

THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

NO. 40.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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IN ALBANY, LINN COUNTY, OGN.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
ALBANY, OREGON.

J. QUINN THORNTON,
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Will practice in the Superior and Inferior
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H. MULLAY. D. MCKENNEY.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS,
OREGON CITY.

Particular Attention given to Land
Claims and Land Titles.
Oregon City, O., Dec. 20, 1865.

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WILL PROMPTLY ATTEND TO THE
writing and taking acknowledgments of
Deeds, Mortgages, and all other legal
Documents, in Oregon, and
WEST VIRGINIA, in New York State,
Albany, January 27, 1866.

DR. G. W. GRAY,

SURGEON DENTIST,
Lecturer of the
Dental College of
Albany.

Would again offer his professional services to
citizens of this place and surrounding country.
Office—Up stairs in Foster's Brick Building,
Business blocks of the Pacific Hotel,
Albany, August 16th, 1865.

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E. W. TRACY & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS TO TRACY & KING.)
ASSAYERS,
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THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR
GOLD DUST, LEGAL TENDERS, ETC.
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SOLD.

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Portland, Dec. 23, 1865.

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PARRISH & HOLMAN
PORTLAND, OGN.

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Stock Brokers,
AND
General Intelligence and Col-
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OFFICE—No. 58 Front Block, Front Street,
Portland, Dec. 23, 1865.

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
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DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER WARE,
MILITARY GOODS,
CLOCKS, &c., &c., &c.

No. 33 Front Street, Portland.
Portland, Dec. 23, 1865.

JOHN FERGUSON,

(OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.)
Will attend in person to the
Prosecution of Claims Awaiting in Oregon
and California.

And to the Settlement of Accounts with the
STATE TREASURY, WAR, NAVY AND POST OFFICE
DEPARTMENTS.

IN THE INDIAN BUREAU, LAND OR PATENT OFFICE.
Persons having business on hand will promptly
attend to the same, and obtain information from time to
time if desired.

Residence—No. 475 SEVENTH STREET,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C. 1863

JUST RECEIVED!

Direct from the Refinery 1
OF BARRIS SAN FRAN-
CISCO Refined Sugar.

ALSO
1000 Eggs Syrup, which is an article
very cheap.

W. FERGUSON & CO.
Albany, September 2, 1865.

THE "SECRET MOTIVE."

Opinion of President Lincoln's
Attorney General on the Vetoed
Bill—was maintained to Over-
turn the Government.

In a letter to a meeting of conserva-
tive citizens of St. Louis the Hon. Ed-
wards Bates subjects the Freedmen's
Bureau bill to a merciless analysis, in
which he exposes with unmistakable dis-
tinctness the ulterior revolutionary object
of the proposed statute, and denounces
with appropriate but logical severity the
subterfuge of its contrivers, which was
counteracted by the prompt and bold in-
terposition of the President. We subjoin
the letter referred to:

St. Louis, February 24, 1866.
Gen. E. B. Brown, President of the State
Central Committee Conservative Union
Party:

Sir: I am honored by the receipt of
your note of this day, inviting me to be
present at a mass meeting of the citizens
of St. Louis, to be held at the Court House
this evening at half past seven o'clock,
for the purpose of endorsing the action of
President Johnson in vetoing the Freed-
men's Bureau bill, and in support of his
general policy of national reconstruction.

I am very sorry that the bad state of
my health forbids my attendance, and the
more so because I believe there will not
be a man at the meeting who feels a greater
abhorrence than I do for the bill whose
wicked career has been stopped by the
President's timely veto. My feeling upon
this subject does not spring entirely
from any disgust of the factious spirit
and malicious egotism of the clique
which now dominates over Congress, but
from the intrinsic merits of the bill,
ascertained by a careful examination of
its provisions. I think I understand it.
I can see (the most casual reader can see)
its glaring and defiant breaches of the
Constitution—and I think I can see also
the hidden motive, the secret design of
the conspirators, who planned the scheme
to overturn our Government of law, and
set up in its stead a frightful military
oligarchy. And this wicked purpose be-
trays itself in several provisions of the
bill, which are so arranged in the context
as to seem, to a hasty observer, to be se-
cure and subordinate to the ostensible
object, the protection of the freedmen.

