

# THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 1.

ALBANY, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

NO. 47

## STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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ALBANY, LINN COUNTY, OGN.  
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SURGEON DENTIST,  
Late Graduate of the  
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Dental Surgery.

Would again offer his professional services to all  
citizens of this place and surrounding country.  
Office—Up stairs in Bowen's Brick Building,  
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THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR  
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(OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA).  
Will attend in person to the  
Presentation of Claims arising in Oregon  
and California,  
And to the Settlement of Accounts with the  
STATE TREASURY, WAR, NAVY AND POST OFFICE  
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### JUST RECEIVED!

50 BARRICKS SAN FRAN-  
cisco Half-Dollar Sugar.

Also  
500 Hops Sugar which we are selling  
very cheap.

J. FLEISCHNER & CO.  
Albany, September 24, 1865.

## INDICTMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(From the Richmond Examiner.)  
Full History of the Foul and Mur-  
derous Plot—Judge Underwood  
and the Conspiracy against the  
Life of Jefferson Davis—His Per-  
formances as Convict and Head  
Him—How the Jury was Packed  
—The Character of the Men—The  
Radical Howling for the Blood  
of Jefferson Davis—The Secret  
History of Judge Underwood and  
His Conspirators in Richmond.

The intended programme of Judge Underwood and his "Court," at Norfolk, had been secretly forwarded to us before he made his advent into that city, but as we had no means of knowing the names of those who were to be his judges, we doubted his genuineness, and chose not to divulge it until we might wait and see if the real enactment would correspond with the story told us. Underwood has strictly fulfilled his engagement, and the seal of secrecy having been removed from our lips, we proceed to give as briefly as possible a full history of the murderous plot to take the life of Jefferson Davis.

### HOW UNDERWOOD PACKED HIS JURY.

Long before the meeting of his Court, "Judge" Underwood was secretly devising means by which he could muster a jury in this State who would be sure to execute his purposes, and find a bill of indictment against Mr. Davis. This was the first step in the game, and Underwood knew the importance of securing it; if this failed, all failed. He was in consultation here with the "Farmer Club," and obtained from them a list of names of those who had already committed themselves by their antecedents and speeches (as will be shown hereafter) in favor of the hanging of Mr. Davis. This part of his programme being secured, he goes to Norfolk and sends his Deputy United States Marshal (a Mr. Dumont) to Richmond to summon a jury, a list of which was furnished the Marshal by Underwood himself. Upon that list were the following names: Hannicut, Franklin Stearnes, James E. Lipscomb, William N. Tinsley, B. Wardwell, D. Davis, T. Dudley, Jr., W. Fay.

### CHARACTER OF THE MEN FROM RICHMOND WHO SAT ON THE JURY.

The above list, as will be seen, (furnished the Marshal, we repeat, by Underwood himself) is headed by the name of Hannicut, editor of a dirty negro sheet published here, called the New Nation—an infamous, unscrupulous old villain who has been anything and everything, from whisky-seller to preacher. Several years since he made his first appearance in Fredericksburg, with the aspiration of passing himself off as a Baptist preacher and journalist. His numerous articles incited the citizens of that town at first to believe that he was a crack-brain idiot. But it required not much time to prove to their utter satisfaction that he was cracked all over, and void of all honesty. Latterly, he removed to Richmond, where he has shown himself to be a loud, stupid, hypocrite and knave. Here, Hannicut took negroes to his embrace, and harangued them on Capitol Square, under the shadow of Washington's statue, and his themes are negro suffrage, equality and miscegenation.

W. N. Tinsley is a Virginian by birth, but a brute by nature, who made a fortune out of the Confederacy by making bread for the soldiers, and then ran off for Europe, but—stopped in New York! This fellow Tinsley is of a good family, and his connections are very respectable, but they are ashamed of him. They feel that he has disgraced them, and they repudiate and disown him with the utmost indignation. A traitor to his kin, his friends, his acquaintances, his fellow citizens and his State, he was justly considered by Underwood as vile enough for his atrocious purposes.

