Lexington 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 REDAMNEDMENT!

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.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

HORACE GREELEY,

OF NEW YORK.

HAIL, NOBLE POSSUM.

THE RADICAL PARTY SPLIT IN TWO.

A GRAND RALLY OF PATRIOTS FOR CINCINNATI.

"BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH"

THE OUTLOOK—WHAT THE CAUCASIAN'S POLICY HAS ACHIEVED

In August last, when the Caucasian, first of all journals on the continent, advocated the application of its successfully-tried Possum Policy to the country and the Democratic party at large, we were called a fool and traitor. Behold how great a matter that little countrified effort hath kindled. On the 1st proximo, there will meet in convention at Cincinnati one of the grandest outpourings of patriotic revolutionists which has congregated in America, since the Confederate bugles sounded that grand rally which astounded the world. Liberal-minded men in arms against bat-blind Radicalism; Patriots loving Country more than Party, leave it in its zenith of Power (Oh, what a rebuke this to bull-headed Democrats, who have nothing but a dead carcass; to let rest till it can be revivified); ancient Abolitionists, fathers of Radicalism, from every nook and corner, leaving the sinking raft of Ulysses, and banding together to arrest the success of imperial schemes; hoary-headed old agitators turning double back somersaults into the arms of Reason and Common Sense; Traitors turning Patriots; the whole German people in America, detached in an hour, from the tumblebug army of Kaiser Ulysses; anarchy, doubt, uncertainty, distress and prospective disaster in the plunder-bound, gift-gobbling, and country-stealing dog-kennels at Washington. All this the work of the cunning beast with the rat-tail-file appendix in Democratic Policy; and for all which Patriots, both of the Democratic and Republican persuasion, are indebted to the Caucasian, and its friends and supporters and aiders and abettors — the unbought, heroic Democratic editors of Missouri! All honor to them. They have stood shoulder to shoulder in a patriotic effort high above party, in sustaining the Caucasian in its battle for Liberty, Country, Peace, Fraternity and Prosperity.

Many incidents have combined, and fortuitously contributed, to bring about the great political reform movement, which promises so much of good for the future; and not the least among these was the publication of a letter written by the Hon. Horace Greeley to the Editor of the Caucasian not long since, by which that gentleman was placed in a position requiring his public acknowledgment of the course which his honest heart dictated he ought to pursue, and thus breaking the ice for that zealous advocacy of a patriotic purpose long cherished, which has led thousands from bigoted Radicalism into open hostility to its devilish aims. When the Caucasian, which is everywhere regarded as the most ultra of the unreconstructed, (and by Radicals unreconstructable) journals, brought out Horace Greeley for President, the Democratic party was amazed and electrified with horror; but gradually the thought has crept into its head that Democrats owe it to their country to practice that patriotism which they have preached, and to-day the rank and file are fully and earnestly in the work of saving to the world the remnant of liberties left to us; and are sacrificing a privilege for a substantial victory. No well-posted and wide-awake Democratic politician but approves of all the valuable results which have followed the application of the passive resistance or Missouri policy to the party and country at large. All now rejoice at the hopeful prospect foreshadowed by the assembly of the Liberals at Cincinnati; and every honest Democrat feels that it is the duty of our party to neither call a National Convention, or in any other manner interfere with the good work which is now going on. Indeed, in view of the present political outlook, and the suspicions aroused as to the treachery of certain leading and trusted Democrats, the mere call of a National Convention by the Democratic Executive Committee, would be strong proof that the Democratic party had been sold out by August Belmont & Co., to Morton, grant & Co. and that there is a reasonable ground for the charge of treason to the people.

In the great Convention which meets on the 1st proximo, none other than Republicans should participate. The attendance of Democrats in a delegate capacity, no matter what sort of invitation may have been sent out by unauthorized and mediesome quacks, would simply be unpardonable impertinence and unwelcome intrusion. Let the Liberals alone. Let them attend to the work they have undertaken. They know what Radicalism is, and what they must do to defeat it. Let them arrange their own campaign. When the battle comes on, we, as Democrats, will know at whom to discharge our rifles; we will know where to cast our votes. The times demand that we should be Patriots, not partisans. We can do nothing single-handed. We cannot carry a State in the fanatical North; but we can smash Radicalism all over the country, and wipe it out forever, by throwing our ballots into the breach in the Radical party on the side of Liberalism. The great future is open before us; but to secure that future, we call into service legions from the ranks of our ancient enemies to clear the field of the rubbish, which has gattered to clog the wheels of our weary and jaded, but stubborn and resolutely-minded, old Democratic mule-drawn chariot. We have all to gian and nothing to lose by withdrawing from the campaign in the independent attitude. The Liberals will be driven into the extremest views opposite to bat-blind Radical bigotry; and the close of the campaign will exhibit the spectacle of more than half of them occupying Democratic ground. This is a natural consequence of the rupture of Radicalism, which is the salvation of the country. Hence, let no Democrat permit his name to be used at Cincinnati in any connection whatever with the Liberal movement. It will be used against the Liberals with great effect, and add no strength. Let us simply be patriots and voters. When grantism, tyranny, thievery, corruption, nepotism, bigotry and wrong are overthrown, we'll put in an appearance, and bring along a mighty hearse filled with coffins for the burial of Radicalism, and we'll sink the whole load of putriditya thousand fathoms deep in Oblivion's bottomless privy vault.

