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Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, vbetts@uttyler.edu

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NASHVILLE DAILY UNION
August 1, 1862 -- February 22, 1863

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A Tennessee Union Girl.

The Franklin (Tenn.) correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* in a recent letter, pays the following graceful tribute to a heroic young lady living in the strongly rebellious town of Franklin, who like the Angel in the rebellion in Heaven "faithful proved amid the faithless."

["] In the midst of the prevailing sentiment of disloyalty a light occasionally comes, like a ray of sunshine, to dispel its dark and gloomy effects. It is hard, very hard, for young and tender hearts and minds to sever their wishes and hopes from a cause in which friends and kindred are engaged; but occasionally instances are found—pray to Heaven there may be more of them—in which young ladies are willing to repel the popular delusion, although surrounded by a large circle of relatives who were drawn within its vortex. In one family all save one became infected with the prevailing epidemic. One, a brother-in-law, is yet in the Southern army, a brother is a prisoner in Camp Morton, and the remainder of the family, with the exception named, were spotted with the marks of rebellious proclivities, when an angel, in the form of a young and lovely girl, a daughter, infused with the spirit of Heaven-born patriotism, boldly denounced the delusion. Refused admission into church, she made her devotions at home. Denied the enjoyment of the social circles of the town, she wept in solitude; but her innocent and true heart enjoyed the sweet consolation of a happier future. Even denied the privilege of walking the streets unless met by insult, she steadily persevered, under slanderous reports and malicious machinations, until, by her strength of mind, persuasive eloquence and strong arguments, she converted her own family into a social home of love for herself and the cause of the Union. When our army came Miss Ocie L. [?] C_____ was the first to welcome them, and now her beautiful face, lit up with its angelic enthusiasm, has a happy smile for every blue jacket that comes. Nor are the family behindhand, as many a sick and wounded soldier, who has been taken to this pleasant home and nursed, will testify. At present they have under charge two of the Sixty-ninth Ohio who would have died had it not been for their care. Such devotion should not pass unnoticed. The bravery of Grace Darling was not more heroic and deserving of immortal honors than that of the charming Union loving girl of Tennessee, Miss Ocie C_____.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Matrimony;" song, dance; "Perfection"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Those meek and holy bloodsuckers, Parsons Ford, Baldwin, Elliott, Sawrie, Wharton and Sehon, have all been placed in the Penitentiary, at Jeffersonville, Indiana, and will be taken thence to Camp Chase. Adieu oh Blessed Martyrs! as Fallandigham would say, the worse wish we have for you is:

Cilis in coelum redeatis!" [?] Though the fires of Purgatory will have a great deal of purification to do before you ever get *there!*

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Richmond Provision Prices
From the Richmond Examiner, July 19.
The Market Yesterday.

The following table of prices of the meats, vegetables, &c., offered in the market yesterday, will show what the head of a family has to pay for a dinner in these times. it will be interesting if cut out, framed and hung up among the "cabinet of curiosities of the war" for future reference and for the edification of coming generations: Beef, pork and mutton, thirty-seven and a half cents per pound; shoat, fifty cents per pound; chickens, seventy-five cents to one dollar apiece; ducks, one dollar to one dollar and a half apiece; goslings, two dollars; pullets, one dollar and a half; eggs, seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound. Vegetables—beets, fifty cents per bushel; onions, fifty cents a peck; carrots, one shilling apiece (for the large size); cymbblings, one dollar per dozen; cucumbers, one dollar per dozen; string beans, two dollars per peck; cabbage, fifty and seventy-five cents per head; Irish potatoes, six dollars per bushel; tomatoes, one dollar and a half per dozen. Fruits—green apples, ten dollars per bushel; pears, fifty cents per dozen; blackberries, twenty-five cents per quart; whortle-berries, thirty-five cents per quart; plums, fifty cents per quart; peaches, one dollar per dozen. But we tire. Enough.

Commenting on the above, the *Examiner* says:

The citizens of Richmond are completely at the mercy of a band of foreign-born hucksters. Matters have come to that pass that every mouthful we eat, except bread, must pass through their hands, and be doled out at their exorbitant prices. Nothing but mob law offers any hope of getting rid of them. This method of purging the market we do not recommend, but the day is clearly not far distant when its adoption may be necessary. People cannot be starved to enrich a few Irishmen and Germans—The sight of a huckster hanging from a market lamp post would exert a more beneficial effect on the prices of the necessaries of life than the combined powers of the city authorities and Brigadier General Winder.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

[For the Union.]
Help for the Families of Tennessee
Union Volunteers.

Camp Andrew Johnson, }
1st Reg. Mtd. Tenn. Vols., }
Nashville, Aug. 1, 1862. }

Friend Mercer:--Your editorial in this morning's issue, in relation to the necessity of raising a fund for the benefit of the Tennessee volunteers, is a very good thing, and I hope your suggestions in relation to it will be carried out, and hope that you will keep it before the people; for it is a notorious fact that rebel wives and families, whose husbands are in the rebel service endeavoring the destroy the Government and ruin the State, are drawing their weekly stipend when the loyal citizen and soldier who is ready and fighting for the maintenance of the Union and his State, is left to want. You have no idea of the suffering the men of this regiment have undergone; the formation of it has been a hard one. Many of our men were laborers in the city, renting their homes of secessionists, and no sooner would the man whose loyal and patriotic feelings would induce him to enlist, than his family and chattles [sic] were turned out of doors

and all help cut off; but by heavy exertions and his Excellency, the Governor, matters were made to turn more favorable to us. The regiment has been a long while in the service, and amidst the privations the men have done their duty faithfully. When Maj. Theneck and myself were authorized to raise the regiment, we were flattered by a committee of citizens that a snug little sum of money would be raised for the benefit of the families of the 1st Tennessee, and under these inducements we encouraged men to enlist. But I am sorry to say that seventy-five dollars is all the aid this regiment has received from such sources, which will I hope have a tendency to crush out the rumor afloat that this regiment has received large amounts of moneys. Many of the men have large families and their costs have now been running on for four months and over, and I sincerely hope that the ball you have now started will continue rolling and gather moss as it goes, for I know and can speak for the men of this regiment and their families, that you will receive their thanks and gratitude, and let the hour of peril come when it will, with our commander and the gallant souls in the regiment, you will find every man at the work, and their motto: "The 1st Tennessee Guard never surrenders!"

Yours, Respectfully,
F. T. Foster,
Lt. Col. 1st Tenn. Vols.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Morning Call;" pas de deux; duet [sic]; "Black-Eyed Susan"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Unionism in Alabama.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* publishes letters from Gen. Buell's Department, giving an interesting account of an expedition under Col. Streight, of the 51st Indiana regiment, into the mountains of Alabama, to aid Union men who desired to enlist in the United States service to escape. He returned with over two hundred recruits, and would have had many more but for the blunder of a cavalry officer. The devotion of these men to the old flag is strong, and their wives were equally decided in their exhibition of patriotism.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 3, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

From Gen. Buell's Army.

Battle Creek, Tenn., July 22, 1862.

This morning a flag of truce came across the river, accompanied by a rebel escort and two female refugees, a Mrs. Vansiever and daughter, formerly residents of Philadelphia, latterly of Montgomery, fleeing from Southern tyranny. She has been doing a fancy dry goods business in Montgomery for two years. Her picture of the actions of the Southern "chivalry" is a glaring one. There, in that "royal" city, the home of the great conspirator, have been enacted deeds of crime that should condemn her to a fate as terrible as that visited upon the cities of the plain.

Mrs. V. is intelligent and well informed, and though mingled with much hatred, her statements may be deemed reliable, and are in consonance with statements made by many others. Ever since the beginning of the rebellion, she has been in open sympathy with what she calls her countrymen and the Union cause, and has taken every opportunity to show it. She has been visited several times by vigilance committees, taken before the Provost marshal, but would keep on talking and favoring our men, who were unfortunate enough to be prisoners. She is

particularly severe on their harsh, inhuman treatment to many of the Shiloh men, who were kept at Montgomery for several days. Some of them are there yet. Several of them died for want of a little medical attention, and when Dr. Fowler, formerly of New York, attempted to assist them, he was charged with being a Yankee sympathizer, and was driven off. She gave many instances of heartless cruelty, cruelties that would cause a cannibal or a Hottentot to blush for shame. When they reached Montgomery, the sick ones were left several hours in the streets, totally uncared for, while the young ladies of Montgomery passed them by with the mocking jest and derisive laugh, saying, "good, good, you Yankee dogs, why didn't you stay at home." One lady, by the name of Bard, a strong secessionist, acted the good Samaritan part. She went into the street, raised several of them and assisted them to one of their own hospitals, provided them food and medicine, and was rendering them every assistance in her power; but this was too much, the Vigilance Committee called on her, and very quietly told her that she must stop. She still persisted, and though one of their kind, was threatened with banishment if she did not desist from all labor of love. She was assisted by Mrs. Kady, and her kind-hearted Nightingale. Every desert has its oasis, so with this Sodom of Secession. Many sudden deaths occurred among our men; eighteen died in one day.

She also gave an account of the tragic death of Lieut. Bliss of the Second Michigan artillery. His men were nearly perished with hunger; he wandered forth from his prison in search of something to sustain life. In his ramble he approached the home of another female Samaritan, who had at times, by bribing the negroes, or disguising herself, secretly conveyed food to our men. He was closely followed by one of the Provost guard. She was at the window; he made known his errand; she inquired his name; he gave it, certainly you can, was her answer. She turned into the house and procured it; was returning, when she heard Bliss exclaim: "You certainly won't shoot me for trying to keep from starving!" "Yes, you Yankee son of a b---h;" a gun was fired, and she reached the window in time to see poor Bliss in his death struggles upon the pavement. Mrs. V. then turned to the guilty murderer, with the expression, "You wretch, God will hold you guilty for your diabolical act;" he turned coolly away, leaving the dead body of Bliss lay there. The Provost Marshal was duly notified of the terrible deed, but no further notice was taken of it. A few days afterward this murderer was taken very sick; the "ladies" of the city vied with each other in restoring him to health. His name is Sanders, of Perrysville, Ala. Were it not every arrival here confirms her statements they would seem incredible. Some Alabama Brownlow will yet write out these things, and the acts of the chivalrous sons and daughters of the sunny South shall have a conspicuous page in the history of the rebellion.

Four were hung at midday, the others in the evening. One of them, in his dying struggles, broke the rope and fell, piteously exclaiming, "Oh, my neck—oh, my dear mother;" they gave him a second trial, and with the sacred name of mother on his lips, our pet soldier was launched into Eternity.

They died like true men; they denied not their faith, but uttering prayers for their country, home, and friends, passed away, adding another crime to the already long catalogue of damning wrongs, committed at the hands of what [illegible] calls the glorious Confederacy; what a misnomer! A Confederacy of crime—a Confederacy of iniquity, headed and controlled by men in whose presence Nero and Robespierre would appear as innocent as Gabriel. A Confederacy headed by women, over whose dark acts the mantle of a Messalina, or the crime-stained crown of a bloody Mary, would hang as a mantle of charity. I know the murdered ones well, and would like to draw the curtain of the past over it all, and think no more of their sad fate, but memory will be busy, and her thoughts almost madden the brain! In other days I have met them in the

gay scenes of home and in merry gatherings in my native State. Their clear, ringing laughter, I hear it now; their voices the merriest of the crowd. No common soldiers were they. I have seen them on the field of danger; no fear blanched their cheek, no quiver of the muscle, but like true Ohioans, they went into the fearful contest, to die, if necessary, in the defence [sic] of their fatherland. I saw them on the eve of their departure for East Tennessee, to assist her suffering sons in breaking the bonds of the fierce Pharoahs of the South; betrayed and captured, they have fallen. Thank God! if truly gone, no disgrace gathers around their graves; and when their country stands once again redeemed and disenthralled from the destroyer, when the mountains and valleys of East Tennessee shall echo with the songs of praise her freed sons will gather around their graves, to offer upon them the sweet incense of gratitude.

May the time soon come, when we their comrades, can visit their now unknown resting places, there to renew our vows of allegiance, and place over their graves a fitting epitaph.

A few days ago she saw what she calls the shadow of one Wm. Yancy, the great conspirator, who boasted in the streets of Montgomery, "that he was willing to drink all the Yankee blood shed in the war, for they were too cowardly to fight." He is but a wreck of the Yancey who strutted his brief period in the Court of St. James, and like Pope Walker, and many others, go weeping around, whang-doodle like, in the valleys of Alabama, over the fate of his glorious Confederacy, finding no relief, only at the mouth of a brandy bottle.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

General Buell's Policy Safe for the
Disloyal but Unsafe for the Loyal.

Editor of the Nashville Union:
Nashville, July 31, 1862.

Dear Sir:--In your morning's issue I read with satisfaction an article from the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "An Expression from Buell's Army." I returned a few days ago from Huntsville, Alabama, and can fully endorse the statement of the article. Since the departure of General Mitchell and the arrival of General Buell, the neighborhood of Huntsville is so unsafe that all travelling is stopped entirely from Shelbyville *via* Fayetteville, Hazelgreen, and Meridianville. Guerrillas are swarming all over the country, plundering Union men, burning cotton eight miles this side of Huntsville. They are getting so bold as to raise openly in New Market guerrilla parties under the leadership of a noted ruffian Frank Gorly.

The citizens of Huntsville and neighborhood openly declare the conciliatory policy of General Buell, is nothing but [sic-to?] fear, and enjoy the fact that he is guarding rebel property, when at the same time he refuses to protect the property of Union men who came from far, trusting life and limb, to get the needed staple out to supply the northern manufactories. Consequently such conduct has effect on the subalterns. I overheard a conversation in Shelbyville a few days ago, when a Federal officer remarked to a cotton merchant, "I would not go five paces to save your cotton if I had my whole company here, and a couple of guerrillas intended to burn it."

It is no wonder, then, that the enlistment in Ohio and Indiana goes slow, when our boys write such matters home; and who would like to be made watchmen of rebel melon and potato patches?

We hope General Mitchell will soon return, and we stake our lives, matters will change in

this neighborhood. General Buell and Rouseau, sitting snugly in their tents like squires in the office, listening to the complaints of rebels about chickens stolen, negroes sloped, peach orchards plundered, when all around the guerrillas are growing bolder, and making both lines to Huntsville more unsafe than before.

Something more energetic has to be done shortly or the consequences in that quarter may turn out entirely different from what was expected.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Follies of a Night;" song; dance; "The Irish Heiress"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

An Alabama Heroine.

An Alabama Union woman some days ago mounted her horse, and scoured the gorges and defiles of the mountains alone, for sixty miles, and brought back to the camp of Col. Straight, 51st Indiana Volunteers, *twenty-five good stout* recruits for the Union army. God bless her a thousand times!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Union feeling in Northern Alabama is represented as being as strong as in East Tennessee. Many recruits are coming in to the Federal army.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Headquarters, U. S. Forces, }
Nashville, July 29, 1862. }

General Orders No. 18.

The officers and soldiers of this command are reminded that no orders authorizing an indiscriminate pillaging and robbing of the inhabitants have yet been promulgated by the Commanding General of this District, or by any authority known to the Army of the Ohio. On the contrary, the orders heretofore issued against marauding and other like practices, destructive of military discipline, detrimental to the public service, are still of binding force in the District of the Ohio, and the penalties imposed for a violation of these orders will still be visited upon all offenders.

No soldier is allowed to make searches or captures except by order of his commanding officers; and all captured property belongs to the Government of the United States, and not to the officer or soldier making the capture, and must be turned over to the Quartermaster's Department.

An illegal or unauthorized seizure is a *robbery*, and the perpetrator of such a crime merits and will receive the severest punishment authorized by military law. Commanding Officers of Regiments and detachments will be held responsible for the conduct of their men; and it is expected that the orders heretofore issued on the subject referred to, will be rigidly enforced.

By command of

Col. John F. Miller,

Commanding Post.
jly30.3t.

L. Howland, A. A. A. Gen.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "The Lady of Lyons"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Factory Girl; or, All that Glitters is Not Gold;" dance; "Box and Cox"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Sweethearts and Wives;" dance; "Paddy Miles' Boy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Toast—The Ladies.

Since the celebration of the Fourth, there has been quite an outpouring of patriotism among our loyal citizens, in the shape of toasts; but how few there are among toasters or toasted who can boast so delicate a compliment as that recently paid the ladies by their most ardent admirer, Mr. A. Ward. We find the following in an exchange, which must cause the ladies to feel highly flattered:

Artemus Ward being present at a celebration and exhibition was called upon for a speech, when he replied in "a toast to the phair sex." Ladies, sez I, turnin to the beautiful femails whose presents was perphumin in the fare grown, I hope you're enjoyin yourselves on this occashun, and that leminaid and ise wotter ov which you air drinkin may not go agin you. May you allers be as fair as the son, as bright as the moon, and as butiful as army with Union flags—also plenty of good close to ware.

Tu yure sex—commonly kawled the phair sex—we are indetted fur our bornin, as well as many uther blesisns in these lo growsns of sorro. sum poor speroted fools blaim yure sex for the diffikulty in the garden; but I know men are a desetful set, and when the appels had bekum plum ripe I have no dowt but Adam would have rigged a cyder press, and like as not went onto a big bust and been driv ort anawa. Yure 1st muther was a lady and all her dawters is ditto, and non but a lefin kuss will say a word agin yu. Hopin that no waive of trubble may ever akross yure peaceful brests, I konklude these remars with the following sentymnt:

Woman—She is a good egg.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Southern Circus—Wonderful Attraction.

This talented company having arrived in our city will give a series of entertainments during the season. Signor Jefferson Davis, the celebrated performer, on the *Tight Rope*, will go through is renowned feat of balancing by the neck, on a single string. General Pillow in the laughable burlesque of "Dying in the Last Ditch;" Sterling Price will exhibit to an astonished audience, his wonderful performance, entitled "*The Evacuation of Boonville, or, the effects of an overdose of Croton Oil.*" Floyd, the great comedian, will appear in the play of "Stealing a march

from Fort Donelson."

Several distinguished females will also appear in new and appropriate characters, and will perform on instruments never before used in an orchestra. The whole to conclude with that exquisite song written and composed by a lady of this neighborhood, called "The Black Flag, or the sweet sounding Sacramento," accompanied on the Tom Tom by "Major Weldon, an intelligent contraband."

After which the laughable farce will be enacted entitled "A recognition of the Southern Confederacy."—Lexington (Mo.) Union.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

["] The three ladies who were arrested at Harrodsburg, Ky., and brought to this city a day or two since, were on a visit to the latter place, and, we learn, are residents of Nashville, Tenn. They are being kindly cared for by the military authorities at the Croghan House.—Lou. Democrat.["]

The Louisville *Journal* gives the names of the three ladies as Mrs. Cross and two Misses Hardin. Their offense is disloyalty, but in what way this was manifested, we are unable to say. The propriety of establishing a female prison here has been discussed, but no action has yet been taken on the subject; the main difficulty being to get a building large enough for the purpose, and there being also a probability that the war would be ended before enough material could be collected to build one of sufficient capacity.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Little Devil, or, My Share;" song; dance; "Katherine and Petruchio"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

["] Shakers Enlisting.—Some twelve or fourteen of the young men of the Shaker community at Canterbury, N. H., have enlisted for the war.—Buffalo (N.Y) Commercial. ["]

We hope these Shakers will be "true to name" and shake the Rebels out of their boots, that is *those who have boots*, and the others may shake out of their breeches, and if they haven't breeches why then shake the rascals out of their very skin.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Traitor Clergyman Arrested.

On Sunday, the 26th ult., a large number of Union officers attended the Old School Presbyterian Church of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Mitchell at Florence, Alabama. So many of them were present that they constituted a majority of the congregation. After the usual opening hymn, the minister asked the congregation to unite in prayer, when, to their utter astonishment, the reverend traitor prayed for Jeff. Davis, for the success of the Confederate arms, and for the attainment of the independence of the Confederate people. The Union men were greatly indignant at this gross insult, but remained standing until the prayer was concluded, when they all left the church. After he had commenced his sermon, Col. Harlan returned to the church, walked up to the pulpit, arrested the preacher, and delivered him, in compliance with the orders of General Thomas, to a detachment of cavalry, which immediately conveyed him as a prisoner to Tuscumbia.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* makes the following statement about the notorious female spy of Virginia:

Belle Boyd.

Miss Belle Boyd, who has figured extensively as a rebel spy in the valley of Virginia, was caught at Warrenton a few days ago, and was yesterday brought here and lodged in the old Capitol prison, after having had an interview with Gen. Wadsworth. She is an athletic, naturally intelligent woman, but her life and character show that she has never had an education or moved in good society. The correspondents in the Valley have given her quite a reputation, but it is more than evident from a glimpse, that she is not all their fancy pictured her. She has been a bold, faithful spy for the rebels, but is out of their reach for one season at least.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

["]Beauregard's bells, sent to Boston by General Butler, were sold in that city at public auction July 30th.—Lou. Dem.["]

Beauregard's *belles* in this place, were *badly sold* a few weeks ago, when they baked cakes, boiled hams, and prepared coffee to regale his ragamuffins with, on their expected return into the city. They didn't come.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Soldier's Daughter; song; "Robert Macaire"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Youthful Depravity.

A gentleman informs us of a shocking murder which was committed the other day in Christian county, Kentucky. A son of Col. Ratcliffe, about seven years old, was playing with two black children of the same age, belonging to the family. He ordered one of them to give the other a piece of bread, threatening to shoot him if he disobeyed. The negro refused, when he instantly shot him dead, and wounded the other child. So much for allowing mere children to carry about knives and pistols and familiarizing them with instruments of violence. The father was an officer in a rebel regiment.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We are informed that the Cumberland Alley Stone-throwers are such adepts in their profession as to have succeeded, on day before yesterday, in "landing" three of their missiles on the top of a lady's bonnet as the wearer thereof was passing between Summer and High Streets. It seems that a number of juveniles meet daily near the Summer Street corner of the above alley, where, from dawn till dark, they amuse themselves in pelting the passers by. It is needless to say that we have been requested to invite the City Marshal to be present at the next meeting of the Stone-throwers.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Ingomar; or, The Greek Maiden"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Skirmish Near Sparta.

On last Monday, Col. Wynkoop, with one hundred and eighty cavalry, attacked a detachment of Forrest's command seven hundred strong, driving in their pickets and carrying on a sharp skirmish for some time. The guerrillas attempted to flank Col. Wynkoop's force with ten pieces of artillery, when he retreated in good order, having killed and wounded more than thirty of the rebels and losing only one man. Col. Wynkoop had an excellent position, and his long range carbines did excellent work. Hurrah for the glorious Seventh Pennsylvania and their brave Colonel!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Don Caesar De Bazan;" dance; "Slasher and Crasher"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

"What do they mean by cat and dog life?" said a husband to an angry wife, "look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peaceably with their wives--," "Stop," said the lady, "tie them together, and then see how they will agree."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Rebel Flag Captured.

On last Monday Captain Gibbs of the Sixty-ninth Ohio, on information given them, searched the grocery of a Mr. Buddeke on Market street, and found a large and elegant rebel flag, which formerly belonged to one of the rebel companies of this place, concealed in the supper story of the building. The flag is said to be a very handsome one, and there were probably a large quantity of infractions of third commandment when it was seized.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Bushwhackers.

Our pickets at Buena Vista Springs were fired upon on Monday night, but no harm was done. We learn that the pickets brought in a man and a saddled horse taken near the place. An assassination seems to be the chief reliance of the chivalry. Such dastardly attempts will only fan the flames of loyal indignation to a fiercer heat, and make the five patriot soldiers volunteer where one volunteered before.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Madelaine, The Belle of the Faubourg;" dance; "Paddy Miles' Boy"

A Human Hair Fair.
From the New York Musical World.

Very few of our gentle readers, probably, ever heard of or imagined such a thing as a Human Hair Fair. As few, perhaps, ever thought of inquiring into the source of the beautiful tresses which are seen every day in those armories of Venus, the windows of the hair-dressers. We are reminded, however, by a late French paper that this is the season of the annual hair fair at Morlass, in the Lower Pyrenees in France. Morlass is near the city of Pau, and it is from a Pau journal that we derive some account of the present season. The hair dealers were crowded into the place from all points—from Toulouse, and even from Bordeaux; and the young peasant girls of the neighborhood, famous for their fine and abundant heads of hair, were flocking to the market like sheep, to be shorn of their locks for the adornment of other and prouder heads. Even young husbands accompany their wives to insist upon their despoiling themselves for a trifling consideration, of their beautiful heads of hair. Twenty francs in the highest price which is given for the richest head of hair, and a majority of the damsels part with their locks for a tenth part of that sum.

This singular market is held in the open street, and attracts crowds of curious as well as interested persons. Girls are seen to be sheared in public, while others are waiting their turn, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. The shearers are men as well as women. Some of our fair readers will conclude that this must be a degraded scene. But how else could the stock of wigs, and frizettes, and bands, and top pieces, and curls, which is needed to prop up the tottering beauty of the sex, be supplied? Tons of black silken hair, sheared in the manner above described, from the heads of the peasant damsels of the south of France, are imported into this country annually.

There are fairs in other places in the south of France, and in Brittany, where adventurous virtuoso buy up and shear the crops of the fair-haired damsels.—At first blush, it would seem that female vanity would effectually prevent such a traffic as this. But cupidity and indolence are stronger passions than vanity; and fashion even lends its aid to this singular custom of parting with the finest ornament to the person which nature affords. In Brittany particularly, where the finest and most silken black hair is procured, it is the universal fashion, from childhood upwards, to wear caps so close as completely to conceal the hair. The peasant girls there have particularly fine hair, and in the greatest abundance. It is so common as not to be a mark of beauty; and the people are morally incapable of appreciating it as intrinsically beautiful and attractive. It is a truth which ought not to be told, perhaps, in the presence of all our ladies, that the charming frizettes and tresses which beautify the heads of our blooming belles may possibly have been shorn from Breton damsels of very filthy and loathsome habits.

The Bretons are neither Normans nor French, but more Welsh than anything else; and they are wild and savage, and as idle and dirty as human nature can well be and exist. They poorer women wear their dresses until they become dirty, patched, tattered and ragged, so that the material of which they are made can scarcely be traced. The houses of the peasants are generally built of mud, and without convenience. The chesnut, which abounds in the country, furnishes, in considerable extent, the food of the poorer classes. Although inhabiting a fine country, capable of rendering them prosperous and wealthy, the Bretons grovel on in supine idleness and dirt. No wonder the women sell their hair which is [illegible] and marketable. The

people are accustomed to subsist upon the products of spontaneous crops. In the Pyrenees, the people are industrious and frugal, and the women are accustomed to regard a fine head of black or dark brown hair, as only a luxuriant burden.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Serious Family;" song; "The Irish Tutor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Temptation; or, The Irish Emigrant;" dance; "Young Widow"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

A Kentucky Heroine.
From the Louisville Journal.

