

# THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

NO. 4.

## STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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OFFICE—at his residence, one mile from Albany, February 17, 1866.

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Florist, Botanist, Gardener,  
Orders left at the Eagle Hotel, Albany, will be punctually attended to.

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For the entertainment of regular boarders and transient guests.

The house was almost entirely re-built last year and thoroughly re-furnished with NEW BEDS, Bedding and Furniture.

**THE TABLE**  
Is provided with every substantial and rare treat of the season.

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Are Commodious and well ventilated. Prompt and careful attendance is assured to guests.  
The California Stage Company's mail coaches come to and go from the Hotel. Charges moderate.  
Albany, August 14th, 1866. aug14/66

## THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.

**Execution of Jefferson Davis—Minority Report of the Judiciary Committee—Subsequent Operations of Corruption—Demand for the Trial of Mr. Davis.**

Hon. A. J. Rogers, and members of the Judiciary Committee, to which was referred an investigation as to what conspiracy, if any, Jefferson Davis, Clement C. Clay, George N. Sanders, and others had in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, on Saturday made the following minority report to the House of Representatives:

When I entered upon the duties of this investigation, I did so with a deep sense of the importance, difficulty, and delicacy of the task imposed upon the committee.

The Government, by the offers of enormous rewards and the wording of its proclamations, spread over the land a belief in the innocence of Mr. Davis, Mr. Sanders, Jefferson Davis, and others were, or might be, implicated in the assassination of the late President Abraham Lincoln.

The historic importance and record of the accused were of a character to make the truth of this charge a disgrace, not only to any one particular section of the country, but to the whole of it; and the additional crimes thereafter imputed to them were of that awful nature which, when they are committed by men who have sat in their high places, blacken the civilization of the nation in which they were trained and professed.

On the other hand, if it should turn out that those charges had been lightly made, and without satisfactory evidence as to a probability of their truth, the Government so solemnly making them must needs suffer in the esteem of all good men, as being lacking in coolness during a general excitement, and as sharing a fear which it was its province to dispel.

Knowing the entire unreliability of any testimony whose origin cannot be traced beyond a professional detective, especially when large rewards stand out in placard perspective, I determined, as far as in me lay, to give to every shred of evidence presented as through an examination as I might be capable of bestowing upon it; and this spirit, with no desire to convict or acquit capable of mastering my wish to do the truth, I tried to ascertain it; and this report is the result of the effort.

For some reason or reasons not fully stated, the majority of the committee determined to throw in my way every possible impediment, not only in any assistance I might try to render them in that I considered a common task upon which the House, but even in my working out any conclusion for myself, when it became evident that in this thing they not only would have none of my assistance or fellowship, but resented deeply any attempt of mine to render any.

I felt I must work out my own convictions, not with the committee, but in spite of it. The papers were put away from me, locked in boxes, hidden; and when I asked to see them, I was told, day after day, and week after week, that I could not see them until they were assigned for this, sometimes one, sometimes another; and, finally, I was told, I should not.

The House will recollect I brought the matter before it, and that the Speaker decided I was not entitled to see the papers on which my opinions, as member of that committee, must be based, till such time as the other members of the committee chose to allow me, by saying they were done with them; and it was not till twelve o'clock yesterday that I was allowed freely to look through them and derive any knowledge, based upon examination, for the purposes of this report. It was said the interests of the Government required that none should see these papers save and only Mr. Boutwell, the honorable member from Massachusetts, who was preparing the majority report. I felt hurt at this; but I should not have alluded to this strange action on the part of the committee but that it was necessary to explain any lack of brevity and clearness that may be apparent in portions, or in the whole, of this report, which, awaiting the right to see the papers, or rather the power, I did not commence till too late. If, therefore, this report be longer than it need to have been, or if it be less cause must be found in those reasons which induced my colleagues of the committee to endeavor to keep me in the dark till it was too late for me to use the light.

As the members of the committee are members of this House, I will not presume to say they had any fear of an investigation of their doings in their examinations. As they are gentlemen, and bound by that character not to hide the truth, or any part of it, I will not say that they kept me in the dark to the last hour to prevent my making any report at all; but this I must say, in justice to myself, that had they allowed me to use the usual privileges from which they exclude me, this report would have been of more benefit to the cause of justice and of truth than I can now hope to make it. I should also have accompanied the deductions of this report with ample extracts of the testimony, showing conclusively the existence and fostering the hiring and the paying of the most wicked combination of perjurers the world has ever known.

