

A New Plot of the Conspirators-- Attempt to Re-organize the Buchanan Democracy by Certain Congressmen. Be on your guard!

We have been intending for some days to notice a very remarkable movement of certain Democratic Congressmen, well known as allies and sympathizers with Breckinridge, Cobb, Floyd and Humphrey Marshall. A meeting was held the other day, by these old party hacks, whose reputations are as battered and soiled as an old harlot's, and addresses sent forth to the people of the United States. This formidable pronouncement, after circulating five or six weeks, got just thirteen signatures:

"W. A. Richardson of Illinois; A. L. Knapp of Illinois; John Law of Indiana; D. W. Voorhees of Indiana; W. Allen of Ohio; C. A. White of Ohio; Wascen P. Noble of Ohio; Geo. H. Pendleton of Ohio; Jas. R. Morris of Ohio; C. L. Vallandigham of Ohio; Phillip Johnston of Pennsylvania; S. E. Ancona of Pennsylvania; Geo. K. Shiel of Oregon.

Unavoidable absence, we presume, on public business prevented the names of Howell Cobb, Jefferson Davis, Jesse D. Bright, Humphrey Marshall, Gustavus A. Henry, Wigfall and Neil Brown, from adding their lustre to this newly risen galaxy of patriots. So much for the authorship of this address. And now let us see what are its positions. The first proposition is conceived in the very spirit of selfish intolerance as far removed from patriotism and genuine democratic feeling as any thing that can be imagined.

The present Administration was chosen by a party, and in all civil acts and appointments has recognized, and still does, its fealty and obligations to that party. There must and will be an opposition.

Vallandigham and his crowd want to continue in office, and get their old friends back again, and for this purpose "there must be opposition" to the present Administration. We thought that as the Nation was struggling with a mighty rebellion, it was the duty of all citizens without distinction of sect or party to fly to the support of the officers who had been put in command of the laboring ship of State, in order to rescue her passengers and save her precious cargo. "No," say the thirteen. "The first thing is to settle the question as to what sort of a flag the ship must carry. And next we must have the officers. Nobody has confidence in us. We were turned out of office for bad conduct, but the ship shall perish unless we are restored."

But the address tells a monstrous falsehood when it says that in "all its civil acts and appointments, the Administration has recognized its fealty and obligations to party." It is an impudent, glaring lie. Whom did President Lincoln offer to appoint Secretary of War? Joseph Holt, a Southern Democrat, who is indeed worthy of the name of Democrat. Whom did he appoint Secretary of War? Hon. E. M. Stanton, another life-long Democrat. Whom did he nominate as Major General of the U. S. Army? George B. McClellan, another firm, unwavering Democrat. What are General Dumont, General Buell and General Halleck? Democrats nominated by President Lincoln and confirmed by a Senate overwhelmingly Republican. The signers of the Address, to make out the faintest shadow of a pretext for the plot, were compelled to insert a falsehood. Had we space we could enumerate hundreds of other appointments—Andrew Johnson, as Governor of Tennessee, for example—who have ever been warm political enemies of the President. But let us forbear.

The next proposition is a most significant one, showing clearly that this address of the thirteen is to tickle the ears of Southern traitors.

To begin the great work of restoration the ballot-box is to be killed. The bitter waters of secession flowed first and are fed still from the unclean fountain of abolitionism. That fountain must be dried up.

In this great work we cordially invite the co-operation of all men of every party who are opposed to the full spirit of abolition, and who, in sincerity, desire the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. Let the dead past bury its dead. Rally, lovers of the Union, the Constitution and of Liberty to the standard of the Democratic party, already in the field and confident of victory. That party is the natural and persistent enemy of abolition.