If brave men lived before the days of Agamemnon, heroic women have lived since Joan la Pucelle. When the marauding band under Corban was on the way to Mt. Sterling, the thieves went to the house of Mr. Oldom, he being absent at the time, and plundered him of all his horses, and among them a valuable and beautiful animal, the favorite of his daughter Cornelia. She resisted this outrage as long as she could, but finding all her efforts in vain, she sprang upon another horse and started post haste towards the town to give the alarm. Her first animal gave out, when she seized another, and meeting the messenger from Middleton, she sent him as fast as his horse could carry him to convey the necessary warning to Mt. Sterling, where he arrived most opportunely. Miss Oldom then retraced her way towards home, taking with her a double barreled shotgun. She found a pair of saddle bags on the road belonging to a rebel officer, which contained a pair of revolvers, and soon she came up with the advancing marauders, and ordered them to halt. Perceiving that one of the thieves rode her horse, she assumed a part like Joan of Arc's, when she said to the Dauphin Charles:

My own age try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shall find that I exceed my [illegible]

and demanded the restitution of the animal. The chief of the horse-thieves did not feel like the Dauphin, ready to exclaim:

Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman,
but Miss Cornelia resolute, undaunted, and with the spirit of a Nemesis, seemed to flash from her eye the defiance:

And while I live I'll ne'er fly from a man.

The Captain, thinking to create a diversion from the palfrey in dispute, said he would relieve the young lady of the trouble of carrying his saddlebags, but she, with a determination, that might have forced from Corban, had he been poetically inclined, the ejaculation:

Thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

refused to do any deed of conveyance or reconveyance until she obtained her horse. Finally, finding that persuasion would not gain her ends, she levelled [sic] the shot-gun at the rider, commanded him, as Damon did the traveller [sic], "down from his horse," and threatened to fire if he did not comply. Her indomitable spirit at last prevailed, and the robbers, seeing something in her eye that spoke a terrible menace, surrendered her favorite steed. When she had regained

his back and patted him on the neck, he gave a neigh of mingled triumph and recognition, and she turned his head homewards and cantered off as leisurely as if she were taking her morning exercise. She acted in the spirit of a true and loyal girl; kind and loving in all her social relations and the idol of her neighborhood, as we are told Miss Cornelia is, her Kentucky blood loathes treachery, and, when occasion demands the exercise of heroism, the gentle dove which nestles in her bosom becomes as defiant as the vulture when it guards its brooding nest.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We are informed that the Post Office at Murfreesboro has been discontinued. The mails to Lebanon, Watertown, Alexandria, Liberty, Jennings' Fork, Middleton and Gordonsville, are suspended for the present.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Dialogue Founded on Fact.
Characters—Two She Rebels.

Madam Highflyer—Oh, my dear Mrs. Beauregard I am *so charmed and exstated* to meet you this *beautiful* morning. How do you do, and how are the sweet little children?

Mrs. Beauregard—Children, fudge! What time have I to think about the tiresome brats or husband either, when I am busy flirting with Lincoln shoulder straps!

Madam H.—*You* flirt with Yankees! Why, my dear Mrs. Beauregard, you astonish me. How can you stoop to notice the nasty, low-bred vermin?

Mrs. B.—Oh, you simple! Don't you see *I have an object in it*? Now, don't you know that when I get one of the greenies on my sofa, and dose him with a little wine, that he begins to fancy that I am the cleverest lady in the world, and then, with the least quizzing, makes me his confidant, and tells me all the military secrets? Why, you may be sure that the next morning when I apply for a *pass*, which I am sure to get, I have a real budget of news to carry out to Morgan's messenger, who is in waiting for me at our friends' house.

Madam H.—My dear sister, what a cunning angel you are. Nobody but a born Yankee would have contrived such a trap. And to see how nicely the silly flies walk into the spider's parlor! Oh, brave; this is really excellent! What a sweet love of a bonnet you have got on this morning. What is your fancy for having two *red* roses and one *white* one over in front?

Mrs. B.—Stupid again, eh? Don't you see the emblems of Dixie?

Madam H.—Lord, Yes. I'll run straight and have mine trimmed in the same way. Are you going to Church to-morrow?

Madam H. [sic]—No; my preacher is in the Penitentiary. Besides, Heaven and the Savior are pretty well played out. I am for Jeff. Davis and Dixie. Yonder comes two of those dirty soldiers. I'll make a mouth at them.

Mrs. B.—And I'll hoist my linen!

[Exuent ambo.]

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Madelaine;" dance; Irish song; "A Kiss in the Dark"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Ingomar"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 20, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Groceries have risen tremendously within the last two or three days. Coffee is selling, we hear, at fifty cents per pound. The interruption of the trains, and their employment by the Government at present is the cause of this rise.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 20, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We learn that one hundred and eleven head of cattle were captured by the guerillas on the 9th inst., 17 miles this side of Huntsville, while en route from Nashville, and also six drivers, who were held as captives until Monday, and then released on parole. The men were compelled to drive the cattle twenty miles. The weight of the cattle averaged 700 pounds each.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Headquarters District of the Ohio, }
Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 18, 1862. }

* * * *

I. Enlisted men, unless accompanied by, and under the charge of, commissioned officers, are prohibited from stopping at Hotels or public houses in this city. The Provost Marshal is directed to enforce this order, and to see that all keepers of public houses are informed of it, and that all enlisted men report at the Barracks provided for them.

* * * *

By command of Major Gen. Buell.
(Signed) W. H. Sidell,
Maj. 15th U. s. Infantry, A. A. A. G.

Official
Henry Stone, A. A. A. G.
August 19.—1w.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Relief for the Poor at Nashville.

The following order addressed by Governor Johnson to a number of our wealthy disloyal citizens, requiring them to contribute a specified sum to Judge Whitworth, of the Davidson County Court, for the relief of a large number of destitute families, who have been reduced to the most deplorable want, in consequence of this inhuman rebellion, will receive the hearty approbation of every humane person. The *justice* as well as the *humanity* of the order will be apparent when we reflect that the sufferings of our poor people, who would gladly work for a living, if the disasters of civil war had not thrown them out of employment, are directly chargeable to the influence of such persons as those names are appended in the list below. Some of them men have given immense sums of money to the rebel cause, others have exerted their influence to seduce the heads of families into the rebel ranks, whose wives and children are now starving at home, and others have used all the power they possessed to bring the regular authorities into odium and contempt, and to excite a morbid sympathy for rebels and law

breakers. The levy made upon these citizens, therefore, for the benefit of their victims, is just as well as philanthropic,--justice as well as charity approves and sanctions the deed as righteous. These men are all wealthy, abundantly able to give five or ten times the amount of their assessment, to the ragged and famished sufferers whose cries of anguish pierce our ears daily. One of these gave \$25,000 to the Confederacy not long since. The sum assessed is placed opposite the name of the individual to whom the following note was addressed:

State of Tennessee, Executive Department, }
Nashville, August 18, 1862. }

Sir:

There are many wives and helpless children in the City of Nashville, and County of Davidson, who have been reduced to poverty and wretchedness in consequence of their husbands and fathers having been forced into the armies of this unholy and nefarious rebellion. Their necessities have become so manifest, and their demands for the necessaries of life so urgent, that the laws of justice and humanity would be violated unless something was done to relieve their suffering and destitute condition.

You are therefore requested to contribute the sum of dollars, which you will pay over within the next five days to James Whitworth, Esq., Judge of the County Court, to be by him distributed amongst these destitute families in such manner as may be prescribed.

Respectfully, &c.

Andrew Johnson,
Military Governor.

Attest.

Edward H. East,
Secretary of State.

List of Persons Assessed.

Bass, William	\$150
Beach, A. C.	100
Beach, A. B.	150
Beach, L. F.	150
Brown, Aris,	100
Carter, Daniel F.	150
Cheatham, Archie	100
Cheatham, F. R.	200
Cunningham, Enoch P.	50
Dortch, W. B.	150
Douglas, Byrd	500
Duncan, Andrew J.	100
Ensley, Enoch	150
Foster, Sr., Robt. C.	100
Frazier, Henry	150
Gardner & Co.	300
Hagan, William H.	100
Hamilton, James M.	100
Manlove, J. E.	100

McGavock, Jacob	300
McGavock, David H.	150
McGavock, Frank	150
Williams, John	100
Woodfolk, W. W.	150
Vanlier, A. W.	200
Hollins & Co.	200

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 21, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We learn that the guard stationed at Clarksville, numbering between two and three hundred surrendered ingloriously to a party of guerillas day before yesterday of about their own numbers, without making any resistance. If this be true, it is most infamous. We certainly need the stern punishment of a Court Martial for some of our officers.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Secessionists complain loudly that our Provost Marshal requires all persons who apply for passes to take the oath. But it was all right for the Provost Marshal of Knoxville, to order *loyal women* to leave that town forthwith.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Summary: Theatre. "Kate Kearney;" dance; "Temptation, or, The Irish Emigrant"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Clarksville Surrender.

When we recorded the Murfreesboro' surprise and surrender, we felt that we were deeply humiliated, but it has been reserved for Col. Mason to humiliate us still more deeply, by what seems to have been almost cowardly surrender to the guerrillas. We are told that his troops were on a hill very strongly entrenched behind a stockade, guarded by a ditch, with two pieces of artillery and loopholes for musketry. The position was one of a thousand. And yet, with all these advantages, instead of fighting—instead of sweeping his assailants to instant destruction—instead of fighting with the courage of a patriot soldier for the honor of his flag, he basely, ignominiously surrendered, like a poltroon, to a squad of lousy guerrillas, led by a drunken Yankee, and actually numbering less than his own command. Was ever any act more mean and contemptible? Why doesn't he go ahead and hang or drown himself immediately. How can he ever again look a decent man in the face; after proving so false to all his boastful promises, and so infamously treacherous and cruel to the men who reposed confidence in him, and looked to him for direction in the hour of danger? We are told that the guerrillas sent him word that they would give him two hours to consider their demand for a surrender, but he very politely told them that he didn't want two hours to make up his mind, for he had already ordered his troops to stack their arms! And so were surrendered to a miserable rabble, armed with shot-guns, a strong garrison, two cannons, guns, ammunition, army wagons, and a large amount of stores. Shame on such unmitigated, unparalleled cowardice. It is no pleasure for us to dwell on these things, but stern duty requires that we should hold up to universal scorn and abhorrence such disgraceful actions on the part of our officers. It is high time that such crimes were punished with the

severest penalty known to a Court Martial. A few cases of hanging or shooting would put a stop to these immediate surrenders.

In contrast with this shameful affair we take pride in mentioning the gallant and brilliant resistance of Capt. Atkinson and his twenty men, in the stockade at Edgefield Junction, to an immensely superior force. Desperately and heroically did they withstand the rebels thrice repulsing them, and scattering them to confusion and dismay, until finally they drove them to a precipitate retreat. The deeds of this gallant little band of heroes will live forever in the hearts of their countrymen. They showed true courage and the real pluck of soldiers. We know of nothing more brilliant in American history. Let our troops all profit by this example.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Lucille; or, A Story of the Heart;" dance; "Kiss in the Dark"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Woes of War.

Sad as is the death and captivity of stout and active men, and the desolation of the face of a country, which follow in the train of war, there are pictures of a far gloomier, sadder hue, which pass at times before our eyes and pierce our hearts with anguish. Yesterday as we were sitting in the Provost marshal's office a young and delicate looking woman entered the room carrying a little babe three months old, in her arms. Her appearance indicated the greatest destitution and distress, and she seemed overwhelmed with a sense of sorrow. She made inquiry for her husband, who she heard was lying sick in one of the military hospitals in this place. She formerly lived in Warren county, where her husband enlisted in the Federal army. Shortly after, the guerrillas burned her house down, and she, with her little babe, wandered forth homeless, without shelter and friendless; and this happened in the enlightened—the civilized—the Christian State of Tennessee—in a State of schools, and bibles, and churches. This feeble woman and her infant, all unconscious of the agony of that breast from which alone it can derive sustenance, are driven out from their blazing roof tree by men who style themselves "the chivalry" and the guardians of Southern rights. Citizens, shall we surrender our free and beneficent Government to the keeping of men so cruel and unfeeling? Are these guerrillas your protectors and rulers, and will you entrust your happiness to their keeping? Look at the homes they have desolated, the families they have made wretched, the heartbroken wives and miserable orphans they have exiled from their hearth-stones; and if you are rational men, with the feelings of humanity in your bosom, you cannot hesitate to answer No! No! No!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Denouncer"; "Beauty and the Beast"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 22, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

A man applied the other day to the Provost Marshal for a pass "for his wife, his ox-cart and two other ladies." They all took the oath and passed.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 22, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Headquarters Provost Guard, }

August 22, 1862.}

From and after this date all Saloons, Bar-rooms, Groceries, and other places where Liquors, (vinous, malt or spirituous,) are retailed, will be closed at eight o'clock, P. M. The Provost Guard and civil Police are charged with the enforcement of this order. All offenders will be brought before the Provost Marshal and summarily punished.

Alvan C. Gillem,
Col. 1st Tenn. Infy., Prov. Marshal.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre. "Gibaldi; or, The Invisible Husband;" dance; "Irish Tutor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Sweethearts and Wives;" dance; "Wandering Minstrel"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

People With Short Memories.

Some of our citizens have either very short or very convenient memories, for they seem to forget the very facts which they ought to remember, although we confess that these facts would sometimes be very unpleasant to a man who is laboring to destroy the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws. The persons to whom we refer are those who complain that our Provost Marshal's practice, in some instances, of requiring rebel ladies to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government before they can enjoy its privileges, as grievous tyranny. Gentlemen, you surely forget that your own so-called authorities in this very State have gone far beyond this, and why have you not protested and remonstrated against their tyranny, if it is tyranny? Why did you not remonstrate when Colonel Churchwell, of Knoxville issued the following proclamation:

To the Disaffected People of East Tennessee.

Headquarters Department, East Tennessee,}
Office Provost Marshal, April 23, 1862.}

The undersigned, in executing martial law in this Department, assures those interested, who have fled to the enemy's lines, and who are actually in the army, that he will welcome their return to their homes and families; they are offered amnesty and protection if they come to lay down their arms, and act as loyal citizens, within thirty days, given them by major General E. Kirby Smith, to do so. At the end of that time those failing to return to their homes and accept the amnesty thus offered and provide for and protect their wives and children in East Tennessee, *will have them sent to their care in Kentucky, or beyond the Confederate States lines, at their own expense. All that leave, after this date with a knowledge of the above acts, their families will be sent immediately after them. The women and children must be taken care of by husbands and fathers, either in East Tennessee or in the Lincoln Government.*

W. M. Churchwell,
Colonel and Provost Marshal.

Here is a general order driving the wives and children of all Union men who had fled

from rebel tyranny to the Union lines. Yet we never heard a secessionist admit that there was any severity in this order. No, they said it "was exactly right—the South is no place for Lincolnites."

As an illustration of the manner in which this order was executed we give the following special order.

Headquarters Department East Tennessee, }
Office Provost Marshal, April 21, 1862. }

Mrs. Maynard, Knoxville:

Madam: By order of Major General E. Kirby Smith, I am directed respectfully to request that yourself and family pass beyond the Confederate States lines in thirty-six hours from this date.

Passports will be granted you at this office.

Very respectfully,
W. M. Churchwell,
Colonel and Provost Marshal.

It would be well for some secessionists, especially those females, who denounce Col. Gillem as tyrannical, to cut out the foregoing orders and paste them inside of their bonnets, just back of the flowers which symbolize Jeff. Davis' bastard government, where they can read them at least once every day. We have no wish to screen any officer from undeserved censure, but in this case we think we have shown that rebel indignation had better be emptied somewhere else than on the head of our Provost Marshal.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre. "Delicate Ground;" solo; "Kate Kearney"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Uncomfortably fat people will rejoice to learn that a French *savant* professes to have discovered that an "alcoholic extract" of the marine plant known the *fucus vesiculosus* is a positive antidote for obesity. It has no perceptible effect except that of reducing the adipose deposit on the ribs and so on. What a chance to get up a new bitters!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

A Long Tramp.

A young woman named Elizabeth Ramsey arrived here last night from Washington county, Arkansas, having, like many others, been driven from her home by the guerrillas. Her father and mother dead, and her two brothers (the only remaining members of the family besides herself) being in Price's army, she was left alone, at the mercy of every marauding band that came long. In this situation she conceived the desperate idea of making her way to an uncle in Chicago. She accordingly, with six dollars and a half in her purse, started on her journey. Shortly after leaving home, she was stopped by a party of guerrillas, who, finding that she was on her way "North," robbed her of her money, and treated her in the harshest manner. She informed us that she sometimes suffered from hunger, but occasionally met with generous-hearted persons on the road, who deeply sympathized with her, and relieved her more pressing wants. The wandering exile finally succeeded in getting beyond danger, and reaching the Pacific

railroad, over which she arrived last night. With the exception of the trip by railroad, the whole of the distance from Washington county, Arkansas, was accomplished on foot.

The poor creature appeared this morning at the Central Police Station, and was much prostrated by her long and tedious tramp. She was miserably clad, and is afflicted with weak eyes. She tells a clear, straightforward story concerning her troubles, and evidently is an intelligent girl. Her two brothers, now in the rebel army, are named Frank and John, and are aged respectively fifteen and seventeen years.

She is now properly cared for at the Central Police Station, and will remain there until arrangements are made to send her to her relatives in Chicago.—St. Louis Eve. News, 20th.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Summary: Theatre. "Paul Pry; or, I Hope Don't Intrude"; dance; "Paddy Miles' Boy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Satan in Paris; or, The Mysterious Stranger"; solo on the piccolo; song; song—"Here's Yer Mule;" "Kiss in the Dark"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Nobel Iowa Women.—The Des Moines [sic] Register says that enlistments have almost depopulated Taylor Township, in Polk County. Nearly all the voters have gone to the war. It says:

"A few days since a number of the citizens of Taylor Township were anxious to go to the war, but were troubled because no one would be left to take care of their crops. The ladies held a meeting, and it was resolved that the men should have full permission to go to the war, and that the crops should be cared for by the patriotic women of the township. The men enlisted straightway, believing that the noble-hearted women, who were making such sacrifices in behalf of the Government, should have sons and husbands and brothers worthy of such women."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Horrid Assassination of an Old Man by Morgan's Guerrillas.

A very reliable citizen of DeKalb county has informed us of a most revolting murder, which was committed last Tuesday on the person of an old and estimable citizen of that county, by two of Morgan's cut-throats. 'Squire Garrison, an old man of excellent character and universally beloved, had been a firm and decided Unionist, and had thereby incurred the hatred of the rebel marauders. Gen. Johnson had a few days previous to the murder, left five of his sick soldiers in the care of Squire Garrison, and this act of kindness incurred the fury of the rebels. On the day of the tragedy, two of Morgan's men stopped at his house, had their horses fed, rested themselves, took dinner, drank the old gentleman's liquor, and otherwise enjoyed his hospitality. They left after a while apparently well satisfied. A short time after dark, 'Squire Garrison heard some one calling at his gate, and going out found the two guerrillas who asked permission to stay with him all night. He asked them to dismount, and took their horses to put them in the stable. When he had reached the stable yard one of these wretches fired, shooting him through the body. The old man fell shrieking in the agonies of death, when the other guerrilla approached, and

exclaiming, "damn you, be quiet!" blew out his brains. The murderers then rode away, leaving their gray-haired victim weltering in his blood. 'Squire Garrison was one of the most blameless and innocent of men, beloved and esteemed for his many virtues. The voice of his blood cries in his countrymen for vengeance. Shall that voice be unheeded, or shall we tamely yield ourselves and our families to the mercies of creatures with the shape of men and the hearts of devils? And let every secessionist reflect that the blood shed by these guerrillas is sprinkling their own garments with a dye that can never be washed out. The "damned spot" will remain forever.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, August 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Summary: Theatre. "Pizarro; or, The Death of Rolla;" dance; "Two Bonnycastles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Serious Family;" "Beauty and the Beast"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Daughter of the Regiment;" song; "Irish Emigrant"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Flag Presentation.—On Saturday next, the 6th of September, at 3 o'clock, P.M., at the house of R. McClay, in Edgefield, near Lucus' store, a flag will be presented by the loyal ladies of Edgefield, to Captain J. S. Morton, Chief Engineer of the Union Army, and Captain Robert Rodecker, Assistant Engineer. Two regiments of volunteers, with two bands of music, will be present. All are invited to be present to witness the Stars and Stripes thrown to the breeze. It is intended to be suspended on the Railroad Bridge.

[Sept. 3—tt

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Flag Presentation to the First Tennessee Cavalry.

On Tuesday evening Col. Stokes paraded that portion of his Regiment for whom horses have been obtained, in front of Gov. Johnson's residence. The Regiment we learn, was addressed in a few earnest and impressive words by the Governor, who invoked them to be vigilant, active and resolute in the momentous cause to which they had consecrated their lives, their fortunes, and their honor. He expressed high confidence in them and in their leader and looked for a good report from them, whenever their mettle was tried. At eight o'clock the Regiment marched to the residence of Mr. B. Weller, where a handsome banner was presented to Col. Stokes, by Miss Bowen, of Smith county, a brave young lady, whose life was threatened recently by one of Forrest's ruffians, who are the idols of numerous young ladies in this city. A large crowd assembled to witness the presentation, although no notice had been given, and the affair was gotten up on the spur of the moment. Miss Bowen presented the flag with the following remarks:

"Col. Stokes: Allow me, through you, to present to your men this 'flag of beauty and glory,' as a small testimonial of my heart's interest in the cause in which you and they are enlisted. Receive it, Sir, and convey to your men my grateful acknowledgements for the honor they confer upon my, by accepting from my girlish hands, this small donation. Tell them to bear

it gallantly in the face of the foe—of the foes of liberty and good government. I know they will never dishonor it, for they are Tennessee Union men. Let them strike for freedom and Union wherever they meet an armed enemy; but remember mercy when he surrenders. These are the glorious Stars and Stripes; what they symbolize, you and they know—ever be faithful to the traditions of this symbol, and the prayers of all the loyal of my sex will follow you."

Col. Stokes replied in substance:

"Miss Bowen: I thank you sincerely for myself and soldiers, for this beautiful banner of the Union, which you have confided to our keeping this evening. It is a compliment and an honor of which we will ever be mindful, and we will strive to prove ourselves worthy. And, now, my officers and soldiers, I appeal to you to answer me in the presence of this assembly, this evening. Is there one here who will falter, and desert this flag in the hour of danger—is there one who would surrender it to the rebel foe? If there be one such in the ranks, let him speak, and I will have him mustered out to-morrow—is there one? (Loud shouts of 'No! no! no!' went along the ranks.) We have all then made a solemn vow to defend this flag unto death, and perish if need be, in maintaining its honor. The soldiers around me know what the rebellion is. They have felt its force, and persecution. Most of them, like myself, have been driven from their homes by guerrillas, having seen their horses stolen, their barns and corn-cribs plundered, and their homes rendered desolate. We are determined to reclaim our homes, and make the insolent and barbarous foe suffer for the outrages he has inflicted upon us. We have got our guns, our sabres [sic] and our horses and are going to return. (A voice from the crowd. 'Yes, stolen horse.') A voice says that we have stolen our horses. This is the language of the friends of John Morgan and Forrest, who steal everything valuable that they can lay their hands on. The Secesh approve their conduct heartily, but they hold up their hands and cry out "Theft," when the Government offers to buy horses from them. I must say that there are more thieves in the city of Nashville than any other place I have ever seen in all my life. These secesh, who live luxuriously in elegant houses, are encouraging these infamous guerrillas to steal the property, and pillage the houses of you poor Union men, and then when justice is about to overtake them they make over their property to a trustee, or dispose of it in some other way; or else the vaunting rebel who blusters so loudly and speaks such swelling words does not own any property at all—*it belongs to his wife!* I am responsible both here and elsewhere for what I say. And let me tell you mechanics, and poor laborers who are here to-night, that if this infamous rebellion should succeed you would have no share in the Southern Aristocratic Confederacy either as voters or office holders. The whole spirit of this plot is aristocratic, and none but the rich would have a voice in its management in the event of its success. It is false to say that oppression drove these creatures to rebel. I was at the headquarters of the conspiracy in Washington before the rebellion broke out, and heard the rebel leaders declare that they would not remain in the Union, although they had a blank sheet of paper given them and they were allowed to draw up the terms of settlement in their own way. The Southern leaders were determined to have no compromise—no adjustment because the power of the Federal Government had passed from their hands. Against such men we fight as the defenders of our liberty—of all that freemen hold dear. You secessionists have deceived me. I warned you years ago that when you began this rebellion you would destroy slavery. I own slaves. I toiled and worked for their possession for years, and your madness, and wickedness have now rendered them worthless. You rebels, and not the Unionists, are the very ones who have struck a death blow to the heart of slavery. You are the destroyers of the institution—and yet you have the audacity to call us Abolitionists!

I take this banner then as the symbol of the Union which we are resolved to restore, and

again pledge my word that these soldiers will ever be true to its defence [sic]."

At the close of Col. Stokes' remarks, hearty cheers were given for the flag, and the noble young lady who presented it, and the gallant Colonel and his regiment. The regiment then rode off to their camp, and the crowd dispersed.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Great Outrages of the Guerrillas
on the Union Men of Alabama.