The main portions of the testimony alleged to connect Mr. Davis and others with the assassination of Mr. Davis were all taken in the absence of Mr. Davis and of any counsel for him and of any person capable of cross-examining and explaining the testimony. In the words of the late Attorney General, "Most of the evidence upon which they are based was obtained *ex parte*, without notice to the accused, and whilst they were in custody in military prisons. Their publication might wrong the Government"—mark, the Government, not the accused. The Secretary of War, Febru-

ary 7th, 1866, writes to the President that the publication of the reports of the Judge Advocate General on this matter "is incompatible with the public interests." This report, in the testimony it quotes, will show that the interests of the country would never have suffered by the dispensing with illegal secrecy, but that the interests and fame of the Judge Advocate General himself would suffer in the eyes of all the truth-loving and justice-seeking people on earth.

Secrecy has surrounded and shrouded, not to say protected, every step of these examinations, and even in the committee room I seemed to be acting with a sort of secret council of inquisition, itself directed by an absent vice inquisitor and grand inquisitor, too.

How such an un-American model of procedure for the discovery and prosecution of crimes cognizable by the civil tribunals of the country could ever exist in it, I find it impossible to fully understand or explain.

The substance of the testimony rendered before the committee, *viva voce* and documentary, is fresh in my memory, and also the result of some of the investigations made into its credibility. It was in ascertaining the latter that I found myself forced to travel over the nebulous and extended region of the so-called "assassination trial."

There are two reports of this trial— one approved by Mr. Holt, revised by Mr. Burnett, and the Associated Press report, published by Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia. Whatever of suspicion may naturally attach to the former, none can to the latter.

It will be remembered by the House that four persons were hung by the unconstitutional tribunal referred to, and that it was before this house, court, commission, or whatever you may choose to call it, that Jefferson Davis was, after the military manner, charged with "conspiring, confederating and conspiring" with Booth, Surratt, &c. The specification to the charge went still further, for that accused them with inciting and encouraging John Wilkes Booth, et al.

At this trial, the first and most important part of a long tissue of falsehoods was introduced to connect Mr. Davis with the assassination.

The parties unconstitutionally killed through the subservient instrumentality of this so-called court or commission were all charged with conspiring with Davis, and it did seem strange to me that neither they nor their counsel made such examination of the witnesses to this as might have been expected. The reason was obvious enough, however.

In the progress of that trial, every precaution taught by ages of experience and sanctified by authority was set aside. The prisoners, said to have been incited to murder, by bullet, by infection, by arson, and by poison, by Jefferson Davis, were brought to hear these charges and specifications with iron upon them—with irons, too, of an unusual construction, irritating and painful, well calculated to distract their attention from the sayings of the military prosecutor. The House will remember that since the trial of Cranston, in 1837, tried for conspiring against the life of the King of England, for raising a rebellion in aid of a foreign enemy, no prisoner has ever been tried in irons before a legitimate court anywhere that English is spoken.

The Chief Justice of England said: "Look you, keeper; you should take off the prisoners' irons when they are at the bar, for they should stand at their ease when they are tried."

But the parties alleged to have been incited by Mr. Davis did not so stand, but stood in confinement and in pain, with their heads buried in a sort of sack devised to prevent them seeing! In this plight, from dark cells, they were brought to be charged with having been incited by Mr. Davis, and they pleaded not guilty.

As the Congressional committee believe secrecy necessary, as the Attorney General that was recommended it, so that court practised it; and it was in secret, with closed doors, the perjured reporter present, that the chief testimony alleged to implicate Mr. Davis was taken; and this testimony would not now be publicly known had it not been published in Cincinnati through Pitman's violation of his oath.

Having arrived at the manner in which this testimony was taken, there now remained for me only to ascertain how far it could be relied on, and what it professed to prove. It is a theory of courts military that when the accused are unprovided with counsel the prosecutor, technically termed "the judge advocate," shall defend the accused as well as plead the accusation—in fact, be a sort of *amicus curie*, not only to the court, but to the accused. Messrs. Davis, Clay, Thompson, et al. had no counsel, of course, and the only lawyer for the other accused capable of grasping the subject was insulted by the court in a manner so repugnant to personal self-respect and professional dignity, that he left it, and in lieu of cross-examining testimony was forced to confine himself to the production of an argument against the constitutionality of the court, an argument whose soundness has been endorsed by the decision of the Supreme Court in the habeas corpus case of Milligan, Bowles and Horsey. The lawyer so insulted and so feared was a Senator of the United States, whose reputation is second to none in this country—once an Attorney General of the United States, and for years the leader of its bar.