If Democrats will but do their duty as common sense, not prejudice, dictates, the campaign of '72 is the last one in which it will occupy a minority position. Democrats will be masters of the situation, and there will no longer be an embargo laid upon their wisdom by boors and fools; but they will be welcomed to participate in the blessings of an enlightened government administered by honest hearts and hands.

Millions of long downtrodden freemen look for deliverance, to Cincinnati. We hope, and we believe, that they will not be disappointed.

The condition of morals in New England is happily illustrated by this, from the *Springfield* (Nastychusetts) Union: "Last week a Hartford man named Frank Hedges induced the wife of a New Havener to take rooms with him at Earle's hotel, New York city, registered as F. H. Derwin and lady, Kansas. After two or three days hunt, the New Haven man got track of his wife, and going to the room occupied by the Kansas party he opened the door and said, 'Mary, is this you?' And Mary replied: 'Pop, is that you?' and expressed great surprise at seeing him. After some preliminaries 'Pop' and his wife left and the Hartford man returned to his native heath."

Charles Francis Adams is being pressed with great fervor by his friends in the East, for the nomination to the presidency by the Cincinnati Liberal Convention. Mr. Adams is a statesman and patriot of the purest modern type; and although our preferences are most decidedly for Missouri's patriotic redeemer—B. Gratz Brown, and Horace Greeley for Vice President, we would deem Mr. Adams' nomination a very good one, and equally as sure to wipe out grantism and its ineffable abominations and scoundrelisms, as any other.

Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, is so earnestly for Reform and the defeat of Ulysses, that he has absolutely declined a re-nomination by the regular Illinois Radicals. It was once said that few men die in office, and none decline it. Here, however, is a patriotic exception in an age of official degeneracy. All honor to Gov. Palmer. When we put up his name, as a suitable candidate for President, we thought we knew the sterling material of which he is made.

The Kansas City News, which denounced us as a lunatic and crack-brain for advocating the immortal Possum, and first standing square up, high above party, for the only hope of the country, is now one of the warmest possumites in the State, in full fellowship with the common-sense cause. We forget our cotemporary's excessive zeal in opposition to us, and welcome it to the broad platform of patriotism.

Col. Winslow Turner is urgently recommended by our friend Nesbitt, of the Clinton County Register, for office, as a worthy, faithful and honest man. We second the motion. The services of such men are now, more than ever before, at a premium. He has lately retired from the practice of the law, but he is too modest to ask official position. Let the people ask him to fill some honorable and trustworthy place.

More of it. When a Radical Ulyssian office-holder won't steal, he must be mighty sick. George D. Orner, grant's infernal revenue collector in the fifth district of Missouri, is charged by the press with having "defalcated" for a cool hundred thousand. That's the smallest figure in fashion among distinguished Federal thieves at present.

LIST OF PATENTS—Issued from the united States Patent Office to Missouri inventors for the week ending April 5, 1872, and each bearing that date. Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.: Combined Shovel and Tongs, T. G. Newman, Pleasant Hill. Eaves Trough Supporter, B. Prugh and H. Austry, Grant City. Medical Compound for Treating Mogs, J. Shannon, Palmyra.

YANKEEDOODLEDIDDLEDOM.

Peculiarities of Saintly Puritania.

Divers Reminiscences and a Startling Historical Fact.

