

Truth Eloquently Told.

The following extracts from a speech delivered by Hon. D. W. Voorhees, before the Democratic State Convention of Indiana:

TAXATION.

In the midst of these darkening days, when the laborer goes about the streets in quest of bread, and grinding is low, and skeleton wags in at the doors and windows of many an honest household you are taxed by Congress for the support of a standing army beyond what any other endure beneath the sun.

The people of the United States are paying over five hundred millions of annual revenue. More than one half of that enormous amount is swallowed up by the Congressional policy of reconstruction. If the farmer or mechanic pay twenty dollars to the tax gatherer, ten of it goes as a tribute to a vast military government, which exists in plain, open and confessed violation of the Constitution.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

And the generous and growing farms those plantations of more than oriental magnificence, from which all this startling wealth was obtained, and which have been so much derided by the disciples of New England, what was their value? They were worth over one thousand four hundred millions of dollars, while all the real estate of a similar character in New England was appraised at four hundred and seventy millions.

Where now is the mighty wealth of the South? Where are her corn, her cotton, and her cattle? Why do her inexhaustible acres lie barren and unbroken? Why do her gigantic resources invite none of the capital of the world? Why does business enterprise turn away from this natural paradise of trade? Why does the emigrant, in search of a home, go to colder, harder and poorer regions? There, you can look and behold the reasons for yourselves. The Radical Congress has killed the life, the hope and the prosperity of the most fruitful portion of the Republic.

Once it poured into the lap of a fostering and protecting government a stream of treasure as deep and strong as the current of its own Mississippi. Now it hangs like a paralyzed limb, a helpless incubus, a poor pensioner and burden upon the patience and bounty of the rest of the body. Its fields are smitten with an unnatural sterility. Every production has withered and died, as if some vast uprear tree cast its shadow over all. A fatal and desolating blight is upon the land, upon the mountains, and upon the corn, and upon the new wine, and upon the oil, and upon that which the ground bringeth forth, and upon men, and upon cattle, and upon the labor of hands. In her ancient glory and strength she could meet one half the taxation which now darkens the face of the land.

They say in Illinois, since the last proceedings of the Court of impeachment, that Yates drunk is better than Trumbull sober. Pittsburg Commercial, Radical. That is Radicalism defined. It needs no better definition. It prefers a drunkard, a bloater, a pest to society, an indecent man, that will vote for and assist to carry out all of their Jacobin measures. To a statesman, a jurist, an upright man, one whose moral character is above reproach. Senator Trumbull has some regard for his oath and judicial standing. To have that be cannot vote for all that radical Jacobinism desires, hence the above slur, or that radicalism prefers drunken debauched Dick Yates, to the statesman and upright man Lyman Trumbull. And the party that makes this preference professes to have all the "morality, virtue, decency, religion and temperance there is in the country," within its folds. It is the party that prefers "Yates drunk to Trumbull sober." A nice party that for white cravat gentlemen to labor for; and denounce the Democratic party. If the Christian religion and Christian example was of no more account than these white cravat gentlemen who prefer the party that "prefers Yates drunk to Trumbull sober" are, then they would be in appropriate business. Let the above paragraph from the Commercial be the text for next Sunday morning's sermon of every political preacher in the country. It will be appropriate. His hearers can then see the political party their minister is laboring for.—Steubenville (O.) Gazette.