That I should be jealously excluded by the committee from investigating testimony Beverly Johnson was thus prevented from testing; that the gentleman from Massachusetts and the chairman of the committee should use towards me the very same measures and means adopted by Generals Hunter and Harris must, it would seem, be due to their acting under similar motives.

It was, therefore, natural, that in trying to investigate the charge of complicity made against Mr. Davis, this continual attempt at secrecy, these unusual means to prevent any searching examination into the reliability of the testimony, should lead me to suspect that these charges were hastily and lightly made, and that the President had been misled when he culminated a charge so dire against men so prominent, and just then the observed of the nation, and just then the despates brought as, having furnished the assent.

Having thus testified to a connection between the Government at Richmond and the assassinating in Washington, via Canada, Conover next testifies to the inflection of plot.

He says one Dr. Blackburn packed a number of trunks with infected clothing. Blackburn represented himself as an agent of the C. S. A., as Thompson did. Blackburn offered, according to Conover, to pay several thousands of dollars to Mr. John Cameron, if he would accompany him to Bermuda to take charge of goods infected with yellow fever, and bring them to New York city. Cameron, fearing the fever for himself, refused. Jacob Thompson was the money man furnishing the funds. Jacob Thompson and Mr. Cleary, Conover knows, approved of and were interested in this design, and he thinks Lewis Sanders was present when Blackburn spoke of the enterprise.

In June (or rather January, according to the correct report of his testimony) the idea of poisoning the Croton reservoir was discussed. Blackburn knew the capacity thereof, and had calculated the amount of strychnine and other poisons necessary. Thompson thought they could not get enough poison together without exciting suspicion. Blackburn thought he could. Dr. Pallin, of St. Louis, Dr. Stewart Robinson, Lewis Sanders, and Cleary were present at this discussion, approved it, and Dr. Pallin and others thought it could be managed from Europe.

Conover says he saw Surratt in Canada three or four days after the assassination, when, hearing officers were on his track, he fled.

Then says Conover: "When Mr. Thompson received the despatch from Richmond in April assenting to the assassination, there were present Mr. Surratt, General Carroll, of Tennessee, I think Mr. Castleman, and I believe there were one or two others in the room sitting farther back. General Carroll participated in the conversation, and expressed himself as more anxious than Mr. Johnson should be killed than anybody else. He said if he was damned, he would not be killed by somebody he would kill himself. His expression was a word of contempt for a tailor, so I have always understood. At this interview it was distinctly said that the enterprise of assassinating the President was fully confirmed by the rebel authorities at Richmond."

Booth, says Conover, went by the nickname of Pet, and Conover adds, that he saw him in conversation with Thompson and Sanders, and heard him so called by Cleary.

Conover, on the 27th of June, being sworn, was asked if the following testimony was given by him on October 19th, 1865, in the St. Albans case.

He said Yes, but that it contained the testimony of other Wallace who testified. James Watson Wallace on his oath testifies and says: "I am a native of Virginia, one of the Confederate States. I resided in Jefferson, in said State. I left that State in October. I know James A. Seddon was Secretary of War last year, &c. &c."

"When I was in Virginia I lived in my own house until I was burned out, and my family were turned out by the Northern soldiers."

[Signed] J. WATSON WALLACE.

The counsel for the United States objected to the whole of this evidence as illegal, irrelevant, and foreign to the issue, and consequently declined to cross-examine.

The testimony of Merritt was not, as already stated, accusatory of Mr. Davis, but of those persons who, according to Conover, acted for Mr. Davis, or with his assent, in Canada.

Merritt says he was introduced to Geo. N. Sanders by Colonel Steele; that he [Steele] said of Lincoln, that the "old tyrant never will see another term if he is elected; and that Sanders said he [Lincoln] would keep himself mighty close if he did, serve another term."

"About the middle of February a meeting of rebels was held in Montreal, to which I," says Merritt, was invited by Captain Scott. I should think there were ten or fifteen persons present. Among them were Sanders, Steele, Scott, George Young, Byron Hill, Caldwell, Ford, Kirk, Benedict, and myself. At that meeting a letter was read by Sanders which he said he had received from the President of our Confederacy, meaning Jefferson Davis, the substance of which was that if he is elected, and the Southers in the States were willing to submit to be governed by such a tyrant as Lincoln he did not wish to recognize them as friends or associates, and he expressed his approval of whatever measures they might take to accomplish this object. The letter was read openly in the meeting by Sanders, after which it was handed to those present and read by them, one after another. Colonel Steele, Young and Hill, and I, think, Captain Scott, read it. I did not hear any objection raised."

