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THURSDAY, SEP. 3, 1868.

A FEW OF WESTERVELT'S LIES.
John L. Westervelt has numerous bare-faced lies that he is telling to those who go out to hear him at his school hours appointments, a few of which are as follows:

LIE NO. 1. He says that the expenses of this county amount to eleven thousand dollars more than those of St. Joseph county.

LIE NO. 2. He says that the thirty-two thousand dollars reported as the amount of county revenue in this county, does not include the building fund tax, while the truth is that over seven thousand dollars of that amount belongs to said building fund, and the actual expenses of the county for the year ending June first was \$22,588.68, including \$1,483.32 paid for an addition built to the poor house of the county; including also \$670.10 paid for bridges; including also \$599.00 paid on an old order given many years ago to keep up the county library; all of which are extra expenses, and amount in the aggregate to \$2,702.42, which taken from the common or ordinary county expenses reduces them to \$19,881.26. But to say nothing of these unusual though necessary expenses, he lies to the tune of about \$10,000.00. "Let us pray."

LIE NO. 3. He says that the people of this county pay more taxes than they do in St. Joseph county. The tax of St. Jo. county last year amounted to over \$96,000.00, and the duplicate of Marshall for the same year amounted to a little over \$84,000.00.

LIE NO. 4. He says that the treasurer of this county gets more for collecting the taxes on our duplicate that the treasurer of St. Jo. does for like service in that county. While he ought to know that the treasurer's fees are regulated by law and he receives his per centage on what he collects, and no more.

LIE NO. 5. He says the building fund money cannot be accounted for, when the truth is it can every cent be accounted for, and is more safely secured than any note or mortgage he holds against any of his debtors.

But we are tired of enumerating his falsehoods, and will simply say that we have not yet heard of one truthful statement that he has made in his speeches.

He is, in plain language, an old falsifier, slanderer, religious hypocrite, political demagogue, and constitutionally a hog, and all his statements want to be received as coming from just that kind of a man.

GOING TO VOTE NEGROES EARLY AND LATE.

The Hon. Mr. Tyner, at Argon the other day, during his harangue to the negroes of that vicinity said that they were going to vote the negroes early, late, and often, so we are credibly informed. A few years ago he would have denounced any democrat for accusing him of being in favor of negro suffrage, as a vile slanderer, liar and scoundrel, like Schuyler Colfax did during a recent canvass. He denied in the most positive terms that he was in favor of negro suffrage. He denied it with quivering lips and trembling voice and upraised hand, in the seminary, grove at this place, and almost the first important measure he gave his support to on his return to congress, was the bill giving the negroes the privilege of voting and being voted for in the District of Columbia. Since then he has done everything in his power as speaker of the house to extend those privileges to the negroes of all the southern states, and also stumped the state of Ohio to give them the same privilege there, and would to-day force these same damnable and degrading dogmas upon the people of the state of Indiana and every other state in the union, if he had the power, and he is now asking for more power that he may give the negro more effective service.

He votes and does all he can to give negroes the privilege of voting and holding office, but he has sworn to do all he can, in whatever position he may be placed, to keep down the foreigners and Catholics of this country. He is in favor of supporting lazy, worthless negroes at the expense of the laboring white taxpayers of the country. He is in favor of taxing the poor and letting the rich bondholder go free. He thinks greenbacks good enough for widows, orphans, crippled soldiers and common people, and gold bad enough for bondholders.

How can any sensible white laboring man, and especially a foreigner or Catholic vote for such a candidate?

THE REPUBLICAN of last Thursday whimsically admonishes us that "kind words never die," and, consequently, that harsh ones may not, and for us to beware of rashness. This is all very nice in a Sunday school point of view, but if we are to be lectured on the use of harsh language, we would prefer that the lecturer be free from the faults he condemns in us. In the same number of the *R. African* in which the above lecture appears we find the expression,—"God-forsaken, hell-deserving democrats." It is a pity that democrats will persist in applying harsh terms to the republicans, as they are very tender, sensitive cusses, on whose delicate ears grate harshly the unkind words that

AUDITOR OF STATE VS. TREASURER OF STATE.

Preservation Address of Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, to the White Boys in Blue, Indianapolis, August 18, 1868.

The democratic ladies of Indianapolis having procured a magnificent silk flag, the presentation to the White Boys in Blue took place at the Metropolitan theatre, in the presence of a crowded house. The meeting was presided over by Judge Perkins, and speeches were made by Hon. A. T. Hendricks and others. The presentation address, on behalf of the ladies, was made by Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, who has for many years charmed the public with her exquisite songs and prose writings.