Yesterday, three Alabamians reached here from Morgan county, having been compelled to fly for their lives from their homes and families. They were all respectable, intelligent persons, and seemed to be independent men. All of them owned a farm of four hundred acres, well stocked with cattle and horses. They had been compelled to lie out in the hills and thickets for weeks to avoid parties who were scouring the country, forcing men into the rebel army. The marauders were driving all loyal men from their homes, taking horses, beef cattle, hogs, corn, and even their clothes and bedding. Many families were entirely stripped and left completely destitute. Over two hundred of these martyrs to freedom, whom no persecutions could shake, had enlisted in the Federal army at Decatur. These men reported that a party of five, who had left home for that purpose, were arrested on their way, and it was rumored they were all hung. No words can truly depict the distress, terror and anguish which prevail among these loyal people in Morgan, Fayette, Winston, and Marshall counties. Many persons who own considerable numbers of slaves, are devoted and unyielding Union men. Is it possible that the Government will abandon these noble people to the mercies of the guerrilla demons? While the rebels plunder without remorse or pity, shall our Government suffer the wealthy rebels in this vicinity by whose hellish machinations all this suffering has been occasioned to live at their ease, in luxurious houses, and make sport over the groans and tears of blood which hundreds and thousands of women and children are now weeping. Oh for some lion-hearted leader to inspire our armies with an impetuous valor which should beat back this wave of rebellion!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Maid with Milking Pail;" song; "Little Treasure"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Some of the rebels profess to believe that their friends will again have Nashville. When they get Nashville, they will be the happy possessors of a heap of black walls, and grey ashes, for our army is fully resolved, if needs be, to water the site of this city so copiously with blood that the flowers of patriotism, and the laurels of loyalty will smell as fragrant and flourish as green as on the plains of Marathon, or the heights of Bunker Hill. They will
"Memorize another Golgotha."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

It is rumored that the guerrillas are in possession of Columbia in considerable force. A number of persons who are "on parole" and who have "taken the oath," are actively engaged in aiding them. The more we see of it the more deeply are we impressed with the constitutional

excellence, scriptural beauty, natural sublimity, and mechanical utility of this little process called "taking the oath."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Which would You Imitate?

A war correspondent of the N. York Times, writing from Virginia, relates two incidents which are worth copying:

"One 'true Woman,' though strong sesesh [sic], describes the finding upon her farm of a dead Yankee who had died peacefully upon his blanket, spread in a retired spot. In his pocket were found letters from his mother advising him to be a good boy, and recommending him to put his trust in the God of Battles. She states that she went and looked at him, and then came back to the house, and had, as she expresses it, 'a good old cry' about it.

Another lady, writing from Richmond, inquires all about the battles, with a curious minuteness that only a woman could exhibit, and then finishes by saying, 'Don't bury any dead Yankees on our farm, for I don't want to eat bread made from Yankee blood!' Which of these two women does most honor to her sex?"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The 7 Clerks; or, The Miser of Marseilles;" dance; song; "Swiss Swains"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

We learn that the stage running from here to Franklin was stopped by a party of guerrillas on Wednesday morning, a few miles this side of that town, and two Federal officers captured and carried off. One of them was Lieut. Hollaway, of Kentucky, son-in-law of Mr. Carter, proprietor of the St. Cloud. The stage was then suffered to go on.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Rebel Outrage.—A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune from Cairo, under date of the 16th, relates the following revolting story:

Day before yesterday a party of guerrillas, supposed to belong to Faulkner's band, visited the house of an old man named Gordon, suspected of entertaining Union sentiments, residing about eight miles southeast of Jackson, Tenn., taking the old man and his daughter prisoners. They carried him to the nearest woods, and ten of the villains successively violated the daughter. Gordon was then hung by the neck to a tree, and would have perished, had not a party of Federals opportunely passed that way, and rescued him from his perilous position before life became extinct.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

From the Memphis Papers.

Rumors—Facts.

Rumor states that Capt. A. Clark Denson and his company from Memphis were captured on the Cumberland by a party of guerrillas, and that the Captain was hung or shot. This is idle

rumor, and not for a moment to be credited. He was too good a soldier, to have been so easily taken. We expect much good service from Capt. Denson, and many hard fought battles before the rebels will get rid of him and his command; he is reserved for a better fate. Some timid, alarmed rebel created by his fears this profitless rumor. He liveth to redeem his promises made on his departure from our city.

Communication to the Nashville Union.

Camp Campbell, Near Nashville.

To My Friends in Memphis: The above having fallen into my hands this day, Sept. 4th, in a letter from my wife and daughter writing to a dead man. I say I am not dead, but working day and night with the same zeal that you all know that I possess, for the comfort of my men and the suppression of the rebellion at all hazards. Friends and loyalists to our glorious Union in Memphis, feed our wives and children, attend them when sick, protect them from insult, and rest assured that when A. Clark Denson and his Spartan band falls there will be no surrender, and not a cartridge, gun, or sabre [sic] given up to the enemy fit for further use. We never will surrender when a man can raise a hand. I will be among you soon to raise a cavalry company, and to bring the wives of my company the bounty and pay allowed by the United States Government.

To my Wife and Daughter: Do all in your power to aid and assist the wives and children of the soldiers with me.

Respectfully, &c.

A. Clark Denson,
Union, world without end.

Memphis papers please copy.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Kate Kearney;" drum solo; comic song "Popping the Question;" Recitation; Cornet Solo; Duett [sic]; "2-4-5-0; or, The Lottery Ticket"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Naval Engagements;" song; dance; "Poor Pillicoddy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We learn that a few guerrillas and a number of the citizens of Tullahoma burned the hospitals, and the dwellings of a number of Union men thereabouts. These scoundrels should be promptly punished.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

A party of guerrillas *it is said*, captured 170 horses belonging to the Government, on yesterday morning, in a pasture within miles of the city. We are inclined to believe that the guerrillas were citizen thieves of the neighborhood, who are now at home, and would swear they had "never done anything."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Officers of the various divisions now in this city, confirm, we learn, the statement that Forrest's band of thieves and assassins were cut to pieces and totally dispersed, in his recent

encounters with our troops. The miserable ruffian, vagabond and scoundrel had now better go and hang himself. He has brought many a foolish young man to a wretched end. Die, Forrest, and go home to the devil.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Female Slaves.

We learn that there is in the city a considerable number of female slaves, who have fled from the famine and general distress which now prevails in the lower counties. Now why cannot these women be sent immediately to the various hospitals to perform that labor which they can do better than any one else. Women are naturally nurses, and attend to sick rooms far better than men. Let the soldiers be kept in the ranks, and these negro women be placed where they will not only be provided for, but do service.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Barbarity of Guerrillas at Tullahoma.

From a gentleman who resided in Tullahoma, we learn that a dreadful state of affairs exists in that vicinity since the departure of the Union troops. James Chastien is the chief of a guerrilla band of some forty persons. He took the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government a short time ago, and both he and his son had given bonds for their good and loyal conduct. These men arrested David Crisen and John Chofin, both citizens of the town, and whipped them from head to foot, with cowhides, tearing them in a most horrible manner. The unfortunate men were then repeatedly jobbed on the head with the muzzle of a shotgun, and plugs of flesh were scooped out! The rebels burned down the Methodist church, a large, fine building which had been used for an [sic] hospital. Mr. Thomas, the Postmaster, was forced to fly for his life, leaving everything behind him. He had a stock of drugs, and his partner was seized and compelled to deliver over his stock of goods and money. The messenger of the Adams' Express Company left on Friday night, and was pursued ten miles by the guerrillas. By great vigilance he escaped. Peter Vest, a Union man and an excellent citizen, was hung at Wartrace, a few days ago. The houses of Union men are burning in all directions, and the woods are filled with fugitives. O Southern Rights men of Tennessee! is this the awful banquet of blood and rapine to which you invited your neighbors under the mask of Southern freedom? Have you no reason, no pity, no remorse? Has reason fled from you, and left you the victims of an awful frenzy, which will soon be your own destruction?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Union Refugees.

Mayor Smith informs me that there are between two thousand and three thousand Union men who have been forced to fly to this city for their safety from the counties lately held by our troops. They are men of character and property, who have left all their worldly goods, their wives and children rather than give up their loyalty to the Union. They are indeed an army of

martyrs who are suffering fearfully from the scourge and oppression of the rebellion. We are gratified to learn that the Mayor has made arrangements to place these unfortunate men in vacant houses and to provide them temporarily with absolute necessities. Why cannot a regiment or two be enrolled from these men? It is now evident that no man can remain inactive in this dreadful war. The rebels are all active, all incessant in their labors, and if we would save ourselves and families from their infernal machinations, we must take our muskets in our hands and go out to meet them. The strength of the Republic is overpowering, but it must all be put forth *now*, if we would end the war speedily. Then let these Union men who can look for nothing but confiscation and death, or a slavery worse than death at the hands of their oppressors, go at once into the ranks and conquer a peace. The formation of two or even one regiment from such material would act like magic on our own soldiers, and strike terror to the hearts of those false and deluded Tennesseans, who are enlisted under the flag of rebellion. Come to the aid of the Government, friends; come with your weapons in your hands remembering that

"Those who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

Every interest precious to the human heart appeals loudly to you to rush to the ranks of the Federal army, and

"Leave behind a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "All that Glitters is Not Gold;" dance; "The Omnibus"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

A letter from a New Orleans lady, devoted to the Union, and, as is said in the letter, one of the few Union ladies in the city, mentions the fact of her being present at a Benevolent Society, where it was the boast of many of the secession ladies that they carried both a pistol and a poignard and practiced shooting with great frequency and success.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Soldier's Bride;" song; dance; "Irish Hussar"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We learn that the Tyree Springs road is infested with guerrillas. Cannot that thoroughfare be cleaned of these marauders? The Stages Sunday night were stopped, and the passengers and their baggage searched. They probably obtained possession of the letters of the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Press* and N. Y. *Herald*, written at this place.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Exodus.

Yesterday morning we saw a train of wagons filled with women and children and a few articles of household goods. These people are native Tennesseans, driven by guerrillas from their farms and shops on account of their loyalty. They have sacrificed the honest accumulations of years of hard labor on the altar of loyalty, and are now winding their way to a land where the rebel flag is not tolerated. The story related by these unhappy people is most lamentable. They

tell of respectable, law-abiding men being tied up and whipped until they are streaming with blood; of houses plundered and sacked; of crops destroyed, and of every species of outrage. Companies of outlaws belonging to neither side, taking advantage of the anarchy which prevails in the country, roam about for the sole purpose of plunder. These bandits prey on secessionists and loyalists alike. A man named Anderson, we are told, leads one of these parties in Bedford county. When he plunders the house of a Confederate, and the inmates plead that they are for the Southern Confederacy, he replies, "Damn the Southern Confederacy!" Unless the people come as one man into the Federal ranks, and utterly destroy these land-corsairs, and awful future awaits this afflicted commonwealth. The friends of the Confederacy will be certain to find the "ingredients of their poisoned chalice" of rebellion commended to their own lips by the very men whom they now encourage in robbery and lawlessness. Justice is often slow, but she is "even handed," and her blows will fall with fearful effect at last upon obdurate offenders.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-6

Wounded.

"Six hundred and forty-three wounded!"

"If that were all!" my wife spoke in a sad voice. "If that were all!"

"The return is given as complete," I said, referring again to the newspaper which I held in my hand. "One hundred and forty-one killed, and six hundred and forty-three wounded."

"A fearful list; but it is not all," my wife answered. Her tones were even sadder than at first. "A great many more were wounded—a great many more."

"But this is an official report, signed by the commanding general."

"And so far, doubtless, correct. But from every battle-field go swift-winged messengers that kill and wound at a thousand miles, instead of a thousand paces; bullets invisible to mortal eyes, that pierce loving hearts. Of the dead and wounded from these we have no report. They are casualties not spoken of by our commanding general."

I had not thought of this; or, at least, not with any realizing sense of what it involved. My wife resumed:

"Let us take the matter home. We have a son in the army. The ball that strikes him strikes us. If, in the list of killed and wounded, we had found his name, would there have been no bayonet point or shattering bullet in our flesh? I shiver at the thought. Ah, these invisible messengers of pain and death wound often deeper than iron and lead."

As she spoke my eyes were resting on the official list, and I saw the name of a friend. An ejaculation of surprise dropped from my lips.

"What?" My startled wife grew slightly pale.

"Harley is wounded."

"O, dear!" The pallor increased, and she laid her hand over her heart—a sign that she felt pain there.

"Badly?" she tried to steady her voice.

"A ball through the chest. Not set down as dangerous however."

"Poor Anna! What sad tidings for her!"—My wife arose. "I must go to her immediately."

"Do so," I answered.

Soon afterward we went out together; I to my office, and she to visit the wife of our

wounded friend.

It is strange how little those who are not brought into the actual presence of death and disaster on the battle-field realize their appalling nature. We read of the killed and wounded, and sum up the figures as coldly almost as if the statistics were simply commercial. We talk of our losses as indifferently as if men were crates and bales. I do not except myself. Sometimes I feel as though all sensibility, all sympathy for human suffering, had died out of my heart. It is, perhaps, as well. If we perceive to the full extent the terrible reality of things, we would be in half paralyzed states, instead of continuing our usual employments, by which the common good is served. We cannot help the suffering nor heal the wounded by our mental pain. But let us see to it that through lack of pain we fail not in ministrations to the extent of our ability.

When I met my wife at dinner time, her face was paler than when I had parted with her in the morning. I saw that she had been suffering while I, intent for hours upon my work, had half forgotten my wounded friends, Harley and his wife; one pierced by a visible and the other by an invisible bullet.

"Did you see Annie?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How is she?"

"Calm, but hurt very deeply. She only had the news this morning."

"Is she going to him?"

"There has not been time to decide what is best. Her husband's brother is here, and will get as much information by telegraph as is possible to receive.—To-night or to-morrow he will leave for the battle field. Anna may go with him."

"She appeared to be hurt very deeply, you say?"

"Yes," replied my wife, "and was in most intense pain. Every line in her face exhibited suffering. One hand was pressed all the while tightly over her heart."

"What did she say?"

"Not much. She seemed looking into the distance, and trying to make out things seen but imperfectly. If he were to die I think it would kill her."

"Two deaths by the same bullet," I said, my thoughts recurring to the morning conversation.

In the evening I called with my wife to see Mrs. Harley. A telegram had been received, stating that her husband's wound, though severe, was not considered dangerous. The ball was extracted, and he was reported to be doing well. She was going to leave in the night train with her brother-in-law, and would be with her husband in the quickest time it was possible to make. How a few hours of suffering had changed her! The wound was deep and very painful.

It was nearly two months before Harley was sufficiently recovered to be removed from the hospital. His wife had been permitted to see him every day, and to remain in attendance on him for a greater part of the time.

"Did you know that Mr. Harley and his wife were at home?" said I, on coming in one day.

"No. When did they arrive?" was the answer and inquiry.

"This morning. I heard it from Mr. Harley's brother."

"How are they?" asked my wife.

"He looks as well as ever, I am told, though suffering some from his wound; but she is miserable, Mr. Harley says."

A shadow fell over my wife's face, and she sighed heavily.

"I was afraid of that" she said. "I knew she was hurt badly. Flesh wounds close readily,

but spirit wounds are difficult to heal. These invincible [invisible?] bullets are sure to reach some vital part."

I met Mr. Harley, not long afterward, in company with his wife. His eyes were bright, his lips firm, his cheeks flushed with health. You saw scarcely a sign of what he had endured. He talked in a brave, soldierly manner, and was anxious for the time to come when the surgeon would pronounce him in condition to join his regiment. His wound, when referred to, evidently gave him more pleasure than pain. It was a mark of distinction—a sign that he had offered even life for his country.

How different with Mrs. Harley! It touched you to look into her dreamy, absent eyes—on her patient lips and exhausted countenance.

"She has worn out herself in nursing me," said her husband, in answer to a remark on her appearance. He looked at her tenderly, and with just a shade of anxiety in his face. Was the truth not plain to him? Did he not know that she had been wounded also? That two balls had left the rifle when he was struck, one of them reaching to his distant home.

"In three weeks I hope to be in the field again, face to face with the enemy."

He spoke with the ardor of a strong desire, his eyes bright, and his face in a glow—wounding, and the pain of wounding all forgotten. But another's eyes became dim as his brightened—another's cheeks paled as his grew warm. I saw the tears shining as Mrs. Harley answered in an unsteady voice:

"I am neither brave enough or strong enough for a soldier's wife."

She had meant to say more, as was plain from her manner, but she could not trust herself.

"Oh, yes, you are; brave enough and strong enough," replied Mr. Harley, with animation.

"Not every one could have moved so calmly amidst the dreadful scenes of a camp hospital after a battle. I watched you often, and felt proud of you."

"If she had not been wounded also"—my wife began; but Mr. Harley interrupted her with the ejaculation:

"Wounded!" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, wounded," resumed my wife; "and, as now appears, nearer to the seat of vitality than you were. Did you know that before, Mr. Harley?"

My friend was perplexed for a while. He could not get down at once to my wife's meaning.

"When you were struck she was struck also."

"Oh, yes!"

Light broke in upon Mr. Harley. He turned quickly towards his wife, and saw in her face what had been unseen before, the wasting and exhaustion that come only from deep-seated pain. He had thought that the paleness of her countenance, the weakness that made her step slow and cautious, only the result of overtaken muscles and nerves. But he knew better now.

"I didn't think of that," he said, with visible anxiety, as he gazed into his wife's countenance.

Our wounds, so ghastly to the eyes, often get no deeper than the flesh and bone. The pain is short, and nature comes quickly to the work of cure with all her healing energies. We suffer for a while, and then it is over. We are strong and ready for the conflict again.

"But," said my wife, "Into the homes that stand far away from battle-fields come swift winged messengers that kill and wound as surely as iron ball. They strike mothers, wives, sisters—some with death wounds, all with the anguish, with vital pain. Alas! for these wounded! The healing, if it follows, is never as the surgeons say, by first intention, but always

slow, and often through abscess and ulceration. The larger number never entirely recover. They may linger for years, but do not lose the marks of suffering."

A long silence followed. There were others present, who like Mr. Harley had never thought of this. I noticed that for the hour we remained together he was tenderer toward his wife, and more than once I saw him looking at her when she was not observing him, with a troubled countenance. He did not again speak of early period at which he expected to join his regiment.

On the day following another list of the killed and wounded was given to the public. As I read over the names and counted the numbers, my thought came back from the bloody field and suffering hospital. "These are not all," I said. "Alas not all. The ball struck twice, thrice—sometimes oftener. There is pain, there is anguish, there is wounding, even unto death, in many, many homes, within a thousand miles of that gory place. Some are alone and neglected, dying on their battle-field, with none to put even a cup of water to their lips—some are with loving friends who fail to stop the flow of blood or bandage the shattered limb—some cover their wounds hiding them from all eyes, and bear the pain in chosen solitude. The sum of all this agony—who can give it?"

Our wounded! If you would find them all, you must look beyond the hospitals. They are not every one bearded and in male attire. There sat beside you in the car, just now, a woman. You scarcely noticed her. She left at the corner below. There was not much life in her face; her steps, as they rested on the pavement, were slow. She has been wounded and is dying. Did you notice Mrs. _____ in church last Sunday? "Yes; and now I remember that she was pale, and had an altered look." One of our wounded! "Do you see a face at the window?" In the marble front house?" "Yes. It is sad enough; what in-looking eyes!" Wounded! Ah, sir, they are everywhere about us. Already from over a hundred battle-fields and skirmishing grounds, have been such missives as pain and death. They have penetrated unguarded homes in the city, town and neighborhood of our once happy and peaceful country, wounding the beloved ones left there in hoped-for security. For such there is balm in Gilead—God is their physician.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Little Devil; or, My Share;" song; dance; "Irish Heiress"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We learn that Mr. Kendrick, Secretary of the Gas Company, was arrested night before last for holding a correspondence with Forrest. We learn that one of his letters, giving information to the enemy, was intercepted. It is a bad-looking case.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Flag Presentation.

Miss Emma C. Loofborow, one of the glorious and fearless Union ladies of Nashville, presented a beautiful National Flag to Captain Morton, at Edgefield, on last Saturday. We are sure that Captain Morton and his men will forever defend the banner presented to them by a beautiful, accomplished, and lovely woman, in every hour of trial, as a treasure which cannot be lost without the foulest dishonor.

The following is the address delivered by Miss Loofborow, at the presentation, in the presence of a large assembly.

Col. Moody: I present, thorough you, to Captains Morton and Rodecker, from the loyal ladies of Edgewood, this banner, this proud emblem of our glorious and honored country, this sacred shrine of every patriot's hopes and prayers. Have you ever seen it trampled in the dust—torn and violated by the polluting touch of rebel hands! If you have not, you can never know how well you love it. I have seen this, and woman though I am, I almost scored the weak arm that hung nerveless and the woman's soul that dared not resent this insult to the holy memories that sanctify my country's flag; and in the language of the Roman patriot, I inwardly exclaimed, "What, do I witness this, and still live!" To your patriotism, to your stronger arms and stouter hearts, I bequeath this hallowed banner. You will place it over the fortifications that guard our newly erected bridge, and when you first witness the unfurling of its graceful folds, resolve in your hearts, nay, "*Swear on your Swords,*" that you will die sooner than surrender it to traitor hands. And never again let the midnight incendiary fill our hearts with terror, and awaken our eyes with the red glare of the flames that tell us it has again fallen into the hands of the lawless foe.

I present you this flag from the residence of one of the most fearless and patriotic ladies in our midst. It was here, upon the first approach of our brave deliverers, the noble soldiers of the Union, that the stars and stripes were first raised, and here, accompanied by "the prayers of the faithful," I intrust [sic] it to your keeping.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Columbia Panic.

We are told that when a body of Federal troops entered Columbia on Wednesday, there was a tremendous trepidative panic, terror and skedaddle among the rebels. Some ran away in their drawers, some in their shirt and breeches, some bare-headed, and two or three fellows, who had been blustering loudly and largely for the Southern Butternutery, in *puris naturabilus*. They fled through cabbage-patches, through cornfields, through jimson-weed thickets, through dog-fennel meadows, and through brier-patches, with streaming hair and dilated eyes, and gaping mouths, and panting breasts. Good heavens! how the blatant, white-livered, black-hearted tatterdemalions were horrified. They ran like a puppy with a kettle on his tail, like a colt with a thousand yellow jackets on his hide, like a cow with a million buffalo-gnats buzzing around here, like a mouse pursued by a fierce tom-cat, like a miserable drunkard chased by the devils, witches and serpents of a raging delirium tremens. Rebel flags were hastily jerked down from chimney-tops and committed to the flames, and general dismay pervaded the entire rebel portion of the village. Several persons who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, whilst General Negley was there, and after his [illegible] had thrown off the mask and showed themselves bitter rebels, hid themselves in sink-holes, in garrets, in straw-piles, and under beds. Instead of enjoying a triumphant entry with the guerrillas into evacuated Nashville, they were only doomed to behold the country swarming with Union troops, while private news from Louisville warned them that "three hundred thousand more" were marching down in Dixie, to punish false and treacherous traitors like themselves.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Headquarters Provost Guard, }
Nashville, Tenn., }

September 10, 1862. }

Hereafter any citizen found in the streets of Nashville between the hours of 9 P.M. and reveille (daylight) without a written pass, will be arrested and confined. Passes to be out after 9 o'clock P. M. will only be granted at the Headquarters of the Major-General Commanding.

By command of

Major-General Thomas,

Alvan C. Gillem,
Colonel 1st Tennessee Inf.,
Provost Marshal.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Theatre. "The Follies of a Night;" dance; "2-4-5-0; or, The Lottery Ticket"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady;" song; dance; song; "Captains Not a Miss"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Life in Virginia.

A very intelligent correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing from the vicinity of McClellan's army, gives the following very interesting particulars of the people of that vicinity. Those who have ever been in the river counties of Virginia will recognize the picture as very nearly true. He says: . . .

Virginia Architecture.

There are but two styles of architecture in this portion of Virginia, and each style typifies its owner. There is no middle class here; every one is either very rich or very poor, and the two styles of building belong to these two classes. Search the rural parts of Eastern Virginia over, from Norfolk to Alexandria, and from the sea to the mountains, and every house can, without any difficulty, be marshaled in one of the other of these two classes. The rich man has his mansion, the poor man his log cabin. Every mansion is set on a hill, a hundred yards or so from a road; is surrounded by old oaks of the last century, and at a distance presents a view of great beauty, and betokens comfort and felicity. A nearer approach, however, exposes it to a more critical examination, shows an old house, two and a half stories high, built of frame, on a foundation of brick, with a basement story and a chiming [sic?]. A kitchen and eating-room, on each side of a stair-case hall, are in the basement. A parlor, hall and bedroom on the first floor, and two chambers, generally extending up into the half-story, are above. There is but little closet room, and as regards economy of space, all these houses are most illy constructed. A small portico, with steps leading down to a graveled walk, ornaments the front. Worm fences inclose [sic] all the Virginia fields, except where, in a few cases there are hedges. Uneven pale fences, and post and board ones, are the greatest attempts at ornamental fencing ever made around the mansion houses of Virginia. Stables are scarcely if ever seen; a log shed open on one side, and with chinks and crannies on the others, being the finest horse accommodations. The dearborn

and rockaway wagons and light carriages of the North are never seen here. "Double Buggies" are the only carriages used for pleasure driving, and there are very few of them, as every one who rides rides on horse back.

The White Trash.

The log huts of the lower class, the castles of the "mean whites," are so poor that I am afraid any description I may give, even the most favorable one, will not be believed. These huts are set about the country without any reference either to beauty or convenience. They are built of round hewn timber, jointed at the corners, with the chinks filled with mortar or clay. Never more than one story high, that one is so low that a tall man has to stoop on entering the door.—Some logs thrown across above form the ceiling of the room and the floor of the loft, and a ladder of the rudest description, leading through the hatch, is the grand staircase. These huts have usually but one room—a two roomed hut is a rarity. Sometimes the ground is the floor, the poverty of the owner preventing the purchase of floor boards, a large fireplace, built also of logs, and a log chimney, finish the building; whilst a shed, sloping the rain off from the dooryard only to run back again when it has fallen on the ground, is balcony, portico and awning for the "poor man's" residence.—Poor and restricted as these buildings may seem, yet they are homes for some one, and as such are no doubt as much beloved as the greatest homes in the land. Large families of children are often reared in them, and many a distinguished Virginian first saw the light in one of these poor, miserable houses.—But a short distance from where the 95th and 96th Pennsylvania regiments are encamped is the site of a hut whose ruins even now are sacred. Old Hanover county, in Virginia, has always been proud of her Henrys—her Patrick Henry and her Henry Clay. The one was born in that miserable hut whose ruins stood hard by the camp; the other drew his first breath at Ashland, but a few miles distant, where, five years ago, stood just such a hut as I am now describing.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Messrs. Kershaw & Colvin, the Philadelphia Dairymen have just sold their patent Cow-milking machine to a Birmingham firm, for twenty-five thousand dollars cash, with a handsome royalty on all future manufactures. It is said they are now selling at the rate of fifty per day.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "A Husband at Sight;" dance; "The Rough Diamond"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

An Anglo-Saxon Slave.

In Camp near Stevenson, Ala., }
August 15, 1862.

Dear News:--Many incidents occur in the course of working out the new movement for the Government—the working of contrabands—which are full of interest.