Look at this attentively. What is the

first duty of the people? To put down the rebellion, and restore the supremacy of the Federal laws in the revolted States. That is what we had thought. That is what the loyal men of Tennessee, and Kentucky, and Missouri, and Virginia and Maryland say, Johnson, and Campbell, and Prentice, and John M. Botts, and Gamble and others. Not one word does this address say of putting down and crushing out the Southern conspiracy. It utters no rebuke against the rebels. It deprecates neither bridge-burning, nor wire-cutting, nor guerrilla marauding, nor destroying railroad cars, nor any Confederate outrages. It is dumb as the grave on the horrors now sweeping over devoted East Tennessee, the home of martyrs and patriots. It condemns not the barbarity of the rebel Government towards our gallant prisoners. It has no condemnation of the infamous conscription act, nor withering invective to pour out like molten lava on the heads of the rebels who are burning the cotton and sugar crops, and desolating the South. Then it speaks no cheering word of congratulation for our gallant and heroic soldiers who have left their farms, and shops and pleasant firesides to save the Government, and keep step to the sublime music of the Union under the flag of the republic. It does not even hint what every intelligent man knows to be the fact, that the prime and moving cause, the fountain head and source of this rebellion is a determination on the part of Southern office-holders and corrupt aristocrats to destroy free government and build up a monarchy or aristocracy on the ruins of democratic institutions. The man who is ignorant of this is ignorant of the speeches, addresses, resolutions and newspapers of the Cotton States for the last twenty years. He is ignorant of the celebrated speech of Hon. L. W. Spratt, one of the leading men of South Carolina, who declared that "SLAVERY CANNOT SHARE A GOVERNMENT WITH DEMOCRACY." "Slavery having achieved one victory to escape Democracy at the North, must achieve another to escape it at the South!" He must be ignorant of the declaration of Vice President Stephens, as reported by the Savannah Republican, that "SLAVERY—not Democracy, mark you, or the right of man to rule himself—but slavery is the chief corner-stone of our Government. The ideas of the framers of the old Federal Constitution were fundamentally wrong."

In these declarations of the leaders of the rebellion, which we are obliged to cut short for want of space—for they could be extended indefinitely—we find the true cause of this hellish rebellion. It was enmity to free Government. It was a determination on the part of an aristocratic clique not to submit to the people, and be controlled by an "ignorant majority," as we heard John C. Breckinridge say, at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, in the summer of 1861. As a further proof of this, the Democratic party was hopelessly split at Baltimore a year before Lincoln came into power, and split by the very men who issue this address. It is also to be remarked that on the advent of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, the House of Representatives, Senate and Supreme Court were in the hands of the Democratic party. Why then did the cotton wing fly off and set up a new Confederacy? The Northern Douglas Democracy would not be controlled by the insolent Buchanan Democracy, and so a disruption took place. But this Address of the inglorious thirteen goes on to glorify the Buchanan-Cotton Democracy in this grandiloquent manner:

It is the only party capable of carrying on a war; it is the only party which has ever conducted a war to successful issue, and the only party which has done it without abuse of power, without molestation to the rights of any class of citizens, and with due regard to economy. All this it has done; all this, if need be, it is able to do again. Its success, then, in a military point of view be required, the Democratic party alone can command it.

It then proceeds to say that its restoration (that is of themselves & Co.) to power is demanded by the following consideration:

Economy and honesty in the public expenditures, now at the rate of four millions of dollars a day, demand it.

Such economy for instance as that of Buchanan's Secretary of War, Jno. B. Floyd, that paragon of virtue, and such honesty as that of Isham G. Harris.

The rapid accumulation of an enormous and permanent public debt demand it—a public debt already one thousand millions of dollars, and equal at the present rate, in three years, to England's debt of a century and a half in growth.

It is a dreadful thing to go in debt

isn't to save the Nation? The war should be carried on for little or nothing. In fact, it would have been better as Buchanan thought, to have no war at all. Just let our Southern friends alone. The "thousand millions" story is a big lie.

Reduced wages, low prices, depression of trade, decay of business, scarcity of work, and impending ruin on every side demand it.

Everybody knows that the "reduced wages," etc., are all the fault of Lincoln. The loss of fat salaries by the Southern friends also "demands it," but the thirteen are quite too modest to say so.