The State *Sentinel* says: As Mrs. Bolton, Indiana's most gifted poetess, came forward, the most profound silence fell upon the audience. The hub of conversation was still, and every ear was strained to catch the words of the presentation address as they fell from the lips of one who thinks only in melody. Although not poetry, it was yet a poem—full of the inspiration which has made its author famous. It was as follows:

General Love: I am commissioned by the ladies of Indianapolis to present to you, and through you to the Union White Boys in Blue, this beautiful banner. It bears on a field of azure a cluster of thirty-seven stars, representing the thirty-seven states of our glorious Union.

These sister states sit enthroned on broad valleys and lofty mountains; some laying their feet in the waves of the Atlantic, some listening to the roar of the gray Pacific, some shivering in the pine-woods of the icy north, some crowned with orange flowers in the sunny south.

With these great geographical and physical differences each one has its own peculiar capabilities, its own especial merits, its own unalienable rights. Internal laws suitable to the good government of one state would make dissatisfaction and confusion in another. Domestic policy which grows out of the necessities of one section, might impose on another burden too heavy to be borne. Each state is a commonwealth and has the right to make its own laws, under the constitution, guaranteed to it by the magna charta, which the finger of God has written on the heart of man.

During the seventy-three years previous to Lincoln's election, the total expenses of the government amounted to \$1,400,000,000. During the three years of radical peace, since the close of the rebellion, the expense has been 1,600,000,000 of dollars. That is \$200,000,000 more in three years, than in the whole seventy-three years before the rule of the thieves now in power. The average annual expense of the government before the rule of the Grand party was a little more than nineteen millions, whereas now it is over five hundred and thirty millions. Such is the luxury of Mongrel rule.

The *Philadelphia Age* gives the following instance to show the sympathy of the radical press for the negro: A brutal negro murders his mistress in this city, is tried, and sentenced to death, and the radical press howl for executive interference. In our city prison is a poor, deceived, ruined white woman, under sentence of death for killing the offspring of her shame; yet these radical journals have no word of sympathy for her. The negro, first, last and always, is their motto.

The *Tribune*, April 8, 1868, printed "Mack's" Washington letter, reporting President Johnson as saying to him that Grant had been in the executive mansion drunk when he could not stand on his legs.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard* for the week ending April 11, 1868, printed an article signed by Wendell Phillips, charging Grant with drunkenness.

The *Independent* for the week ending January 31, 1868, printed Tilton's own telegram from Washington about the presidential candidate "occasionally seen" strolling in the street.

In the Free Religious Association, (Comeouters' convention,) held in Boston, May 28 and 29, 1868, Wendell Phillips, in a speech, said: "Imagine a republican candidate for the presidency—the most popular man in America—who cannot stand up before a glass of liquor without falling down."

The radicals have found another straw to cling to, in the case of a son of the late Stephen A. Douglass, who has recently made a speech in favor of Grant and Colfax, somewhere in North Carolina. Aside from the indiscretion of a beardless boy, who may live to repeat a youthful folly, the case is well illustrated by a hundred thousand graves, "We died to preserve the Union."

In the presidential mansion, in the halls of congress, on the field of mortal combat, the general government pledged itself to preserve the Union. And it was this most solemn, most sacred pledge that served your arms, and strengthened your hands, and strengthened your hearts through all the trial, all the suffering of that terrible war. Has the government redeemed this pledge? Are the ten conquered states restored to the Union? Aye, they are represented in our national legislature, by men of their own choosing? Are they allowed to elect their own rulers at home, to make and administer their own home laws?

They are paralyzed by political disabilities, governed by usurpation and denied every right of American citizenship? Let the facts answer.

When the war was ended by their entire and perfect submission to our arms and to our terms, they held up their helpless hands and appealed to their conquerors for pardon. They besought their

them in their former rights, and let them sit down again in the shadow of the old flag.

She was pledged to do this before all the nations of the earth, and they believed that she would keep her faith. They expected that she would reach out her great arm and gather erring ones to her bosom with tender pity, saying, "These my children were dead and are alive again, they were lost and are found."

But she forgot her promises; forgot that the merciful shall obtain mercy; and instead of pursuing a course plainly indicated by the voice of humanity, by the precepts of our religion, and winning the hearts of the people, by kindness, and clemency back to their old love, their old allegiance, she adopted a cold, cruel policy that widened the breach, defeated the end and object of the war, and closed every avenue to reconciliation and peace.