Next on the list comes Wardwell, the Yankee "coolie man," whose blood is frozen by the thing he deals in. Wardwell was disqualified to sit on that jury, and Mr. Davis' counsel will have a perfect right to challenge the indictment he helped to frame, for he had formed and expressed an opinion to his guilt or innocence, in these words, as can be established by the oath of a gentleman of this city: "If I was on the jury that is to try Jefferson Davis, I would hang him to the first tree that would bear his form." This man holds a position as deputy, under Humphreys, Collector of Customs for the port of Richmond, and is one of those double-faced impostors who have deceived Mr. Johnson and whom, we trust, he will remove as soon as he learns their true characters. Mr. Humphreys is now in Washington, moving heaven and earth to secure his appointment, fearing that the President will not send in his name for confirmation. If President Johnson knew the true character of the man, and what a bitter enemy he is to his administration and his policy, and how thoroughly he is at heart with the Radicals, Humphreys' head would soon be chopped off in the basket.

The next of the willing slaves of the District "Judge" is Fay—the culprit Fay—an indigo blue Yankee, another deputy of Collector Humphreys; a man who could take the oath, or any other oath, with equal indifference. He was sent to Virginia to catch out a jury, and he knew his part and performed it.

The fourth one is Davis, a full-blooded Yankee, who ran away from us during the war, and has since returned, without an invitation. He was a notoriously bad character previous to his flight, and his negro has but added to his disrepute. This Davis is what is called a jack-leg carpenter, and he is eager for the job of building a scaffold for his illustrious namesake.

The next, but not least, of the five worthless scoundrels who have made themselves accessories before the fact to the murder of Jefferson Davis, is old Dudley, a Yankee, who was too old to run off, being over the conscription age, and who consequently turned his attention to

speculation during our great tribulation, and realized, it is said, a large fortune. He is a liquor merchant on Main street, an old resident of the city, and hates Mr. Davis because he is a temperate man, who lent his influence against the sale of ardent spirits during the war.

### HOW UNDERWOOD MADE SURE OF HIS GAME.

In order to have in his hands none but pliant tools, Judge Underwood instructed his deputy marshal not to enforce the attendance of parties; he wanted none that would not be volunteers in the inquiry. See the cunning villainy of this Underwood was determined not to endanger the success of his plans by having any unwilling jurors. He had selected his men, but they would not be trustworthy if they were forced into service. The jury must be perfectly willing to do the job, or the whole plot might miscarry. This makes the conduct of those creatures who went to Norfolk and did Underwood's bidding even more atrocious and despicable, for it was voluntary with them, and they could have refused to attend. In fact, two of them did refuse to go—Franklin Stearnes and James E. Lipscomb, and for this one good act they deserve much credit. This makes the conduct of those creatures who went to Norfolk and did Underwood's bidding even more atrocious and despicable, for it was voluntary with them, and they could have refused to attend. In fact, two of them did refuse to go—Franklin Stearnes and James E. Lipscomb, and for this one good act they deserve much credit.

### THE JURYMEN SELECTED IN NORFOLK.

The Norfolk papers tell us that the parties raked up from that city to sit upon the jury were no better than those picked from Richmond. Speaking of them, the Norfolk Virginian says:

"We make the declaration, the truth of which will be attested by every respectable man in this community, that so far as the Norfolk men are concerned who were on that jury, a more unreliable set could not be found in this or any other community. Three of them are deserters from the Confederate ranks. Butler mitigated his infamy in this community, by fixing perjury on one of them. And another seeking a lawyer's depth, after he turned Union man, went into the business of running blockade goods into the Confederacy, and yet, as a jurymen, took the oath that he had never given aid and comfort to the South." This is a true bill against some of the men who are attempting to fix treason upon Jefferson Davis.