Tell us, ye winged gusts of locomotory atmospheric ether, that round our pathway giggle, do ye not know where lieth the hatching place of "saints?" The boisterous zephyrs dwindled to a snicker low, and stuck their thumbs on their smellers, as they whispered in sepulchral gurgles: "In Nasty-Nastychusetts." Where is the grand reservoir and storehouse of shoe-peg civilization, pasteboard-horn-button enlightenment and codfish refinement, of Vic-Woodhullian-and-Jim-Fiskian morality, patent humbugs, pantaloonatic women, self-rocking cradles, ungritled bogus babies, tract-peddlers and loud-tooting godliness? In Nastychusetts. Where is skin-flint paradise? And where's the Hub of the Universe? In Nastychusetts. Whence oozes that balm of Gulle-cad, that is for the swindling, and the diddling, and the plaguing of the nations? From Nastychusetts. Whence flows that holy stream of white-choke-ragged, straight-coated, twang-proboscised, cursed hypocritical bible-maulers, that has flooded the whole accessible domain of God, with sanctified devilitries?—The pulpiratical mountebank Beechers and Bellows, Tyngs, Vintons and Collyers?—The ruthless church-thieving Bishops Simpson and Ames?—The Reverend General O. O. Howard, head-rogue of the free-nigger escritoir; with his one arm, dabbling in more scoundrelisms than a Briareus-handed ordinary villain ever attempted to stick finger in?—The Reverend Colonel Higginson who, with his regiment of nigger brigands, laid in ashes the beautiful little city of Darien, Georgia, and perpetrated ten thousand nameless atrocities upon its defenceless families?—The Reverend Colonel Chivington, a foul adulterer, and the worse than savage butcher of a hundred and sixty-five helpless Indian women and children, who had come in, under his own flag of truce, and at his own invitation, to surrender themselves to his pious protection?—The Reverend General Governor Pile, of nigger brigade fame, whose appointment as their chief executive officer almost drove the disgusted half-breeds and greasers of New Mexico to revolution?—The child-murdering Reverend Lindsays; the school-girl-debauching Reverend Howes; and the incest-benedictioning, seducer-and-adulteress-marrying Reverend Frothinghams?—Whence flows all this tide of clerical filth and infamy? From Nasty-Nastychusetts. Whence came that hundred vinegar-visaged and virtuous maidens who, all aglow with the promethean fire of Cape-Cod humanitarianism, went down six years ago, into the barbarous regions of Carolina, to teach the poor, downtrodden African brother's idea how to shoot, elighten the seven of which hundred chaste virgins of the modern Israel marched back again, just twelve months afterward, each bearing with her an animated, pumpkin-colored reminiscence of her philanthropistic labors? From Nastychusetts. Whence emanate razor-strop-venders, quack-medicine and quacker-philosophy dispensers, freedman's-bureau-knobs, strong-minded weak-virtued females, and free-love lecturers? From Nastychusetts. Whence sprang that hideous libel on the Religion of heaven, which has for years, converted its sanctuaries,—houses dedicated to the meek and lowly Saviour, whose service is peace, forgiveness and love, into blood-reeking temples of the Moloch of Hate?—Whose priests have been howling dervishes of havoc and ruin; apostles of destruction and death; brazen-tongued trumpeters of fratricidal strife. Whose prayers have been turned into war whoops; whose love-feasts into scalp-dances? From Nasty-Nastychusetts. Whence were spewed forth Mormonism, Table-Tipping-ism, Tom-Paine-ism, Abolitionism, Free-Nigger-ism, White-Slave-ism, Diabolism, and every other foul and horrid ism, that the hell-racked ingenuity of fiends and yankees could invent, to blacken, blast, pollute and damn a hemisphere? From Nastychusetts. Whence, in some of Nature's wrathful fits, were vomited out upon a suffering world, Sumner, the caned-backed, crack-brained, canting pedant; Pillsbury, Garrison and Phillips, the frothing, ferocious, fanatical, fang-gnashing jackals of philanthropy, Brisbanes of morality and gorillas of progress; Jim Lane and John Brown, the horse-stealing, throat-cutting, perdition-roasted demi-gods of loyalty; Anna Dickinson, the mule-straddling crowing-hen and cackling-rooster of the lecture hemisphere; Doctor Mary Walker, the breeches-wearing, hog-kettle-bottom-cheeked, peripatetic hermaphrodite; and Harriet Byron Stowe, the great post-mortem matrimonial tumble-bug of American literature? From Nasty-Nastychusetts. Whence came Charleston secessionists, five, two times voter for Jeff. Davis, Big Bethel skedaddler, Fort Fisher blunderbuss, New Orleans body-snatcher, bank-burglar and pantry-pilfager, spoons, cork-bottle, Beast Butlerism? From Nastychusetts, of whose manhood he is a perfect type, of whose characteristics he is the highest exemplar. And whence, worse than a myriad of Pandora's boxes all busted at once,—worse than the whole ten plagues of Egypt, murrain, darkness, frogs, locusts and lice, combined,—worse than fire, sword, pestilence and seventy times seven-year itch,—whence, as though hell, dosed with a million tobacco-hogsheads of pecacuanha, had belched up its last spoonful of slimy damnation,—whence, as a carpet-Baggery poured out upon the once half-half of a grand republic; upon ten desolated and despairing pashawlics; upon a powerless and ruined people? Whence skulked forth into the sickened light of day, such vermin samples of its glories, as Chahoon, grant's special pet and appointee, military mayor of Richmond, head and front of Virginia loyalty, condemned to the penitentiary for forgery?—Reverend Congressman Whittemore, kicked out of the Washington Capitol chaingang, as too vile for even their association?—Governor Butler, of Nebraska, convicted of stealing $17,000 of the State school-fund, and expelled from office?—Governor Holden, of North Carolina, convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors, land piracy, instigating arson and murder; removed from office, and compelled to fly from the State he had outraged, to save his dastardly carcass from a richly merited neck-tie-sociable?—Congressman Bowen, sentenced to the penitentiary for wholesale bigamy and adultery; and only saved from a shaved pate and striped-jacket, by the pardon of a besotted presidential debauchee?—Governor Scott, the thirty-million-dollar robber of South Carolina, now a refugee from justice, in his native section of snoutal-twanging, psalm-screeching hellionisms?—Governor Bullock, Georgia's damnable highwayman, who, if he had his deserts, would be punching tar-barrels and shoveling brimstone in the lowest kitchen of Beelzebub, his daddy?—And Governor Davis, of Texas, whose armed and uniformed nigger banditti have roamed on murderous hoofs, assassinating citizens, plundering dwellings and stores, insulting families, and spreading a reign of barbarian horror over half the glorious Lone Star Republic of Houston and the Alamo? Whence sprang Carpet-Bagaboondage, and all its loathsome brood? From Nasty-Nasty-Nastychusetts?