Among those who have lately come within our lines to labor and for protection was one who chanced to fall into the hands of Col. A. D. Straight, 21st, Reg. Ind. Vol., by whom he was brought to our headquarters.

The alleged contraband stated that he was sixty-three years of age, and claimed to be entirely white although from his earliest recollections [scratch in film] a slave.

A careful examination of his person and especially his eyes, nose, lips, hair and complexion, convinced the entire company of officers present that the man was purely white, as pure Anglo-Saxon as ever lived.

His abiding impression is that he was the son of poor parents who died when he was very young, and that he was turned in among the negroes and left to grow up a slave.

He is brought to this conclusion by the fact that several cases of that kind have come to his knowledge.

His personal appearance is that of a man of much more than ordinary natural ability, and he impresses one with the conviction that he is a faithful and honest man. He is entirely illiterate, cannot read a word, and says his name is "Sam."

We immediately named him Samuel Straight, put a purse into his hands sufficient for his present wants, gave him a pass as for a white citizen, and sent him in company with a young man going North to Gov. Morton at Indianapolis.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Vivandiere; or, The Daughter of the Regiment;" song; dance; "The Young Widow"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Naval Engagements;" song; "Robert Macaire"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

21st Ohio Volunteers, }
Nashville, Tennessee, }
September 16, 1862. }

Mr. Editor: In your Sunday morning issue I see a statement of a skirmish at the Hermitage, on Saturday, which is incorrect in the main.

The Federal troops referred to were part of companies A and H, 21st Ohio Volunteers, numbering eighty-five men. At Stone River Bridge we found five rebel pickets, one of which was taken prisoner, the balance escaping, two of which we afterwards learned were wounded by the fire of the attacking party. They left their horses and equipments; also, part of their arms.

Advancing to Mr. Cockerell's plantation we found a rebel scout and a private, which, together with their horses, equipments, and arms, we secured. While loading the train, the advanced pickets encountered a small force, killed one of wounded another, capturing one horse. All belonged to Forrest's command except the private at Mr. Cockerell's, who claimed that he belonged to the Texas Rangers. We report one killed, three wounded, and three prisoners on the part of the enemy.

We captured eight horses and equipments; also five carbines. Our forces met with no accident.

Respectfully,
J. S. Curry,
Lieutenant Co. H, 21st O. V.
Commanding Escort.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

From the Louisville Journal.
Heroic Conduct of Two Ladies.

The conduct of two young ladies of Danville on the occasion of the arrival to our idea of Spartan courage. For many months a beautiful specimen of the national flag has floated from the residence of Mrs. Taylor, an estimable widow lady, and when the rebels took possession of Danville it was but natural that they should seek to remove the hated emblem. A squad of half-a-dozen men was sent to Mrs. Taylor's residence to take possession of the flag, but were confronted at the door of the residence by Miss Maria and Miss Mattie Taylor, the two accomplished and charming daughters of the patriotic widow, the young ladies announcing their determination to defend the cherished banner. The chivalrous half-dozen returned to their commander and reported that it would require a force equal to a full company to capture the flag, and a company was accordingly despatched [sic] to make the capture. Arriving in front of Mrs. Taylor's residence, the commander of the company demanded the surrender of the flag; but the two young ladies again made their appearance, bearing the flag between them, each armed with a revolver. In response to the demand of the flag, the ladies informed their persecutors that they would never surrender it to rebels, and drawing their pistols, vowed that they would shoot the first rebel that polluted the sacred emblem with his foul touch. The company of rebels retired, leaving the ladies in quiet possession of their flag, which they yet retain.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "The Invisible Husband;" song; "Soldier's Return"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Guerilla Squads.

Capt. Dick McCann is at Nolensville, some sixteen miles from here, as we learn of good authority, with some hundred boys, and worthless vagabonds under him, where he is carrying things with a high hand, writing passes, administering oaths, etc.

We have good authority for stating also that Frank McNairy, of "Bloodhound" notoriety, was at the head of a band which destroyed eleven of our forage wagons, and captured some forty cavalry yesterday, some ten miles out on the Franklin road, at a villainous lowflung little settlement, known by the soldiers as Secesh-town. He prowls around there, and when a chance offers he sends his runners out through the neighborhood and the citizens gather in. When they are done, they disperse, and are probably in Nashville the next day swearing before God that they have never borne arms, nor taken part in the war, and are ready to take the oath of allegiance. It would be well to send out a force and destroy that hole of vipers, thoroughly.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

How Shall Ladies Ride?

In view of the increase of equestrian exercise among our ladies this becomes an important question. Dr. James C. Jackson, in his recent work on Consumption, contends that there are insuperable objections to the usual style of side-saddle riding. The position enforced by it, he argues, is injurious to the system, having a tendency to produce crooked spines, irritation of the spine, congestion of the lungs, and of the liver and kidneys. This is a formidable list of diseases, but it by no means, according to Dr. Johnson [scratch in film] the evils consequent on the usual style of riding. Truth to say, a lady's position on horseback can not be called a natural one—but what would you have? You wouldn't have a woman ride astride, would you? "Yes, I would," says the Doctor, and then goes on to show, by actual instances, that ladies [scratch in film] to ride at all in the present manner, owing to its hurting them so much, have become strong and well by riding as men ride. Mexican women ride astride, and the Doctor recommends that we adopt their "barbarism" in this respect. It only requires a pair of pantaloons, which, after all, many of the ladies have no insuperable objection to putting on! The Doctor confidently reckons on the coming of the time when men will see "what an outrageous abomination the present style of riding for women is, and it will pass into desuetude, and be reckoned among the follies of a previous day." So you see what you are coming to, ladies!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Correction.

In our issue of Sunday, we stated that the little village on the Franklin road, near which one of our foraging trains was captured the other day, was a secession settlement. It appears that we were entirely misinformed on this very important point, the people of the town being loyal law abiding citizens. It has been made a rendezvous by a gang of guerillas, who have most unfortunately fastened some of their reputation upon its citizens. We are assured that the citizens of the village are steadfast supporters of the Government, and ought not to be held responsible for the deeds of a gang whose rascality they are powerless to control.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

From Huntsville.

Thirty-two Federal soldiers who were left in the hospital at Huntsville when our troops evacuated that place, arrived here on Friday, having left Huntsville on the 18th inst. They state that they were treated with much kindness, and were well fed, abundant supplies having been left for them by our commissary. There were no rebel forces in Huntsville, save a few straggling cavalry, nor did they hear of any army advancing. A citizen of that place sent \$50 to Tuscaloosa to buy a sack of salt but could not get it. At a settlement across the river from Huntsville salt was sold in pound papers at *one dollar a pound*. Common domestics sell at fifty and seventy-five cents per yard. Bacon is selling at twenty-five cents per pound.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Our Baltimore Exchanges says that the secesh ladies wear two white and one red rose in their bonnets as emblems of the rebellion. We think the emblems are misinterpreted and that they are symbolic of peace instead of war. When the houses of York and Lancaster in England

made peace, after a long and bloody civil war which sent "a thousand souls to death and deadly night" the *Red* and *White Rose* which were the emblems of the respective houses were said to have married, and we take it that the Baltimore ladies, by uniting the two roses, only wish to express their ardent desire for peace and a marriage between the South and the North. We say, Amen! to the prayer, and like Sir Hugh Evans are ready to "dance and eat plums at the wedding."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, September 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

The Doll's Mission.—The doll is one of the most imperious necessities, and at the same time one of the most charming instincts of female childhood. To care for, to clothe, to adorn, to dress, to undress, to dress over again, to teach, to scold a little, to rock the cradle, to put to sleep, imagine that something is somebody—all the future of woman is there. Even when musing and prattling, when making little wardrobes and little baby clothes, while sewing little dresses, little boddices [sic], and little jackets, the child becomes a little girl, the little girl becomes a great girl, the great girl becomes a woman. The first baby takes the place of the last doll.—Victor Hugo.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

From Charleston.

We had a conversation yesterday with an intelligent young gentleman who left Charleston, S. C., on Saturday week. He was a mechanic in that accursed and infamous city, and was imprisoned for six months in the jail for expressing Union sentiments. He says that great destitution and gloom prevail in Charleston, business of all kinds is dead, supplies of provisions are very scant, and clothing more so. On the principal mercantile street there are but two stores open. He had on a plain cloth coat for which he paid *thirty dollars* just before he left, and his entire suit which he had just purchased, cost him *one hundred and forty-one dollars*. It could be bought here in ordinary times for about *thirty dollars*. The laboring classes suffer the most pinching poverty. Many of them who formerly lived comfortably on their wages, subsisting now on grudgingly bestowed charity. Much uneasiness is felt about the slaves; Gov. Aikens' slaves, five hundred in number, have all escaped except some fifty, and sixteen of them were shot by the Provost Marshal, for being suspected of a conspiracy. Several families once wealthy, are utterly ruined and broken up. South Carolina troops have suffered severely in the battles in Virginia and armless, legless and otherwise maimed soldiers are met with everywhere. Tea sells at *eight dollars* per pound, flour at *forty-two dollars per barrel*. The coarsest prints at *one dollar per yard*, and other things in proportion. Several highly respectable and very accomplished Northern ladies, who had been engaged in the city as teachers, were *confined in jail in the same cells with common prostitutes*, and insulted in every possible way. The women of Charleston extended them no sympathy, except the Sisters of Mercy. Just before he left the blockading squadron commenced amusing themselves by throwing a few shells on Fort Sumter, and shattering the walls a little. They were only practicing their guns, and expected to begin in good earnest shortly, when we trust that the city will be wiped, like Sodom and Gomorrah, from the face of the earth. Our informant saw no troops save a few bands of guerrillas on his whole route. He says that the most bitter hatred is felt by the South Carolinians for the Tennessee troops. We confess that is a compliment to be proud of.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Rebel Forces.

We mentioned a rumor, in yesterday's issue, that there was a force of some three thousand rebel infantry at Murfreesboro, supposed to be under the command of General S. R. Anderson. Yesterday evening we saw a gentleman who had passed through there the evening previous, from Chattanooga, and he assures us that he neither saw nor heard of any troops at either Murfreesboro or Chattanooga, except a few straggling guerrillas. His statement is also confirmed by a lady who left Murfreesboro on Sunday. All these tales of rebel armies in this vicinity are of the cock-and-bull kind, and are mere inventions of the rebels. The whole rebel force in this region at present consists of a few contemptible guerrillas, and we marvel that these nuisances are not promptly destroyed.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

What a Woman's Temper Did.

Poets have tuned their lyres a thousand times to sing the praise of lovely woman, and gentle woman, and all kinds of woman, except the bad tempered species. Southern bards have portrayed in rainbow colors the noble qualities of mind and heart that go to make up the "secesh" woman. A near approach to the ideal female of Dixie is the wife of a wealthy farmer named Morris, living in the Kanawha Valley, about twelve miles this side of Charleston. If she has one peculiar trait of character more noticeable than other, it is hatred of Yankees and Yankee soldiers. Toward the chivalry, she is "generous to a fault," ever ready to entertain and comfort them whenever they honor her with a visit. A couple of weeks since, Col. Paxton in command of the Second Virginia Cavalry, while returning from an encounter with Jenkins, at Barboursville, Va., heard that a number of guerrillas belonging to Herridon's band had been accommodated with lodging and breakfast at Morris' house. The Colonel rode up and questioned Mr. Morris on the subject. The wary farmer stoutly denied the assertion that the rebels had been at his house, at the same time asseverating his devotion to the Union, and his love for its defenders. At this point, Mrs. M. came running out, in a state of excitement that made her oblivious of the fact that she was attired in her nocturnal habiliments, and said to col. Paxton:--It ain't no such thing. We had fifty Southern men here last night, and we treated them as well as we knew how, too. We'll do it again—that's more. We ain't Yankees; we're Southerners—thank God for it." The husband tried in vain to restrain his better half, but to no purpose. She was about to turn on him with her perpetual motion tongue, when the Colonel brought her a little to her senses by telling a number of his men to burn the house to the ground, at the same time advising Mrs. M. to remove all her valuables from the impending conflagration. The lady's temper again came to the rescue. She said she would not touch a single thing in the house; that the infernal Yankees might burn her and her house too, if they wished. The domicile was fired. But the better judgment of the husband did what the bad temper of the wife refused to do. He removed all the furniture in time to save it from the flames. Mr. Morris was heard to say, a few days ago, alluding to this circumstance, "My wife's tongue burned my house, and will yet be the death of me."—Cincinnati Commercial.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Brutal Outrage—Three Union Ladies
Violated by the Guerrillas.

We were informed yesterday, on unimpeachable authority, of one of the most horrible and revolting crimes ever perpetrated on the soil of Tennessee. A party of guerrillas, five in number, belonging to Dick McCann's command, it is said, went on last Tuesday night, to the house of a highly respectable citizen about eight miles from the city, on the Nubbin Ridge road, and violated the persons of his wife and daughter in the most brutal manner. The ruffians, whose lust and revenge were still unsatiated, leaving this scene of horror went to the house of a highly estimable widow in the vicinity and treated her in the same fiendish manner. These families are both represented in Colonel Stokes' cavalry, and the rebels unable to revenge themselves on the men, slaked it to the uttermost on the persons of helpless females, their wives and daughters. The atrocious crime was committed almost in sight of the Capitol. A few weeks ago we recorded a similar outrage committed by the guerrillas, on the person of a respectable young woman, the daughter of an aged and loyal citizen, and again our pages are blackened by the record of rebel shame. The heart sickens at the recital of such acts which disgrace humanity itself, and the cheek of the stoutest turns pale at the thought that the unchained passions of men, revealing in the breaking up of law and order consequent on this damnable rebellion, may soon make the chastity of women as little regarded as the lives of their husbands, brothers and sons are. These deeds are but the vanguard of a train of sins as black as those of the pit, which will certainly invade us and make Tennessee the most wretched of all countries, unless our armies sweep their authors from existence. We must not slumber nor be idle moment when lawless men are so insolent and defiant. The only way to restore security and re-establish the wholesome restraints of the law over the lawless, is to crush out the rebellion, which is the parent and nurse of all that is villainous and infamous. Let every father, every mother, every man and woman who have the welfare of their kind and country at heart unite at once earnestly in the work of destroying that treason, whose overshadowing wing affords a shelter for every phase of human villainy.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

From the New York Times of the 23d.
Condition of the Rebel Army.

Not one man in a thousand can report correctly facts observed by him. Any one familiar with the giving of testimony in courts, or with the reports of scientific phenomena by inexperienced persons, will readily agree to this statement. Very few men, indeed, when they observe facts, see the important ones, or remember them when they do see them. We presume the whole public like ourselves, has felt this difficulty in the reports with regard to the condition and numbers of the rebel army. The accounts seemed so often purely "sensation descriptions," and to be made by people of so little habit of observation, or under such excitement of feeling, that we have come to put very little confidence in them.

We have just had an opportunity of conversing with one of our surgeons who was captured at Harper's Ferry—a gentleman of scientific habit of mind and close observation. He

had the opportunity which, till then, had scarcely been enjoyed by any loyalist, of seeing nearly the whole rebel army march by, as they were crossing the Potomac. There were two *corps de'armee*—that of Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson. They marched in two solid columns over the bridges, and were about fifteen hours in passing. This gentleman counted the numbers in a given time, and then made a rough estimate of the whole force—his reckoning would show those corps alone numbering close upon 60,000.

He had heard the usual accounts of the costume, appearance and condition of the rebel army, and like most of us, supposed them exaggerations. But he now says that no descriptions he has seen approach the truth. There never was beheld such a gang of ragged, rowdy looking men. It was like an army of rag-pickers. There was no uniform or attempt at uniform. Officers and men were equally dirty and dingy. The hats were commonly old "Wide-Awakes," stained by a long campaign, often with the tops gone, and the hair streaming out. The trowsers [sic] were of all colors, and generally in tatters up to the knees. The coats, if they had any, were dirty and ragged, and often well greased by the piece of bacon which each man carried on his bayonet. The shirts were black with long use. One officer told our informant that he had not been able to change his shirt for six weeks. Their blankets were of all colors and materials—often bits of carpeting and old bed-comforts. Nearly one-half of the men were barefooted. They carried their crackers and bullets and caps all together in their pockets. Both officers and men were excessively lousy, and the stench from the passing columns was almost unbearable.

As they marched by, our men were surprised at first at the great number of their officers, riding in the lines, and then at the small numbers gathered around the flags. Their first theory was that these were sections of regiments, each with a separate flag. But they soon discovered that they were *bona fide* regiments, numbering from 150 to 300 men, with their own banners and mounted officers. Many of these regiments, they were informed, had numbered 1,000 to 1,100 men. Their method of treating their sick and wounded would account for much of this diminution. After each regiment, followed some half dozen men with stretchers, and whenever a man fell out of the ranks from sickness, he was taken at once to the nearest house and left there to the mercies of the country people. So with those wounded or operated on in battle. They were never carried with the army. The men were by no means in good spirits. They told our informant that they had been constantly walking since the battles before Richmond, and with very little to eat. They reproached Jackson with working them too hard. There was no enthusiasm shown by any of them, and the North Carolinians and the Irish were particularly luke-warm. The Virginians alone expressed some bitterness, on account of the ravages which their State had suffered. They evidently felt the deepest disappointment at their reception in Maryland. With regard to the future prospects of the war, their great hope and sustaining assurance was that the two new levies, by volunteering and drafting, could not possibly be raised at the North. We had come, they believed, to the end of our power.

The whole rebel army had, to the eyes of this medical gentleman and his associates, a worn-out, exhausted look. The *physique* was inferior to that of our men, and they evidently suffered from want of food and overwork. Even the horses looked wretchedly.

With such testimony as this, from persons accustomed to judge especially of the physical condition of men, what may not be believed of the present condition of the rebel army? Men can fight on empty stomachs and endure long and harassing marches, where victory and plunder reward them. But now to retrace their weary steps over a desolated country, under the consciousness of defeat and disaster, and with an active enemy behind them, must have a most discouraging effect upon them. They want rest and food. This is precisely what we should not

allow them. Energy now on our part is worth all to us. An incessant, vigorous attack from our forces might go far to break up and utterly demoralize the rebel army. Hesitation now, slow movements, any Corinth or Richmond operations with spade and pick-axe, will surely give the enemy time to recuperate, and destroy all the advantages of this successful campaign.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Battle-Field Items.
From the correspondence of the New York Tribune
from the Battlefield.

. . . Nearly all the inhabitants of Sharpsburg have returned to their dwellings. The work of removing dead horses from the streets and repairing the damages to the buildings has commenced. Two churches were nearly destroyed and will have to be rebuilt.

Fortunately, the mansions of the rich Rebels suffered the most severely. The dwelling of a Mr. Grover, a notorious Secessionist, was almost destroyed. A shell from one of our guns passed directly through his portals, hanging upon the wall in his parlor, and tore out his nose, his eyes and his mouth—nothing but his bald head, neck and shoulders remains within the frame. During the cannonade the women and children were huddled together for three days in the cellars; one cellar under a large stone mansion contained more than sixty. They entertained themselves with prayer and psalm singing, and cursing the Rebels or the Yankees, as their sympathies leaned with one or the other belligerent.

One can imagine how furious the cannonade must have been, from the fact that but five dwellings in a village containing 1,500 inhabitants escaped uninjured. About one hundred rebels were killed and wounded in the streets, and about as many horses belonging to citizens and Rebels. Several barns, containing the cows of the citizens, locked up for safety, were set on fire by exploding shells and consumed.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A Noble Contribution.

The citizens of San Francisco have sent \$100,000 for the relief of the sick and wounded in the Federal army. Contrary to the lying predictions of the rebels, California, on the far verge of the Pacific, is thoroughly, immovably, heartily, enthusiastically loyal. Her soul, like her soil, is rich in virgin gold.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The terrible outrage committed by five rebel soldiers on three highly respected Union ladies in this vicinity was in fact a more aggravated case than we reported it. One of the sufferers is a girl not fifteen years of age. We hope the monsters who have thus disgraced their kind will be caught and hung without mercy.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

"Hard scrabble," is a nick-name often applied to one horse towns remarkable for their

poverty, but hereafter all such terms will go by the more significant name of "Dixie." That word expresses the idea of starvation more vividly than any other in the English language.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Market for the Poor.

For several weeks troops of Confederate brigands have been infesting all the roads leading into the city, and have, to the utmost of their power prevented market-people from bringing supplies to our citizens. We learn that within a few miles of town notices are posted up by the Captains of these troops of scoundrels, warning the country people that if they are caught bringing marketing to this place, they shall forfeit their loads, their wagons and their teams. In the face of these difficulties few market people now venture in, and then only by stealth, and consequently our supplies of vegetables are almost entirely cut off. Butter sells at 75 cts. and \$1.00; Irish potatoes, 70 cents a peck and the very few other articles offered for sale at corresponding prices. Fowls, apples, eggs, etc., can rarely be obtained at any price. As supplies are so difficult to obtain, it is very natural for those who have means to buy much larger quantities of any article than they would do was it more abundant, and thus it becomes almost impossible for the poor to buy anything, as they are not only without the means to buy much, but are crowded out of the market by a few monopolizers. To illustrate, if butter were abundant, a housekeeper might prefer to purchase but two or three pounds at once, but if it makes its appearance but once a week he will, if he has the means, buy up three or four times that quantity, and thus the poor are virtually excluded from the market. Cannot the Governor or the Military authorities give some protection to persons who will supply our market? why for instance, cannot worthy persons be allowed to go out with the forage trains, under the protection of our soldiers, for supplies? The only privilege granted to these traders would be the privilege of buying on fair terms—free the farmers who are not allowed to come to market. In this way the greatest abundance of supplies of all kinds could be brought in. It is easy to see how this scheme, which is perfectly simple, reasonable, and practicable, might be enlarged, so as to make it embrace a *free market* for the poor; a step which we think would be much more beneficial and certainly far cheaper than the donation of money. We are convinced that with a free market, our authorities can do more to assist the poor with one dollar, than they can do by the donation in money of three or four times that amount. We earnestly urge the suggestion for the consideration of our authorities; with this additional one, that *none of the benefits enumerated shall be extended to the disloyal.*

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Wonderful.—The New York Evening Post tells a large story of the freaks of lightning in France. A young girl was struck by lightning and changed to a boy.

The very thing wanted in this vicinity. Our women are anxious to enlist, but under existing circumstances the Government will not receive them. Pass that lightning round, and let's have the objection removed.—Springfield (Ill.) Herald.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Rebels at Lavergne.

We are informed that there are about seven hundred guerrillas at Lavergne, badly armed and worse dressed, whose chief business is to forage and drive off cattle. May be it would not be amiss to give these excellent gentlemen, and defenders of the South, some other employment.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 4-5

Fashion in New York.

The following from a New York journal is in strange contrast with the scenes around us. *Here* destitution and suffering put on their sober sackcloth; *there* gayety and luxury revel as in former times, and the current of daily pleasure seems scarcely rippled by the existence of war. Such is the contrast between rebellion and loyalty. Our lady readers will be glad to find relief from the dreadful monotony of war, by glancing over an article on topic, which once afforded them so much delight:

Fall Fashions.

After a visit, yesterday, to some of the most approved establishments of fashion we are prepared to vouch for the beauty and elaborate finish of the new styles. At Madame Demorest's, No. 473 Broadway, French designs display the greatest profusion and variety of ornament; in fact, in this direction, ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself. Plainliness and simplicity are words which for the present have been dropped out of the fashionable vocabulary. Tissues of silk and wool are not only manufactured in rich and elegant designs and varied colors, but are further adorned with narrow quillings, with decorations in braided work, with magnificent laces, gimps and buttons of the most costly and exquisite workmanship. This is true not of dress alone, but of cloaks, mantles and all the varieties of outer garments; the difference existing principally in the thicker textures and graver, darker shades of color, which are chosen for his purpose.

In the shape of cloaks there is a general tendency towards the revival of old styles. The sack is still in favor, but is worn, considerably deeper and generally closed entirely up the front, instead of being turned back *en revers*. A deep old fashioned talma is also coming into vogue, and forms part of a very convenient and appropriate suit in cloth and cashmere for fall or winter wear. They are also made in velvet, richly braided or embroidered, and are then lined with colored quilted silk and finished with beautiful flounces of wrought guipure lace.

For street wear, a gray or brown cashmere suit is very handsome, trimmed upon the skirt with talma with five graduated rows of black velvet, the lower one an inch and a half in depth, the upper one not more than half an inch.

Cloaks generally will obtain a medium depth, less would not suffice for purpose of warmth and comfort, and more would destroy the effect of the trimming, which in some form or other is now, universally placed upon the bottom of the skirt.—Sleeves are used mainly for sacks and basquines, or long coats, which are still worn to some extent. In the former there is no change, they are simply loose, and turned up with a deep cuff, the latter are very deep and often square and open nearly to the shoulder. This style is only suitable, however, when the garment is very elaborate, of velvet for instance, lined and trimmed with lace barbes, or of braided cloth, with gimp, or crochet ornaments.

Cloaks full upon the back are fitted into a pointed yoke, partly concealed by barbes of lace, which descend into points and are fastened with straight jet clasps. The sides form an

imitation of a very graceful sleeve, with the advantage of not crushing the cress, or under sleeve. Dress materials of heavy texture, such as alpacas, poplins and thick mohair are mostly used. The colors most in favor are greys, drab, and light brown. For evening dresses light shades of silk prevail.

Bonnets are only made in two colors, but often in two materials. The most elegant combination is velvet and satin. A dark grey velvet front, for example, has a puffed crown of grosselle satin, surmounted with a fan and barbes of black Chantilly lace, which extend to the tip ornaments, black cock's feather, tipped with goiselle black strings, edged with groiselle. [note: three different spellings]

At Mrs. Simmons, No. 637 Broadway, the eye is quite dazzled by the attractions presented. Here we saw bonnets composed of velvets in all the new and novel shades of color, rich in material, elaborate and chaste in design; silk of widely varied hues, shirred, plain, and combined with velvet of the same or contrasting shades; French grey, black, white, and a great variety of mosaic straws. The chief attraction, however, of Mrs. Simmons's establishment is its admirable selection of imported French bonnets, which, through the courtesy of Mrs. S., we had an opportunity to examine in advance of the general public. We will endeavor to describe some of the most beautiful. One is composed of chenena de la reine velvet, one side perfectly plain, the other laid in rich folds, caught in the center with a bunch of rich ostrich plumes of the same color, white blonde, falling over the front and extending round the cape. Inside is a velvet bandeau and cluster of drooping scarlet berries and velvet leaves, white blonde tabs, and white strings. No. 2 is of black velvet, made plain and trimmed with folds of Havane velvet extending from the front to the cape, finishing with an end fastened with a velvet clasp, an elegant bird of paradise gracefully laid on the front; the inside is composed of a pretty bow of Havane velvet and cluster of blue velvet flowers, with black and white blonde, white blonde tabs, and black strings. Another is of blue d'elle velvet, made plain, partial thin front, trimmed with puffs of solded [?] velvet, each fold caught with a jet pin, the folds surrounded with white blonde, a bunch of white ostrich feathers on the left side, drooping over the face, and forming part of the inside trimming; the cape is of lace and velvet; inside is a bunch of leaves, with black and white blonde, and white strings. In the dress making department of the establishment, conducted by Miss Simmons, we also saw many novelties—walking dresses of rich, heavy material, very neat and stylish, with a vast variety of evening dresses, trimmings consisting of flouncings, ruchings, and other styles.