### THE RADICALS PLOTTING FOR THE LIFE OF MR. DAVIS.

From the conspiracy of Judge Underwood it is very plain that he is carrying out, in letter and spirit, the programme arranged with, devilish ingenuity by the Radicals at Washington, and that Mr. Davis is to be executed, if men be enough for the purpose can be found. It is even whispered that between this and June an act of Congress will limit Executive power. Mr. Davis is to die, if Radical malignity, assisted by all the subtlety of devils, can attain that dire result. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun admits as much in the following paragraph of his correspondence:

"The indictment of Jefferson Davis by the United States Marshal, and setting his case for trial at Richmond in June, in accordance with the programme agreed upon here. Judge Underwood is expected to bring the trial of Mr. Davis to a close on the 15th of the month. The trial of Mr. Davis will undoubtedly take place at an early day in the June session as possible, and will, of course, be conducted with all due formalities, but as all arrangements necessary to secure a conviction have been made, the result may be easily predicted. It is the settled purpose of certain men in high position here to have Mr. Davis executed, if it is within the range of possibility, and they are not slow in asserting that the people of the North will never allow the interposition of Executive clemency.

### ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS STOLEN.

It is announced from Washington that the investigations of Assistant Secretary Chandler have disclosed the startling fact that the United States Treasury has been defrauded of more than one hundred millions of dollars during the past year! The frauds involve military and civil officials at the South. A special committee of investigation will be appointed. These men, it should be borne in mind, are not Southerners. They are petty Abolition politicians of the North, who have been pensioned off upon the bounty of the party in power, in military positions. They are the scum thrown to the surface by the vitiated condition of affairs during the past few years, and having failed to secure like so many of the tribe ample fortunes during the war, have taken to down-right stealing in time of peace. They were sent to occupy the places at the South because they were "loyal" and could "stake the oath." The system of robbery organized by men who have influence with the leaders of the dominant party, has cost the country vast sums of money, and the climax has been reached. The people who pay taxes—furnish the material on which these corruptors fatten, will put an end to their iniquities, and render it impossible for a repetition of them, by ousting from power a corrupt and profligate party by whose management these gross wrongs have been made possible.—[Middleton (N. Y.) Banner.

A young man in Vermont, bent on securing a partner for life, called on a young lady and invited her to ride. He made himself as agreeable as possible for the first few miles, and then, having mastered all his many courtesies, broached the subject in the following style: "Will you marry me?" The answer was as evasive as it was short: "No, sir." Gallant went says: "Well, get out and go home on foot, then." The lady obeyed orders, and reached home in safety.

There is much wisdom in a few words spoken by an English farmer, who advised "to feed land before it is hungry, to rest it before it is weary, and to weed it before it is foul."

## SPEECH OF HON. A. G. THURMAN.

Delivered before the Ohio Democratic State Convention at Columbus, on the 24th day of May, 1866, on being elected Chairman.

Gentlemen of the Convention: I am very sensible of the honor conferred upon me by being called upon to preside over your deliberations. And I am the more bound to make my acknowledgments, that it comes unsolicited and without even a wish on my part. I return my thanks to you, gentlemen, and will endeavor to follow the path of duty according to the confidence you have reposed in me. And to do so, I am sure, will not be a difficult task; for never did greater harmony prevail in our grand and time-honored party, and never did its delegates assemble in Convention with more of fraternal feeling, or with a firmer resolution to stand by the principles that have made the name of the party a synonym of whatever expresses good government, and that will in the future secure to our organization an existence as enduring as time. Where all are actuated by the same noble motives, and neither jealousy, or selfishness finds a place, the duties of a presiding officer are so simple that it is scarcely possible to go far wrong. Gentlemen, we have very often met in Convention before, and under the most various circumstances—at times when all was so bright around us that the most far-sighted and distrustful could perceive no speck of danger in our political sky, and again, when that sky was overcast with dark and threatening clouds, and the hearts of our people were sorely tried and sorely tried.