But I may be told that the destruction of slavery is the cause of the destruction of so much wealth, that the figures which I have produced from the census of 1860 were based upon slave labor. At that time the South contained a white population of 4,604,000. Its black population numbered 3,896,000. There that population, trained to labor, remains today. The ravages of war and the results of emancipation have been made up, or nearly so, by the law of natural increase. The statesmanship of the country finds a vast laboring population in possession of the most fertile and productive region of the earth, and by its policy, turns that region into a barren desert, and a howling wilderness. The rich lands are all there. The brawny and stalwart labor is there, and actual want is there. But the miserable and incendiary politician of the North is also there; the infamous Union League with which to seduce the negro to his ruin, is there; a vast and appalling military despotism, created and used by a political party for purposes of party abomination, is there; the Freedmen's Bureau, that guarantees out of your pockets that the negro may live without work, is there, with its mighty clan of venipolous, poisonous emissaries; and the Arkansas, reptiles, locusts and plagues were not more fatal to Egypt than are these gigantic evils to that ruined land. We hear the dreadful cry of actual starvation coming up at this moment from a country richer far than the delta of the Nile. A loan of thirty millions, to be paid by you, is in contemplation by the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau at Washington, with which to maintain a people who will not work or let others work in the garden spot of creation. Is this the banquet to which you were invited by the abolition of slavery? Is this the feast of good things to which you were bidden by the abolition emissaries?

Two negroes who cannot read or write have been chosen to represent a county in the South Carolina Legislature. The Freedmen's Bureau agents are represented by a correspondent of the New York Times as suspicious of every man with a white skin, who offers himself as a voter. White voters are treated by these pampered Federal officials with great insolence. The Radicals intend to retain power by casting ten Africanized States into the electoral scales, ten States in which a woolly pate and a lampblack outside shall be qualifications enough to make their owner a voter. Events are marching on rapidly to a decisive consummation of some sort.—Pittsburg Post.

A pathetic correspondent of the New York Sun says Mr. Bingham, draw tears from many in the audience when he spoke of the Garrison case, "where the mother murdered her babe to prevent its return to slavery." We suppose the case of the babe that was murdered because it would not say its prayers, had nothing pathetic in it, or could not be used to prove that Mr. Johnson ought to be impeached. As among coarse people the broadest joke is most effective, so among a people stultified by false sentiment, the most unparliamentary hypocrisy is the most eagerly relished.—Galveston (Texas) News.

Thus Radical reconstruction proceeds, and it is the open and avowed purpose of Congress to admit these States thus in the hands and under the control of the

negroes before this session closes. The great crime is pressed now each day and hour with fierce desperation. And who is so blind as not to see the odious purposes. A Presidential election is at hand, and the first fruits of this accursed conspiracy are to be seventy electoral votes deposited for the Radical candidate by the hands of negroes. The negroes of Georgia, in their dense barbarity, are to vote the freemen of Indiana in the choice of a Chief Magistrate. The negro on the levees of the Mississippi is to drown the voice of the intelligent farmer of the North. I speak advisedly.

The Radical leaders, since the late elections, expect to carry but few of the Northern States. They despair of controlling any longer the white vote of the country. They seek no longer to govern this great Republic by the white man's influence. They yield all that to the Democratic party, and denounce a white man's party as an intolerable offense. But with seventy negro electoral votes, and to them added the votes of Tennessee, and Missouri, both bastards offspring of the bayonet, they are preparing to rob the people of their sacred rights, and openly defy the legally expressed public will. The act of reconstruction is unconstitutional, if there is a Constitution in the land; it is a fraud on the purposes and objects of the war, if that word has not lost all its meaning; it is upheld by perjury and duress, if there is such a crime; and yet we are expected to quietly yield to its claim, that the negro shall make the next President.

Negro Voting in Georgia.

The spectacle presented to the gaze of the people of this city, on Monday morning, the first day of the recent election, says the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel, is one which will linger in their memories for years to come. They saw a long line of able voters, headed by a "rig-master" on horse-back, brandishing an old cavalry sabre, and all marching to the invigorating music of a wheezing fife and the dull thud of a broken-headed drum. These were the voters—the intelligent law makers and executive and legislative creators of the county of Richmond. It will scarcely be doubted that not a single son of Ham who toils fully trudged the streets in that motley procession could read or write, or had the least idea of the character of a ballot or who or what he was about to vote. He had Captain Bryant and the boss "drivers" had told him he must vote for the Radicals. As this long line of ignorant, vindictive and defiant negro voters passed through our principal thoroughfares to the City Hall, where the mockery of an election was going on, every right-minded white man must have felt that representative government founded upon such suffrage, was not only a mockery, but a crime against virtue, law, order, peace and human liberty.

