

Taxes! taxes! nothing but taxes! Taxed on all that a man can eat; Taxed on his flour, and taxed on his meat; Taxed upon all that covers his back; From his cotton shirt, to his broadcloth black;

Why!—the radical party to keep in repair. So that "high-moral" scoundrels may each have a share In hope stealings and pickings, found everywhere!

Taxes! taxes! republican taxes! Taxed on the coffin, and taxed on the crib; On the old man's shroud, and the young brat's bib— To pamper the bigot, and fatten the knave!

Why!—to buy all the rogues they can find far and near, And give every congressman half a million a year!

Taxes! taxes! republican taxes! For rich men to shrink; and poor men to pay, From the pittance they earn by hard work all the day;

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inseled crews of revelers and wantons; their female-boarding-house bills; the r free-lunch excursion and stumping-scur bills; their nigger-arming and militia-baneful bills; their steatite-phantasmagoria-and-bribery bill; their perjured-witness-hiring bills; their nigger-cadet-fondling, West-Point-investigation bills; their southern-savage-batch-

ing committee bills; and their ten thousand other loyal devilry bills. He has paid taxes to support the droops of the free nigger bureau, with its swarms of sneaking, sniffling "Reverend" thieves, and its million of indolent and insolent African vagabonds. He has paid taxes to support the reconstruction devility, with its irresponsible straps and standing army of ruthless janizaries. He pays taxes to fill with jangling, glittering gold, the insatiate coffers of New England bondholders.—Yankee ignobility, who pay not a dollar of taxes for any purpose on earth. A hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year, in gold, an interest on an accursed, unchristianlike, monstrous aggregation of national, state, county and municipal debt—conceived in iniquity and begotten in sin—created by a lawless horde of scape-gallows conspirators, in the prosecution of the most heinous crime of robbery and murder, that ever befouled the face of God's beautiful earth, with fratricidal blood. \$150,000,000 a year, in gold—\$12,500,000, every month; \$2,884,615, every week;—\$412,088, every day;—\$17,170, every hour; \$286 in gold, every minute;—rain and in sunshine, in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity—wrong from the toll-hardened hands of honest industry, and cast into the remorseless treasury-maw of the "best government the sun ever shown on," to pay the interest on a debt of blood and outlawry, perjury, thievery, fraud and riotry. Two hundred and eighty-six dollars in gold, every minute!—Hear it "clink! clank!" as it falls into the swollen and ever-swelling chests of plunderers, corruptionists and usurers! "Clink! clank!" Gold! gold! It tells a tale of ruthless extortion and dastardly submission—of riotous revelry and soul-crushing poverty—of insolent lordlings and covering serfs. "Clink! clank!" There goes the widow's mite, the poor man's dime, the orphan's penny. "Clink! clank!" That's the tear of the sewing-woman, the sigh of the fatherless, the groan of the destitute, coined into gleaming gold, and gone to swell the annual tribute of a subjugated people, to their masters. Taxes! taxes! limitless taxes!—to elevate niggers, and trample down white men! to free barbarians, and enslave ourselves! Thank God! the tax-gatherer's visits are doing what logic, eloquence, prayers, entreaties and expostulations have all failed to accomplish; and the scales, big as blacking-box lids or donkey-cars, have at last, at long, long last, begun to fall from the eyes of the toiling, hard-handed, sweaty browed masses. The farmers, the people, from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the gulf, are banging together to sweep away the dominion of pick-pockets and pirates. They have begun to see the gigantic iniquity which is crushing their very souls out through their ragged boot-soles. And knowing this, is it strange, that the frenzied and pillaged of yankeedoodle-dom, and the radical conspirators of the capitol, whenever finances and reform are mentioned, squirm like a nest of virtuous, pinked vipers? Is it strange that they are ever skulking and dodging the tariff bills, the funding bills, and the innumerable infernal revenue bills, which their villainy has rendered necessary? Not a bit of it. Yankeedom's weakest spot is its treasury. Their fears are well-founded. On, on, ye robbery-lattened villains! On with the dance, ye revelers in a nation's miseries. On with your deviltries. Pass your bills guaranteeing the bondholding buccanniers of Massachusetts two dollars in gold, for every one they expended in rags and green ink. Pass your bills bestowing millions and tens of millions, ay, hundreds of millions, of acres of the people's lands, upon countless corporations of railroad thieves, in which every one of you is a stockholder and fund-snatcher. Pass your bills taxing white men to furnish spelling-books, ballots, arms and offices, to three millions of assatidias-periphrasing niggers. Roll on! roll on! Bios! squander! feast! steal! ravish!—while you may! But ah! there is an end to such atrocities; there is a limit to even American dastardliness, subservience, slavishness, somewhere, sometime. The people—the long-suffering, patient, but omnipotent people—the laboring men, the farmers, mechanics, merchants and artisans, the head-carriers, donkey-drivers and editors; the once-legged, defrauded soldiers; the men who till the soil, build the cities and do the fighting—will ere long, rallying around the glorious banner of "RECONCILIATION, RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM, HONESTY, PURITY AND A UNIVERSAL OVERTHROW OF USURPERS AND THIEVES," sweep you, and all your scoundrel-exalting, state-destroying, bondholder-enriching, poor-white-man-begging-and-crushing deviltries, back-pay grabs, credit mob-o'-liars and whisky-rings to a figurative Tophet as endless and bottomless as the literal perdition, to which, if there is any justice in the universe, ten thousand of your loyal-royal leaders, your brightest exemplars, your sublimest chieftains, are inevitably bound. He's a fool who doubts it. The people are moving. Forward the banner!