But whether in sunshine or in darkness, in calm or in tempest, our party has never failed to stand by its principles, and to its honest convictions. To say that I have never erred would be to claim for it a more than human intelligence. To say that it seldom erred and never intentionally, is but to speak the verdict of history. It is 65 years since the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson. During 48 years of that period the Government was in the hands of the Democratic party. During nearly eight of the remaining seven years, though presided over by Presidents not of our choice, it was administered in main, upon Democratic principles. In this long lapse of time there was witnessed, what had never been witnessed before, a total absence of civil commotion, and a profound peace for fifty out of fifty-six years. And not peace alone, but also, unexampled freedom, growth and prosperity, and happiness. No man ever lost life, liberty or property, for a political offense, under a Democratic administration. No man was ever deprived of such an administration, of life, liberty or property, without due process of law. No political hostility ever darkened and disgraced the face of the land. No prison doors were ever then closed against the sacred writ of habeas corpus. No military commission, organized to convict, ever then usurped the functions of the lawmaker and of the civil courts. No tongue or press was ever then silenced by arbitrary power. And never, no, was any man ever tried or heard of as an American exile.

Who can look at this picture of liberty, security, happiness and national glory, feebly though it be drawn, without feeling his heart swell with an honest pride at the thought that he belongs to a party that has such a history? What a sad reverse the last few years present. I need not say. Their events are too fresh in our recollections to require recital.

And now, gentlemen, we are again assembled in council to consult and to act for the common welfare. The storm of war has passed by, but we are yet very far, I fear, from the haven of peace and safety. Indeed it may well be doubted, whether we have ever seen a time of more peril than the present. After four years of bloody war to preserve the Union, as we are told, we are to see the party that arranged to exclude the Southern States from representation, practically dissolving what it pretended to preserve. We see eleven States that have had down their arms, are obedient to the Constitution and the laws, and are anxious to resume the exercise of their constitutional rights, forcibly deprived of them, heavily taxed without representation, and ruled by laws in which they have no voice. And this is done by a party that calls itself Union and Republican. Pray, gentlemen, if this be Union what is dissolution? If this be Republicanism what is despotism? If this be one ever hear English rule over Ireland, Austria rule over Hungary, or Russian rule over Poland called populism? I fancy not—and yet wherein do they differ in principle from that rule which our Abolition so-called Congress exercises and is striving to consolidate over the Southern States? And who does not see that if the precedent be set and approved of Congress excluding a State, or States from representation, there never will be wanting a pretext for a like exclusion of any State obnoxious to a majority of the Congress, or whose representation would oppose a bar to the schemes of that majority or to the perpetuation of its power? If the representation of a State is to depend upon the will of Congress, instead of the provisions of the Constitution, of what use is the Constitution, or what vitality has one Government? What would have been said had the Congress, when the Hartford Convention was in session, and when Massachusetts forbade her militia to pass her own borders to defend the country, excluding the New England States from representation? What would the Sumners, and Wades, and Stevenses of that day have said to that end? And yet there was just as much right to do so then, as there is to exclude the Southern

## ITEMS FROM THE SOUTH.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)  
A DANGEROUS DELUSION.

There are multitudes of men attached to the ideas and principles that are vulgarly called "Democratic," who are nursing the delusion that the Democratic party is going to carry the day in the next Fall elections, by some kind of "manifest destiny." We wish to say to all such that they are hugging to their bosoms a most dangerous delusion. It is not numbers that win. It is organization. Through most parts of the States, and through most parts of every State, Democrats are as thoroughly disorganized a mass of voters as the demon of disorder could wish. We want, in time, to tell the Democratic party that a disastrous defeat is before them, next Fall, unless they bestir themselves betimes. The winking and nodding of Democratic political managers, at the last moment, will fail, as it has failed, most shamefully, in your lately past election. Let these be the position, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been deluded, by Seward and his friends, into the absurd idea of building up a new party—neither Black Republican nor Democratic, but some *tertium quid*—some "black neutral of the third sex." If that game could win, President Johnson would, as a matter of course, be over-shouldered, and Seward would come out as the head of this party of "the third sex." It will be a failure. It cannot win. But, in the attempt, Seward and his friends are bamboozling Johnson. Seward and Co. are in mortal dread of the Democratic party. They know that Democrats can accept Andrew Johnson as their candidate in 1868. They know that, under no circumstances, can they accept Seward, the ornamental head-piece of the "irrepressible conflict." Hence their efforts for the utter destruction of the Democratic party. President Johnson, so far, has fallen into their trap. He is not using his Executive patronage to promote his Executive programme. It is from no memory of our ancient traditions, when Washington and Jefferson, as Virginia freemen and gentlemen, refused to require the office-holders of their Administrations to support their policy. All such high notions are discarded now. It is done, now, as a matter of political craft. The plain English of it is that President Johnson has seen in his Cabinet men who are plotting against him, personally, while, by wily flatteries, they are blinding him to their proceedings. Seward and Stanton, and Speed, while pretending to differ with each other, all see eye to eye. They are all agreed in the plan of consigning Andrew Johnson to complete obscurity, at the close of his present political term.