The alacrity with which each member of the fantastic procession conformed to the different and frequently repeated orders from the "boss drivers" showed how completely they were under the control of their masters, and how much they esteemed it a privilege to be thus driven like brutes through our streets. Upon reaching the City Hall, ballots were placed in their hands, and they were directed to hand them to the same man add in the same manner their driver disposed of his. And this is what is called manhood suffrage, the basis of constitutional liberty and the salvation of free government!

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The Republican Party the Know Nothing Party.

The Republican party, whilst it professes a great love for our foreign-born citizens, is at heart and in fact a Know Nothing party. The leaders of the Republican party have for the last few years professed great friendship for citizens of foreign birth, and by operating upon the innate principles of liberty, which pervades the breast and warms up the soul of men who have fled from oppression and come to this country, that they might enjoy liberty, by their constant howl about the equal rights of men, and professing to be in favor of making all "equal before the law, without regard to color, birth or religion," have made the foreign born citizen believe that the Republican party is the true party of freedom, and that the leaders of the party were the champions of the oppressed of all nations, and that theirs was the only party which advocated the rights of men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

While the Radical party was weak and needed the assistance and votes of our foreign born citizens, it managed to keep hid from their view their anti-republican dogmas and their hatred of foreigners. But now when it is strong, and thinks it can afford to lose the votes of those who they call "bog trotting, ignorant Irishmen, and swag-bellied lager beer Dutch," they let their true principles come to the surface, and show to the world that instead of being a party of freedom, they are advocates of intolerance and proscription, and would, had they the power, prevent every foreign-born citizen in the land from exercising the elective franchise, and thereby have any voice in the laws and government of the country which taxes him and demands his services in its defence, and which in his naturalization he took a solemn oath to support.

Irishmen, Germans, and other foreign born citizens, do you doubt this? If you do, the following extracts from speeches made by prominent Republicans ought to remove your doubts.

During the discussion, in the Pennsylvania Legislature, on the question of striking the word white out of the Constitution, and on the Registry bill, John Hickman, formerly a Radical member of Congress, and now a Radical member of the Legislature from Chester county, said:

"I may possibly see the day that I may walk side by side with a colored man. I have seen a great many colored women that I would rather walk with than a great many white men. I know a great many negroes who I think are better entitled to vote than a great many white men who do vote, and have long exercised the franchise."

Again he said:

"An intelligent negro is better than an Irish Catholic, and is entitled to a vote."

A C. Reinhold, white-nigger from Lancaster, remarked:

"If Democrats give the right of suffrage to foreign paupers, to whom a spelling book is a sealed mystery, and who still smell of bilge water, and from whose garments the Celtic aroma or the Teutonic fragrance of the fatherland has not yet been removed by the pure air of freedom, why should not the colored descendants of the first families of the South have a voice in reconstructing the States of their forefathers?"

Fisher, same stripe, from Lancaster, declared:

"The Democratic party was composed of bog-trotting, ignorant Irishmen, and swag-bellied, lager beer Dutch."

Langdon, of the Bradford district, remarked that:

"Negroes were better entitled to the elective franchise than Irishmen."

The leaders of this party, who say that they are in favor of equality before the law, and of conferring the right of suffrage upon all persons, without regard to color, birth or religion, falsify their own word, and object to the "bog-trotting, ignorant Irishmen, and the swag-bellied lager beer Dutch," enjoying the right of suffrage, and why? Because they were born in a foreign land. Not only so, but they say an "intelligent negro is better than an Irish Catholic, and is entitled to a vote." Here is another falsification of radical professions. They object to an Irish Catholic's having the right to vote, no matter where he was born—they object to him on account of his religion, and they would object to a German Catholic, a French Catholic, or any other Catholic, whether American or foreign-born, for the same reason. They have found out that they cannot hoodwink the foreign-born citizen any longer, and hence it is that they propose to put the ignorant negro above them. They hope by franchising the negro, to be able to vote-out the foreign born citizen, and by that means keep themselves in power, until they can pass and enforce laws carrying out their Known-Nothing principles.—Council Bluffs Bugle.