We have our own opinion as to the real origin of this damnable attempt—The Southern rebel leaders are at the bottom of it. Nothing is more certain than this to our minds. The chiefs of the rebellion see that their work is about to prove a disastrous failure, and so they send word to this effect to their Northern allies: "Give us two or three free States to vote for our men, and we will bring back the Cotton States in solid phalanx, and hold the offices together as before." This is certainly the programme. Will the people see it performed?

Fellow-citizens— all you who love your country, by whatever name you have been known in the past—let us frown down all such miserably selfish plots of partisans as this, which we have been reviewing, and, casting aside all old party ties, unite together on the broad platform of Union. Away with partisan watchwords and names at an hour when the nation is struggling for life. Our dear mother country is in peril, let us fly to her rescue. Let us all be true Union men, true democrats, true republicans, not in a partisan but in a national sense. We close this article with a quotation from the last letter written by the bold, patriotic and lamented Douglas. Let it be traced in letters of gold over every door in the land:

"I know of no mode in which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution and the Union, under all circumstances, and under every administration, regardless of party politics, against all assaults at home and abroad."

Noble words! Let them be the motto of every loyal man in these turbulent and stirring times.

My Trip to the Squatchie Valley, East Tennessee, on a Recruiting Expedition.

On Sunday last, May 4, my guide and self having previously made the necessary preparations for the expedition, started by train to Shelbyville. On the way, about 8 miles this side of Murfreesboro, the cars were brought to a stand by the removal of a rail from the track—a pile of burning cotton and the wire of the telegraph cut, was a pretty sure indication that mischief was brewing somewhere. We were told by a negro that Morgan had been there with a large body of men, and was in the immediate neighborhood then. A consultation was held and we decided to return to Nashville. The train returned about two miles, the conductor keeping a sharp lookout ahead, when we were again brought to a stand by his saying, "Here, they are all around us; go on to Murfreesboro." The rail was soon replaced, and the cars got to the latter town. For myself, believing that we should be taken—bars and all—I allowed them to leave me. I went into an empty house near by to change my uniform for a citizen's dress, which I had taken along to use in case of necessity, but I changed my mind instead of my dress and started on the road to Murfreesboro. I had not gone a hundred yards before I saw two horsemen coming towards me. I wheeled round and made towards the house I had left and the horsemen passed on; it appears that it was one of Morgan's men with a prisoner. I now changed my dress and resolved to hide in the woods until night; I took up the railroad about a quarter of a mile with some dozen men, white and black; lounged about with them while on the bank, when a number of Morgan's men were observed looking at the replaced rail. My white companions proposed going to talk with them, and advised me to go down, saying "they'll not hurt you; may be make you take the oath." I thought the risk too great, and declined; a negro whispered to me "they'll betray you; remain here and we'll conceal you. As soon as they were gone, I said, "Boys; I rely on you now." "Come along, Mars, we'll hide you." One took my bundle with the uniform and went one way to hide it in some hay stacks, and I went with another towards a gin house, where he assured me I should be perfectly safe. On arriving at the gin house I looked across a field, and to my satisfaction, saw a regiment of our cavalry going in pursuit of the Morganites. I joined them, got a horse and sword and fell into the ranks, and you had better believe I was spoiling for a fight now. We rode all day, and after taking a circuit of about thirty-five miles, were nearing Murfreesboro, when the regiment

was reinforced by Gen. Dumont, and the pursuit renewed; the result you already know. I slept in camp at Murfreesboro that night; I returned next morning for my bundle and found it all right, and then proceeded to Shelbyville, where I found my guide waiting.