At Taylor's, 407 Broadway, we saw among the varied over garments for the opening season, a large Spanish sack, cut bias, with seam in the back and slightly curved. The front is trimmed with bias pieces, scalloped, edged with guipure lace; half-flowing sleeves trimmed same as the front, a small double cape with the same trimming.

Another novelty at the same establishment is the Malvenia cloak, made of velvet and edged with quilling of black silk, handsomely braided, the shoulders ornamented with tassels. The Victoria mantle is cut with large box plaits on each shoulder, and one behind. It is trimmed with a deep ruffle around the bottom, to be box plaited.—The front is trimmed with French gimp, ornamented on the shoulders.

The various styles of dresses are emphatically legion. A pretty dinner dress is made of tray silk, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt, with a deep flounce of chantilly lace, surmounted by a double flounce of silk, plaited in the middle and bordered at the top and bottom by narrow black lace. The body of this dress is cut with a point in front, where it was partly opened and trimmed with a lappel [sic] of black silk, ornamented with fine white braid, edged with a narrow

lace; the sleeves cut with an elbow and open at the bottom, each corner being turned back and ornamented with white braid.

Another is a silk dress made of English green, a tint in high favor. At the bottom are nine narrow flounces, placed at intervals, in series of three each. These flounces are an inch and a half deep, but very full; they have just over the hem a small fretted ornament in braid, of a darker green. In the interval of the series, and above the top one, is also a fretted ornament, but deeper than those on the flounces. The body is high behind, and cut away in a heart shape in front, a fretted ornament running all round the top.

A Figaro Corsage, of Solferino Cashmere, embroidered with gold colored silk and lined with white silk. Pointed sleeves in the style of the middle ages, embroidered and lined to match the body. This garment may be worn with a complete dress, or merely with a foulard or plain silk. Accompanied by a loose cambric chemisette, it makes a very pretty dress. It should have a silk scarf, as a sash.

From a visit at A. M. Stewart's, 603 Broadway, we learn that the bonnets of the coming season are to be much smaller than the last season, the shape being close fitting to the face, but high at the top. A most chaste and truly beautiful style, adapted to please a refined and elegant taste.

The exquisite artistic display in the arrangement of bonnets in the cases, at Stewart's, attracted our attention. One bonnet of black lace round the front with an elegant coiffure falling over a soft crown of silk, trimmed with black ostrich tips, intermingled with maize, falling over the shoulder, affording a most *recherche* appearance. The inside trimming is formed of green velvet leaves, trimmed with black and white narrow lace, with a cluster of elegant vesuve roses—a color which renders every bonnet becoming.

Another very elegant bonnet is of masyland [?] Lyons velvet, the front being of velvet and crown of rich white silk, a coiffure of elegant white lace falling over the rich velvet cape which has a charming effect, a white ostrich feather, caught at the side, giving a coquetish look, sweeps across the bonnet, falling on the shoulder. Another very chaste mode composed of emerald green and white feathers, mixed with rich white blonde for the coming winter. There is also a wide assortment of uncut velvet bonnets, beautifully trimmed. The straw bonnets we saw were very pretty, one in particular, of silk velvet, and lace cape, with a cluster of ostrich feathers which had the appearance of having fallen there, and resembled a bird's nest, an idea both odd and effective.

The prevailing and most distingue colors are the emerald green, Masy-land vesuve and Havane. In the same establishment, we also saw hats of felt and beaver, which we venture to predict will be popular for young ladies to wear, for walking or riding; one black beaver hat, with long white ostrich feather intermingled with black, had a very charming effect; also one felt hat, with a cluster of elegant ostrich feather, placed in front, had a very enticing appearance, tinsed, as it were, with snow flakes, charming and coquetish for young ladies. Upon the whole everything we saw at Stewart's gave decided evidence of artistic taste.

Altogether the Fashion season for the fall of 1862 opens with undiminished energy and promises to be as successful in all respects as any of its predecessors. The war has not affected the luxury and taste of this metropolis and the enterprise of our merchants affords an almost unbounded field from which to select. Such, indeed, is the beauty and variety of the articles offered, that we shall not be surprised if our fair readers find a choice a difficult as well as a delicate undertaking.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

A merchant at Independence Hill fourteen miles from Murfreesboro', was robbed recently of \$1,400 worth of goods and \$4,000 in money by the guerrillas. His store was completely stripped. And these are the soldiers who protect our rights!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Another Glorious Victory over the Rebels!
General Anderson's Camp at Lavergne Broken up and Routed!
Rebel Loss—Thirty Killed and Eighty wounded.
Three Hundred Prisoners Taken!
The Enemy's Entire Camp: Equipage, Stores, Arms and
Ammunition Captured and Brought to this City.

Our arms at this point have been crowned with another brilliant success over the foes of our peace and happiness. The rebel camp, under Gen. Anderson at Lavergne, fifteen miles from this place, of which so much has been said for the last week, and which the secessionists firmly believed would in a few days drive the army from this city, has been utterly scattered and annihilated by our industrious, fearless and resolute officers and soldiers, whose skill and valor are worthy of the loftiest praise.

For days past we could hear of nothing but Lavergne, Lavergne—Lavergne and Anderson and fifty pieces of cannon, and ten thousand rebels, with any number of reinforcements from divers places. It was the current talk of the rebels. General Negley, finally, concluded that this scare-crow had been flourished before us quite long enough, and determined to give it a quietus, similar to that administered to Col. Bennett's camp near Goodlettsville. Officers and privates alike were eager for the conflict, and never did troops more heartily second the plans of their commander. It was resolved to place Lavergne and its accompaniments among the things that were, and due preparations were made. The following were the orders from Headquarters:

Headquarters U. S. Forces, }
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 6, 1862. }

General Palmer:

The troops under your immediate charge, consisting of

1st Regiment Infantry,
2 Sections Artillery,
Col. Stokes's Cavalry,
Col. Synkoop's Cavalry,

Should march so as to arrive at Lavergne at 4 o'clock A.M. Dispose the cavalry in two (2) battalions—advance and rear—artillery supported by the infantry. From this disposition you can use your judgments in deploying right and left to surround the enemy, and give play to your artillery, which, if opportunity offers, use with best effect. The enemy's forces being poorly organized, armed, and drilled, they may easily be startled into a sudden panic, affording an opportunity and stimulating our cavalry (who are also inexperienced) in making a charge.

Guard well against your force being scattered, inviting a stand from the enemy, who may possibly be in greater force than expected.

When your eye covers the ground, occupied by the enemy, seek if possible to check his

retreat east and west, expecting to be aided by Colonel Miller on the south.

The enemy have camps at Green Hill, Murfreesboro, Nolensville, the troops from which may present themselves on your flanks.

There is a train regular from Murfreesboro; secure it if possible. Should any event prevent your moving to-morrow, inform me by couriers.

Encamp, however, as near to Nashville as possible.

Secure all the live stock and bacon possible, without particular reference to the kind.

In returning, guard carefully against an ambuscade, or a dash on your train.

I refer you to Colonel Miller's instructions for a perfect understanding of each other's movements [sic].

Jas. S. Negley,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Headquarters, U. S. Forces, }
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 6, 1861. }

Colonel Miller:

Sir: Your command, four (4) regiments of infantry, will march promptly at 9 P.M., to arrive before Lavergne at 4 A.M.

Keep to the left of the railroad, marching with the most perfect secrecy; unfixed bayonets.

Your object is to surprise the enemy, encamped near Lavergne, co-operating with forces under General Palmer, via Murfreesboro road, who should arrive at Lavergne simultaneous with yourself.

Bear in mind that the enemy have camps at Nolensville, Murfreesboro, and Green Hill, troops from which may dash into your lines.

Move cautiously but fearlessly. Strike with determination and judgment.

Upon returning, it will be well to send two regiments so as to strike the Nolensville pike (10 miles south of Nashville,) to cover the safe return of a large forage train out on that road. Bring all the cattle, hogs and sheep to be found.

Jas. S. Negley,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

According to these instructions the whole command started, consisting of the 21st Illinois, Lieut. Col. Miles; first section of the 1st Kentucky Battery, Lieut. Nell; part of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Capt. May; two sections of Capt. Hotaling's celebrated Illinois Battery; and Col. Stokes' 1st Middle Tennessee Cavalry. General Palmer's force keeping straight out on the Murfreesboro road, while Miller's command, strictly in conformity to orders, took a different direction. Gen. Palmer arrived at Lavergne about half-past three A.M., having been frequently fired upon by guerrillas and pickets during the whole route between our videttes and Lavergne. Miller shared the same fate, but as he would naturally go slower than a force containing cavalry, he did not arrive in front of the enemy until the battle had begun, which commenced at precisely daylight. Before the encounter, General Palmer took prisoners the men on picket duty at Lavergne, and sent them to this city, where they arrived at eight A.M., yesterday.

The enemy, under command of Gen. S. R. Anderson, opened fire upon Gen. Palmer, and attempted to flank him by throwing the 32d Alabama on his right. The enemy, although they had

but one gun, opened upon us, but, unfortunately for them, Hotaling's battery was but a short distance off, and returned the fire from two sections. The second shot from our artillery went directly through the enemy's powder magazine, which immediately blew up, causing the complete destruction of the whole work and everything within a respectable circumference around it. About this time the Alabama regiment above referred to made hostile demonstrations upon Palmer's flank, but to the surprise of friend and foe, Colonel Miller's whole force, consisting of the 18th Ohio, Lieut. Col. Given; 20th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Nibbling; 78th Pennsylvania, Col. Serwill; 14th Michigan, Col. St. Clair, arrived, *via* a cornfield, and rattled away, throwing his force completely the front, and on the Murfreesboro road on the right.

The 78th Penn. halted nearly in front of the retreating enemy, and when he attempted to pass the line to our left, Col. Serwill threw his regiment rapidly by the left flank and completely in front of the enemy. During all this time the artillery was playing upon them with telling effect.

The cavalry dashed with great force against the line of the 78th, but was met by a succession of volleys of musketry. The 32d Alabama quickly threw down their arms, and the cavalry elevated a white flag, but the Captain of the battery not seeing it, kept on firing. The cavalry then fled in great confusion into the woods. Meantime the 18th Ohio had arrived nearly at the place where the enemy's artillery had made its first stand, and, by order of Colonel Miller, was deployed as skirmishers to sweep the woods recently occupied by the Alabama regiment. The men swept the woods clear back by the camp, and took numerous prisoners, among them Colonel Maury, Colonel Miller, learning that Gen. Palmer's infantry had gone in the same direction, withdrew the 18th Ohio.

The firing in the corn fields in front of the battery had by this time become scattering, irregular, and soon ceased. The 14th Michigan and the 21st Ohio had each taken an active part and secured many prisoners.

After Colonel Miller arrived the fighting lasted thirty minutes.

As all the information which General Negley could possibly obtain must necessarily be by couriers, at an early hour yesterday morning, deeming it expedient to risk no sacrifice of his troops, he sent out reinforcements, consisting of the 22d Illinois, 11th Michigan, 10th Michigan and a Battery, Gen. Negley taking immediate command. The reinforcements proceeded to within a mile of the Insane Asylum, when they were met by Colonel Stokes and his regiment. The easy gait of the horses, the smile of the Colonel, the apparent good nature of his men, and the exhibition of several miniature Confederate flags told the whole story.

The first remark that the duty Colonel made to the General was, "General, we've got 'em!"

"Well," said the General, "what have you got?"

"By George!" ejaculated Col. Stokes, "we've got *everything*—two Colonels, several other commissioned officers, and nearly three hundred men, all their small arms, their guns, and all the flour, bacon, and other necessaries we could carry, after filling our own and all the enemy's wagons and every species of cart that we could press." The Colonel told the truth, for the road for miles was filled with soldiers, prisoners of war, and wagons loaded with stores of all kinds.

The rebels had but one gun, which was captured. We also took from the enemy four hundred small arms, a regimental stand of colors, fifty-six loads of flour, several hundred weight of bacon, forty beeves, and a number of horses.

Our loss, as far as can be ascertained, was 4 killed and 7 wounded.

The rebel loss in killed is thirty, and about eighty wounded. Notwithstanding our artillery

made sad havoc with the enemy, the above figures are probably reliable, as seems to be confirmed by the rebel prisoners.

As near as we can judge, the number of prisoners taken was over three hundred, most of whom were taken to the Provost Marshal's office for examination. Their number embraced two colonels, several captains and lieutenants, ordinance officers, and quite a squad of sergeants and corporals. During the examination of the men, several of them avowed that their officers all ran away, and thus their capture was inevitable. One intelligent young man from Alabama stated that he was awakened by his servant, who told him that "the Yankees were coming." He disbelieved the report, and went to sleep again, but was awakened by the report of cannon and musketry. Hastily joining his company, he was ordered, with the whole regiment, to form in line of battle, but when the attack was made his officers fled, and he, with other new, inexperienced troops, followed them. On starting to leave the field, he was told by some of his officers that a large force of Federals were advancing from Murfreesboro, and said, he, good-naturedly, "Before I really knew where I was, I was marching between the blue coats." Many of the prisoners state that they were sick of the war, and judging from appearances we think they have reason to be, for a more wretched looking set of prisoners it has never been our lot to witness. No two were dressed alike, and many were ragged and all very dirty.

In addition to this, their fifteen miles' march did not enhance their looks. No doubt a parole will be acceptable to them. According to the statements made by many of them, they are quite willing to quit fighting and return home.

The rebel force was under command of General Sam. Anderson; but that individual informed his men that reinforcements were necessary, started towards Murfreesboro for them, and has not been heard of since. The cavalry were respectively under John T. Morgan, Biffel, and McKinstry.

The uniform good conduct of the troops on march and under fire was loudly applauded by the officers, and perceptible to all. Nothing was disturbed of a private nature, except pressing teams to carry captured stores. Another fact worthy of mention is, that the jaded and worn-out prisoners were treated with the consideration which characterizes our troops.

The dash of the rebels under Forrest upon Murfreesboro, a few months ago, was a decided success, and we must confess that General Negley's well planned and well carried out attack upon Lavergne was no less brilliant.

Colonel Stokes' cavalry displayed signal daring and intrepidity, going into their work with coolness and alacrity of veterans, and the ardor of men whose souls burned with patriotism. They amply fulfilled the high hopes entertained of them. We predict for them a splendid reputation. The gallantry and coolness of Colonel Miller are highly applauded. The opening of his fire upon the splendid rebel cavalry is described as truly brilliant; from one end of his line to the other blazed forth one sheet of fire, the rebels reeled in their saddles, the dead and dying strewn the ground, and the survivors betook themselves to headlong flight. General Palmer who won noble laurels at Island Number 10, acquitted himself as became an officer and soldier. He opened the fight and kept it up heroically. His skill and coolness were eminent everywhere.

The excitement along the road and on the streets was tremendous; the whole population turning out, while squads of from three hundred to five hundred persons, at the entrance of the city, on Cedar street, Church street, High street, and around the Capitol, literally blocked up the way in their intense eagerness to see the troops and their prisoners, who were a most woe-begotten looking set, and lineal descendants of the "Knights of the Sorrowful Figure." Poor men, little did they seem to know the true character of this deplorable contest. Dupes of wicked and

cunning leaders, led astray by mere political blacklegs, we felt most sincerely and profoundly sorry for them. Why should they be torn from home, wife, children, friends and business, because Harris and Breckinridge were no longer the favorites of political fortune? General Negley and our other officers were greeted cordially along the route by the waving of flags, handkerchiefs and other tokens of approval. There were hundreds, yes thousands of the sons and daughters of Tennessee, whose hearts beat high with hope and joy at this triumph of the dear old flag, more precious to their souls than aught besides on earth.

Thus Providence has crowned our arms with another victory over the forces of treason, anarchy and despotism; may it be but the precursor of a long series of triumphs, each one far outshining its predecessor in splendor.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Daughter of the Regiment.—The young woman whose career as a soldier in the Irish Legion was supposed to have been suddenly cut short by a discovery of her sex, has been accepted as a female appendage to the regiment, and will henceforth follow them where glory leads, a *la vivandiere*. Her name is Eliza Miller, and she is spoken of as having a good character, notwithstanding late appearances have been much against her.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Judging from the kissings and embraces of the rebel prisoners yesterday, we think some of the rebel women must have found a part at least, of their rights.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The smallest watch in the London Exhibition is a minute affair, smaller than a pea, set in a ring for a lady's finger. It goes for six hours, and may be purchased for the pretty little sum of \$1,200.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

To Our Readers.

This morning the Union is presented to its patrons diminished somewhat in size. The fault is not ours, nor is it in our power to control it at present. The paper maker on whom we depend, informs us that it will be necessary for him to get several articles essential to the manufacture of paper before he can supply us again with the proper size. He has enough of the size we print on this morning, to last us until the other can be furnished. We assure our patrons that it is contrary to the wishes of the Publishers of the Union to take any step that will detract from its merits. As soon as we can be supplied with the paper, we will resume our regular size. Notwithstanding the reduction of the paper from its former size, there will be no diminution in the amount of reading matter from what has heretofore been given.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The most perfect order was kept in the Market House yesterday morning. This great improvement is due to Capt. Councillor of the 69th Ohio, chief of the Military Police, and his efficient Guard.

They have reformed a great evil of which there has been much complaint and for which they have the hearty thanks of the community.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Domestic Record of the Rebellion.

A large number of private letters, written to soldiers in the rebel army, were captured the other day at Lavergne, and have been placed in our possession. As indicative of the sentiments and opinions of the Southern people in reference to the war, and also of their actual condition, these letters, written in the honest confidence of affection are of very great value. They are straws on the current of the wind. . . .

The next letter we pick up is dated Sept. 22d, from a lady to her husband, written in a beautiful hand, on a sheet of paper torn from a memorandum book. She says:

"I have seen a good many conscripts going by to-day, but *had much rather see you all coming back than to see others going off. I don't think that looks much like the war is closing.* I have almost given up in despair of its ever closing. I am sorry to think of you all having such hard times out there. I hear they (the Yankees) are dying daily in New Orleans with yellow fever. I wish the last one would die."

Seat you vixen!

A wife in Clark county, Alabama, writes to her husband that she can get no paper to send him letters. She is attending to the stock herself, and says she can get no money, and is in much trouble. Another wife, in the same county, tells her husband that there has been no rain for two months, and she will raise no corn. She begs her husband to let her have some flour, as her provisions are all gone and she does not know what to do. Another poor wife entreats her husband to "get a *folo* (furlough) and come home." She can get no candles to burn. Another wife writes to her husband that their son "Bob says he is *tiard* of staying at home by *ourselves* without a *paw*." We advise Robert's *paw* to go home.—Her daughter Nancy "does wish the Yankeys would behave ther selves and be at peace." Poor women, how rudely the iron foot of rebellion tramples on their tender affections! These letters are all written on half sheets of paper, of the worst quality, and many of them on scraps torn from blank books. The ink, too, is evidently home-made. One wife tells her husband that "number 8 black thread is selling for *five dollars*, and they say it will soon be *ten*." She tells him to "take good care of his wool shirts, for wool is now hard to get." One of their boys is "afraid to leave the woods," as they are "conscripting in that neighborhood." Here is a most affectionate letter from a sweet little boy who has got his mother to write for him to pa, begging him to quit the soldiers and come home. Alas, poor little fellow, the next tidings you may have from your dear Pa may be that General Bragg has shot him down like a brute for trying to go and visit you. His mother writes that the "crops are an entire failure, and salt can't be had." "I think," says she, "that it would be *the best thing that ever was done*, if you all would just come home. If I knew the war would last I would rather die now, for if you don't come home we will all have to perish. You don't know how bad I want to see your face." A soldier writes to his brother that he has been trying to get a discharge, but finds it an impossibility for a man to get out of the service now; "you have to swear as long as you can stand, and swear furthermore."

A wife in Baldwin county, also writes on September 16th, that there is a "good deal of talk here about the war stopping." But, alas, here is another written last May, which says they

tell her "there will be no more fighting after twenty days." Cruel deception!

"Come home brother, if you can" writes another, "we have hard times all over the country. They say peace will be made in a few days. No rain here for more than eight weeks."

Peace would be more welcome to this poor man than rain even.

"Don't get out of heart brother," says another writing to a soldier; "I don't believe this war will last much longer, I think there will be peace in a few weeks." What a heart-ache and yearning there is for peace among the *people*. But, Henry, Senator Gustaves Henry, drawing eight dollars per diem in Richmond, rises and Congress and yells: "No peace! Hoist the black flag, and begin a war of extermination!" Didn't Hell ring with laughter when the infamous sentiment was uttered? "Dear husband I do want you to come home the first chance you get. I hear three States have gone back into the Union. If it is so you may as well give it up and come home." That wife does not want the war to continue. "Husband I am sick, but I would be well if I could see you, I heard peace was made. *I pray God it may be so*, come home and stay with me once more and we will be so happy." "Up with the black flag," responds the aristocratic Senator Henry. Several wives write to their husbands that they have been swindled out of their money sent home to them, by the hands of false friends. We though *chivalry* would scorn to cheat a woman! "I do wish you all had never volunteered, there was no use in it, any how;" writes a most affectionate wife, whose letter is stained with tear drops. Mrs. Fulton has heard that there has been a great battle, and writes to her husband to inform her immediately if he is dead.

Mrs. B_____ don't state anything of much interest, except that she has "had the colic for several days." If these lines should happen to reach Mrs. B_____ before her recovery, we beg leave to remind her that a little catnip tea is, like parmacetti,

"The sovereignest thing on earth for in'ard pains."

Let her drink the life-restoring and soothing infusion and be healed, for its "leaves are for the healing of nations." Some of the happiest memories of the days of our boyhood are connected with catnip and paregoric. We regard catnip as the safest, besides we don't suppose that paregoric can be had in Alabama at all.

Why here is an epistolary gem, a jewel inestimable among these letters, for it is a message from Margaret Ann to her sweet-heart. She is affectionate, but spunky, and to the impertinent inquiry of her soldier lover why she writes to "another man," she replies she will write to him "or any other man" who "will write to her in friendship." She says that in her neighborhood the men and women have *reversed their occupations*, and while you all in camp are down to your washing and mending, I am at home a ploughing [sic] an old contrary old mule, and *you may guess whether I curse any or not*; so that I am about to fall from grace; and I desire an interest in your *prayers* all next week, *until I get over ploughing [sic] my corn*. I will answer your letters as long as I can get paper to write on or money to pay postage, but this is my last sheet of paper, for paper is a great object."

"Oh what peaseful hours we once
Injoyed, How sweet their memory
Still but *yeu* have left an aching
Void the world can never fill."

Margaret Ann _____

How mulish and how affectionate! Won't she make Thomas see sights if he should not pull straight and true in the matrimonial harness? How graphically this Alabama Dulcinea writes! We see her now "in our mind's eye," as she drives her obstinate mule before her in the furrow, geeing and singing, hawing and cursing.

"What peaceful (Gee! you pesky critter!) hours I once enjoyed, How sweet their (haw! d__n you!) memory still, (Plague take you, you long-eared heathen, you made me tear all the edging off my under fixins!) But *you* (oh my Thomas!) have left an aching (Quit kicking, blast your eyes!) void, the world can never fill!

O thou wandering Thomas, leave the banner of Mars and return to that Cupid and fill that "aching void" of which Margaret Ann complains, with such seraphic sweetness

"Return oh wanderer return

And seek thy injured Margaret's face!"

And then thou shalt experience the truth that,

"Tongue cannot express

The sweet comfort and peace

Of a soul in its earliest love!"

But here is another letter of rather a different character from any we have had yet. An indignant Mrs. Caudle writes to her spouse, who is doubtless as blameless as Joseph of old; "I hear bad news of you, for they say that you have got another woman for a sweet-heart!" Madam, we don't believe a word of it! Your consort is no doubt as true to you as he is to Dixie—and dirt. Think too of the absurdity of a fellow going to see a sweet-heart, wearing a rimless hat, a raw cowhide shoe on one foot, and a toeless boot on the other, one gallows on, both elbows out, and his shirt tail streaming in the Autumn winds! Nonsense Madam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

And here is one—the last and saddest—from whose sorrow-shadowed leaves we dare not quote. It is from a mother, a bereaved mother, who writes to her husband, far from home, and in the ranks, that she has just buried their two and only little children—one on one day, and the other on the day following—and now, like Rachel, she is left desolate amid the shattered fragments of the household gods whom she worshipped. The bright and loving eyes of her little cherubs are closed in the long eclipse of death, and starless gloom gathers around her, and mortal coldness strikes her inmost heart. In her husband's absence they had become doubly precious to her, and their sweet "Mother" and fond "Good night," were musical in her ears as the song of birds. Now, the little hat and the little bonnet hang uncalled for against the wall, and their pattering feet ring no more through her chamber, for they are gone forever. Sad is thy fate, oh mother; but thou art not alone in thy bereavement; for this inhuman rebellion has made tenfold sharper the tortures of such afflictions to thousands of mothers, who mourn their confined babes, in the absence of the husbands who should be present to comfort and support them in their sore agony. Oh corrupt, reckless, heartless leaders of this unholy rebellion, how these households you have desolated, these hearts which you have bruised, rise up in judgment against you!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Panic in Murfreesboro.

There was a terrible panic among the rebels in Murfreesboro' last Wednesday night. A rumor came that a Federal force was coming, and soldiers and citizens broke and ran away as if the eternal devil himself was after them.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Fuel.

There will be an immense amount of suffering in this city, the coming winter, if some provision is not speedily made for procuring fuel. The poor, especially, will be in a sad condition, if some measure is not adopted to procure a supply of wood. It is thought that the authorities can get an abundant supply by running our cars for wood on the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, within a few miles of the city. Or, perhaps, the Edgefield road could be put in operation as far as the Ridge, where immense quantities of wood can be procured, which could be furnished to the people at low rates, and at the same time pay all the cost of its procurement. It is a God-like duty to succor the poor, and it is important that something should be done to prevent apprehended distress.