Now, being an honest man, we will say, bluntly, that for Andrew Johnson, personally, we care not, as respects this world, one continental damn! We have no respect for him, and never expect to have any. Were he to be declared President for life of the late United States, we would refuse to shake hands with him, except he could, in some marvellous manner, purge himself of complicity in the murder of Mrs. Surratt, Wirz, and various other innocent people. But, with all that, if he so showed himself as that there was a reasonable prospect that, henceforth, he would administer the Government of the United States in a manner advantageous to the common interests of all the States, we would work for his election, as President in 1868, and again, in 1872, and, again, in 1876, if he desired it at that period.

That means that we look on the Presidential office in the United States Government as no post of honor! How can it be, after the execrable way it was handled by Lincoln, with Seward as his mentor?

We look upon it as a constabulary duty to be discharged. Whoever discharges his duties aright, we are in favor of keeping in, for fear worse may happen by a change!

We mean to warn the Democratic party that President Johnson is habitually bamboozled, and that the vast majority of the tremendous Executive patronage, in all the Departments, is used against the President, and against all the conservative principles of our Government. We wish to say, once more, and we will repeat it often hereafter, Democrats must separate, and carry out the declared support of the few fundamental first principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. The Democracy, unorganized, in the various localities, will be as the wind before the wind. Our foes, the "Union Leagues," are thoroughly organized. We say, in the most earnest terms, to Democrats, if you are not organized and enrolled, in your various neighborhoods—if you are trusting to the efforts of public meetings for victory, you will be sadly disappointed.

### SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.—The Cincinnati Gazette is noted for its extreme Radicalism. I has a Radical correspondent at Memphis, who has, however, written as follows:

Certain evil-disposed persons having sent a threatening letter to Dr. Wilson the principal of a freedmen's school at Columbus, Miss., the Common Council of that city, at a recent meeting, passed resolutions condemning the act and guaranteeing protection to Dr. Wilson and his assistants, so long as they may conduct themselves with propriety in obedience to the laws of the land. In this connection it may be as well to state that nine-tenths of the stories of the ill-treatment of Northern men by ex-slaves which find their way into Northern papers, are false. Northern men of enterprise and liberal views meet with as much good treatment and protection in the South as in the North.

The Best Way.—Oftentimes a girl says "No" to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means "Yes." The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

Victuals and Clothes.—An exchange regards girls as singular creatures. As for instance: Offer one of them, it says, good wages to work for you, and then ten chances to one if the old woman can spare one of the girls. But just promise matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for their victuals and clothes.

## ITEMS FROM THE SOUTH.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)  
A DANGEROUS DELUSION.

Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, editor of the Christian Spectator, writing to his paper, furnishes the following interesting items of the persons and things he has seen while traveling down South:

At Brookhaven, (Miss.), the dinner house, an old gentleman in homespun insisted on his dining at his expense. At parting, I asked him, "Is this the way you treat strangers down here in Dixie? Do you feel it to be your duty to pay for their eating?" "We ought to do it," he answered, "when they come so far as you have for the church. If you feel under any obligations to me," he added, "discharge the debt by paying for me!" and the old man's eyes filled with tears as he spoke. "My name is —," he continued, and then he proceeded to spell it, as he suggested, I might pray for the wrong man. That dear old brother believed in prayer evidently.