Such Northern Republicans as refuse to allow the negroes to vote at home, cannot without the most flagrant "illiberality," insist on forcing negro suffrage upon the people of the South. As these Northern voters claim the right to decide it for themselves at a home question, equality and fairness require that they should concede the same right to the people of other States. Moreover, right and justice are of universal obligation; if the negroes have a right to vote in the Southern States, and this right is superior in all local opposition, then they have a right to vote everywhere in spite of local opposition. No man can constantly vote against negro suffrage in Michigan, and continue to set with a party, the corner-stone of whose policy is negro suffrage in the Southern States. So far as this question is concerned, the Democratic party is in sympathy with a majority of the American people.—American Volunteer.

Greely is now for Grant, but he wasn't when he wrote the following: "More soldiers were uselessly slaughtered in the late war through the blunders of drunken officers than by bullets of the foe." When the editor of the Tribune dealt Grant this blow between the eyes he was for Chase; but having gone over to Grant, we demand to know "whether the Tribune change has also made Grant any less a drunkard? Will the Tribune answer this polite question?"

The Acrobat Candidate for the Presidency.

The stuff purporting to be written about Grant's boyhood, by his father, is evidently sheer invention, or if it is not, Grant was as great a rascal and cheat as a baby as he is now as a man. For instance, the booby is said to have won a wager by the following deceit:—He bet half a dozen marbles, that he would jump twenty-five feet at a single leap. The bet was taken, and the impatient to bacco-pouch and whiskey-barrel won it, by jumping from a perpendicular bluff twenty-five feet high, landing on a bed of soft mud, into which he sunk up to his middle, where he stunk fast until pulled out by his father. How prophetic this of the moral leaps this juvenile cheat liar was to take into the depths of mud and slime unfaithfulness! The trick by which he cheated Marko out of his half dozen marbles was nothing but a forerunner of the deception which he has just practiced upon the President, to cheat him out of the control of one of his own sea routes. And his last leap into these nasty depths of Mongrel filth and negro equality is the fitting conclusion of a life which began in the display of such moral turpitude. But there is a difference he could be pulled out of the mud into which his boyhood took such delight in leaping, but what head on extricate him from the bottomless mire into which he is now sinking?

But these silly lies about Grant's boyhood have a far deeper significance than appear upon the face of them. They look simply like foolish, harmless lies, disgusting enough to every person who is not a fool, but they evince a consciousness of popular depravity in the unscrupulous publishers who put forth such demoralizing trash. At any former period of our history such lying pictures of a vicious boyhood would have been received with unexpressed disgust by everybody, but now they are put forth as the supposed most available tracks to place a man in the Presidential chair. Another of the stories which the parent Grant relates of his brutal boy is, that "he once rode a mule in a circus, with a monkey standing on his shoulders hanging on to his hair," and it is added, "there was not a tremor in his nerves." Of course not. The mule, the monkey and the boy were so near of a pidge, that there was no occasion for tremor of nerves. Now all the anecdotes, whether true or false, simply show the boy to have been a little brute. All was evidence of the dawning of the lowest attributes, without a single ray of that mental light which promises sagacity and nobility of character. At any former period of our history the man who should have published such stuff as a means of elevating a mule-monkey hero to the Presidency, would have been hooted out of all respectable society. There was a time when a paper containing such abominable trash could not have found admittance into a thousand families in the whole United States. It would have been deemed an insult to the respectability and dignity of the American people to have named such a kindred companion of monkeys and mules in connection with the Chief Magistracy of the United States. If a people are to be judged by the character of their candidates for high office, what is to be the verdict of history upon the American character of the present generation? It brings the glow of shame upon the cheek of the respectable man to think of it.—Day Book.