Senola.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Speaking at Murfreesboro.—We learn that Harris will be at Murfreesboro on next Wednesday, for the purpose of making a speech. We will endeavor to be present and make a faithful report of his remarks for our readers. We hope Harris will have us a comfortable seat and table prepared where we can take notes without interruption. We learn that it is to be a sort of muster-day with the rebels. Harris will speak, we learn, on the following topics:

1. The \$2,000,000 School Fund.
2. The Midnight Treaty.
3. Freedom of Elections.
4. Whisky, Poker and Religion.
5. His skedaddle from Nashville.

In connection with this last topic he will, by the particular request of the ladies of Murfreesboro', recite our 'Mournful Ballad,' written in commemoration of that event.

P. S. Buck, the porter at the Capitol, requests us to inform Isham, that when he ran away from this place last February, he was in such a hurry, he bursted the lock off the door of the Governor's office, and that this trespass of the wandering Governor has cost him, the aforesaid Buck, several dollars in repairs. If the Ex-Governor has any of that \$2,000,000 left, he would like to get the cash, and if he hasn't, rather than lose the debt he will take it out in whisky.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Summary: Great Federal Victory at Perryville, Kentucky; Glorious News from Corinth

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Late from Murfreesboro!

A messenger who arrived at Headquarters yesterday evening from Murfreesboro, reports that a great panic prevails there, that the rebel forces are in dread of an attack, and dispersing, and that Forrest is sending off his artillery to Chattanooga. Anderson is furiously denounced by every one for his conduct at Lavergne. Forrest fled twice from his camp last week on hearing an alarm that General Negley was advancing on him with his entire force. The guerrilla's career is nearly closed.

The dark thunder-cloud of treason, which for weeks past menaced Kentucky and

Tennessee with its portentous folds, has broken, and the sun of the Federal Union casts upon our upturned faces, all radiant with delight, a flood of glory, through the scattered and flying banners of the storm.

We shall probably receive details of the Perryville fight late this evening; if so, they will appear in the Union of tomorrow morning.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Andrew Ewing.

This rebel stump orator, recruiting officer, or whatever else he may call himself, made a speech in Franklin the other day. He worked himself up to a tempest of excitement. He vowed that Nashville could, would and should be taken, and that very soon; he owned property there, but would rather see it burned to ashes, and piled with ruins rather than let the cursed, thieving, cowardly Yankees hold it. Very well, Mr. Ewing, if Nashville *must* be taken, we say, as the Lacedaemonians said to Xerxes when he told them to give up their arms: "Come and take it!" . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Rebel Accounts of the Lavergne Fight.

We copy the following correspondence and editorial from the *Chattanooga Rebel* of the 9th inst., in reference to the Lavergne fight. The rebels were evidently panic-stricken at their rout, and still dread another attack.

"Decherd, Tenn., Oct. 7.—The enemy, 2,000 strong and two batteries, attacked our forces at Lavergne, early this morning. Our forces fell back about five miles. The enemy did not pursue, but left for Nashville by 9 o'clock, A.M.—They burnt five cars and two houses at Lavergne. We had two killed and several wounded. Enemy's loss unknown. We captured a Major and Lieutenant. It is impossible to give further particulars to-night.—Cor. Chat. Rebel."

[Special Correspondence of the Rebel.]

"Murfreesboro, Oct. 9.—We had a report from our advance pickets last night that the enemy were advancing on this place via Lebanon pike. Our forces were kept in line of battle all night, but the enemy have not yet appeared, (7 a.m.) I am inclined to think they will not come. But there is no doubt they are greatly elated at the success of their raid on Lavergne, and may think they can take Murfreesboro. It is thought they are being reinforced at Nashville, but this is hardly probable. If this country is again taken by the Yankees nothing will be left by them. This they have shown at Lavergne, where they destroyed everything they could lay their hands on—even the dresses of ladies. They left nothing. If they get here they will do the same. They have a special grudge against the patriotic citizens of this place.

"I do sincerely hope Gen. Jones will send us force enough to repel any effort on the part of the Yankees to again get possession of Middle Tennessee. It would be a burning shame to let this portion of our State again be overrun and pillaged by them."

The Rebel says:

"A dispatch appeared in the *Rebel* yesterday morning, in regard to the affair at Lavergne, from the agent of the Associated Press at Murfreesboro, which is considered by some to reflect on Gen. S. R. Anderson. The dispatch was not published until it was ascertained, by inquiring at the telegraph office here, that it was approved by Gen. Forrest, and had been sent to all papers which take the press dispatches. No press which takes the dispatches has the right to alter those which may come approved by military authority. We learn from gentlemen just from Murfreesboro, that no fault attaches to Gen. S. B. Anderson, but that the cavalry, consisting of new recruits, who had never been under fire, did leave rather precipitately, and that was the cause of the disaster."

That is what we call a back-handed apology for Anderson. Forrest, it appears, is down on him.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

A Capture.

Col. Stokes Cavalry captured thirteen guerrillas—being a *full set* and one thrown in for good measure, yesterday, eight miles out on the Nolensville pike. They were said to be the pickets of a regiment or more some miles further back. Perhaps some discoveries may be made before our readers see this paragraph.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Murfreesboro.

A rumor is circulated here that the rebels are being reinforced at Murfreesboro, several regiments having arrived there within the past few days. Their camp is said to be several miles from the town on the Salem church road. Our readers must take the rumor for exactly what it is worth.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Off to Murfreesboro!

The editor of the Union requests his lady friends not to send boquets [sic], jellies, preserves, marmalades, pound-cakes, fruits, wines, or other nick-nacks, to his sanctum to-day, as he will be unavoidably absent at Murfreesboro' to report Isham G. Harris's great speech, a full and accurate report of which will be found in to-morrow's paper. The editor has succeeded after violent mental exertion, in borrowing for his hazardous trip, the identical cart and mule which Brownlow and parson McFerrin hired to skedaddle in last February. He is said to be a tremendous propeller, sporting high cars and moral character.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

More "Yarbs" Wanted!

The following Medical advertisement appears in the Knoxville *Register*:
[list of items wanted by the Medical Purveyor's Office, no name attached]

Truly, the Confederacy seems to be in a great need of medicines. No jalap, no aloes, no blue mass, no ipecac. But if the lives of scores are imperilled [sic] for lack of drugs, just think, oh you lucky rebels, of the thousands of lives saved by the absence of quack doctors as surgeons in the rebel army. It may be murder to your soldiers, it is true, but it is your salvation most certainly.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Theatre.—To-morrow, Saturday afternoon, is set apart for the benefit of our old friend Ed. Wight. Through the kindness of Capt. Hayden, who is in command of the 19th Illinois Regiment, he has succeeded in getting a squad of that far-famed Regiment to go through the movements and evolutions of the celebrated Ellsworth Zouaves.

Many of the soldiers comprising this Regiment visited the principal cities of the Union, with the late Col. Ellsworth, electrifying the public, and even surprising officers who had commanded the French Zouaves of Crimean notoriety. There has been a host of imitators of the Ellsworth drill, but as yet we have seen none who could approach them. It has been the pride of the whole Regiment to perfect themselves in this novel drill, and it is indeed a grand and exciting sight to see the whole Regiment, as if it were one man going through the bayonet exercise.

The squad will be under the command of Lieut. Geo. W. Bishop. The stage will be enlarged for the occasion, and there will be as many soldiers as can drill to advantage. They will give in full the bayonet drill, skirmishing, manual of arms, loading, etc., etc., as taught by the lamented Ellsworth, whose name and fame as an officer and patriot will ever continue to remain indelibly engraved on the hearts of every American citizen. Moreover the 19th Illinois Regiment not only excel in exercise but in the battle-field amid the roar and din of cannon and musketry, the gallant 19th have never yet been known to turn their backs, and it is indeed with pleasure we make the announcement that a squad of these brave and undaunted soldiers will give the citizens of Nashville an opportunity of seeing a part of the gallant band who carried the palm throughout the country in point of drill and military tactics.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

From Texas.

We hear but little of late from the land of Houston. The *St. Joseph Journal*, however, has some information of the old chieftain of Texas, as well as the Union sentiment of his people.

It seems that five refugees from Texas have been on trial before the Provost Marshal of St. Joseph, being arrested in that city. The evidence in their cases established the fact that they were Union refugees from Texas fleeing to avoid the conscription act. The *Journal* thus sums up their case as told by themselves:

They stated that they had came up through the Indian Territory and Kansas. They met with no molestation until they got into Kansas, when they were arrested by a nigger company and one of their horses taken away from them.

They represent a very strong Union feeling existing all through Texas, and think a Union army of 10,000 men could march through the entire length and breadth of the State, and have their numbers doubled by the time they got through.

Gen. Sam Houston still lives, and remains true to the old flag. All of the Houston influence is strongly in favor of the old Government, and what they have done to oppose it has been extorted at the point of the bayonet.

The refugees report that it is a very difficult matter to leave Texas. There are thousands there who would leave at a moment's warning were they permitted to do so. All of the refugees were single men, with but one exception, and he left his family behind.

They were en route to Rock Island, Illinois. One of them bore a letter of recommendation as a steadfast Union man from the Hon. Mr. Washburn, one of the Representatives in Congress from Illinois. They went from here to Savannah and from there they will go direct to Iowa, in order to avoid the troubles in Northeast Missouri. They declare their intention to join the first Federal force that is fitted out for an expedition to their adopted State.

There has been an unprecedented drought in Texas the past season, and as a consequence the crops are almost a failure. There will, doubtless, be much suffering, unless relief is speedily offered.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

M'mlle Camile Urso.

The lovers of music—and who is not a lover of music?—will be delighted to learn that this lady, who ranks with the first artists of the day, not only for extraordinary natural musical powers, but also for her astonishing acquirements in her divine art, at the earnest solicitation of her numerous admirers, intends giving an entertainment on next Friday, in this city. To the citizens of this place who have heard her on divers occasions, we need only mention the fact that she will give a concert; they will all eagerly embrace the opportunity to go to the banquet of sweet sounds which she knows so well how to call forth from the chords of her magic viol. Those who have never heard her exquisite performances will do themselves great wrong if they fail to hear her now. She is truly a musical enchantress, and her bow is as potent as the wand of Prospero, which bade the Aeolian harp of Ariel fill the balmy winds of the enchanted isle

"With many a tone

To mortal minstrelsy unknown"

We heard her sweet strains upon the violin years ago, and a few indeed are the considerations which could induce us to forego the rapture we anticipate on next Friday. We say to everybody, attend M'mlle Urso's concert.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Guerrillas.

A troop of guerrillas fired on our pickets early yesterday morning on the Lebanon pike. The fire was returned, and two of the rebels killed, when the assailants decamped. They did no injury. It was reported that a troop of cavalry, variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, were within five miles of the city. But the scamps will not stand still long enough to be shot at. They run on the first approach of danger.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Theatre.—The exhibition of the Zouave drill by a detachment of soldiers of the 19th Illinois, under Lieut. Bishop, at the Theatre yesterday afternoon, on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. E. Wight, was a beautiful and astonishing display of military skill. Their performances were highly applauded by the audience. The whole regiment is said to be wonderfully accurate in the manual. They will appear again at the benefit of Mr. Hamilton on Monday afternoon, on which occasion they will introduce some new and pleasing evolutions, that belong exclusively to this modern style of "plain and ornamental" fighting. Lieut. Bishop is a good officer, and governs his men like a veteran, and they respond like soldiers. The whole entertainment was highly creditable to all parties concerned.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Arms! Arms!

Yesterday, a few hours after the publication of General Negley's order in reference to the giving up of private arms, a throng of citizens began to pour in to Headquarters for the purpose of complying with the requisition, bringing with them firearms of all imaginable kinds—shot guns, pop guns, single-barrelled [sic] guns, double-barrelled [sic] guns, rifles smooth bores, muskets, human pistols, colt pistols, jackass pistols, flint locks, percussion locks, carbines, single triggers, double triggers, hair triggers and no triggers at all. Some old shot guns were brought which had been so long disused that the mice had made nests in the barrels. Persons of known loyalty had no difficulty in retaining their arms. The disloyal ought not to be trusted with them.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

M'mlle Urso's Concert.—We are informed by M'mlle Urso, that she is compelled to postpone her concert until next Wednesday. The public should hold themselves in readiness for a magnificent musical entertainment. M'mlle Urso's skill on the violin may be styled almost miraculous. She is a prodigy of musical genius and acquirements, and is no doubt the most accomplished artist in America. All who hear her exquisite performances, will cherish them forever as the richest jewels in the casket of memory.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Special Order No. 19.

Headquarters, United States Forces, }
Camp Nashville, Tennessee, }
October 21, 1862. }

I. The citizens of Nashville will immediately turn over to Lieut. C. C. Cooke, Aid de Camp and Ordnance Officer, at these Headquarters, all the Arms or Munitions of War, in their possession or concealed within their knowledge.

II. Those persons who, before the 24th inst., voluntarily deliver up their arms, properly marked with their names, will receive a receipt for them to be returned or settled for as the Government may direct.

III. The refusal to deliver arms of any description, or to report their whereabouts, if

known, will be taken as sufficient evidence of disloyalty to subject the offender to severe penalties. No excuse whatever will be taken for an evasion of this order.

IV. A rigid inquiry will be instituted to discover parties who may evade this order in any particular, and a liberal reward will be offered for information which will lead to such discovery. By command of Gen. Negley.

Jas. A. Lowrie, Capt. and A. A. G.

Oct. 22—3t.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

We suppose that the flag mentioned is in possession of the proper authorities, it is not the custom, we believe, to allow privates or subordinate officers to retain such trophies as regimental flags. We hope that Congress will pass a law granting medals for meritorious conduct to soldiers in the army as well as in the navy.

Camp 21st Regt. Ohio Vol., }
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 23, 1862. }

Editor Nashville Union:

On the 7th inst., in the "affair" at Lavergne, I captured the regimental flag of the 32nd Regiment of Alabama Rebels, and, with the assistance of a private of the 18th Regiment Ohio Volunteers, took prisoners at the same time ten rebel soldiers. I do not know the soldier's name, but he and myself were the first in the rebel camp. I took possession of the flag and what guns the prisoners had, and in a few moments some cavalymen came and took charge of the prisoners. I laid the flag, guns, and some other traps in a pile, and went to catch a horse which was running about ready bridled and saddled, and one of the cavalymen who was marching off the prisoners which the 18th Ohio man and myself had captured, picked up my flag and put off with it. I am told that these cavalymen say they captured it, but I know they did not. The flag is a little faded—the colors "run"—and was presented to some *Rifles*, I disremember the name, by the ladies of some town in Alabama; I disremember the name of the town—Mobile, I think—and also some lettering which was on it. I write this in hopes that the flag may be returned to me, or turned over to proper authority for me. Perhaps it was removed by mistake, as I think no good soldier would intentionally wrong his brother-in-harms.

Yours truly,

Isaac Taylor,
Private, Co. C, 21st O. V. I.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Married Rake;" song; song; song and chorus; overture; "The Toodles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Acts of Vandalism.

The rebels lay hold of every excess committed by individual soldiers of the Federal army, and hold them up as arguments against the Union cause. To hear one of these purse-proud and selfish rebels denounce "Yankee thieves" and "Lincoln robbers," one might imagine that the sweet-scented chivalry were all noted for their unscrupulous adherence to justice and military discipline. But the history of this rebellion shows that the rebel armies, *as a body*, are pillagers and plunders. Look at Bowling Green and the surrounding country last winter; look at Virginia

and Maryland; look at the depredations of Bragg and Smith in Kentucky a few days ago. The Knoxville Register, of the 12th inst., complains that the Confederate soldiers were sacking that country; and the following extract from a letter in the Jackson *Mississippian*, from a correspondent in Price's army, thus describes the retreat of the rebels after the battle of Iuka:

["] Acts of vandalism, disgraceful to the army, were perpetrated along the road, which made me blush to own such men as my countrymen.

Corn fields were laid waste, potato patches robbed, barn-yards and smoke-houses despoiled, hogs killed, and all kind of outrage *perpetrated in broad daylight and in full view of officers. I doubted, on the march up and on the retreat, whether I was in an army of brave men, fighting for their country, or merely following a band of armed marauders, who are as terrible to their friends as foes. I once thought General Bragg too severe in discipline, but I am satisfied none but the severest discipline will restrain men upon a march.*

The settlements through which we passed were made to pay heavy tribute to the rapacity of our soldiers, and *I have no doubt that women and children will cry for the bread which has been rudely taken from them by those who should have protected and defended them. This plunder, too, was without excuse, for rations were regularly issued every night, and though the men did not get their meals as punctually as in camp, still there was no absolute suffering to justify such conduct, and it deserves the severest reprobation.*["]

Now, we have animadverted with severity on the conduct of some Federal soldiers and officers here, especially the latter, for they are the really responsible persons, and are so regarded by the Army orders and regulations; but here is a state of affairs, a catalogue of outrages, not to be charged upon the Union army. We call attention, too, to the different circumstances under which these depredations have been committed. Some of our soldiers acted improperly after being confined to half rations of hard bread, but according to the declaration of this rebel correspondent of a rebel newspaper, who travelled with the rebel army, Price's soldiers laid waste the country of *their own* friends, although they had an abundance of food.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Some of the rebel women in New Orleans register themselves "She adders." Every sweet little girl who ciphers in Addition, might do the same.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Rebel News

We have been favored with a copy of the *Daily Rebel Banner*, printed at Murfreesboro, dated October 21st. The Extra is printed on a small half sheet of brown wrapping paper, and has a decidedly secesh appearance. As news is scarce the public will be amused at the ridiculous nonsense of this doughty rebel.

["]Warm Work Below!
A Rustling Among the Dry Bones
The Music of "On to Nashville" Begun!!
Glorious News from the Front.

Gen. Forrest is one of those men with whom it is physically impossible for inactivity to agree. He is, *par excellence*, a "fighting man." And ever since his occupation of Murfreesboro, his vigilance, energy, and ceaseless "attentions" to our quondam friends in Nashville have exemplified, in a striking manner, his claim to be considered the most dashing cavalry officer in the service.

We have cheering news from the front. As our readers are aware, our outposts have been skirmishing daily with the pickets of the enemy. We have repeatedly driven them in with loss in the most gallant style.

This morning, however, we made a general onset. Upon every hand our advanced guard made a dash upon the entire pickets of the enemy simultaneously. Whilst our rifles were rattling along the Charlotte road, our guns were rolling back an echo from the Lebanon pike, and the melody of these beautiful sounds was chorused by artillery from the Murfreesboro and Nolensville pikes.

Lieut. Colonel Collins commanding the advance, telegraphs that the work under his immediate command was particularly good.

"The troops under my immediate command have acted most gallantly. They were led by Captain Draper, who made his attack at daylight, and drove the enemy's outpost, in force. We captured one major, one captain, one lieutenant, four corporals, and twenty-seven privates. Also, guns, ammunition, and horses. I have already heard the guns below, and to the right and left."

Stirring this!

So Nashville is beginning to be invested in solid earnest, and the guns of the confederacy are singing a lullaby (over the left) into the ear of Andrew Johnson.["]

If the fellow keeps lying in this style he will find "warm work *below*" sure enough. Lt. Col. Collins is some on a grape vine. "Guns below and to the right and left!" What ears the Lieutenant must have! But the Extra announces tidings yet more startling:

["]Still More Glorious!
Dibbrell's Defeats the Enemy—Stokes
Killed! His Command Worsted!

Col. Dibrel's command met the enemy, October 21, and repulsed them on the Lebanon Pike. We killed Stokes and cut up his command.

Everything begins to look up!["]

And all this ridiculous stuff is about a skirmish in which the aforesaid Dibbrell and his command fled from their camp and across the river with as much precipitation and trepidation as if Buell's whole army had been after them. It was a most cowardly skedaddle on the part of Dibrel. But thus the rebels bolster up each other's courage. The extra appeals thus to Tennesseans:

"What are you doing? Here is your Forrest—your own native, Tennessee Forrest—ready to lead you on to Nashville. Are you going to flinch? UP, up to a front; where the bullets are ringing, and honor, and liberty await you.

We have whipped them in Kentucky, and we must burn them out of Nashville."

We can tell you what you are doing; you are forcing Union men into the ranks to fight the battles of treason. Fetch on your Forrest, and try to burn Nashville as soon as you please, and we will show you a trick worth two of that.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

The continued insults offered to the soldiers and officers of the Union army in Norfolk—principally by the female population—have compelled the Military Governor, Brigadier General Viele, to issue an order to seize the houses of all parties who may be guilty of this offense, and appropriate them to the purposes of the government either for hospitals or quarters.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Evacuation of Murfreesboro.

A report has been current on our streets for the past twenty-four hours that the rebels are evacuating Murfreesboro, hurrying off, as fast as possible, the flour, bacon, corn, and live stock which they had accumulated there, and taking them to Chattanooga. The rumor comes through secession channels and is generally credited. We have but little doubt of its correctness. We see no reason why the rebels should be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their plundering without interruption. There is a serious defect in our military policy, somewhere. We have been bullied, and the country has been sacked and pillaged by two or three thousand guerrillas, at most, and now we allow them to walk off with their spoils.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Our Market.

Our market is in a most deplorable state, being destitute of almost every vegetable. Butter sells at \$1.00 per lb., cabbage at 50 cents a head, and potatoes at \$1.00 a peck. The impression is prevalent among the country people that their wagons and teams will be impressed if they come here, and the pass system occasions infinite trouble. We think it would be well for General Negly to publish a proclamation offering every assurance of protection to persons bringing in wood and marketing to our famishing citizens. The present burden weighs most heavily on the shoulders of loyal men. This surely ought to be remedied.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Go and Hear the Wonderful Violinist

We hope none will deny themselves the pleasure of listening to M'M'lle Urso's astonishing performances on the violin this afternoon, at the Theatre. She was a pupil of the renowned Norwegian Minstrel, Ole Bull, and the great Wizard of the North never had a disciple so worthy of him, as M'm'lle Urso. One may listen to fine violin playing a year, and then fancy himself listening to a new instrument while attending her performances, so wonderful are the power, variety and sweetness of the notes which evokes from her violin. She is not only a most accomplished artist, but she touches the hearts of all her auditors by the soul which she throws into her art. Her "Dream" is one of the strangest, wildest, and sweetest of pieces of music, that ever entranced the ear, and the hearer might close his eyes, and imagine himself revelling [sic] in a luxurious Opium dream, in some balmy garden of the Orient. In addition to her own performances, she will be assisted by the finest vocal talent in the city. Such a musical

entertainment rarely presents itself in the west, and we are sure that the Concert room will be thronged this afternoon by hundreds and hundreds.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

The scenes at the taking of the oath in New Orleans by the ladies, are reported to have been ludicrous enough; says a letter:

"One young Miss, as she passed out of the hall, observed to her friend, "Well, really it ain't much after all, is it, Clotile?" One tall lady in black—a widow, of rather the tragic queen style,—descended the marble steps, staring most earnestly on the contents of the certificate. She seemed as if she would annihilate it with her gaze. She must possess property in New Orleans. Her struggle to save her wealth from confiscation, and her hate for the Government that had, as she supposed, robed her in weeds, make, most likely, the letters on that certificate burn her eyes as fire. As a contrast to this, another widow came, and tripped away with the flippant remark to her companions: Upon my word this affair has caused me more emotion than when I stood up to be married.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, October 31, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Grape-Vine.

It is rumored that Andrew Ewing made a speech on last Saturday at Murfreesboro' to the advance guard of Breckinridge's Division, and that the doughty Ex-Vice himself is on the way to join them. We suppose John is like Paddy's Locomotive,—"a stameboat huntin' fur wather." We have now set out a big cutting, " [?? left side of page cut off] and leave its cultivation to the street and tavern gossips.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Taming a Tiger;" violin solo; song "The Old Sexton;" Song; Jerry Worland and Master Harry posturing and feats of strength; song (with recitation); "Beauty and the Beast"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Capture of Turkey.

A military operation, involving a large amount of strategy, was reported to us the other day, which deserves at least an [sic] humble place in the history of this war. It seems that Buck, the well known porter at the Capitol, combining a desire for speculation, with a taste for ornithology, had invested divers and sundry dimes and quarters, which he had accumulated, in the purchase of several specimens of the popular domestic fowl known as the American Turkey, intending, doubtless, to reap a handsome per centage on their original cost, when their bodies should reach the proper degree of corpulency, and the blockade should render the purchase of even a turkey-buzzard, let alone a simon-pure turkey; an impossibility. The plan and conception, so far as we are able to judge, were good, were faultless. We do not care indeed, as newspaper correspondents say, we do not feel authorized, to state the precise number of the turkeys purchased, but, we are not violating any confidence reposed in us, as the same wise men would say, in stating that at least an approximation to the true number may be attained by thrice

counting the digits of one hand. Alas! for the uncertainty of all human speculation; the turkeys suddenly vanished. Their owner went one morning full of hope to feed his biped flock, and like Joseph and Simeon "they were not." Who can blame Buck for uttering several words not to be found in the celebrated Theological Dictionary, published under his name! His fowls had been foully dealt with. His suspicions were directed immediately to a squad of soldiers quartered in a neighboring house, for he knew how fond college boys and soldiers are of turkeys; and obtaining the proper authority, he immediately instituted a search. The soldiers manifested a most laudable interest in assisting Buck, unlocking clothes-presses, trunks and valises; opening bureaus, looking into quart bottles, and under carpets, and, in fact, in every place where the abducted individuals would be most likely to be—*not* found. Buck wanted to go up into the loft, through a trap-door which he by chance espied. His military friends remonstrated; they assured him they were not there; that nobody but citizens of the United States could go up there; that turkeys were not citizens of the United States, and, of course, were not up there; and that, finally, by the Dred Scott decision, Buck was not a citizen, any more than the turkeys, and of course he couldn't go up. Besides, who ever heard or read, in ancient or modern history, of turkeys being cooped up in a garret? "Think of that, Master buck!" Buck insisted; they remonstrated; he fumed, they roared, until finally he vowed to summon the war department to the spot, and then they yielded. Buck jumped up on a table, and pushed up the trap-door, when *mirabile dictu*, two of his biggest turkeys, who had been put out as pickets, peeped down in his face, and demanded the countersign! He gave it, and they "gobbled him *up*;" that is, they invited him to come up and reclaim his prisoners. He did so, although we grieve to say, that, close confinement, bad diet, military voracity, and sundry sales, had reduced their number to only five.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Market.