Monday noon we started on our march to Huntsville, to confer with Gen. Mitchell who then held Bridgeport, a point about twelve miles from Jasper, the town we were making for. The General gave us the necessary transportation passes, &c., and expressed his deep sympathy for the people we were going to, and regretting his inability to render them immediate relief. Wednesday morning we left in the cars for Bellefonte, (all the bridges being destroyed between there and Chattanooga.) If any body wants to see a specimen of Jeff Davis' operations in governing the Confederacy, go on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and he will see it—such destruction and we never was seen by any body. About four miles east of Bellefonte is a river across which the bridge is burned; a passenger car hangs on the abutment, and the engine, tender and baggage car in the river. Here we met the troops returning from Bridgeport; they had abandoned all the country east as not being of any importance to hold; here, then, we had to leave our protectors and push into an enemy's country. Nothing daunted, we pushed on to Stevenson; some danger was apprehended, but in what shape it would turn up we could not foresee. It was evening—about four o'clock—when we got there; a line of houses on one side of the road is all there is of it. Men were sitting about in squads. I said to my guide, "Prepare your tale; we shall be questioned by these fellows; I see by the way they look at us they meditate no good to us." We walked up the track, not looking towards them; one fellow said "Come by." We replied "It is getting late, and we want to get out to some place to remain the night," and walked on. Presently they arose en masse and commanded us to "Hold on there!" We sat down on the ties till they came up. "Where are you going, gentlemen?" "We want to know the news, that's all." "Where's General Mitchell?" "Where are the men that are gone up the road?" "How many men are there at Huntsville?" "Is Mitchell going to burn Huntsville?" "Is Scottville burned?" these and many more such questions being answered, the direct personal inquiry began, this was conducted by some of them in a pompous, exacting and impertinent manner, especially towards me, as I now had on my uniform. A man in the crowd knew my guide, so that he was comparatively safe. Where did I live? Where was I going? Was I in the army? What was my grade? &c., &c. I replied that I lived in Nashville, and was sent out to meet seven men sent to Jasper with a flag of truce and to return with them. I was an assistant surgeon in the army and had to attend to some sick men scattered around there. The tale seemed to take well, and, after a great deal more such close and inconvenient questioning, we were allowed to go on. (The seven men sent to Jasper were taken prisoners that evening near Stevenson, and sent to Chattanooga.) I now suggested to my guide the propriety of travelling at night, and he in the mountains by day. Said he, "my belief is that those fellows will get us yet. They'll go back, caucus a little, get on their horses and head us on the road." We hurried on a couple of miles, when a deep creek ran across the road, with no sign of a crossing place. Sitting down a few minutes to consult, the sound of persons talking was heard distinctly. No time was to be lost, so we waded the creek, we landed, completely drenched, and hid in the woods for an hour, until we were out of their reach. I will not tell of the weary march all that night through the mountains, across bays, wading creeks, up one craggy steep, turning point after point of the spurs, until we got to Battle Creek, at its junction with the Tennessee River, and within a few miles of Jasper Battle Creek is about thirty yards wide, and twelve feet deep, and could not be waded; neither was there any ferry to be found. So we toiled up the bank, mile after mile, closely scanning every nook and cranny for some canoe or skiff to cross. Early in the morning we got to a place where my guide said we surely should find a person to take us across—he knew him to be a Union man. Said he, "They know my voice around this country, and if any of the Secesh know of my being here, they'll do their best to get me. You call Jose, Jose." I did so, and a woman's voice answered, "Who is that?" "Where's Jose, said I, a friend wants him?" "He ain't here." Can I get across the creek? "No, you had better not—this country in here is full of cavalry soldiers. Pete Larkin's men were here for Jose yesterday; he's in the mountains; all the boys are in the mountains now—they dare not show themselves." My guide suggested that we leave for some other point immediately; "for," said he, "if they are about here, they have undoubtedly heard our conversation." We marched away from there at double-quick, crossing fields of wheat wet with dew, which, although we were already wet, was more disagreeable than fording creeks. Getting out of that supposed danger, we laid down among the rocks to rest, and wait for day. Then cautiously reconnoitering the people going out to work, we