Know ye the land where the radical vulture Is the emblem of satraps who rule its fair soil? Where all is protected except agriculture, And Labor is free—to pay taxes and toll; Where the farmer is robbed when he sells his productions, And robbed once again when he buys what he needs; Where the over-gorged vulture croaks "more" for protection. While the hard-working yeoman at every pore bleeds; Where the bondholder sits on his throne like a vampire And cuts off his coupons untax'd at his ease, While the soldier who fought thro' flood, field and fire, Is taxed for the steel-bands screwed on at his knees; Where the lion lies down with the lamb—in his belly—

And the shoddies proclaim, "The millennium is come!" Where Grant spreads his peace o'er the desolate valley— Where niggers make laws and blind Justice is dumb; Where all things are changed and new necessaries are given to all things both side of the grave; Where the gospel is preached to all; And hell is abolished to please every knave; Where "success" is the standard of right that such follow— Where to steal half a million is glorious and bold; Where the truth is eclipsed by the "almighty dollar," And the devil is worshipped in purple and gold; Where the eagle is down and "E Pluribus Unum" is scouted, ignored and trailed in the dust; Where the many are ruled by the few greedy few-men Who have stamped on a nickel, in God how they trust!

'Twas the home of the brave, 'twas the land of the free, Where our sires nursed with blood fair Liberty's tree!— Must we now be all slaves in the south, in the west? Is there, then, no refuge for the millions oppressed? Shall thieves hold us down and rob us and keep all? Oh! what is the remedy for the good toiling people? We want no new party with ideas erratic; No, stick to the platform, the Old Democratic! Up with the Eagle and down with the Vulture— Make these your vows and each day renew them— For Free Trade, Equal Taxes, and Free Agriculture, For God's blessing on them, and E Pluribus Unum!

THE SPOILS. Under this significant caption, the sum and substance, aim and end of all its party patriotism, the radical Chattanooga (Tenn.) Journal, of Feb. 26, says: In an article urging the democracy of North Carolina to organize, to circulate democratic newspapers and to spend money in the coming political contest, the Raleigh Sentinel looks at the spoils after the following fashion: "The handling of \$350,000,000 a year of national revenues, for four years, is worth a mighty and bitter struggle." The eyes of democratic politicians are getting terribly sore in looking at the spoils they have been wanting to handle a long time. You had better lay in a large quantity of eye-salve, gentlemen, for it will be many years before you handle the millions of national revenues, you speak of. Your eyes will get very much inflamed before that time, so you had better resort to the right kind of medication and make use of nose but the very best political diet.

No bottom. Corruption, villainy, infamy, everywhere in high places and low, in politics, society, science and religion. The Emma-Mine swindle investigation has just knocked the lid off another hideous kettle of rotteness. Prof. Stillman, the noted chemist, got \$10,000 of the spoils, we suppose for false assays. Minister Schaeck, the eminent poker essayist, was "presented" with 500 shares of stock valued at \$20 a share, for the use of his official name and influence in behalf of the fraud. And Jay Cook & Co. received \$25,000 for lending it their countenance. Many others are doubtless involved. Thieves, thieves and corruptionists, all! Give them four years more, and they'll steal the solid continent from under us.