And is it to be wondered at? Is it strange that this one diminutive devils' truck-patch should, like a careless ulcer, infect the whole body politic of Yankeedom? Is it strange that this accursed realm should be naught but a hive for breeding, and sending forth in swarms, all pollutions, infamies and damnations? Nay, verily! Whence sprang her whole accursed race? From a band of sanctimonious, prayer-grunting pirates, whom God, for some inscrutable reason, permitted to land on Plymouth Rock, instead of landing the rock on them and their death-freighted craft. Scum of creation, king-murderers, incorrigible convicts, expelled from every country of Europe, for sniveling bigotry, brutality and defiance of law, they sailed for these ill-fated shores in search of liberty of conscience; and showed their sincerity by instituting a carnival of blood and bigotry wherever they got a foot-hold. Massacred the Pequods. Exterminated the family and tribe of the noble Massasoit, their first friend and protector. Banished Roger Williams for non-conformity. Whipped Baptists at the cart's tail. Cut out the tongues of Quakers. And burnt children and old women at the stake, for casting evil eyes upon their damnable old deacons and elders, or for owning a cat of an unorthodox hue. And—listen, for this is a fact—as a fit commentary on their liberty-loving professions, the very old scow that first vomited them out upon New England's stern and rock-bound coast, afterward SANK IN THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE! A historical fact! True, as that the Devil is the great ancestor of the whole Purisaitanic breed of human vipers! After planting the seeds of woe in the western world, in the shape of a cargo of canting, old Praise-God Barebones, Hezekiahs, Aminadabs, Ruths, Patiences and Perseverances, the "MAYFLOWER," the sacred ark of yankeedoodlididdle devotion, made a voyage to the coast of Guinea; gathered up a load of captive niggers; reached America in safety; and sold out her stock along the coast, as far South as James River, Virginia. It "paid" handsomely; and she set sail for darkey-land again. Collected a cargo of several hundred dusky "men and brudders;" and on her return voyage found filendered in mid-ocean—went down with all her wretched burden! And this accounts for the otherwise inexplicable fact, that a piece of the infamous old craft is not to be found framed with stolen gold, in every Yankee home!

Such are they. Such were they. Such will they ever be. Oh, that the Atlantic Ocean might become an evangel of good, by rising in resistless might and majesty, and overwhelming the whole pestilential sextette of wooden-nutmeg patches, a thousand fathoms beneath its storm-tossed, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue bosom!

STARTLING FIGURES.

WHAT RADICALISM HAS COST THE COUNTRY.

TEN MILLIARDS IN MONEY STOLEN.

When the war on the Southern people was inaugurated by Lincoln, Ulysses & Co., the general government was free of debt, with a carefully imposed taxation, yielding a comfortable revenue for the discharge of the country's insignificant recurring obligations. The States were none of them seriously in debt, and nearly all were either free or had money in their socks, to settle at short notice. This was the condition of things under Democratic statesmanship and economy.

What is the financial condition now? Let us review it, to refresh the public mind.