found none about but those known to my guide as Secesh, and not to be approached. Most of the forenoon was thus spent, when hunger forced us to make up to an old man to inquire about a crossing on the creek. Fortunately he was a Union man; he had been there but a short time, and came from Knoxville country, driven out by Secesh. Said he, "Go through this field, you will find two women washing on the bank of the creek; there is a canoe in which you can cross." I approached the women alone. Good morning, madam; can I cross here? "Yes, sir, there's the canoe; but ain't you a Federal, sir?" Yes. "Well, I thought you was by your clothes. My boy went down to Bridgeport when Gen. Mitchell was there, and he told me the kind of dress they wore. But if you cross you had better take up the creek, for I saw two of Pete Larkin's scouts ride down just now; they are gone down to —, to take him, and —, they say, they are bound to have them to day." I called up my guide. Said I, what do you propose to do? "Well," said he, "it looks equally, but don't be in a hurry; they can not find us. I can hide from them." "Don't ye trust yourselves too far," said the woman, "for God's sake be careful." I asked her if she could procure me an old hat, pants and vest, to disguise myself, and, madam, can you get us anything to eat, we have had nothing since yesterday morning. "Lord, love your souls, haven't ye? Go up the mountain and hide; I'll go to the house and get all you want." In half an hour all our necessities were bountifully supplied, and we were in the hands of friends, with repeated assurances of solicitude for our safety. We rested all day, slept soundly for several hours, and at evening the women returned to our hiding place with a fresh supply of food. "You must go away from here now, said they, "you have been here long enough to be seen, and if you remain until morning, you will be taken. A man, I believe, passed by you to-day, and if he saw you they'll hunt you down." After blessing us, and wishing us in a place of safety, these good creatures left us, and we took up our march to the house of a Union man over the hill. I now began seriously to consider that to cross the creek would be attended with too much danger, and with too little result, and said to my guide that I thought we had better return to Nashville. Our papers we could leave in the hands of some trustworthy man for distribution, and that those who could escape had better make their way to Nashville as they best could, it being out of the question for us to try to go back in companies of more than two or three. At nine o'clock, a company of five of us got together, perched on a high rock, carrying on a conversation in a whisper, listening and watching attentively in every direction for intruders. It was decided that my plan was the best, and that all who would go to Nashville should strike his own course, and get there as he best could.

At twelve o'clock Friday night I left my guide to return on my solitary march to Nashville. Commencing at the foot of one of the mountains I struck on a due west course up, up the mountain, a steep precipitous route of over two miles, to the top; thence, without interruption or seeing a human being for twenty miles, when I struck the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Proceeding up this road, carefully avoiding observation, all went on well until I got to Dechard, a small village which I got into before I thought. Here, as at Stevenson, I saw groups of men sitting about the doorways, and before I had time to consider I was halted. "Come here," "Hold on." A crowd of men got around me, and the usual questions: "Where do you come from? Where are you going?" etc., etc. I saw at once my folly of getting into their power a second time, but had no chance left to get off. I had procured a change of dress on the mountains, and had my uniform tied up in a bundle. I now assumed another character—that of a journeyman harness maker. They formed themselves into a jury, and each one was required to question me. "Where do you come from?" Nashville, Hem, Nashville. "Where are you going to?" To Nashville. "What do you do here?" I am in search of work. Whilst the Confederates were at Nashville I had plenty of work and supported my family, since the Federals had got there all work had ceased, and my family were in want, I dare not wait to see them starve, so I put out into the country to look for some. Hem. "Where have you been?" I first went to Shelbyville; thence to Fayetteville, thence to Stevenson; got nothing to do, and am about to return to my family in Nashville. I am tired, and ready to starve. What would you do? All this time I had my bundle of uniform sitting on it not to attract too much attention to it. At this time two scouts rode into the place. The citizens called them over to question me. One of them was drunk; he looked at me inquisitively. "Who are you?" A man looking for work. "What can you do?" I am a harness maker. I am also an Englishman. "Have you got your papers?" No, sir, I have been in the country but four years. "Where did you land when you came into the country?" At New York. "How long did you stay there?" Nine or ten months. "Where did you go then?" To Cincinnati. "How long did you stay there?" About the same time. "Where did you go then?" To Louisville. "How long did you stay there?" Over a year. "What did you