The bill provides (in its first section)
for the continuance of the original act
(of March 3d, 1865) to establish a Freed-
men's Bureau, and extends it to all
States and Territories in all parts of the
United States. It empowers the President
to divide the United States into dis-
tricts, not to exceed twelve, and with the
advice and consent of the Senate, to ap-
point an assistant commissioner for each
district. Two or more districts may be
created in any one State, and the exact
number into which any one district shall
be divided shall be determined by the
Commissioner of the district, and gov-
erned each district, despotically, by
one of his own Major Generals. This
section goes on—"or the said Bureau
may, in the discretion of the President,
be placed under a commissioner and as-
sistant commissioners, to be detailed from
the army." And the act does not spec-
ify either the rank or the color of the per-
son to be detailed from the army to
rule the nation through the Freedmen's
Bureau.

Section two empowers the commis-
sioner to divide each district into sub-dis-
tricts, (not less than a county or parish),
and to assign to each sub-district "at least
one agent, either a citizen, officer of the
army, or enlisted man." The section goes
on to say, "each assistant commis-
sioner may employ not exceeding six
clerks; and each agent of a sub-district
(being one or more for each sub-district,
as suits the pleasure of the commissioner)
may employ two clerks. And so in the
twenty-two; and in the sub-districts the
agents will to at least as many thousands
as there are counties and parishes in the
nation; and their clerks to double that
number, besides the employees mentioned
in the bill.

And the same section provides that the
President, through the War Department
and the Commissioner, shall extend mil-
itary jurisdiction over all the employees,
agents, and officers of this Bureau, in the
exercise of all the duties imposed or au-
thorized by this act or the act to which
this act is supplementary." And here I
will draw your attention to that part of
their duties especially imposed and au-
thorized by the eighth section of the bill,
thus: "And it shall be the duty of the
officers and agents of this Bureau, (all of
them, great and small, without distinc-
tion), to take jurisdiction of and hear and
determine all offences committed against
the provisions of this section; and also of
all cases affecting negroes, mulattoes,
freedmen, refugees, or other persons who
are not discriminated against, in any of
the particulars mentioned in the preced-
ing section of this act, under, not the
Constitution and laws, but under such
rules and regulations as the President of
the United States, through the War De-
partment, shall prescribe."

These are some of the enormities of the
vetoed bill, framed in the remoteness of
partisan power, in contempt of the writ-
ten Constitution, and in open violation of
the historical opinions and traditional
faith of the people of the United States.
As all these thousands of officers, agents,
and employees of the Bureau may, at the
discretion of the President, be detailed
from the army, it is plain that every man
of them may be an enlisted man in the
army, and white or black, as may best
suit the fancy of the detailing officer.

Only imagine such a military organi-
zation, with a despotic head at the seat of
the Government, and despotic members
permeating the whole mass of the commu-
nity and exhibiting its power in organized
form, in every county and parish, and
the President himself, by Trumbull's bill,
to extend military protection over them,
against every effort to restrain, by legal

and civil means, the wantonness of their arbitrary power!

Think you that the people of the
United States are already so far degraded
into passive obedience as to submit tamely
to such an atrocious outrage, even if
sanctioned by the unanimous voice of a
factious Congress, and approved by a sub-
servient President? No, verily. They
are not yet ready to abandon their Consti-
tution and renounce all hope of legal
liberty, by giving over their lives, liberties,
and properties, to be disposed of at the cap-
rice of petty officers and agents of a pe-
titory subdivision of the War Department,
called a bureau. They will insist upon
their legal rights as freemen and Ameri-
can citizens; they will demand the pro-
tection of the laws of their country; and
if charged with crime, or drawn into con-
troversy about property or contracts, they
will insist upon a court and jury, and will
refuse to be tried by any petty despot,
detailed from the army, whether he be
white or black.

Constitutional government and liberty
by law are worth fighting for. We have
just passed through a bloody war to
maintain them against a set of traitors,
and I make no doubt that the people will
be as ready, if need be, to resist in the
same way any other set of traitors who
seek to destroy the legal Government by
insidious artifice and bold usurpation.

An eminent English publicist, (Mill),
on representative Government, gives it as
his opinion, that representative institu-
tions depend for their permanency upon
the readiness of the people to fight for
them in case of their being endangered.
If too little valued for this, they seldom
obtain a footing at all; and if they do, are
almost sure to be overturned as soon as
the head of the Government or any party
leader who can muster force for a coup
de main is willing to run some small risk
for absolute power."