1. The last statement from the Treasury Department, aggregates the known Federal indebtedness, to say nothing of those mysterious sums which will yet be legalized and put down as due to loyal thieves (two-and-one-half milliards,)	$2,500,000,000
2. Taxes wrung from the people for seven years since Appomattox, at the rate of five hundred millions per annum, three milliards and five hundred millions (more than sufficient to pay off the whole Federal debt)	3,500,000,000
3. Carpet-bag and scalawag indebtedness plied on the Southern States, over	250,000,000
4. Probable war debt of the loyal States, counties and cities, in equipments, bounties, etc., supposed to be added to the first row of figures	200,000,000
5. Probable estimate of loyal claims for personal property destroyed by loyal troops, wantonly or from cowardice, (half a milliard)	500,000,000
6. Federal taxes gathered during the war, from '61 to '65, including the collections made under the 5 per ct. manufacturing tax in '64, '65, and '66, say (one milliard) too	1,000,000,000
7. Defalcations, abstractions, felonies, robberies, among Lincoln's and Ulysses' official highwaymen	100,000,000
8. Value of the vast war material, including ships, arms, clothing, food, ammunition and material on hand at the close of the war—all gone, and from the sales of which comparatively nothing has yet found its way into the treasury. Who can estimate its value? Let us put it low, and say only one milliard	1,000,000,000
	$9,050,000,000

Which gives an idea of what it has cost the American people to go crazy, make fools of themselves, hire thieves for rulers, and get themselves perpetually enslaved. Viz: nine milliards and fifty millions

	$9,050,000,000
DR.	
The registered national debt, before a dollar of it was paid by Ulysses, say	$2,700,000,000
CR.	
Federal collections from '61 to '65, say	$1,000,000,000
"'65 to '72,	3,500,000,000
Value of war material spirited away	1,000,000,000
	$5,500,000,000

Taxes collected over and above the whole Federal debt, and more than equal to that amount again, spent by a profligate party for the aggrandizement of its pimps and thieves, and unaccounted for (two milliards and eight hundred millions) $2,800,000,000

The apologists and defenders of the Great Tumblebug and Vagabond, say that his administration has reduced the public debt wonderfully,—less than $300,000,000.

If so where then are the two and a half milliards which ought to be in the treasury, less salaries deducted, represented, in these figures:

$2,500,000,000!

God defend us from another four years of such monstrous, atrocious, unparalleled, unprecedented piracy!

OUR CITY CHARTER.

The amendment to our city charter passed at the recent session of the legislature, approved April 1, provides:

1st. The city is authorized to issue new funding bonds in sufficient amount, not to exceed however $50,000, to pay off old bonds and interest now due. The denomination of said bonds to be not less than $50 nor more than $1,000 each, and payable in not less than 5 years, with 10 per cent. interest payable annually by coupon. No bonds to be issued unless sanctioned by a two-thirds vote upon the question of issuance, to be submitted at an election. Bonds to be sold for not less than 95 cents upon the dollar. City Treasurer to be agent for negotiation of bonds, and to give additional security for the performance of such duties.

2nd. Provides for the election of a City Marshal biennially. The old charter contained no provision for the election of this officer.

3rd. Provides that the pamphlet laws of the city shall be received in all courts, as prima facie evidence of the City Ordinances

ULYSSES AND JUAREZ.

THE TWO NORTH AMERICAN BUMMERS HAND IN HAND.

GRANT, JUAREZ & COMPANY, HIGHWAYMEN.

The two worst governed countries in the world, taking into consideration the character of the people, are the bayonet-united States of North America and the bandit-united States of Mexico. Ulysses and Juarez (wah-rees) are both low-born bummers, who have the same object in view,—the feathering of their dirty nests with other people's plumage; and they are evidently well agreed in policy, playing into each others' hands, like gamblers bent on robbing their victims. During all Ulysses' imbecile and cowardly Administration, Juarez's thieves have held a high horse-and-cow-thief carnival, not only on the frontier, but all through the southeastern region of Texas. The celebrated horse-thief Cortinas is an honored instrument of the Mexican despot, who employs him for the purpose of levying a desultory warfare upon such unfortunate citizens of the contemptible united States, as may be residents of the Lone Star State, and possess horses, cattle, food, money and plate. This brigand has succeeded in stealing millions of dollars in property from our citizens, but Ulysses has never so much as intimated to his bummer partner that, at some certain period, the thing ought to cease; and we doubt whether he ever will while president, as it is more than probable he gets a share of the returns from the captured booty. It is not improbable these adventurers divide at least this Texas-robbed part of the spoils of office. There could be no general division; for Juarez has only one "Gen." Cortinas, while Ulysses has a thousand; but that Ulysses has a "corner" in this Mexican piracy, few will dare gainsay, who are at all posted as to his universal connection with "rings" and robberies in this country. Nor can the suspicion be ridiculed by his friends when it is remembered that a large loss of life is the yearly cost of the Mexican piracy in Texas. Citizens are shot down, hung, or kidnapped and taken over the Rio Grande every day. American citizens keep their lips sealed upon penalty of death. Witnesses are terrorized out of their testimony and senses. Jurors decline to serve in indicting the Mexican bandits, for fear of consequences. A reign of bloody and brutal terrorism exists over half the State; and the American citizens feel that they are at the mercy of the marauding bands; that the flag of their country does not extend to the Rio Grande; and that they have no country able or willing to protect them. If Ulysses S. grant is not a partner in this business, why has he not upheld the American flag on the Mexican border? If he is not himself one of the ring of bandits and booty-gobblers of Mexico, why has he not defended the peaceful and law-abiding people of Texas from years of the boldest piratical invasions ever conceived since the days of Pizarro and Cortez? To prove that there is something darkly inexplicable at the bottom of this mysterious Mexican booty-gathering business, we call attention to the indictment found against "Gen." Cortinas by the grand jury of the united States District Court for the Eastern district of Texas, which, accompanied by a report, has been sent to the Attorney General at Washington, and has been in the hands of the cabinet for more than six weeks. In that indictment, the grand jury assert that Mexican bandit receives support from the Rio Grande to the Nueces. "Mercenary bands of adventurers—Mexican officers and soldiers—Mexican bandits and outlaws—have been for a series of years holding a saturnalia of robbery, violence and rapine, upon the soil of Texas. They have denounced the penalty of death against any who may become informers. They have already sacrificed life upon mere suspicion, as in the case of young Cleveland, near San Antonio, and others. Should our request that the names of witnesses be kept secret, be unheeded, their lives will pay the penalty. They would be murdered without remorse."