leave there for?" A harness-maker of Nashville came to Louisville and offered to employ seventy hands to go to Nashville to make government work: cartridge boxes, cap boxes, bayonet scabbards, and artillery harness, etc., etc. I went with him. "How long were you there?" From the time the work began until the Federals came. "Let me see," said the fellow calculating, "one year in New York, one year in Cincinnati, one year in Louisville, that's three, and one year in Nashville. He has got three times as much North in him as South; keep that fellow a prisoner. I guess young man I can find something for you to do. Get up behind me. Well, sir, I replied. Pull round your horse and I'll get up. "Keep yourself in that room, and consider yourself a prisoner, and if you attempt to get away it will be the worse for you." And he rode off, striking the spurs into his horse shooting, "Texas, by God." The citizens then took up the questioning. Who did I know in Nashville? Did I know so and so? A more decent looking man took me into a back room, and said, privately, I want to know whether you are all right. We don't want to hurt you, we want to know whether you are all right. I asked, Do you want to know whether I am Union or Secesh? My principles are always right. I try to act at all times rightly. He meant to ask if I was a spy, but did not do so in so many words, so that I did not then understand him. The horseman again galloped up to question me again. "Have you a pass?" No. "How did you get out of Nashville without a pass?" I had a pass to get out, but it was only to get out of the city. "Don't you think it imprudent to travel about the country without a pass?" I admitted that it was, and asked him to give me one. He said that he had "no authority to give it." "Guess you had better get up behind me." The citizens remonstrated, and said that if he took me to Winchester—a town two miles off, where they had a Provost Marshal—he would examine me and simply give me a pass to go on. He said, "what shall we do with him?" An old soldier suggested, "take him to Col. Stearns; he'll know what to do with him." The horseman looked at him with all the severity possible, and said "Stearns—hell, and rode off. The citizens said to me, "you may go on; keep out of the way of that horseman and you may escape." During this searching examination, I carefully kept my bundle with the uniform under me, sitting on it when possible. I do not know how it was they did not search for papers or evidences of identity about my person. They did not, and I made haste for the woods for concealment until night should enable me to proceed. I prospected around in the bush, the planters houses, lay in all directions, and I could see the scouts arrive in small squads, and make arrangements to remain during the night. As soon as it was dark enough I took a course that I supposed would take me back to the Railroad. After walking for some time, I concluded that I was lost in the woods. Sitting down to pause awhile, and determine what to do, resolved finally to take the first road leading north and follow it. After some couple hours search, I found a road, and went about ten miles; then finding a route going west, followed it about the same distance; still no sign of Railroad. The country I was now in was a perfect wilderness. I asked myself the question again, "Where am I?" I must know at all hazards—I'll risk the first house I come to. Seeing one soon after, I made up to it. A man and his family were sitting at breakfast. Said I, "If you please sir, where am I—how far is it to Elk River—how far to the Railroad?" "Well, sir, Elk River is about a hundred yards from here, and to the railroad it is about two miles." "How can I cross the river, sir?" "There is a ferry about half a mile down." "Thank you—good morning sir." I found the river, and in ten minutes found a fording place, and waded through the swift stream, not being willing to be caught at a ferry. By dodging farm-houses and numerous strolling parties (Sunday being a losing-lounging day in general in such backwoods places) I got on well enough to Tallahoma's another hot Secesh crib. I was cautioned by a woman who lived near that place, that almost everybody in that neighborhood was a self-constituted scout, to act singly or collectively as case may require. I gave that town a wide berth; and the only incident that happened was my meeting in a cross road a young fellow on horseback, who as soon as he saw me, gave a loud scream, and set off at a gallop; whether it was to scare me, or I had scared him, I know not, as I did not hear any more of him. It accelerated my speed for a time.

No incident worthy of note occurred after this, for night came on, and I marched on my weary way. Early in the morning I rescued our pickets at Watraces, where they warmed and fed me. I threw off my disguise and resumed my uniform. The food given me in the mountains had lasted me, and a small piece of corn-dodger still remained. Grippled and worn out with fatigue—not having been in a house since I left Nashville—I got into camp. Colonel Barnes and other officers kindly cared for me. I was among friends again. My enemies were behind me. If ever I have occasion to go that way again, it will be with my sword by my side, and they may rest assured that I will give them their deserts, return as they are.

P. M. RADFORD, Co. D, First Tenn. Volunteers, Gov. Guards.