The Radical Break-up.

The breaking up of the Radical party, which reflecting men have long foreseen as inevitable, has been greatly hastened by the anxiety of certain notorious individuals who have been leading it, and who foolishly fancied they could go on leading and maintaining party success. Warnings they heed not, because they would rather fail in an attempt, however base, than yield the control to more honest and more temperate counsellors. We prognosticated that the day was not distant when men thus banded together on no good principle, seeking only personal aggrandizement and pecuniary gain, must divide and destroy each other. We claim no prophetic vision; we claim nothing more than the exercise of common sense founded on the general experience of mankind; we claim that the vast majority of the American people are honest, and mean to deal fairly, man to man; upon this we establish such opinions and views as have characterized our journal during the present memorable period of Radical misrule. If our assumption could be proved false, then Radicalism might continue ad infinitum; we would not know where to find the fulcrum of the lever with which to overthrow it. But being true, the fall of Radicalism was, and is, just as certain as anything can be in this country, which rests upon falsehood, misrepresentation and tyrannical acts. A party may, through the force of overruling circumstances, flourish upon them for a time; but necessarily, in the nature of things, it could not last without corruption in the great masses; and this we believe has never existed, and in this land never will exist. The corruption has been, and is, amongst the political leaders; and as the masses of the people find this out, they will leave them just as rats desert a sinking ship. The fact that these political leaders are blind to this obvious truth, cannot stop the sound judgment of the popular mind although it renders these leaders more obstinate and self-willed. The march of light and truth will soon sweep the last vestige of Radical usurpation from a restored Union. The party of truth and justice has nothing to fear.—Pittsburg Post.

The Mongrels of Illinois are in a bad way.

No respectable man wanted to be their candidate to share an ignominious defeat under the already lamentable flag of "Grant and victory." Grant's victories, in all the States were elections have been held since his name has been emblazoned on the Mongrel banners has been such a record of profusion of former majorities or of absolute overthrow, that the known ones are frightened already at "Grant and victory."

A disgusted soldier writes to complain that the Mongrels who were so full of love for the "boys in blue," while the war was going on, are now utterly regardless of all their promises. The reason is that the Mongrel love for the "boys in blue" has referred to the boys in black.

The New York Tribune calls the defeat of its party in Connecticut "a serious break in the Presidential line." Rather it's the first twist in the cord which is to suspend by the neck Grant's Presidential expectations. We trust there is little danger of the line breaking.

The Negro Party.—Forney says, "the election in South Carolina has resulted in a great Republican victory." The blacks were victorious, and the whites were defeated. This is the issue before us. Shall the black man triumph over the white? What say you readers?

Virtuous Massachusetts has repudiated woman suffrage. But if any body should tell a New Englander that the latter did not love as well, and respect as highly, the women as the negroes, he would feel highly offended.

Dan Siskles charged the Mongrel State Committee of New Hampshire \$250 a speech, so they concluded, to dispense with his services. Dan took off his cork leg and stood on crutches while speaking for effect, but the trick did not save him from being publicly denounced as "a murderer" by a woman.

CONVENTION FLAVOR.—Thirty-eight negroes were appointed delegates to the republican convention, which was held (Wednesday) last in Chicago. Of course their "holl" pale face fellows equals will have them furnished with meals in private apartments. The editors of the Herald quote by all means be there.

The impeachment expenses are set down at \$500,000.

The way They Dodge Taxation.

We have heard lately of a dodge resorted to by heavy operators, to avoid taxation, which presents another circumstance showing the iniquity of the exemption of government bonds from taxation.