Commenting on the recent English church decision, abolishing the devil as an item of orthodox belief, the Concord Sun inquires: "What will Donan and Joe Turner say about it?" Their next sermon in the Sunday Sentinel? "Only that American radicalism, by developing so many devils on earth, has probably done away with the necessity for one in hell.

Spain is throwing up her hat and huzzahing unparalysedly ever the restoration of peace. If it proves as worthless an article as the "peace" which Grant hiccuppingly promised this country a few years ago, they had better go on with their war.

In these dromedariacal panier days, newspapers serve fashionable ladies a double purpose, in fermentation and information.

GREAT SUCCESS. The Raleigh News boasts again of its great success. When we published two years ago that the paper did not pay fifty cents in the dollar of its expenses and that it was run by railroad corporations and ring men, Stone and Uzzell called us "liar, coward," and all manner of vile names. They boasted of receiving 250 subscribers in one day, all of which was false, and Stone objected to making the publication. The News has four weekly subscribers at Graham, only two at Nashville when we inquired of the postmaster at that place, and not one at Earpsboro'. The News men charge us with everything but lying. We "steal and attempt to bribe Atwater," so the News men say. We indicted the gentlemen at the last superior court of Wake for publishing that we offered to bribe Mr. Atwater. It is a little remarkable that the "leading democratic organ," so-called, is on easy terms with Brogden, Holden, Sweeney, Hawkins, and all the leaders of the rings, who are rings or demagogues, and the "leading organ" has cut words only for Turner. Let the lawyers and the railroads "possess their souls in patience." Though the Sweeney-Holder-Hawkins ring is stronger by day than it ever was, and commands

more talent and money than it ever did, its days are numbered. Every lawyer in the state will not be able to drive the people into the support of pet lawyers put forward as candidates by the Asheville Citizen and Raleigh News. We say to the pet lawyers in coalition with the railroads and railroad or, your coalition shall be broken up, and your pockets will be defeated.

The people and the state have had enough of the "leading democratic organ," and they can't be made to endure it, though it comes through Sugar Lips, Stone, Woodson, Uzzell, the Raleigh News and Asheville Citizen. Hawkins, Sweeney and the pet lawyers hunting high places behind them may start a paper in every town and run a first-class hotel too, and it cannot elect their men to office. We say to the silent editors on the stealing, going on at the centre, who have been advised or commanded to open fire on the Sentinel, we shall not care to return your fire. We know what we are doing; we know the people are with us, while the banks, bar, railroads and special tax bondholders are against us. This night of corruption is obliged to disappear. Hawkins, Brood and Sweeney can no longer put forward editors and lawyers to shout for democracy, while they receive gifts from corrupt legislative bodies and swap ten cents for a dollar. We say this without fear of injuring the party or offending a single honest man.

JOURNALISTIC. [From Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman, Feb. 25.] Speaking of sermons, those written every week for the Raleigh Sentinel, by its editor, Col. P. Donan, are the best delivered either in or out of church. Keep them up, Colonel—they are alone worth more than the price of your excellent and brilliant paper.

[From the Mt. Airy Watchman, Feb. 26.] JOINED TO HELL DOGS.—We quote the following article on the centennial appropriation from the pen of Mr. Donan, of the Raleigh Sentinel. His opinion of this \$1,500,000 reconciliation game coincides with our own. Such appropriations are ruinous and full of folly. Mr. Donan in his own peculiar way sums up the result of this foolery from late municipal elections in Pennsylvania. Head his article. It is clothed in strong language, but every word of it is true.

TO ALL MEN A SPEEDY CURE. Weakness of the Back or Limb, Stricture, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharge, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Langour, Loss of Spirit, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling, Trembling, General Weakness of the Organs, and every other unhappy disqualification, speedily removed, and fully manly vigor restored.

TO YOUNG MEN. These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dizziness of Sight, Loss of Memory, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervousness, Impotency, Prostration, Exhausted Vitality, Involuntary Discharge, Nervousness, Hasty Emission, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Excitability, Decay of the Physical and Mental Powers, Derangement of all the Vital Forces and Functions, Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, General Weakness of the Organs, and every other unhappy disqualification, speedily removed, and fully manly vigor restored.

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