What a comment this, upon the sneak-thief, bribe-taking, gift-gobbling, nest-feathering, cowardly, loafersh and imbecile administration, Ulysses the Tumblebug. Beyond all doubt, Ulysses and Juarez are partners in piracy levied on American citizens.

CAUCASIAN'S "LIBERAL" DOTS.

All over Illinois the Liberals are preparing for an inundation of Cincinnati.

The grant demonstration in New York was a drag, and nearly ended in a fight.

Gen. John A. Logan asserts that the German vote has left the Radical party and Ulysses.

Thirty accredited delegates from Pittsburg for Liberal Reform, Peace and Prosperity Convention at Cincinnati.

Senator Fenton, of New York, is teeth and toe-nails against grant, and in favor of the Possum movement.

Ben. Boynton, the associated press agent at Washington, is the champion liar. His dispatches are nearly always false.

The Administration was alarmed at the New York extraordinary Liberal Republican demonstration, which took place at the Park.

Ex-Governor Blair, of Michigan, has come out strong for the Liberal movement, and will head the Michigan delegation to Cincinnati.

Old Jesse grant reassures that his son Ulysses "is now worth nigh a million, and he made it all by presents." Smart rascal, that boy of his's.

Fears are entertained that grant will be thrown overboard by even the Philadelphia Convention. Caucasian Possumism has used him up badly.

Gideon Welles has just published a comparative paper on the Reconstruction policies of Lincoln and grant, and handles Ulysses with ungloved hands.

Isabella Beecher Hooker has issued an appeal to the women of this country, against the corruptions of the times, and of grant's administration in particular.

Greeley is to be "demonstrated" at, all the way from the Tribune office to Cincinnati. Brilliant receptions await his westward pilgrimage. All hail to the farmer-sage of Chappaqua.

Anna Dickinson has come out a Liberal Republican, and set sail against Ulysses. She is to address a mass meeting at Cooper Institute in the interest of amnesty, peace and fraternity.

Ulysses and his tools are at work, searching the world and Washington, for some one or something on which to base damaging charges against Trumbull and Schurz. So far they have utterly failed.

A. T. Stewart (who did more than any other man to get grant nominated), H. B. Claflin, Tinslow, Dodge & Co., are numbered among those who are to head the delegation from New York to Cincinnati.

Dr. Horace Greeley made a speech at the great Cooper Institute liberal mass meeting, in which he said he was bound for Cincinnati and reform; that he had as much of the old thing as he wanted. He was cheered tremendously.

The father of the Radical party in Iowa—Senator Grimes—is credited with ass ring shortly before his death: "grant's administration is so contemptible in intellect, so full of the most scandalous in corruption, which has ever oppressed the American people or disgraced the American government."

A demand was made upon members of congress to sign an address to the New York Radical mass meeting, enforcing grant for renomination. F. M. Gen. Cresswell was on the floor engineering it. Part of the delegations from all states, except Maine and Vermont positively refused to sign it, and Nastychusetts' representatives called it unnecessary and impertinent. The names of all absentees were signed by the grantites without consent.

Pendleton, the baby-skinned Cincinnati millionaire, it is asserted telegraphically, has assured Belmont, that if Judge David Davis is nominated he will guarantee the Democratic vote of the west. Bah! Pendleton can't guarantee anything. He never was a leader of anybody or anything. He can't carry his own congressional district—can't carry his own smoky ward for alderman, constable or dog-pelter. Nobody asks for David Davis, and he would be beaten out of sight.