Merritt goes on to say that Sanders then named a number of persons who were willing and ready, as he said, to engage in the undertaking to remove the assent, Vice President, Cabinet, and some of the leading Generals, and that there was any amount of money to accomplish the purpose.

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Atreod in Canada, nor did he there ever hear the name of Mary E. Surratt. He said that while in Canada he went by the name of James Watson Wallace.

Mr. Thompson had told Conover, he says, that he thought the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the Cabinet would meet the approval of the Government at Richmond, that was in February, and in April when Surratt arrived from Richmond, Mr. Thompson, says Conover, referred to the despatches brought as, having furnished the assent.

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## On the War Path Again.

Geo. D. Prentice continues to assail old Brownlow in the columns of the Louisville Journal. The following is the last verbal volley we have heard from him:

Governor Brownlow, the old mad misabler, is getting feebler and feebler. It used to be thought, at least by some, that with all his infernal ferocity, he had some coarse vigor of expression, though no vigor at all of thought. But he has got to be the merest imbecile even in language. He has lied and sworn and raved himself into idiocy.

The foolish old imp or imphid old fool attacks us again in his Knoxville Whig of last week. It is all a mere reproduction, repetition, in even a poorer and weaker form, of his slander of the week before. Not an additional charge or circumstance is put forth. We replied last Monday to all his charges, and there is no need of our replying to them again.

He says that he had seen the infernal devil, and he knows that there are all infernal devils. He saw our refutation of them, but ignores all refutations.

This accused old mercenary says that we, the senior editor of the Journal, were the chief actor in Mr. Isham Henderson's transactions with the Government. Mr. Henderson's transactions we are sure, were perfectly upright, but that as it may, we had and have nothing to do with them. Mr. H. had no transactions inside our office, and with those outside, we had no more to do than the man in the moon.

Mr. H. has never had any transactions in our office. He has not desired to have. He has had enterprises on his own personal account as he had a right to have. Since Brownlow asserts, that in Mr. Henderson's male transactions, we were the "chief power behind the throne," let the old mercenary say what atom of evidence he has of his assertion. If he has any, let him produce it.

—The damnable old villain—why doesn't he lay it before the proper authorities, that we may be properly dealt with? Who besides him charges us with any sort of complicity with what Mr. Henderson may have done? And he the Governor of a State!

The old villain repeats his charge, that during the war, we had extensive contracts to furnish the Government with guns, pistols etc. We have repeatedly branded the charge as what it is—an unmitigated lie. If we had contracted to furnish guns and pistols to the Government, it would certainly have been no dishonor to us. But we didn't. We never asked for any such contract. We were ashamed, even in selling to individuals, under a license from the city of Louisville, the few guns and pistols we did sell, we were as independent of the Federal Government as of the Cham of Tartary. We repeat that the Government in all the war, laid on us no obligation, but, on the contrary, a very gross disobligation. We do not expect to feel called on to deny the miserable libel again.

Brownlow is the poorest of humbugs. He resorts to all kinds of mean and low-lived tricks to give himself consequence. Some time ago he put a report in circulation that an attempt had been made, or was to be made to assassinate him. But no assassin has been found or traced. None is named. Nobody believes that any such attempt as he speaks of was ever contemplated. The miserable old creature seems anxious to rival the fame of Payne, who, several years ago, pretended to be fired at day and night, and acquired the title of the "great shot at."

He desires to have it thought that there is a perpetual and deadly conflict between himself and the one side and ten of thousands of ruffians on the other armed with cannon, mortars, rifles, blunderbusses, and dungforks. Imposition, fraud, cheat, artifice, trick, trickery, cozening, swindling, have ever been his vocation. We don't say that he is a minister of the devil, for old cloven-foot has more sense than to employ old cloven-tongue as his minister. The latter has the temper of a hyena, the manners of a bear, the decency of a skunk, and the morals of a chicken-hawk.