And now, when the land is wasted and the people beggared—when they sit in sack cloth and ashes in the midst of their ruined hopes, in the desolation of their ruined homes; when delicate women and little children are perishing for bread, and strong men dying in despair, congress proposes to send hordes of half-savage men, low and brutal by nature, coarse and degraded by circumstances, armed with weapons and invested with power to rule and reign over their former masters.

The spirit of war followed our first parents from the garden of Eden. It has left the imprint of its bloody hand on every nation through all ages, over the whole earth. The victor has always spoiled the vanquished. But it was reserved for a christian land, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, to impose on a conquered and kindred people, oppression, outrage, cruelty that has no name in human language, no parallel in the world's history.

Union White Boys in Blue: As free-men, citizens of this great republic, you have a sacred trust to keep, a holy duty to perform, for which you are responsible to God, and to posterity. The dark cloud lowering in our political horizon is ominous of ruin to your highest interests, to your fondest hopes. Let no man deceive you, let no siren voice lull you into idle security. There is danger. Watch! And while this banner expresses to you the sentiments of the donors, let it remind you that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

A few years ago some of these states, hot-headed and inconsiderate, found cause of offense and withdrew from the Union. They staked their all on a cause which they believed to be just and right. They fought bravely, but they were defeated, their armies overthrown, their banners trailed in the dust.

You, who wore the blue won the glorious laurel, the gratitude of your country and proud mention on her roll of honor.

But was this the sole aim and object you proposed to attain through that long struggle for victory—that fearful sacrifice of human hopes and human life?

Was it for this that a million brave men left their wives, their children, their homes to encounter the privations and perils of war? To make long marches, through mud and mire, to spend weary days in the driving rain, sleepless nights on the cold ground, to meet wounds and death on the battlefield?

Was it for this that trembling hands and loving hearts girded the sword on sons and husbands and sent them forth with tears and blessings to rally round the old flag?

Was it for this that our country was covered with mourning and lamentation for her dead sons? For this that soldiers' widows and soldiers' orphans excite our love and sympathy throughout the length and breadth of the land?

Now, there must have been a grander incentive, a higher, holier motive to such action. What was it?

A hundred thousand living soldiers would reply, "We fought to preserve the Union." And if the dull, cold ear of death could hear; if its still white lips could speak, they would answer from a hundred thousand graves, "We died to preserve the Union."

The radicals have found another straw to cling to, in the case of a son of the late Stephen A. Douglass, who has recently made a speech in favor of Grant and Colfax, somewhere in North Carolina.

Aside from the indiscretion of a beardless boy, who may live to repeat a youthful folly, the case is well illustrated by a hundred thousand graves, "We died to preserve the Union."

Now, gentlemen, I maintain that the 520 bonds should be paid as far as it is possible to do so, without inflating the currency beyond a safe and just point. And it is my business now to show you how rapidly that can be done. The unliquidated debt of the United States consists of greenbacks and claims which have not been adjusted, and amounts to \$800,000,000. It pays no interest.

"Three hundred and thirty-eight millions of these bonds are, by the report of the secretary of the treasury, deposited today as security in the vaults of the treasury. Three hundred millions of bank paper is issued on the strength of these bonds. Now, gentlemen, I maintain that this circulation ought to be called in; that these bonds ought to be redeemed with legal tenders, which will take the place of that bank circulation. [Applause.]

"What would be the effect of this? The \$1,700,000,000 of interest bearing bonds would be reduced to \$1,400,000,000.

"It is good policy to put off the payment of the national debt for twenty, thirty or forty years, until we have paid it two, three or four times over in interest and then have to pay the principal at last."

"Why should not the bondholder pay his school, road and police taxes like other people; and why should they be assessed,

government from the interest which is paid to the bankers for bonds which they have deposited. [Cheers.]

"Now, then, suppose you take this \$20,000,000 of interest which is saved, and add it to the \$18,000,000 million which these gentlemen say they can pay from the current revenue, and you have \$63,000,000 year by year, and if you convert that sum into greenbacks, at 140, you have \$100,000,000 a year, and if this is appropriated as a sinking fund, you can pay the whole debt off in less than fifteen years, without adding one dollar to your taxation or one dollar to the circulating medium." [Applause.]

"But she forgot her promises; forgot that the merciful shall obtain mercy; and instead of pursuing a course plainly indicated by the voice of humanity, by the precepts of our religion, and winning the hearts of the people, by kindness, and clemency back to their old love, their old allegiance, she adopted a cold, cruel policy that widened the breach, defeated the end and object of the war, and closed every avenue to reconciliation and peace.

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