The fare from St. Louis to Cincinnati and return has been put down to $10. The Ohio & Mississippi will sell tickets at 1 1-5 regular rates; Atlantic & Gt. W. at 1 1-5th regular rates; the Ind., Cin. & La., same; the Marietta & Cincinnati at 2 cts. per mile each way; the Cin., Ham. & Dayton at 2 cts per mile each way; the Panhandle at 4 cts per mile each way; tickets to be purchased on the 30th April or 1st May, and those "to Cincinnati and return" good till day after adjournment of Convention.

The leading Radical papers of Pennsylvania give up that State, since the nomination of Gen. Hartranft for Governor by the Radicals. Forney's Press deplores his candidacy and predicts a Democratic victory. The Lancaster Express repudiates it. The Lancaster Enterprise says the nomination is weak. The Westchester Republican cannot comprehend the nomination, and says it will break down their party. The Pittsburg Leader says Hartranft will not poll the Republican vote. The Hartranft runs as an informer of Ulysses the Tumblebug.

CAUCASIAN NEWS BURGOUT.

Lake navigation is open.

Spain has lost 80,000 men in Cuba.

Mexican revolution on its last legs.

North Carolina is to have a baby show.

A Dover, Tennessee, cow runs two tails.

General uprising of malcontents in Spain.

Not a single Jew in Winston-Salem, N. C.

A Louisiana plantation runs a steam-plow.

Geneva Board of Arbitration met on the 16th.

Mark Twain's last labored joke was—a daughter.

103 old maids and widows in Minnesota want husbands.

Eighty lives are supposed to have been lost on the Oceanus.

Cannibal-fanged Fred. Douglass is for Ulysses' re-election.

Ex-Senator P. G. Van Winkle, of West(?) Virginia, is dead.

Mexican bandits swarming in Texas, and outrages continue.

North Carolina boasts a mammoth nigger brat, weighing 40 pounds.

A Michigan fanatic succeeded in passing the whole winter out of doors.

Squaw "nit" Nelly, the Tumblebug's brat, arrived at Liverpool on the 16th.

Sixty buildings supplied fuel to a general warming at Tiffin, Ohio, last week.

The ladies employed in Ulysses' treasury call Spinner, "the delightful old man."

The Council Bluffs and Omaha war has been carried to the u. S. Supreme Court.

Spain has consented to let Dr. Houard go, as a courtesy to the Ulysses despotism.

A Niles, Mich., school-teacher is said to have pulled out a pupil's ear by the roots.

George Bushyhead, chief of the Cherokees, is swinging round the circle in the South.

A Leesburg, Va., Borgia has been feeding a quintette of relations on a deadly drug.

The burning of a New York paper collar factory, has thrown 500 girls out of work.

Twenty thou and squealers are to split the empyrean vault at the Boating Jubilee.

Hendricks is talked of as the probable Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana.

They have a sort of Courier-Journal compound town in North Carolina, Winston-Salem.

It is said that a critical misunderstanding has again broken out between France and Germany.

Henry Ward Beecher, last Sunday, preached in opposition to Calvinistic ideas, and against the Cambridge Confession.

Rhode Island lawyers pass themselves off for deaf and dumb beggars, to make a little money when law business is dull.

Those infernal outlaws, called "Internationalists," are threatening several European cities with shermanization.

A Boston clergyman, who denounced croquet as a very wicked game, has lately been sent to the penitentiary for forgery.

Nachitoches, La., has grown into a legal citizenship after one hundred years effort to secure a sufficient number of citizens.

A sea-serpent with a dog's head, a regular old slasher, has been shot and captured in a lake near Bolivar, Tennessee.

Great Britain is firm in declining to even tolerate grant's proposed scheme for consequential damages by the Alabama.

A Texas "Pike" has crossed the Continent six times with his family, dogs and rifle, and contemplates further gipsying.

A terrific tornado passed over Coffeyville, Kansas, demolishing a large number of houser, including the office of Rose's Paper.

A stingy Rhode Islander, who never contributes a cent for the heathen, peddles gospel by pasting religion on his shoplasters.

Ulysses' blue blouses are ordered to the Rio Grande, to enforce neutrality on the Mexican-bean. We've no dog in the tussle.

At the Boating Jubilee, they are to have a mammoth fife made out of a whole tree, to be played on by a corps of Chicago editors.

The highest salary paid to a female clerk in the Washington treasury is $1,800, while $600 is the average for those doing the work of two male clerks.

Great preparations are making at Rio de Janeiro to receive the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro II., who has been in Europe for some months.