I think it a fortunate thing for the
country, that the Radical faction is so de-
mented as to pick a quarrel with the
President because he refuses to be the
instrument to overturn the Constitution
and substitute in its place a military des-
potism, and to stake their political for-
tunes upon the monstrous vice and fol-
lies of the Trumbull bill. For, in doing
so, they do but insure their own defeat,
and consequently, the restoration of law,
order, and peace, and revival of national
respect for legal government and national
love for liberty by law.

Even the emancipated negro, for whose
sake it is pretended this wrong is done,
will not long fail to see the hypocrisy and
fraud of the transaction. They will see
that while they are ejected with the pre-
tense of liberty and equity before the law,
this wicked bill subjects them to the
power of military overlords, excludes them
from all legal protection, denies them the
right to appeal to the courts of law for
redress of grievances, and requires the
agents and officers of the Bureau to "take
jurisdiction of all cases" which concern
them and their interests.

Very respectfully, your friend and fel-
low citizen,
EDWARD BATES.

NOW AND THEN.

One year ago any man who would have
the temerity to intimate that Mr. Lincoln
met his death at the instigation of any
member of the Republican party, or that
his assassin was in league with any but
Southern rebels, would have put his life
in imminent danger from the loyal mob,
or would have been almost certain to be
arrested and put in prison by the military
authorities should such information or ex-
pression come to their knowledge. The
war was at an end then as much as it is
now, and hence there was no excuse in
military necessity for summary proceed-
ings against political offenders. Now a
Radical paper in Chicago distinctly
charges President Johnson with conspiring
with Booth and instigating the assas-
sination of Lincoln to compass his own
ambitious ends, and enters into an elaborate
statement of the facts, and circum-
stances upon which the charge is predi-
cated. Such are the charges in Radical
ethics, and all must conform to the charge
under the penalty of vituperate abuse or
bodily assault. To question the immo-
latability and wisdom of the President
there is reason for which no punish-
ment was to be vindictive. To assail the
President now and to charge him with in-
famous crime, is only an evidence of loyal
and patriotic zeal. The masses who blind-
ly follow their Radical leaders are swayed
in solid columns from one extreme of
fanatic absurdity to the other, with no
effort at reasoning or discriminating for
themselves than so many dumb brutes.
In view of these facts we are at times all
inclined to the belief that they are
right in claiming that the plantation neg-
roes—the white and the colored—are their
equals.—[Sonoma Democrat.]

LINCOLN'S INTENTION.—Ex United
States Marshal W. H. Lamson has ad-
dressed a letter to President Johnson,
relative to the views of the late President
Lincoln on reconstruction. After de-
nouncing Stevens and the Radicals as
disunionists, Lamson says:
"I came here as Lincoln's special friend,
and was Marshal of this district during
his whole administration, down to the day
of his death. I was on the most confi-
dential and intimate relations with him.
I was made entirely certain, by his own
repeated declaration to me, that he would
exercise all his authority, power, and influ-
ence to bring about an immediate recon-
ciliation between the two sections of the
country. As far as depended on him, he
would have had the Southern States rep-
resented in both Houses of Congress
within the shortest possible time. All
the energies of his nature were given to
the vigorous prosecution of the war while
the rebellion lasted; but he was equally
determined upon a vigorous prosecution
of peace as soon as armed hostilities
should be ended. He knew the base de-
signs of the Radicals to keep up the strife
for their own advantage; and he was de-
termined to thwart them, as he himself
told me very often.

DEATH ON THE GALLOWS.

Sensations and Emotions, Mental
and Physical.—Strange Narrative of
a Recondite Felon.

Ten years ago I was elected
Sheriff of this county. This was my first
election, and I have been returned regu-
larly ever since. My first attempt to open
Court was made during an important
trial. The criminal was a depraved, des-
perate wretch, who had been indicted for
an atrocious and brutal murder. The
fellow was greatly hardened and seemed
to care but little how the trial went—the
evidence was strong against him, and
when the case was submitted to the jury,
they returned a verdict of guilty without
leaving their seats.

The execution was fixed for a day two
weeks after the trial. Of course it was
my duty to put the rope around his neck
and launch him into eternity. It was a
distasteful duty, I assure you; for, though
I knew full well the man deserved his
death, I did not relish the idea of hang-
ing him. I got through it, however, and
set him to dancing in the air. He did
not struggle much, and I thought had an
easy death. After hanging the usual time
he was cut down, and his body given to
his friends for interment. I thought
I had seen the last of the man, as the
wagon containing the body drove out of
the jail yard; but I was mistaken.