The market yesterday morning was like the old apothecary's shop,
"A beggarly account of empty boxes,"
and stalls, which former occupants had abandoned. A few butcher's stalls and a few huckster wagons constituted the sum total of the sources for supplying the tables of twenty odd thousand people, hundreds of whom are as loyal as any in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We would inform the gentleman in uniform who stole a chicken out of our coop yesterday, which he dropped like a hot potato, when ordered to do so by the servant, that Editors never keep any more chickens on hand than they need for immediate use. Hereafter we shan't keep any.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

We learn that the stages of Mr. Le Able were stopped the other day on their way to Franklin, by the guerrillas, the passengers robbed of all their money, and then carried to Murfreesboro; a buggy was also robbed at the same time. What an honorable mode of warfare the Confederacy has adopted, in playing the robber and pickpocket.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

From Murfreesboro.

A gentleman who has good opportunities for knowing what he states, informs us that the rebels are running heavy trains of cars, night and day, from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, carrying off immense quantities of grain, cattle, hogs, clothing, and other supplies. A considerable force, said to be part of Breckinridge's force, has been sent up to Murfreesboro to protect the stores and divert our attention from their real purpose, which is to get their provisions off as quickly as possible.

We learn on the other hand that a gentleman, captured with Mr. Le Able's stages, has just arrived and says that there are not over two thousand troops there, and that Breckinridge has not been there.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A respectable widow left Huntsville, Ala., recently on a visit to a married daughter in Nashville. She arrived at the residence of Capt. B. D. Harris, a few miles from town, on the Nolensville turnpike, where she was topped by Confederate guerrillas and forbidden to come any farther. Sad and sorrowful she yesterday started on her return to Alabama. This excellent lady has three sons in the Confederate army—her last, having been torn from her by the Conscript law, leaving her almost without the means of subsistence. Unfortunately her daughter is the wife of a Union man—for this the rebel guerrillas punished her, even though their hellish cause had taken all her sons from here. When she started back home, a couple of rebel women started from the same point for Nashville. The latter met with no obstacle. They came into the city safely, and without question by either rebel or Federal pickets. How long is this state of things to continue? Is there no remedy? Is no consideration to be extended to any but rebels?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Amusements.—For well known military reasons the Theatre has been closed for some time. We believe the reasons for its suspension no longer exists, and hundreds of citizens and visitors would doubtless be much gratified to see its doors thrown open again.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

We don't wish to interfere in the domestic relations of secession husbands? but really we can't help warning them that they had better stop hunting up their 'Southern Rights,' and keep a sharp look-out after their *marital* rights, which their loving spouses have nearly monopolized at present. Had they not better take the first evil which our correspondent complains of into their own hands, and correct it before they become the helpless slaves of a petticoat government?

[For the Union.]

There are two matters of importance, now that it is hoped a new *regime* will commence, that should be looked to.—First, that no officer will permit a married lady to visit his quarters, seeking favors, either for herself or friends. Let her *husband* come. These "heads of families" are getting to be the *smallest* part of the family, and the woman plays the husband, and owns all the property. Let the orderlies at the door make the enquiry, whether the lady be married? If so, turn her back, and tell her to *send* her husband. Secondly, leave no enemy in the rear—*this is essential*—otherwise, our Generals and army will make a bad job of it. The presence of the wife

at the quarters of an officer is an evidence of the disloyalty of the husband, and an enemy in the rear is a spy and guerrilla.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Murfreesboro.

It has been rumored for two or three days past that this place has been pretty much abandoned by the rebels, and that only a few remain to attend to the removal of the vast store of army supplies which have been collected there. It is the opinion of refugees from that region, that a large amount of stores still remain there, and that a rapid movement of our troops upon the place would prove not only highly profitable to us, but very disastrous to the rebel army, as it would strip them of a large quantity of flour, corn, meat and army clothing. It would be well to attend to this without delay.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

When we advise our soldiers to put down this *fowl* rebellion, we don't mean that they must rob all the hen-roosts and geese-pens in the country. We mean *fowl* rebellion, boys, not *fowl* rebellion.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre. "Miser's Daughter; or, The Denouncer;" song; dance; "A Kiss in the Dark"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Jackson *Mississippian* says: "One of our exchanges in Louisiana comes to us printed n the inside of ordinary wall paper. The paper looks quite respectable on the printed side, but upon opening it your eyes are greeted with all sorts of figures, and what printer's type never had any hand in stamping.

So the rebellion is *driven to the wall*.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Summary: Theatre. Prof. Worland in his Wondrous Feats of Strength; "Irish Emigrant;" song; dance; "2-4-5-0; or, The Lottery Ticket"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Provost Guard; or, Captain of the Watch;" ballad; dance; "Omnibus"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Secessionists of Nashville! You who have encouraged such ruffians as Dick McCann, Bennett, Forrest, and John Morgan, and at the same time complained loudly of the outrages committed by Federal soldiers, please to read the following description of the conduct of Virginia guerrillas given to the Richmond *Examiner*, by an officer in General Floyd's command. You will learn some profitable facts in doing so:

["]Terrible State of Affairs in South-Western Virginia
From the Richmond Examiner, Oct. 20.

We have some interesting account of affairs in Southwestern Virginia, through an officer attached to General Floyd's command, who has been engaged in recruiting for the State organization, and in this pursuit, penetrated almost to the banks of the Ohio.

This gentleman travelled slowly—sometimes on foot and then on horseback, from Wytheville to within a few miles of the Ohio river, stopping at night at some grazier's humble cottage, where he had a fine opportunity for studying the character and getting at the views of the inhabitants. Many are the wild tales told of rapine and murder perpetrated by the Yankees, Union men, and, to our shame, it is recorded, *by our own Confederate partisan rangers, on the defenceless [sic] ole men, women and children*, as well as on those who were capable of bearing arms. Unfortunately, the inhabitants of Southwestern Virginia have been divided in principles, and the whole country, till the last few weeks has been in the very agony of civil war, where neighbor is arrayed against neighbor, and often brother against brother, and father against son.

We are assured that no one, who has not travelled through that section, has the slightest idea of the horrors through which its people has passed in the last year. Men would have to leave their homes and sleep out in the mountains at night; no one could travel five miles without running the danger of being bushwhacked. Much of this state of things is due to the mispolicy of the Government.

Ruffians, in the shape of partisan rangers, were let loose upon the country. Many of these bands were not at all particular as to who voted for Secession, or who for the Union, but committed brutal murders, stole horses, and plundered all they could lay their hands on; even taking bed clothes and under garments of the wives and children of men who were at the very time in the Confederate army.

The result was that many fled their pat at first, and after a while took up arms against this troop of robbers and murderers, to defend their property, their families and themselves; they were forced to organize "Home Guards," and at length, taking vengeance on their oppressors, on some of their marauding expeditions, became allies of the Yankees.

It was in this way that a reign of terror commenced in this unhappy country, and continued till the last few weeks, when General Floyd marched in, and, by his wise course, restored peace by bringing in the Union men, promising them pardon if they laid down their arms. We are informed that this course had the happiest effect, and everything was going on finely, and recruits coming in rapidly to the Virginia State line, when conscript officers, who would not trust their precious persons there until Gen. Floyd's troops had cleared the country of the enemy, came pouring in from the command of Major General Loring, that great and invincible hero, who, "in less than one week, overcame the mountains and the enemy," and now, for the last six weeks, has been reposing on his laurels at Charlestown, for fear he "might exasperate the Yankees to concentrate a large army on the banks of the Ohio."[""]

There are no doubt some very great rascals in our army, but undoubtedly, for one thief, pickpocket or murderer in the Federal army, there are a hundred in the Confederate army. If the rebel army could obtain possession of this city, in less than one week every parlor, pantry, garret, meat-house, chicken-coop, geese-pen, and clothes-line would be as a shinbone which has been lying for six months in a dog-kennel.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

How Conscription Operates in East Tennessee.

The Greenville (Tenn.) *Banner* of the 17th has the following on the way Conscription works in East Tennessee:

It really is amusing to hear the enrolling officers tell how the conscripts talk and act, when they call on them for their names, age, etc. Many of the Union men have fled to the hills and caves, thinking to avoid being sent to the army, others are claiming to be manufacturers of saltpeter, shoes, etc. There are more Government agents and mechanics than were ever known before. Some men have bought or leased worn out iron works, calculating thereby to be exempt. The move from cave to cave, under the pretense of manufacturing saltpeter, and ever made any that any one knows of.

The female portion of our community who are connected with Union men have the hardest cheeks imaginable; they can outlie the devil. They never know where their husbands and sons are; but when the enrolling officers take the contrary course to what they direct, they are certain to find the conscript.

There are more hip-shot, string-halted, broken-legged, knock-kneed, and rheumatic-stricken young men through our country than were ever know to infest any country before.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Captain Thingamy;" ballad; dance; "Limerick Boy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Great Advance in the Price of Paper.

From the Baltimore American.

At the present price of printing paper the subscribers to newspapers are scarcely paying more for their printed sheets than the prime cost of the white paper on which they are printed. The advance in price in the last ten days is fully twenty-five per cent. or nearly one dollar per ream on the paper used by the *American*. But this is not all. We are threatened with a still further advance, and the probability is that the white sheet will soon cost more than the subscriber pays for the printed sheet.—This condition of affairs cannot, of course, be sustained by the press, and we look to a very general advance in the charge to subscribers and agents for their papers. Some of the Northern papers have already advanced from two or three cents per copy, and the New York dailies are said to be discussing the imperative necessity of an advance.

This increase in the cost of paper is said [to] be mainly caused by the fact that the Government contractors are using rags in the manufacture of blankets and cloth for the army, producing the article called "shoddy." They have bought up all the stock in the market, and will in due time force upon the Government this miserable substitute for cloth. Another cause of the advance is the Government tax on paper, and all the chemicals used in its manufacture.

There is probably no species of business so heavily taxed as the newspaper proprietor. He is required to pay all those combined taxes on the paper manufacture, has an additional tax of three per cent. on all the advertisements in his paper, and pays the tax on all the other materials used in his business. Then his income, if any should be left, is taxed, and unless he advances the price to be paid by his readers, which will be light to them—the probability is that he will at least escape the tax n incomes.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "A Tale of Blood; or, The Idiot Witness;" ballad; dance; "Toodles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Col. Gillem, Provost Marshal, arrested one hundred and twenty soldiers the other [cut off] and lodged them in the work house. We trust that he will soon be able to put a [cut off] to the lawless acts of straggling soldiers, and other persons, which have [cut off] disgraced our city. Every good [cut off] will aid him to the utmost of his [cut off]

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Passes.

The pass system appears to be in worse harrassment [sic] and confusion than ever. Nobody seems to know where to get passes properly vouched, and Generals, Governor, Provost Marshal, United States Marshal, Secretary of State, and Provost Marshal General, are beset with applications and counter-applications, from sunrise till sunset for references, recommendations, signatures, and counter-signatures. If General Rosecrans will re[cut off] the matter to some uniformity he will confer a great favor on the public.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Texas.

A wholesale butchery of loyalists is going on, it would seem, in Kerr, Kendall, Kimall [sic], and Gillespie counties, Texas, by order of the rebel authorities. If the accounts of the seventy-five Texas refugees who recently reached New Orleans are correctly stated by our correspondents, the rebel soldiers in Western Texas, under directions to take no prisoners in these loyal counties, are putting every male inhabitant to the sword, and laying waste the whole country. The four counties in question have been proclaimed by General Herbert [sic] in a state of rebellion against the Confederate States, and his soldiers are hounded on to a work of general carnage and rapine! Despairing of the conversion of the people by peaceful measures to the cause of the rebellion, this savage officer carries his point with fire and the sword, determined to extirpate the communities he cannot proselyte. The refugees in New Orleans say that their friends and neighbors looking with the utmost anxiety for the result of Col. Hamilton's mission to the North, and hundreds are watching and awaiting for the day when the old flag will again wave in triumph over the soil of Texas.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Black-Eyed Susan;" song "Arkansas Gentleman;" "Two Bonny castles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Richmond correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal* gives an awful statement of the progress of intemperance in the former city. He asserts that French and German women convey whiskey to retail about the city, in bottles and bladders, under their petticoats. When a grog-

seller wants to set up a saloon, all he has to do is to put a Dutchwoman "on tap." This state of things is dreadful to contemplate.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "His Last Legs;" song; dance; "Soldier's Return"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Savannah *Republican* in trying to persuade its rebel friends that they don't need leather for shoes. It naively says:

["] Any substance which will exclude water, and which will endure the rub and thumps given by the foot will do for shoes. *A hatter can make an excellent shoe out of the same felt, and by the same process which he uses in making hats.*["]

Very well, just try to shoe your "butternuts" with *old hats*, and the lack of shoes will be more *felt* than ever. By the way, we have an old hat which we will send *you*, if you need it. There is a great quantity of that material here. The Dixies must really be badly off for the *Republican* says:

["]*A farmer may make a very pleasant shoe out of an old wool hat, by providing a suitable sole; and he may provide a suitable sole by combining several thicknesses of felt with a little wax and resin, or wax and India rubber, or tallow, rubber and resin inserted between the leaves, to keep out moisture. Osnaburgs, boiled in linseed oil and wax, and then blackened, would do very well for the uppers, only it will require a lining of osnaburgs again to make it sufficiently strong to keep the blackened fabric from defiling the foot. The skins of a pair of squirrels, tanned, would make a pretty and pleasant pair of shoes for a lady. Soles of shoes for men, besides the substitutes already mentioned, may be made of old saddle-skirts, leather gin bands, gutta percha bands, several thicknesses of tough cloth, of any sort, sewed together and saturated with the water-proof; or they may be compounded of several things—the outer of leather or hardened felt, the inner of cloth or double osnaburgs or duck, and between the two a broad and flexible split of white oak, hickory, palmetto stalk, or birch bark.*"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Few persons are aware of the great privation and suffering which prevail among our poor. We are informed by Mr. Fowler, the State Comptroller, that some two hundred families obtain relief [at?] his office, and probably the number of those who apply for relief to the County Judge is much larger.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "All that Glitters is Not Gold;" "The Old Sexton;" "Shamus O'Brien"—recitation by Mr. W. E. Sheridan; Dance; Song; "Taming a Tiger"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 20, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

A singular couple got married in Chester county, Penn., the other day, merely making the following declaration in the presence of friends.

"We, Orson S. Murray, and Lydia P. Jacobs, make known to these our friends, that we have chosen each other for conjugal companionship, in prosperity and adversity, in life and till death. We ask no license. We submit to no dictation. We bow to no authority. We recognize no

God nor Almighty power to guide or to guard us. Our promises are to ourselves and each other, not to others. Our trust is not in others but in ourselves and each other."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Provost Guard;" song; dance; "His Last Legs"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

The Women the Cause of the Resistance to the draft in Wisconsin.—The opposition which the Draft Commissioner of Ozaukee county, Wis., had to encounter was from the women, not the men. The men looked on complacently. To all appearances they were willing to go; but the women had no notion of letting them, and, to prevent the possibility of such a disaster, they made a dead set on the official with clubs, bludgeons, sticks, stones, &c., broke his head, smashed the draft box, and in divers other ways put the Commissioner *hors du combat*. The victim telegraphed to Milwaukee [sic] for protection against the Amazons.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 1-2

Military Quarters.

Quite a number of private residences, in this city, belonging, we are told, to loyal, as well as to disloyal citizens, have been appropriated as military quarters, by officers of various grades. In some instances these houses were occupied, and the occupants were compelled to seek other abodes. One case has been reported to us, where a subordinate, connected with the Quartermaster's Department, ejected families from two different houses. It is very certain that our officers, and soldiers too, should be comfortably provided for in the way of lodgings, and the Government has made proper provision for this purpose. Referring to the Revised Regulations for the Army, published by the War Department in 1861, we find the following sections in Article XLII, concerning the Quartermaster's Department. . . .

We have quoted enough from the Army Regulations to show that the Government has provided abundant means for comfortably quartering its officers. When it is unable to furnish houses for them, it allows them money to *hire quarters*.

It is clearly declared that where houses, not belonging to the Government, are absolutely needed for military quarters, they must be obtained by a requisition from the proper authority; no officer is allowed to take a house on his own responsibility; nor is there any expression, which would authorize the ejection of families from private dwellings. If what we have heard from highly respectable sources be correct, the above regulations have not been observed in all instances, by our officers. Officers have a right to rent quarters "*when not in the field*," but they certainly have no authority to disturb private families in the possession of their homes, and seize their houses. It is a very easy matter for an unscrupulous officer to call the most loyal man in a community a rebel, and then, on his own verdict, proceed to occupy his house. If this monstrous assumption be allowed, an arbitrary and tyrannical officer may expel every loyal family in the city, in turn from their homes, which the constitution of the land expressly exempts from such intrusion. We earnestly hope that this matter will receive immediate attention from the proper military authority here. The army regulations on this, as on all other points, are worthy of, and demand strict observance. If they are disobeyed the army will degenerate into a monster of tyranny and oppression, instead of protection. It appears to us, highly desirable, that the

commander of the Department of the Tennessee, should issue an order respecting the occupancy of private houses for quarters, which shall leave no room for any future doubt, as to the proper meaning and intent of the Regulations which we have quoted.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Daughter of the Regiment;" song; dance; "Captain's Not a Miss"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Twinkley Twinkle.

A war correspondent writes thus from Jackson, in this State:

An officer of my acquaintance, who is inordinately fond of "fritters," just dropped into a dwelling in Jackson, a day or two since, where this delicacy was smoking hot upon the table, and very politely asked to share the meal with the landlady. She graciously complied, and asked him to be seated. "Will you take these 'twinkley twinkle,' or on the 'dab?'" My friend was entirely ignorant of the meaning of these terms, but at a venture chose the former. He was soon enlightened. The ancient female dipped her not-over-clean fingers into a tumbler of molasses standing beside here, and allowing the drippings to fall upon the delicacy, presented it to him as "twinkley twinkle." "On the dab," was a spoonful of treacle upon the center of the "fritter." In some hotels sheets and tableclothes are convertible terms, and the former do double duty.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Othello;" song; dance; "Box and Cox"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Old Guard;" song; dance; "Naval Engagements"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre. "Gibaldi; or, The Invisible Husband;" song; "Irish Tudor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 28, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Tennessee Rebel Flag.

The *Wisconsin Journal* says that in the Governor's ante-room at the Capitol is suspended "a rebel battle-flag, some four feet long and two wide. It is a red cross, with eleven white stars on a blue ground, and is made of very cheap material. It has the following inscription attached to it:

Battle Flag 1st Tennessee Volunteers,
Captured by
Private Rice, Col. H, 1st Wisconsin Volunteers,
During bayonet charge of the Regiment
at the battle of Chaplin Hills, Oct. 8th, 1862.

Federal loss, 5 killed and 7 wounded at the point of capture. Confederate loss, by actual count on the following day, 11 killed and by statements of Confederate Surgeons 12 were wounded at the same point.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Lady of Lyons;" dance; "Good for Nothing"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

From Central Georgia.

We have just received (says the *Providence Journal*) tidings from old friends in Central Georgia, a family owning twenty or thirty slaves, and possessed of a considerable amount of property. They were accustomed to live generously. They now have neither tea, nor coffee, nor sugar, nor salt. Their principal food is beans and corn bread. But little meat is to be obtained. The ladies have cut up all the carpets and made blankets of them for the soldiers. The negroes comprehend perfectly the purport of the President's proclamation. Yet they are entirely docile, obedient, respectful, and kind. They say they are perfectly willing to work as before until the first of January. They expect that then wages will be paid them. They desire to go on and work for their "old massa and missus." It is reasonable to conclude from these facts that the privations in the South are pretty serious. When a family like that we have described is compelled to do without sugar and salt, what must be the condition of the poor? We believe that most of the negroes who have been treated decently will follow the course of those we have spoken of above. They will prefer to stay at their old homes.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Ireland as It Was;" song; dance; "Captain's not A-Miss"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Hospital Library.

We are told that a movement is being made by some considerate and philanthropic gentlemen connected with the army to collect a library for the use of the inmates of the military hospitals at this place. The idea is an excellent one, and if carried out will enable the unfortunate soldier to pass many a day cheerfully and profitably, which would otherwise drag heavily away. Doubtless thousands will be happy to contribute useful and entertaining books to the Hospital Library.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, November 30, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

A Southern Mother's Sorrows
Extract of a letter captured by Lieut. Truax,
in a skirmish with the rebels a few weeks
since, at Lavergne:

Washington County, Ala. }
August 30, 1862. }

My Dear Son:

I feel lonely and distressed when I go to the door and look towards your house. I think how often I have seen by devoted son coming with his arms full of bark. Oh! it fills my heart with sorrow and my eyes with tears to think of your kindness and good feeling, and *then to think of your present situation. It is almost more than I can bear. I am now offering my house and forty acres of land for a substitute for you.* Mary is willing to it, and I suppose you will be also. I intend to keep trying, maybe some body will take up my offer. The Conscript has taken nearly all the men from about here.

Your most affectionate mother,

Polly Roen.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Soldier's Daughter;" dance; "Jenny Lind"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Stranger;" song; "The Irish Heiress"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Maid of Grouse"; song; dance; "Katherine and Petruchio"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Ingomar; or, the Greek Maiden;" dance; "Limerick Boy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 1
The Cincinnati *Gazette* says:
Over fifty thousand shelter tents have recently been issued to Gen. Rosecrans' army.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 4
Summary: Theatre. "Kate Kearney; song; "Robert Macaire"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 1
A stand of elegant regimental colors, embroidered in exquisite style, for the First (loyal) Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Johnson, has been prepared at Cincinnati.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 6, 1862, p. 4, c. 5

Wanted, a Wife.

A young man, about seven and twenty years of age, who has not had the fortune to get acquainted amongst ladies, wishes to get married, he therefore requests all young ladies who may take interest in this, to address

H. P. v. R.....
Post office, Nashville, Tenn.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Serious Family; song; "The Windmill"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Hunchback;" dance; "Spectre Bridegroom"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Don Caesar de Bazan;" song; "My Neighbor's Wife"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Those who are most ready to make a fuss about other people's want of modesty, are often they who are themselves most obnoxious to rebuke. Thus, it was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of true modesty, either, who remarked, when other girls were making fun of her short skirts and white hose, and affecting to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party: "If you'd only pull your dresses about your necks, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled any more.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Honey Moon;" dance; "P. P.; or, The Man and Tiger"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Sweet Potato Coffee.—The present prodigious price of good coffee has suggested to lovers of the beverage an economical arrangement by which their taste may be indulged, and yet their purses not too heavily taxed. A sample of sweet potato coffee was shown us yesterday. Sweet potatoes, cut into pieces the size of coffee grains, roasted in a slow oven for the same length of time that coffee is, and then mixed with an equal amount of coffee, will, it is asserted, produce a beverage fully as palatable as the genuine and original article.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Hospital No. 14, }

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 9, 1862. }

We, the undersigned, inmates of wards Nos. 3 and 4, take this means of expressing our warmest thanks to Mrs. De Alton and Mrs. Anthony (the estimable ladies who have supervision of these wards) for their unremitting attention and kindness, not only in furnishing many delicacies which only the sick can appreciate, but by kind acts and expressions of sympathy. We shall long hold them in grateful remembrance.

[List]

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

A colored woman by the name of Mrs. Louisa de Mortie, has been reading the American poets last week, in the Stuyvesant Institute, New York. She is described as a magnificent looking woman, complexion of a flushed creamy tint, hair dark and wavy, eyes large and lustrous, features oval and almost classic. Her voice is superb—rich, deep and musical—pronunciation admirable, without the slightest touch of negro accent, while her gestures are easy and graceful. She hails from Boston, and has no doubt a fortune in prospective.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

The Fair Sex Defended.—Women say, they would be equal to the sterner sex were they equally well educated. In five cases out of ten they are just as well educated—for instance, amongst the poorer classes; yet from them our great men rise—our great women never do.—In music, women have ten times more education than men. They begin early—they leave off late; and yet who ever heard of a great female composer?—a Purcell, a Haydn, or a Mozart? Again, in cookery, women are carefully taught; but who ever heard of a first-rate woman cook who could demand, like a Soyer or a Ude, her eight hundred a year? No—man is the weightier animal—the more powerful in brain and limb—sometimes even the greater and more tender of heart. Women have lately been knocking at the Edinburg and London Universities for doctors' degrees. At the former they have been rejected, and wisely so. In acute and dangerous cases, we would all sooner trust to a man.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Iron Chest;" dance; "Stage Struck Tailor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Little Devil; or, My Share;" dance; "His Last Leg"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Father Bimmel, a German Catholic priest of this city, was arrested the other day by General Rosecrans, and sent to Camp Chase, for treasonable conduct.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Kentucky Sanitary Commission.

We find in a late number of the Louisville *Democrat* a very interesting report from the Kentucky branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, which will be read with pleasure by thousands of our soldiers at this place, as well as by others who take an interest in the soldier's welfare. The members of the Commission are indefatigable and enthusiastic in their noble work, and their praises are on the lips of multitudes in the land.

Rooms of Kentucky Branch Union }
States Sanitary Commission, }
Fifth Street, near Main, }
Louisville Kentucky. }

Messrs. Editors: As the operations of this Commission have assumed considerable magnitude, it has been thought that its patrons and friends should be able to find in the public prints occasional statements of the condition and actual workings of the enterprise, with such abstracts of the minutes of the weekly business meetings as would be of general interest.

Members of U. S. Sanitary Commission,
Kentucky Branch.

T. S. Bell, M. D., President
Rev. J. H. Haywood, V. Pres't.

Geo. D. Prentice,
R. C. Hewett, M. D.

L. A. Civill, Rec. Sec.
Arthur Peter, Treas.
J. F. Speed,

W. B. Belknap,
Joseph Holt,
R. J. Menifee.

In addition to the more generally known direction given to the labors of this Commission, it has had the exclusive care of the "Soldiers' Home," providing for its weekly expenses, etc.; and now, with the co-operation and assistance of Dr. Newberry, the accomplished and efficient official representative in the West of the United States Sanitary commission, it has the pleasure to announce that a more suitable building for the "Home" will be immediately constructed, and in a more eligible location than the present one, where greatly increased facilities will be secured for promoting the comfort and well-being of the inmates.

In response to a request from the Commission at Washington City, a female delegate was sent to the "Council of Ladies," to confer with officers of that Commission in reference to securing needed supplies for our sick and wounded soldiers, commencing November 22, 1862. Extracts from the printed report of that "Council" will probably be offered to you hereafter for publication.