Jackson has sadly suffered from the war, but is still a pleasant looking place. Many of the finest residences were destroyed, with nearly all the business portion of the city; the wrecks and ashes still mark where fine dwellings, large stores and factories and machine shops stood. They are rebuilding the principal business street, but in rather rude style of one-story board houses.

The great body of the Methodist negroes of the South will unite with the African Methodist Episcopal Church and the Zion Methodist Colored Church, many adhere to our church, resisting all solicitations and inducements to leave us. I know not what is to be the future of the black race in the South. It does not look promising at present.

I dined with Governor Humphreys, late General in the Confederate army. He is a member of our church, a hero and a Christian. He was the successor of General Barksdale at Gettysburg, and is idolized by the men and women of Mississippi. He is a quiet, plain man, about fifty years old, gentle in his manners and with a worn and weary look. He is not very hopeful of the future of the South: if all the public men of the country were of his stamp, all would be well.

In the heavy timber on the Big Black I saw startling evidences of the awfully destructive character of the missiles employed in modern warfare. Oak trees a foot and a half in diameter cut in two by cannon-balls! The woods looked as if decimated by thunderbolts, that had crashed through them, destroying, splintering and scarring every living thing.

It would be too much to expect of human nature for the Vicksburgers to be in very good humor yet. Their sufferings were peculiar and long-continued. When I looked at the caves with which the whole city is honey-combed, and remembered that delicate women and helpless children were compelled to abandon their homes and burrow in these subterranean retreats—when I looked at the ruin of their homes—when I talked with wives and mothers who had lost their husbands and all their noble sons in the conflict—when I was told of the wanton cruelty and destruction sometimes practiced—it seemed to me that "reconstruction" was going on in Vicksburg as rapidly as could reasonably be expected. Of Grant and McPherson I heard nothing but what was honorable to them as men and as soldiers. They presented the sword of many conflicts to the foe in the land—around the helpless throes the mantle of a soldier's protection. But Dana, who was in command here awhile, he stands in Vicksburg about as Butler and Banks do in New Orleans.

At a station called Hickory, but where I could see no hickories, something got wrong or broke the engine, and we were detained four or five hours. I was hungry, and made an investment in crackers and sardines at the little store. I had no appetite in New Orleans, but how I relished this meal! Such is the perversity of human nature, that we are sure to want what is out of our reach. After I had eaten, I thought of the crowd of freedmen in the back car, many of whom I was sure were hungry and out of money. I walked in among them, and in a cheerful tone asked: "How are you colored folks getting along about something to eat?" A dozen voices answered eagerly that they were getting along badly enough—one stout fellow saying, with an earnestness that carried conviction, "I have been mighty hungry all day." I chaff before the wind. Our foes, the "Union Leagues," are thoroughly organized. We say, in the most earnest terms, to Democrats, if you are not organized and enrolled, in your various neighborhoods—if you are trusting to the efforts of public meetings for victory, you will be sadly disappointed.

At 11 o'clock we arrived at Meridian. The place was burnt by Sherman, but is now being rebuilt. I stopped at the Jones House. The Jones House is not equal to the Cosmopolitan. The beds at the Jones House were not clean, and too many bed-fellows share the traveler's couch. The servants at the Jones House are not well trained. The education of the night-clerk of the Jones House had been neglected; he had not advanced in his studies as far as a chorography. But they were kind at the Jones House. Of the Jones House and Meridian no more now.

TEMPERATE AND DICT.—An exchange regards girls as singular creatures. As for instance: Offer one of them, it says, good wages to work for you, and then ten chances to one if the old woman can spare one of the girls. But just promise matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for their victuals and clothes.

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(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)  
A DANGEROUS DELUSION.