About four months after the execution,
I happened to be passing my barn when
I saw a man sitting on the doorway, with
his head resting on his hands. I did not
like his looks, so I approached him and
asked what he wanted there. He raised
his head, and looked at me in silence. I
am not given to superstition, and I don't
think I'm very timid, but I felt my blood
grow ice-cold as I recognized in the man
before me the one whose execution I had
conducted. His face showed no traces of
his violent end; and the only indications
of it now visible, was a slight discolor-
ment of the neck. I scarcely knew what
to think, for I had seen him hung and
heard him pronounced dead and had deliv-
ered his body to his friends for burial,
and yet, after a lapse of four months,
there he sat, looking at me with a face as
white as a sheet. The terror that was ex-
hibited in his countenance convinced me
that he was no ghost, so I asked him, with
as much coolness as I could command:
"Jack Larkin, do you know me?"

"You're the man that hung me," he
replied doggedly, at the same time moving
away.
"Before you go, Larkin," said I, "I
would like to hear how you cheated the
gallows."
"You won't peach on any of them folks
as helped me, will you?"
"No," I replied, "I will not get them
into any trouble. I simply wish to know
how you felt when you were hanging, and
how you were resuscitated."
He hesitated for some time, but, upon
revelation of my assurance, that none of his
friends should be informed, he told me
the following story:
When I put the rope around his neck,
and left him on the gallows, he felt a
faintness about the heart, caused by his
realizing his fearful situation for the first
time; but before he had time to think,
the trap was sprung, and he fell through
the opening. The shock of the fall was
rather more startling than painful, and
did not produce either insensibility or
confusion. His thoughts were remark-
ably clear, and he seemed to have the
power of seeing far above, below and all
around him. Everything assumed a
bright vermilion hue, and a soft dreamy
langor gradually stole over him, until he
became insensible. There was nothing
painful or unpleasant in anything he had
undergone. He seemed to be sinking
gently into a delicious sleep, and all his
thoughts were pleasant. The next he
remembered was being wrung by the most
agonizing torture. The pains were not
confined to any particular place, but ex-
tended through the whole body. His
first thought was that he was in perdition,
and was suffering the penalty of his
crimes. The pains increased each mo-
ment, and at last became so intense that
he started to his feet with a scream of
anguish, at the same time opening his
eyes. Great was his surprise to find him-
self in his father's house, in the midst of
his friends and relatives. He fainted at
once, and when he recovered found him-
self in his own bed. As soon as it was
thought safe to do so, his friends informed
him that, upon bringing his body home,
they had determined to try to resuscitate
him, although they feared it would be
useless. They worked faithfully, and at
last succeeded.

"But, sir," said the man, in confusion,
"coming to life again was much worse
than dying."
The man promised to leave the State,
and try and do better. I had but little
confidence in him, yet I let him go. He
kept his word, however, and a short time
ago I heard he was a well-to-do farmer in
one of the Territories.

This gentleman, in the manner in
which I got my ideas about hanging, and
I think you will admit their force.—[Chat-
taanooga Gazette.]

"I recognize the Democratic doctrine of
State Rights, in its application to slavery, as
well as to other local affairs, and while I
have a seat in this chamber I shall resist
attempts to encroach upon the reserved
rights of the sovereign States of the Union.
I will stand side by side with my Demo-
cratic friends in vindication of the Virginia
and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799,
which they endorsed at Baltimore in 1852."

The man who said this was Senator Henry
Wilson, of Massachusetts, the colleague of
Sumner, and a leading Radical. The pledge
was given on the 3d of February, 1855.
Senator Wade, of Ohio, and other leading
Radicals then took the same ground. We
have no doubt the time will come when
they will regret that they did not fulfill the
promise thus voluntarily made. The doctrine
of State Rights and the resolutions of 1798
and 1799 will yet be a necessity to New England.
—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

STANTON.

Having got the nigger job under fair
headway, there seems to be a disposition,
about Cape Cod and vicinity, to do up the
poor white man. A writer for the At-
lantic Monthly for February has been
through the South and gives his views on
Reconstruction. He says:

"The injustice done to three-fourths of
them (the poor whites) was hardly less
than that done to all the slaves. There
are two kinds of slavery, and negro slavery
was only more wicked and odious than
white slavery. It is the national
duty to deal with these States in such
manner as will most surely exalt the lower
and middle classes of their inhabitants.
The nation must teach them a knowledge
of their own rights, while it also teaches
them respect for its rights and the rights
of man for man."