Men in the habit of handling large sums of money for speculation and other purposes, to avoid being taxed, go to a banker, or some other party holding bonds, and known to the assessor to be such holder, and get a certain amount of bonds upon some terms, upon the understanding that they are to be returned after the assessors are got rid of. When the assessors come round, they are told that the man of money has been investing his funds in bonds, and to prove it the bonds are produced. This settles the question, and he gets rid of taxation. After the danger is over, the bonds are returned to the party who previously held them. That party also escapes taxation, as he is one who is known to be a permanent holder, and the assessors do not trouble him.

In this way and by similar dodges and covers, it is, that wealth escapes taxation, and almost the whole burden falls upon men of small means, and upon the laborers of the country. If we were governed by just and equal laws, such things could not take place. Will we not have such laws? Shall not labor be shielded from these abominable frauds and exactions of capital? Will we not again make our country free and strong, by unfettering industry, and making it a land of bold-hearted, honest minded, working white freemen, instead of subdued, down-trodden, bond ridden, wealth-owned slaves? "Ill fares the land, to hastening, ill a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay. Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade, A breath can make them, as a breath can make them made." But a bold yeomanry, "their country's pride, When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

What a Working Man Thinks.

In a recent speech, Hon. John A. Bingham, a member of Congress from Ohio, exclaimed, "Thank God there is no such thing as equal taxation." Upon this a Montpelier (Vermont) Working man, says the Argus, not formerly a member of the Democratic party, comments as follows:

Of course Bingham and his party represent the bondholder who has his horses, his carriages, his wine parties, his plate his bonds.

I am a working man. I have my tin dinner pail, my tool chest, and my hard palms, and tired bones at night, and my lousy breakfast in the morning, a lean purse, and a tax receipt at the end of the year.

When quarter day comes, the bondholder cuts off his coupons, and draws his interest, and thanked God there is no such thing as equal taxation.

I draw my purse and pay my rent.

And when the year is gone he counts up his gains, rustles his bonds, and has a wine supper. And when the year is gone, I look at the great robber, the tax receipt, go to bed with an aching heart, to dream of Democratic times, light and equal taxation.

The bondholder does nothing. He is supported.

I pay State taxes
I pay county taxes
I pay village taxes
I pay town taxes
I pay revenue taxes
I pay direct taxes
I pay taxes on every thing
I pay taxes to support Congress
I pay taxes to support the Government.

I pay taxes to support the bondholders who pay no taxes for any purpose whatever.

I shall vote for equal taxation, and down with the party who "thanks God that there is such a thing as equal taxation."—Et.

Some of the timid Mongrels are frightened at the fact that several negroes from the South will be members of the Chicago Convention. But that is foolish squeamishness on the part of any Mongrel. The Chicago Convention ought to be composed entirely of negroes of the blackest and woolly type. But still Coffee would be a disturbing element there. The "royal" soldiers, especially will kick and swear terribly all over the country when they see negroes helping nominate Grant. Grant is not popular with soldiers generally, but when they see him nominated by negroes, he will be more odorous than ever.

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Then and Now.

The impending contest between the two great parties of the country will be invested with more than ordinary interest. Profound to the year 1860, it made but little difference to the people which party succeeded in carrying the Presidential election. The usual political slap-stick was resorted to on both sides, of course; but, after it was all over, and the result known, the people settled quietly into their accustomed harmony and repose. Before the election, too, neither party feared that the success of the other would result to the material injury of the country. Official corruption was rare, or, if it existed at all, the amount involved was so small as to be deemed insignificant and unworthy of mention.

To-day how different! The present party in power has swindled the people, in the seven years of its rule, out of more money than it before cost to carry the expenses of the government for ten years. It is natural to conclude, from the past history of the "Republican" party, that the corruption and fraud which have distinguished it will not only be continued, if it remains in power, but will be greatly increased, piling the burden of debt and taxation upon the people until they sink beneath its enormous weight, or throw it off altogether—by repudiation.