"Great is Diana of the New York Sun"—in the illegitimate line, at least. Nine out of cases without character are suing him for that which they have not.

James C. Southhall retires from the editorship of the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, and Col. Robert E. Withers, once a Democratic candidate for Governor, succeeds him.

Rattlesnakes are so numerous at Columbus, Nebraska, that they ring the town bell three times a day for snake killings, to keep them under forty millions to each acre.

A South Carolina post-master has been opening and reading letters passing through his hands. He is qualifying himself for grant's Cabinet of Curiosities Will Rascalities.

A strong-minded yankess, who was sliding down hill in the beautiful New English game of "pretzels," at Middletown, Connecticut, had to have eight inches of pine splinter pulled out of her hip last week.

Charles Mullen, a murderous African supporter of Ulysses, has been sentenced by the criminal court of Cairo, Illinois, to 99 years' close application at bucket making. By this account Ulysses' Administration loses a voter.

A poor, starving wretch, who applied unsuccessfully for charity at Stamford, Connecticut, for bread, left his name and address, and promised to escape New English charity, and played dish with his lady. Guess they took him out he was dead—"dam" dead.

The son of Dionysius Davis, at Cutter, Maine, slipped behind his dad, and busted his head with an axe, which took place at clear sky, and opened up the country back of his swallowing traps. That little yankee has a fine start for becoming a highly educated Radical statesman.

Mrs. Herman Carey, living in a small cottage at Bethel, Connecticut, within sound of the vociferous tongued bells of a dozen pharisaical temples, where "sinners" are praised to God and prayers for the conversion of the heathen are offered to cause herself out of starvation and the land of the Puritans.

The late earthquake in Syria destroyed half the inhabitants of famous Antioch, which has a place in the Revelations for its earlier Christian church. From being the Paris of the world, twenty-two thousand years ago, Antioch had declined to twenty thousand souls, to an adobe town of 6,000 souls. It is now virtually at an end.

Universal accuracy has reaped universal economies for "Old Probabilities," the clap that runs the weather reports at Washington. It has gotten to be so sure a thing that it will rain, that the reporter announces the fact twenty-four hours beforehand, so that he who leaves his cotton umbrell at home, is voted a sucker by all his enlightened neighbors.

The delegates to Congress from Africa have just "convented," in a general capacity, at New Orleans. When Fred. Douglass said that grant was the best friend the early Republican in that party, the nigs all hurrahed. The home gave a great scream for Sumner at the conclusion. They also "resolved" to demand the right to sleep and eat with white people.

Santanta, the head chief of nine tribes, now in the Texas penitentiary, promises to have all white people settled upon, and all his people to settle on a reservation; and to refuse to reclaim them to civilization—leaving a chief as hostage, for the faithful fulfillment of his promises—if the governor will pardon him. He is "for life;" but is said to be honorable in his promises. His proposition is looked upon favorably by the Houston Union.

The U. S. Supreme Court has unanimously reversed Judge McKean's Mormon decisions, in the arrested saints case, in the case of Miles and McKean's head is to come off. The crazy fools have convict them under a Mormon law, claiming unconstitutionality. The law had themselves adopted, to protect Mormonism against New England concubinage and prostitution. This is the most sensible thing this tired tribunal has ever done.

The Chicago Post says, Horace Greeley has retired to his farm, and will live in the shade of a grove of axle trees, sucking a few food jelly out of the hoof with a straw. Another version of the story is, he is so much in favor of the Cincinnati movement that he can't walk forward unless made out of "bolted" flour. Another version is that he is so much in favor of pretzels from the second, but failed; and only succeeded in a Limburger cheese, by planting the seed in a hot-house and raising up a "nigh" spooning it with Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup.

The following letter from our faithful correspondent, W. A. W., at Sharpsburg, Kentucky, is a novel epistle, as full of stirring news as a Radical's head is of villainous doings, killings, fires, crops, weather, etc., in a nut-shell. Within the last 24 hours some serious incidents have transpired in our village, which are as follows: Yesterday morning about 9 o'clock, two pistol shots were heard about the middle of town. It was soon rumored that Mr. Berry had shot at A. Trumbo (his father-in-law) across the street, but did not hit him. Berry was arrested and disarmed. About that time a messenger came in and reported the shooting of Jas. Gudgell by Mr. Smoot (two old farmers). Rumor says Gudgell stated that Smoot had stolen horses during the war. They met on the road yesterday, and Smoot told Gudgell whoever made the statement told a d—d lie. Gudgell jumped off his horse and began throwing rocks at Smoot, who drew a pistol and shot him. A little later from town he had been turned with nearly everything in it; loss $7,000 to $9,000; no insurance. This morning about 9 o'clock Wm. Berry came to town, went to the shop to have his horse shod,