"We were satisfied that our time would
come next! Here we have been, a poor
devil of an editor, a poor white man who
was left by the war with the small fortune,
of a string-halted contempera, a pair of
boots, and a calico shirt, sitting on our
trump in a vague state of uncertainty
about our rights, and just as we were
about giving up all attempts to fathom
them, we discover that the nation having
reconstructed the nigger, considers it a
solemn duty to reconstruct us. We are
to be taught in the first place a "knowl-
edge of our rights." Very good; for we
candidly admit that we possess no knowl-
edge on that point, at the present. We
are, next, to be taught a "respect for its
rights." Very good again; for we know
nothing which needs more respect. Then
we are to be taught "the rights of man
for man." We need enlightenment on
this point, for we don't understand the
writer.

The plan by which we are to be taught
is the "block-gang" system; on one side
of the block is a refreshing picture of a
nigger under the lash; and on the other
side some such moral questions and an-
swers as—"Who made the old Constitu-
tion, that league with sin and covenant
with hell?" "George Washington a
slaveholder." "Who made the new Con-
stitution—the higher law?" "Thaddeus
Stevens and Sumner." "Who stole?"
says Mr. Thad. Stevens? "Is lost in ever-
lasting flames?" "Chief Justice Taney's."
"Who stole is marching on to glory-hallelujah!" "John Birn's."
"Who burned Thad. Stevens' Iron
Works?" "R. E. Lee." "Who bruised
Sumner's back?" "Preston Brooks."
By this system we hope to get along
finely. The chief difficulty in the way is
an old-fashioned idea of ours that a nigger
is a nigger—not a colored person, but a
black (Niger) man, from the banks of
the Niger; not a negro, as the French call
him, but a downright old Anglo Saxon,
thick skulled, woolly-headed, soft-footed,
flat-footed, perfumed nigger, and nothing
but a nigger. If that idea can be wiped
out, we think our brain will be a *tabula
rasa* for the experiment of Yankee school-
masters. Come on, gentlemen! as soon
as you get through with the nigger, the
lower and middle classes of the South,
which have produced such idiots as Pat-
rick Henry, Andrew Jackson, Henry
Clay, John C. Calhoun and Andrew John-
son, need your guiding hand!—[Mont-
gomery Mail.]

A HOWLING DERIVIS.—As a speci-
men of loyal clerical denunciation of the
President, we publish the following ex-
tract from a letter to the Sacramento
Union, dated Boston, February 25th:
"Some of our clergy 'let themselves
out' on politics generally, and the Presi-
dent in particular, yesterday. Rev. D.
A. Wasson, Theo. Parker's successor,
took the text, 'Woe to thee, O land,
when thy King is a child,' and said that
President Johnson was a greater traitor
than Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot.
The latter he said, was conscious of his
guilt, and, repenting, hanged himself;
but Johnson, after betraying the party
who placed him in his position, gloried in
his shame. But Rev. G. H. Hepworth,
pastor of the Church of the Unity, took
the palm for the boldness and bitterness
of his utterances. He said: 'To-day
we weep over our murdered President,
for God knows we have no President of
the United States at this hour. The
President had hinted at assassination.
O, Mr. President, you will never be killed.
Only the good and great die. You will
live forever. He calls himself a self-
made man. We can well believe it, for
it is no credit to have made himself.'
Hepworth lamented the choice of Johnson
for Vice President, and said of him: 'He
had never dared to say or think that
slavery was wrong.' The church was
crowded to its utmost capacity—Com-
modore Winslow being one of the auditors,

STEARLING IN THE INDIAN BUREAU.
—A few days before the adjournment of
Congress, writes "Mack," the Washing-
ton correspondent of the Cincinnati Com-
mercial, (writer and paper both being
Republican) a resolution was pushed
through both Houses, appropriating a half
million of dollars for destitute Indians.
Half of this amount, he thinks, will stick
to the hands through which it is intended
to pass to the Indians. It occurs to him
as somewhat singular that everybody who
has anything to do with this business gets
rich, and he alleges that there are in-
stances where agents and employees have
been known to save \$50,000 a year out of
a salary of \$3,000! It must be a source
of satisfaction to the people who pay the
excessive taxation of the present day to
know that the public money is fished so
cheerlessly. We hardly think they are
willing to impoverish themselves to en-
rich a gang of Republican thieves.