There are multitudes of men attached to the ideas and principles that are vulgarly called "Democratic," who are nursing the delusion that the Democratic party is going to carry the day in the next Fall elections, by some kind of "manifest destiny." We wish to say to all such that they are hugging to their bosoms a most dangerous delusion. It is not numbers that win. It is organization. Through most parts of the States, and through most parts of every State, Democrats are as thoroughly disorganized a mass of voters as the demon of disorder could wish. We want, in time, to tell the Democratic party that a disastrous defeat is before them, next Fall, unless they bestir themselves betimes. The winking and nodding of Democratic political managers, at the last moment, will fail, as it has failed, most shamefully, in your lately past election. Let these be the position, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been deluded, by Seward and his friends, into the absurd idea of building up a new party—neither Black Republican nor Democratic, but some *tertium quid*—some "black neutral of the third sex." If that game could win, President Johnson would, as a matter of course, be over-shouldered, and Seward would come out as the head of this party of "the third sex." It will be a failure. It cannot win. But, in the attempt, Seward and his friends are bamboozling Johnson. Seward and Co. are in mortal dread of the Democratic party. They know that Democrats can accept Andrew Johnson as their candidate in 1868. They know that, under no circumstances, can they accept Seward, the ornamental head-piece of the "irrepressible conflict." Hence their efforts for the utter destruction of the Democratic party. President Johnson, so far, has fallen into their trap. He is not using his Executive patronage to promote his Executive programme. It is from no memory of our ancient traditions, when Washington and Jefferson, as Virginia freemen and gentlemen, refused to require the office-holders of their Administrations to support their policy. All such high notions are discarded now. It is done, now, as a matter of political craft. The plain English of it is that President Johnson has seen in his Cabinet men who are plotting against him, personally, while, by wily flatteries, they are blinding him to their proceedings. Seward and Stanton, and Speed, while pretending to differ with each other, all see eye to eye. They are all agreed in the plan of consigning Andrew Johnson to complete obscurity, at the close of his present political term.

Now, being an honest man, we will say, bluntly, that for Andrew Johnson, personally, we care not, as respects this world, one continental damn! We have no respect for him, and never expect to have any. Were he to be declared President for life of the late United States, we would refuse to shake hands with him, except he could, in some marvellous manner, purge himself of complicity in the murder of Mrs. Surratt, Wirz, and various other innocent people. But, with all that, if he so showed himself as that there was a reasonable prospect that, henceforth, he would administer the Government of the United States in a manner advantageous to the common interests of all the States, we would work for his election, as President in 1868, and again, in 1872, and, again, in 1876, if he desired it at that period.

That means that we look on the Presidential office in the United States Government as no post of honor! How can it be, after the execrable way it was handled by Lincoln, with Seward as his mentor?

We look upon it as a constabulary duty to be discharged. Whoever discharges his duties aright, we are in favor of keeping in, for fear worse may happen by a change!

We mean to warn the Democratic party that President Johnson is habitually bamboozled, and that the vast majority of the tremendous Executive patronage, in all the Departments, is used against the President, and against all the conservative principles of our Government. We wish to say, once more, and we will repeat it often hereafter, Democrats must separate, and carry out the declared support of the few fundamental first principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. The Democracy, unorganized, in the various localities, will be as the wind before the wind. Our foes, the "Union Leagues," are thoroughly organized. We say, in the most earnest terms, to Democrats, if you are not organized and enrolled, in your various neighborhoods—if you are trusting to the efforts of public meetings for victory, you will be sadly disappointed.

### SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.—The Cincinnati Gazette is noted for its extreme Radicalism. I has a Radical correspondent at Memphis, who has, however, written as follows:

Certain evil-disposed persons having sent a threatening letter to Dr. Wilson the principal of a freedmen's school at Columbus, Miss., the Common Council of that city, at a recent meeting, passed resolutions condemning the act and guaranteeing protection to Dr. Wilson and his assistants, so long as they may conduct themselves with propriety in obedience to the laws of the land. In this connection it may be as well to state that nine-tenths of the stories of the ill-treatment of Northern men by ex-slaves which find their way into Northern papers