pearled mists before the shining sun. Rebel and Yank, Cotton-lorder and Northerner alike, high and low, black, white and brindle-hued, were to join in one grand, fraternal love-call, hugging, sympathizing and slobbering. Southern statesmen were to participate in Springfield and Lancaster, to the full-full of liquid libations poured over the tombs of the old Sangamon gorilla "martyr," and mis-orgen Thad. His cockeyed Boss of Lowell was to pour forth a jeremiad over the graves of immortal Stonewall and Stuart. Brass clocks, jew-jawing cradles, pearl-board horse-fiddles and patent humbuggeries, were to sprout spontaneously on Southern Palmetto trees. Virginians and Texans were to say "Know" through their snouts, and charge itinerant parsons fifteen cents for their cold Sunday dinners. And pumpkin-pies, apple-sass, codfish-balls and prayer-sniffing scoundrelism, were to be staple dishes on every bill of fare, from Bunker Hill to Corpus Christi. Our legislative cockatrices' dens were to be converted into philadelphian temples—fountains of squashy-mushy brotherliness—swords were to be beaten into corn-knives, and musket-barrels into pewter spoons to stir our brimming goblets of new-found love; and from Dan to Beersheba, which is to say from Winnipesaugee to Popocatapetl, the beaming goddess of pudent affection was to reign supreme. Ah, yes; such were their professions. Behold their practice!

Two thousand free-born American citizens languishing, today, in South Carolina prison-pens, for daggers in their hearts, at the dead hours of night, by brutal yankee and nigger s, for wearing the uniform and bearing the arms of what were once, Sovereign, Black Families insulte everything else, to be and children were all to be stretched at a wretche. A large assortment of

NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED

which make it one of the most decided stocks in town. Carpets and Other reduced in prices. Come an driven yourselves, and be convinced, money have money, and the way to empire, sell goods cheap. Merchants

JNO. H. ARDINGS'

HORACE GREELEY.

A Letter from the Venerable Philosopher of Chappaqua and The Tribune.

HE COMMENDS THE CALCASIAN'S PASSIVE POLICY, AND SUGGESTS B. GRATZ BROWN AS THE CANDIDATE.

Noble and Patriotic Utterances.

The Great White Man's Paper of North and South America—The ultra Democratic mouth-piece—The unreconstructed Rebel Caucasian—Had sounded the bugle-note of common sense—Declared in favor of rallying all good and true men, without regard to past political associations, around the one standard of opposition to corruption and the Tan-Yard Boor. To show that we were willing to support any man who would lead a bolt in the Radical ranks, and aid in saving the wreck of the Republic, we put up the name of the great Daddy of Abolitionism, and wrote him, explaining our position and policy. Here's his answer:

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, } NEW YORK, OCT. 18, 1871. }

P. DONAN, Esq., Lexington, Mo.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have yours of the 11th inst. I have no doubt that the policy you suggest is that which your party ought to adopt. They should have run Salmon P. Chase, in 1868. Then, as the result of that course, the return of genuine peace and thrift would have been promoted. That policy gave you more last year, in Missouri, than could have been achieved by a party triumph.

You only err as to the proper candidate. I am not the man you need. Your party is mostly Free Trade, and I am a protectionist. I have no doubt that I might be nominated and elected by your help; but it would place us all in false and tangled positions. If I, who am adversely interested, can see this, I am sure your good sense will, on reflection, realize it. You must take some man like Gratz Brown, or Trumbull, or Geo. Cox (late—Interior) and thus help to purify and reunite our country anew.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

Hurrah then, for Gratz Brown and Horace Greeley! Anybody to save a helpless country from utter, irretrievable destruction!

HISTORICAL.

A Charming Democratic Leader.

Kentucky Exchanges. Nota Bene!

Since the Caucasian flung to the breeze, the banner of common sense and passive resistance, the Louisville Courier-Journal has ranted incessantly and vociferously, about the "old Democratic wagon," the "grand old principles of Democracy," et al nauseam blunding. It processes undying devotion to "old Democratic flags" and "old Democratic platforms." Here, however, is the paternal and maternal history of this latter-day champion of unalloyed Democracy, from 1856 to 1871, for the correctness of which we refer to any old-time Kentuckian. In view of this fact, it will be remembered, when the Courier-Journal ceases to speak for Democrats, and decides to Democratize, it furnishes an example of impudence, devil-surpassing effrontery, that would bring a red-hot brand to the surface of a Kentucky lynch-fire, before morning, without our redeeming feature, one redeeming feature, one redeeming feature, not even a redeeming feature, not even a redeeming feature, not even a