Aaron Bedbug, of Lewis county, Ken-
tucky, has petitioned the Legislature to
change his name. He says that his sweet
heart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling
that he should be called A. Bedbug, the O,
Bedbug, and the little ones Little Bedbug,

Undoubtedly women suffer great wrongs,
but when we look at the door creatures, we
often think they need to be repressed quite
as much as their wrongs.
Josh Billings said, the other night, that a
good way for a man to train up a child
is to let him see the door creatures, and
that he should go, was to travel that way
himself.

THE POOR WHITE NEXT.

Having got the nigger job under fair
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and middle classes of their inhabitants.
The nation must teach them a knowledge
of their own rights, while it also teaches
them respect for its rights and the rights
of man for man."

"We were satisfied that our time would
come next! Here we have been, a poor
devil of an editor, a poor white man who
was left by the war with the small fortune,
of a string-halted contempera, a pair of
boots, and a calico shirt, sitting on our
trump in a vague state of uncertainty
about our rights, and just as we were
about giving up all attempts to fathom
them, we discover that the nation having
reconstructed the nigger, considers it a
solemn duty to reconstruct us. We are
to be taught in the first place a "knowl-
edge of our rights." Very good; for we
candidly admit that we possess no knowl-
edge on that point, at the present. We
are, next, to be taught a "respect for its
rights." Very good again; for we know
nothing which needs more respect. Then
we are to be taught "the rights of man
for man." We need enlightenment on
this point, for we don't understand the
writer.

The plan by which we are to be taught
is the "block-gang" system; on one side
of the block is a refreshing picture of a
nigger under the lash; and on the other
side some such moral questions and an-
swers as—"Who made the old Constitu-
tion, that league with sin and covenant
with hell?" "George Washington a
slaveholder." "Who made the new Con-
stitution—the higher law?" "Thaddeus
Stevens and Sumner." "Who stole?"
says Mr. Thad. Stevens? "Is lost in ever-
lasting flames?" "Chief Justice Taney's."
"Who stole is marching on to glory-hallelujah!" "John Birn's."
"Who burned Thad. Stevens' Iron
Works?" "R. E. Lee." "Who bruised
Sumner's back?" "Preston Brooks."
By this system we hope to get along
finely. The chief difficulty in the way is
an old-fashioned idea of ours that a nigger
is a nigger—not a colored person, but a
black (Niger) man, from the banks of
the Niger; not a negro, as the French call
him, but a downright old Anglo Saxon,
thick skulled, woolly-headed, soft-footed,
flat-footed, perfumed nigger, and nothing
but a nigger. If that idea can be wiped
out, we think our brain will be a *tabula
rasa* for the experiment of Yankee school-
masters. Come on, gentlemen! as soon
as you get through with the nigger, the
lower and middle classes of the South,
which have produced such idiots as Pat-
rick Henry, Andrew Jackson, Henry
Clay, John C. Calhoun and Andrew John-
son, need your guiding hand!—[Mont-
gomery Mail.]

A HOWLING DERIVIS.—As a speci-
men of loyal clerical denunciation of the
President, we publish the following ex-
tract from a letter to the Sacramento
Union, dated Boston, February 25th:
"Some of our clergy 'let themselves
out' on politics generally, and the Presi-
dent in particular, yesterday. Rev. D.
A. Wasson, Theo. Parker's successor,
took the text, 'Woe to thee, O land,
when thy King is a child,' and said that
President Johnson was a greater traitor
than Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot.
The latter he said, was conscious of his
guilt, and, repenting, hanged himself;
but Johnson, after betraying the party
who placed him in his position, gloried in
his shame. But Rev. G. H. Hepworth,
pastor of the Church of the Unity, took
the palm for the boldness and bitterness
of his utterances. He said: 'To-day
we weep over our murdered President,
for God knows we have no President of
the United States at this hour. The
President had hinted at assassination.
O, Mr. President, you will never be killed.
Only the good and great die. You will
live forever. He calls himself a self-
made man. We can well believe it, for
it is no credit to have made himself.'
Hepworth lamented the choice of Johnson
for Vice President, and said of him: 'He
had never dared to say or think that
slavery was wrong.' The church was
crowded to its utmost capacity—Com-
modore Winslow being one of the auditors,

STEARLING IN THE INDIAN BUREAU.
—A few days before the adjournment of
Congress, writes "Mack," the Washing-
ton correspondent of the Cincinnati Com-
mercial, (writer and paper both being
Republican) a resolution was pushed
through both Houses, appropriating a half
million of dollars for destitute Indians.
Half of this amount, he thinks, will stick
to the hands through which it is intended
to pass to the Indians. It occurs to him