Our readers already know how, as late as 1861, Brownlow threatened in a published letter that the South, unless the North should come to terms, would form a new alliance with France and overrun and subjugate the North. They know how, after his release from a rebel prison he denounced the North for contemplating opposition to the rebellion. And they know how long and earnestly Judge C. F. Trigg and Mr. John Williamson had to expostulate and remonstrate with him to keep him from publishing an article, in type, in favor of the election of a delegate from the Knoxville District to the Rebel Congress. And they must know, from these facts, that he is as damnable an old traitor as ever swung between earth and sky, twining and squeaking in the winds of heaven. There isn't a wretch in all the Southern Confederacy that more deserves hanging than he.

Old Brownlow was never in but one place where he deserved to be, and that was in the rebel prison. If he has any more lying to do, perhaps he may make haste and do it in this world, as he will get his pens and paper scorched and his ink boiled away in the next. He has a chronic diarrhoea of lies. He could no more breathe an air unalloyed with his own lies and curses than one without hydrogen or oxygen. If he were off the earth, it would compare much more favorably to it does with its sister planets. He is no writer—simply a bawler, a bawler, a hex-ven, a maletremagant, a masculine virago. He is of the class of "common scolds," who by an old law of Great Britain, were ducked in horse-ponds. He is a villifier, a traducer, a calumniator of men, women and children. No excellence, no purity, no helplessness of any kind is a protection against his venomous assault. He aims his vengeance alike at the living and the dead. His venom seeps through the cold sands of the grave to find its victim. A buried body is no more safe from him than from other grave

worms. "I have lost a day," said a good Roman Emperor, when he remembered to have done no good deed. I have lost a minute, Brownlow might say if he remembered no malignant thought. His heart and life blacken, as his old head whitens. His father's hoof is split—the son's ears, nose and tongue, should be—

He deserves to be kicked until, like the pig he is going to be, he is "bottomless."

Brownlow has all the worst qualities of the Devil, but the latter, if he has any redeeming qualities, is in comparison with the "Parson," a Christian gentleman. Brownlow is a rattlesnake, with his rattles at the wrong end of him. He is a hog, with the kink in his head instead of his tail. If bayonets bristle at him, he can turn the back of his neck and bristle back with interest. We have ground him until he is a ground-hog.

We have hedged him until he is a hedge-hog. He is a small man but a great swine; he may be a rich man, but a poor devil. He is a porcupine rolled up, the wrong way," thus pricking himself to death with his own quills. The more he writes, the flatter he gets, just as an adder's head fattens as he becomes furious. If his heart were not a salamander, it would long have been consumed by the hell-fire in his bosom. Probably this is enough for one day.—[Louisville Journal.]

**THE GOOD OLD DAYS.**—Josh Billings laments for the return of the good old days in the following strain:

How I dew long (once in a while) for them good old days.

Them days when there was more fun in 30 cents than there is now in 7 dollars and a half.

Them days when a man married 145 lb. of woman, and less than 9 pounds (awful) of anything else.

How I dew long for them good old days when old-fashioned consisted in what a man did well.

Them days when deacons was as asters as hoes reddish, and ministers preached to men's souls instead of their pockets.

Them days when politics was the exception and honesty the rule.

Them days when lay dregs and wet-nurses wun't know, and when brown bread and baked goose made a good dinner.

Them days when a man who wun't bizz was watched, and when wimmin span't buy that kind of yarn that was good for the darning of stockings.

How I dew long for them good old days when now and then a gal baby was called Jerubel, and a boy wun't split if he was named Jerrymer.

And ye who have tried the feathers of fuss of life, who have had the cough of wealth without sense stuck under your nose, cum beneath this tree, and long for an hour with me for them good old days when men were ashamed, even in selling to individuals, under a license from the city of Louisville, the few guns and pistols we did sell, we were as independent of the Federal Government as of the Cham of Tartary.

We repeat that the Government in all the war, laid on us no obligation, but, on the contrary, a very gross disobligation. We do not expect to feel called on to deny the miserable libel again.

Brownlow is the poorest of humbugs. He resorts to all kinds of mean and low-lived tricks to give himself consequence. Some time ago he put a report in circulation that an attempt had been made, or was to be made to assassinate him. But no assassin has been found or traced. None is named. Nobody believes that any such attempt as he speaks of was ever contemplated. The miserable old creature seems anxious to rival the fame of Payne, who, several years ago, pretended to be fired at day and night, and acquired the title of the "great shot at."

He desires to have it thought that there is a perpetual and deadly conflict between himself and the one side and ten of thousands of ruffians