The success of the opposition, next fall, would also have a more dangerous effect than mere pecuniary losses and burdens. The rights of the people, under the constitution, have been gradually but surely diminishing under the rule of Jacobinism, until the person and property of the American citizen are no longer safe from the encroachment and insolence of despotic power; his home is no longer a castle, safe from invasion by the spy and informer, and his dearest rights are trampled under foot by the government inquisitors.

Then, too, statesmen only were considered worthy to hold the highest office in the gift of the people. Now the position proposed to put in the field a candidate remarkable only for his ignominy and lack of statesmanlike qualities; whose military career may be summed up in the statement that he was quipped a lot of less than one fourth of a numerical strength, at a sacrifice of more men than the enemy possessed who seeks to cover up his political ignorance by a grim silence, and who waits behind a cloud of smoke, in the confident belief that the people will yet call him to assume the reins of military dictatorship. Such is the man whom the opposition lauds to honor, and in whose grasping hands it proposes to place the destinies of a free people.

Freemen of America! your liberties are in danger. Despotism stands ready to crush beneath its iron heel the freedom, the rights and the privileges wrested years ago from the hands of tyranny. If you are not true to yourselves and to your country, and do not put down, at the ballot box, the fiendish spirit that waits and watches for your destruction, another year will witness the downfall of the Republic. Remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," be ye ready, with ballot or bullet, to maintain your sacred rights, or the darkness of despotism will settle in gloom over the land.—Pontiac (Mich.) Jacksonian.

POOR MEN ARE NOT TAXED.—"Poor men are not taxed," said a deluded workman, "they can't tax me, because I am worth nothing!" Can they not? Before the war, you paid less than one half for all you eat, drink and wear, than you pay now, and before the war you had not the support of five millions of negroes to provide for, who now eat, drink and wear at your expense. Taking the cost of supporting life to-day, and a reckless, wicked wealth, destroying immigration, and the poor white voter in the United States, who is not worth a dollar in the world, is the heaviest tax mortal on God's earth. Sleeping or waking; well or ill; at labor or at rest; week days and Sundays—the taxes are being piled on him who is not worth a dime, by those above him in the scale of property, who are worth thousands and hundreds of thousands. Remember, you moneyless, honest toiler, if you eat, drink, wear clothes—if you are warned and shamed, you are thus made to pay your own taxes and the taxes of the capitalists of the country also. They are indirectly, thus piled upon you. The great public debt is a curse to you, if not a cure to the capitalist. Remember that when you go to the polls next November.

—Exchange.

The Southern Home Journal published at Baltimore, one of the most highly toned literary papers in the country, pays in a recent issue, the following well-merited and deserving compliment to the Hon. George H. Pendleton. It says:

It is remarkable that Mr. Pendleton has none of that coarseness or excess usually attributed to the Western politician. His appearance is singularly cultivated, his dress decorous and becoming, he suggests recollections of the old school gentleman, and in his style he has the merit of reviving the graces of literature in politics. He calls to mind those better days of the Republic, when the politician was also the gentleman and the scholar. We name him confidently as the best living model in America of a pure and lofty literary style in party politics, in abstinance from personalities and low faucies, in dignity, in well-knit and justly adorned language, he has no equal among the public speakers of his day.

DEATH WON'T SAVE YOU.—It has been decided that dying won't save man or woman from the payment of taxes. An assessor is instructed that the "income of persons who died after the 31st of December, are taxable, and should be returned by executors, and also incomes which accrued in 1867, to persons who died within that year, incomes accruing after decease should be returned by heirs. Thus it is seen that the insatiable tax gatherer follows a man in his coffin, sits at the portals of the tomb, plants himself by the side of the grave-digger, as he drops the clods upon the mortal remains, and after dorging the carriage of the mourners, stalks home like a spectre, and enters upon his books the expected income the Treasury is to derive therefrom. What a blessing is a public debt.—Et.