Major Will C. Moreau has recently been employed by this Commission to canvass for Sanitary supplies. One of the results of his first trip was a contribution (through the influence of one of the Committees of the Cincinnati Branch,) of twenty-three boxes and three barrels of Sanitary stores.

You have already published the sum of \$325, as the proceeds of the concert recently given by the Anderson Troop, for the benefit of our treasury. The promise of other entertainments, for the same good object, has also been made.

An item of interest at the last meeting, was the appointment of a committee to investigate the claims of a superior knitting machine—from which great results are expected.

Report of "Soldiers' Home."

Soldiers received during three weeks, ending December 1, 1862, 253.

These men averaged five meals each—making total number of meals 1,265.

In addition to these, Mr. Maloan reports that three families of Tennessee refugees, who had been deprived of all things except their seven children, were provided with a supper, lodging and breakfast, and transportation to the ferry, on their way to Indiana.

Timely aid has been rendered by Mr. M., to several sick men, in procuring their pay, and securing transportation.

The following is a memorandum of Sanitary stores sent by the Kentucky Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, Louisville, to the sick and wounded soldiers at Perryville, Danville, Harrodsburg and Lebanon, from October 11th to November 11th.

One thousand one hundred and thirty-two comforts and blankets, 821 bed ticks, 486 pillows, 352 pillow cases, 25 pillow ticks, 2,210 sheets, 2,262 shirts, 2,341 pairs drawers, 725 handkerchiefs, 1,462 towels, 324 coats, 12 vests, 89 pairs pants, 191 pairs socks, 80 cushions, 6 pairs slippers, 1,397 lbs. bandages, 525 abdominal bandages and pads, 72 pin cushions, 1,167 lbs rags and lint, 32 dressing gowns, 2 bolts calico, 1 bolt jeans, 20 eye shades, 61 pairs crutches, 20 canes, 260 cans fruit, 1,628 lbs dried fruit, 1,073 lbs. butter, 40 lbs. cheese, 160 lbs. crackers, 234 lbs. groceries, 130 lbs. farina, 121 ½ lbs tea, 575 lbs. white sugar, 40 lbs ground flax seed, 50 lbs rice, 72 lbs. chocolate, 111 lbs. dried beef, 150 lbs canvassed hams, 675 bottles liquor, wine and cordials, 16 bushels green apples, 103 bushels Irish potatoes, 21 bushels onions, 2 bushels sweet

potatoes, 320 loaves bread, 157 fowls, 4 kegs pickles, 2 kegs syrups, 3 boxes lemons, 50 lbs. chewing tobacco, 1 box ink, 298 dozen eggs, 1 kit mackerel, 5 hhds. ice, 40 sponges, 39 lbs corn starch, 43 packs envelopes, 45 quires paper, 1 box sardines, 69 lbs. Castile soap, 400 lbs. German soap, 200 lbs. candles, 120 cans concentrated milk, 99 cans beef tea, 287 books, magazines and papers, 1 gross matches, 36 medicine cups, 2 boxes medicines, 18 pairs mittens, 81 combs, 24 buckets, 100 tin plates, 100 tin cups, 34 wash bowls, 24 spittoons, 12 brooms, 5 coffee pots, 6 lanterns, 6 cotton mops, 12 chambers, and 2 boxes tin ware.

At the rooms on Fifth street, the Commission has a commodious and comfortable office, where those having business with it can find, during business hours, Mr. John Patterson, the book-keeper, or some one or more of the members, and to which the soldier's friend, male or female, whether resident of, or visiting the city, is cordially invited.

L. A. Civill,
Recording Secretary.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "William Tell;" dance; "Poor Pillicoddy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Relief for the Poor.

The following seemingly stringent order from the Executive Office will not be considered unjust by those who are acquainted with the suffering and destitution of those poor families in this county who are the victims of this inhuman rebellion. And inasmuch as the persons whose names appear in the following list contributed large sums of money in a wicket conspiracy against our Government, and exerted all their influence to decoy poor men into the rebel army, we believe that all just persons will applaud the course of Governor Johnson in compelling those who have offended greatly, to contribute to clothe and feed starving and naked families among us. It is enough to make one's heart bleed to witness the sorrow and distress of the poor wives and mothers who daily crowd the Executive Office for relief. Hundreds and hundreds are reduced to the most heart-rending poverty. Mr. Overton, who heads the list appended, placed his princely estate, valued by himself, we believe, at \$5,000,000, at the disposal of Governor Harris, to further the rebellion, and now let him pay the penalty:

State of Tennessee, Executive Office,
Nashville, December 13, 1862.

Whereas, there are many helpless widows, wives and children in the city of Nashville, and county of Davidson, who have been reduced to poverty and wretchedness in consequence of their husbands, sons and fathers having been forced into the armies of this unholy and nefarious rebellion, and their necessities having become great and manifest and their wants for the necessaries of life so urgent, that all the laws of justice and humanity would be grossly violated, unless something was done to relieve their destitute and suffering condition, the following assessment is therefore ordered in behalf of these suffering families, from those who have contributed directly or indirectly in bringing about this unfortunate state of affairs.

The amount annexed to each name may be paid in five months by installments, the first payment to be made on or before the 20th December, 1862.

All persons called upon in this notice will pay the amount required to the Comptroller of

the State, and it will be applied in such manner as may be prescribed to the purposes for which it is collected:

[list of names with amounts]

By the Governor:

Andrew Johnson.

Edward H. East,
Secretary of State.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Deeds of "The Master Race."

Mr. Kirkpatrick recently arrived in the East, from Texas, where he had been acting, as a large railroad contractor, for several years. He makes some statements which illustrate the thoroughly brutal and bloodthirsty character of the rebellion. Among other facts, he relates the following:

"Upon the mere affirmation of a single individual, a cultivated and interesting young man from the State of Delaware, was taken out one morning, tied to the stump of an old tree, and burnt to death, *for being suspected* of selling "Helper's Book." He declared his innocence of the charge with his last breath, and dared them for the proof. A father and two sons were hung on the same tree, just above the town of Sabine, on the charge that *they were supposed* to be "Abolitionists." The third boy, about fifteen years of age, was offered his life if he would confess. He said he had nothing to confess; that his family were peaceable citizens, and molested nobody, and that if they wanted him to disparage the memory of his father and brothers, whose yet palpitating bodies were hanging before him, they might go ahead and hang him too. They took him at his word, and in a few moments his boyish form was suspended by that of his parent. Although there is deplorable ignorance there, yet this mob does not consist altogether of such. *Doctors, lawyers, and sad to say, preachers of the Gospel form a portion of it.*"

These lively performances of "the master race" of the cotton States, who are descended not from plebeian stock, but from "English cavaliers," are not novelties by any means. For years they have been repeated at intervals in the masterly States of Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas. Mob law, or lynch law, has reigned supreme in those regions of violence and bloodshed. A white non-slaveholder's life is sacrificed at any moment there on the idlest suspicion, with less hesitation than if he were a hog or a sheep. A slave's life is of some value, for it represented dollars and cents, but the poor white man is only an object of suspicion and hatred. Even now he is dragged off by conscription to be shot down in battle, while the owner of twenty blacks, lives luxuriously at home. Nor has this violent spirit been confined to the ignorant only. Look at Nashville during the reign of terror. Who were on the roll of Minute Men, and Vigilance Committees? Who denounced Union men as "white-livered scoundrels," who should be treated to a "short shrift and a long rope?" Preachers, physicians, editors. Among the most intelligent leaders of the conspiracy, was found the greatest rage for blood and murder, and every holy man of God seemed emulous of the crimson fame of Sylla and Marius. And is it with such leaders that the loyal men of the Republic are asked to compromise? Humanity forbid!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Summary: Theatre. "Madelaine; or, The Belle of the Faubourg;" dance; "Bamboozling"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Richard III;" dance; "Nature and Philosophy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Emu's Eggs.—Among the recent curiosities brought from Australia to London are three eggs of emu, a mammoth bird somewhat similar to the ostrich. The shells of these eggs are hard as flint, of a dark green color, and are used by the natives for drinking cups. The settlers procure them, and mount them with gold and silver for use as table bowls, cups, etc. Those in England are as large as a good sized melon.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Follies of a Night;" dance; "My Neighbor's Wife"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Printing paper which sold in New York a year ago for eight cents per pound, is now bringing 20 cents per pound.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Midnight Watch;" dance; "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Boys, Beware.—The attention of parents, guardians, and others responsible for the good conduct of the "gay and festive" juveniles of the city, is directed to the notice of our worthy mayor, to be found in another column of to-day's paper. Christmas is almost here, and the "hopes of our declining years" will no doubt celebrate the occasion with hilarious demonstrations of every description. But, boys, your sport to be lasting and wholesome, must be innocent. Do not distress your parents by disregarding the kind warning of the mayor. A violation of the law will certainly bring you into trouble. Let the "genial current" of your young souls flow through some other channel, and let the noisy, fizzing, popping fire-crackers alone.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

The contractors for army drawers, in New York, the *Sunday Times* says, pay the poor women who make them the exhilarating price of four cents per pair, and one woman, at this rate, made the fabulous sum of eight cents per day. As the contractors get forty cents and the women four, the former made ten per cent. profit—ten times four being forty, as everybody knows.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Orpheus C. Kerr describes the search of the wardrobe of a secesh lady. Taking up an article, the lady blushed. He says: "At times, my boy, woman's blush is the imperial banner of virgin Modesty thrown out to catch the breeze that wafts the sound of coming rescue, and means "*God is my defence* [sic]." At other times, it is the eloquent protest of a fine intelligence which deprecates the fact that would turn all its hidden beauties to the public eye, and means: *Humility is born of Genius*. But in this case it was the lurid flush of anger, and meant—a *petticoat*."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Richard III;" double Highland fling; "The Youth Who Never Saw a Woman"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Satan in Paris;" pas de deux; "Two Bonnycastles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 21, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

To the Ladies.—We are informed that the Military Police of this city have adopted a rule to examine all females passing through the lines, who may be suspected of carrying contraband goods, letters, &c. The practice has become so common, that they have deemed it absolutely necessary to adopt this course. We understand some cases of the above character transpired yesterday, and we would warn all females to avoid anything of the kind in the future, if they would escape exposure. We understand they have employed ladies for the purpose of examining any who may be suspected.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 21, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

A paper manufacturer on the Kennebec informs the Portland *Press* that there is no lack of rags in Maine; that among those upon whom he has heretofore depended for a supply he found one with ten tons, another with fifteen, another with five, and so on, but all hold back, refusing to sell, thinking to get, by and by, fifteen or twenty cents per pound.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 21, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

Refugees from Tennessee.—Twenty-five loyal Tennesseans arrived in this city by railroad from Lexington, last evening. We noticed at the time the arrival of over a hundred refugees from Tennessee, by way of Lexington, on Saturday last. The Observer and Reporter says scarcely a day passes that there are not fresh arrivals from that unhappy district of country—stout, hearty men who are fleeing from rebeldom and oppression.—Lou. Journal, 18th.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A Lieutenant Beguiled by a Secesh Beauty and Murdered.

The Leavenworth *Bulletin*, of the 15th, contains an account of one of the most fiendish instances of rebel crime that has marked their diabolical deeds during the war. While the army was near Bentonville, Arkansas, last Spring, a secession young woman often visited the camp, and made herself very agreeable to the officers. A Lieutenant in the Second Indiana battery, named Masterson, became charmed with her, and she pretended to respond to the passion she had created. Their relations became quite intimate, and on one occasion she invited him to visit her at the residence of her uncle. He unsuspectingly availed himself of the invitation to spend an afternoon in her society. Having been with her about two hours, she went to the window and raised it, and at the same moment twelve guerillas appeared and fired upon him. He fell dead in the house, and was carried off to a mill-pond and his body thrown into the water. Some four days afterwards the body floated to the shore, and was buried by an old man, and his son. After the lapse of four weeks the body was found, disinterred and identified by the comrades of the

unfortunate Lieutenant. The day after the commission of the foul deed, the following note was found under the pillow of the young woman, written, apparently, on the eve of a flight in the night time, to escape the search that followed the next day:

My Dear Uncle and Aunt:

I have succeeded. My beauty which you have always told me was not worth a fig in life, has to-day accomplished as much as the patriot General in our glorious Confederacy. I am content to offer my beauty, virtue, even life itself, upon my country's altar. My bleeding country demands the sacrifice, willingly I obey!

I cannot visit your house again until this war closes, which I pray God may be soon, but when it does stop, I hope to come and receive the blessings of you both on the head of

Your

Tomphino.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Othello;" dance; "Slasher and Crusher"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre. "Money;" dance; "2-4-5-0; Or, The Lottery Ticket"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Massacre of the Germans in Texas.

Translated from the Galveston Union for the Register

by Louis Altsfartter.

The Galveston Union is a German paper, established since the occupation of that place by the Union forces.

Near the origin of the Guad Cape [sic] and Piedruales [sic] on Johnston's Creek, several American and two German families settled but two years ago. Contending against the roughness of the soil and the wild Indians, they had no pleasant position, but they persevered, conscious of their courage and their intrepidity, and the lower settlements owed it to them that they had less to suffer from the raids of the Indians. These border inhabitants received but little news about the condition of the country and the events of the war. All at once they were notified to pay war taxes and to drill. The first demand they could not comply with, because they had no money, not even cornmeal for their families, and the last order they could not obey because they lived so distant from each other and their absence would leave their families without protection. For these reasons they were considered Union men and Captain Duff, a notorious rowdy, was sent against the settlers with a company of Texans. They asked the protection of their friends, but had to fly from the overpowering number of their enemies to the mountains. Many Germans and Americans were arrested and imprisoned at Fredericksburg, and Captain Duff was reinforced by 400 men to operate successfully against the German abolitionists, and hunt up the Yankees. The soldiers again visited Johnston's Creek, but found the most of the settlers had fled to the mountains. Fred. Degener alone they surprised sleeping under the porch of his house, but awakened by the cries of distress of his wife and the discharge of muskets of his enemies, who fired 14 shots after him, he fortunately made his escape.

His house was ransacked and all movable property taken off. Other farms in the neighborhood were also searched, the families taken prisoners and the houses burnt down. Upon the news of these events Fred Degener and other fugitives concluded to fly to Mexico; more exiles joined them and soon they had a company of 68 men. But they traveled too slowly and before daybreak one morning they were surprised by 200 Texans. After a most determined resistance they were defeated and only 12 of them covered with wounds made good their escape.

All fugitives which afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy were hung up. Among these 68 men, only 5 were Americans, the others all Germans. A few of the fugitives escaped across the Rio Grande; others wandering in the mountains and suffering extreme hunger, sought protection among American families, but were handed over to their prosecutors and shot or hung.

To this news, Dr. Adolph Doual, a celebrated German traveler, who for many years had lived in that country, makes the following notes:

"We know personally the most of these unfortunate victims, which have been murdered so mercilessly—not because they rebelled against the Government, but because they would not act against the Union and would rather fly to Mexico. These murdered Union men were some of the greatest benefactors of the State; they had done the hardest pioneer work in it, cleared it from the wild beasts and Indians; they had saved it to civilization through more than one period of pestilence and famine; secured as borderers their present persecutors, the slaveholders against the invasions of Indians, and done the best service as volunteers in the Mexican war and the wars on the frontier. They placed the arts and sciences in Texas as well as they could be found anywhere among the American Germans. They furnished the proof that they could cultivate sugar and cotton without the least danger to health, and increased the riches of the country millions of dollars."

The above related events are their reward for it. Hundreds who succeeded in making their escape rove about in the woods, having lost everything, some even their families. Hundreds are now chased like wild beasts through the wilderness of Northwestern Texas, and succumb because of the most horrible tortures, their fate never being known to their fellow men.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Kate Kearney;" dance; "Husband at Sight"
Friday—"The Serious Family;" song; dance; "The Dead Shot"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Imposition Upon Soldiers' Families.—Fortunes are being made, at the expense of the surviving' friends of our dead soldiers, by undertakers and embalmers at Washington. A bill of 4700 was lately paid, simply for embalming and shipping a body from Antietam. The freight was additional. Speculating undertakers locate themselves in the vicinity of every battle-field, and drive their vocation among those who come to look for their dead. Officers have no means of giving other attention to letters received concerning those in their command, who may be killed than to hand over the correspondence to some of those undertakers. From their heavy charges there is no escape. Payment in advance secures them from loss, and their motto is, "take it." Habit renders them insensible to sympathy. If there is trouble in finding a body upon the battle-field, the cost is in proportion. As high as \$300 has been paid for this service alone.—
Phil. U. S. Gazette.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

No Paper To-morrow

The Printers of this Office as well as the rest of mankind will celebrate Christmas. They have resolved to devote the fleeting hours of this day to the participation of "good cheer," and domestic merry-making, in consequence of which arrangement, no paper will appear to-morrow.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Important Capture.—Yesterday there was an unsuccessful attempt made to convey a large lot of "contraband" goods into Dixie. But the thing was too thinly veneered to get through undetected. Medicines, silks, cloth, shoes, boots, and a quantity of other articles desirable in Dixie, were sewed up in feather beds, and thus hidden, they were attempted to be smuggled through, but the vigilance of the guards was more than equal to the cunning of the "amiable wench," & Co., that we are informed undertook the job. The goods and parties are now at Headquarters undergoing an examination.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Summary: Theatre. "Pizarro;" dance; "Omnibus"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Capture of Contraband Merchandise.

The Police Department of the Army has been extremely efficient of late. They have captured large quantities of medicines and merchandise, which women—ladies, forsooth—have attempted to smuggle into the lines of the rebel army. On Monday a woman who represented herself as a "lady of honor" and high respectability, procured a pass from the Provost marshal General, upon pledging her word of honor, sacredly, that she would in no manner attempt to evade the obligations imposed upon her to refrain from carrying letters or articles contraband of war through our lines. Circumstances caused Col. Treusdail, Chief of Police, to suspect her. Accordingly she was placed under surveillance, and before she reached the outposts of the army, she was arrested, and searched by a lady in the service of the Government. Mrs. _____, protested vehemently that she had nothing contraband concealed upon her person. Nevertheless, she was searched as respectfully as possible, and a number of unapproved letters for soldiers and officers in the rebel army were found concealed under her clothing next to her person. Of course, letters and articles contraband were seized, but through extraordinary clemency the "lady" was permitted to pass through the lines. This person had pledged her "sacred word and honor," that she would not deceive the military authorities. Do the ladies of Nashville permit their reputations to be thus libeled? Will ladies whom men respect because they *are* women, thus forget all claim to respect, and to the indulgence which common regard of men for women would extend to them cheerfully and courteously if they would not compel men to forget that they are women?

On Tuesday Mrs. Clara Judd, who represented herself as a "lady of honor" was arrested at Gallatin, while attempting clandestinely to go through the lines with a large quantity of quinine and morphine for the rebel army. Mrs. Judd is now before a Military Court Martial, as a spy. She may spend the time between now and the conclusion of the war at Alton Penitentiary.

The same evening another woman—who shall be nameless for pity's sake—was

intercepted while attempting to pass through the lines, because she too, was endeavoring to evade orders from Headquarters, after she had pledged her "honor" that she would not take advantage of the *favor* extended her. She was searched by a woman, respectfully. One of her skirts consisted of heavy *grey cadet cloth*, partially made up for a rebel officer's overcoat. Large pockets, capacious enough to contain a peck of snuff, were found concealed inside of the "skirt." Two pairs of officers gauntlets were taken from her bosom, together with other articles contraband of war, and letters.

Yesterday, still another "lady" was captured while wending her way, suspiciously across roads to the outposts. She, too, had procured a pass by pledging her "sacred word and honor" as solemnly as woman could. In her baggage was found *one hundred and seventy-five ounces of quinine* and other medicines for the rebel army. Quinine is worth \$6.75 per ounce in Louisville, and \$50 or \$60 per ounce in the South. Besides medicines, this "lady of honor" was attempting to smuggle a large box of boots and shoes, assorted; rebel uniforms; men's clothing, etc., etc. When the lady was arrested, she sprang to the ground from her vehicle. The concussion was so great that a string broke, and *two pairs of heavy cavalry boots which she had insecurely fastened under her skirts*—one pair too many for such a place—*dropped to the ground*. All the foregoing articles were confiscated and turned over to the Post Quartermaster, who will sell them on government account.

In this connection it is earnestly suggested to the *ladies* of Nashville, that such practices reflect no credit upon them. Their sympathies generally are with their husbands, children and brethren, doubtless, but would they, if they are honorable men, justify their wives, mothers, sisters or sweethearts in violating their honor even to befriend them?

Furthermore, the Military Authorities [illegible] the ladies [illegible] States, with all courtesy due to women. They desire to be considerate and indulgent. They will extend to them every privilege consistent with the public service, if they (the ladies) will only be true to themselves. Nothing is asked of them as a favor. Everything womanly is desired in their deportment on their own account. It is folly for them to attempt to evade military regulations. While they are within the lines of the United States Army they are subject to its power. That power they shall not be made to feel beyond the requisitions of duty and the necessities of war, unless they provoke that power against themselves.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

We heard the other day of a retort which was a dead-shot. A Kentuckian and a slave owner, married the daughter of a wealthy Virginian, several years ago. On the breaking out of rebellion, the old Virginian became a fierce rebel while his son-in-law became an active Unionist. A few weeks ago the old gentleman sent word to his son-in-law that he would not give him a cent of property, or a negro, unless he joined the rebellion. Kentucky sent back this brief but significant answer:

Sir:--I married your daughter, and not your negroes.

Very Respectfully, &c.,

We imagine father-in-law felt very much like crawling under the bed, on the reception of this answer.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 27, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

How Men Act in Battle.

A writer in the *Philadelphia Press* gives a graphic picture of the conduct of men under fire. It was French's division of Couch's corps from which the description is drawn:

Steadily the brave fellows ascended the range of hills, two ranks deep under a furious fire of artillery, flashing death's terrors under the most fearful form; and gaily they climbed the numerous fences in their way. Men dropped, and broad gaps were made in their ranks but the lines immediately closed, and were compact as before. The wounded silently fell. All bosh about the screams of the wounded that we read in our books. On they went until a blazing line of musketry stormed upon them from the rifle pits hitherto invisible; and induced a halt. Firmly they stood and returned the fire. Up went the swords of the field officers wildly cheering them on. Again they advanced. Again they halted. Line officers ran behind the men, picking up cartridge boxes of the dead, replenishing those of the living. Back and forth they went in the rear of their companies, asking men if their ammunition held, and indicating location where shots might be effective, and encouraging them with the hopeful words:

"Steady, boys, steady; give 'em h__l." "Smith, are you hurt?" "Yes, sir; my arm's broke." "Go to the rear, my boy." Another man falls. "Where are you struck, Roberts?" "In the thigh sir; I can't move." "Lie still and keep cool; they'll take you away soon." "Dennis, what's the matter with you? Why the d__l don't you fire faster?" "The ball's hanged the top o' me muskit together, sur, and broke the baggenet." "Pitch it away; here's another. Fire faster, Jones. That's right, Robinson! Given it 'em! Splendid! boys, splendid! Down with you! there's a new battery opening!" So it goes, encouragement and reproof by turns, in quantities varied by the individual vitality of the officer, interspersed with constant orders to lie down and avoid the fire of batteries. "D__n this knapsack!" says one; "I can't stand it;" and it is jerked off. "This coat's as hot as hell!" says another, and off it goes. Terrible is the work of death! The enemy in rifle pits have an advantage of three to one. They pop their heads up, fire, and down they go to load. "Oh, blast it! captain, we ain't got no chance against them fellers! we ought to have reinforcements." This cry extends along the lines. Colonels, in their visits to the companies, hear it from the line officers; it soon comes to the knowledge of the generals, and after an hour's fighting, an order to fall back is given, which is obeyed with a steady pace and but little straggling toward the city.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Summary: Theatre. "Lady of Lyons;" dance; "My Neighbor's Wife"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Ingomar;" dance; "Slasher and Crasher"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

What to Send to Soldiers.

Those who are in doubt what they should send to their friends in the army will do well to read over the following catalogue of items made up for general circulation by a Western journal:

Ambrotypes in five pound cases; "Life of Josephus," in ten volumes; patent Dutch ovens, full size; feather beds and pillows; ripe water-melons; firkins of fresh butter; samples of last litter of pups; baby-wagons for the use of infantry; sausage stuffers; castor oil in bladders; frosted cakes in band-boxes; catnip tea well stirred; fluid lamps without wicks; hair brushes; fiddle-

strings in the original package; vases for flowers; ice cream freezers; rattle belly pop in quart bottles; pillow cases stuffed with head cheese; flesh brushes with directions for use; fresh eggs; sand to scour knives with; pickles in jars; honey in little baskets; photograph in frames; boot jack; French mode of raising trout; tea in caddies; hot water for waking feet; nutmeg graters with handles; maps of the country on rollers; fanning mills for fevers; tomato catsup in casks; boot-blackening in pint bottles; parlor skates; Suffolk pigs for pets; empty dry goods boxes; lead pipe for bullets; prepared kindling wood in bundles; flower seeds labelled [sic]; old horse collars; mush and milk in pans; mouse traps; cinnamon essence for the hair; clothes lines and pins; chicken gravy in bowls.

All such articles the soldier can as well carry as not, and if captured the enemy will wonder at the inexhaustible resources of the North.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, December 30, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Article on a new National garrison flag—the left side is torn and crumpled

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January [before 7th, top torn off], 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Woman's Idea of Men.

Men are strong. They do things and don't mind it. They can open doors in the dampest weather. They can unstrap trunks without breaking a blood vessel, turn keys in a moment which women have lost their temper and lamed their fingers over for half an hour, look down precipices and not be dizzy, knock each other prostrate and not be stunned. You may strike them with all your might on the chest, and it doesn't hurt them in the least, (I mean if you are a woman.) They never grow nervous and cry. They go up stairs three at a time. They put one hand on a four-rail fence and leap it without touching. In short, they do everything easily which women try to do and cannot. Moreover, men are so "easy to get along with." They are good natured and conveniently blind and benevolent. Women criticise [sic] you, not unjustly, perhaps, but relentlessly. They judge you in detail, men only in the whole. If your dress is neat, well fitting, and well toned, men will not notice it, except a few man-milliners, and a few others who ought to be, and to whose opinion we pay no regard. If you will only sit still, hold up your head, and speak when you are spoken to you can be very comfortable. I do not mean that man cannot and do not appreciate female brilliancy, but if you are a good listener, and in the receptive mood, you can spend an hour very pleasantly without it, but a woman finds out in the first three minutes that the fringe on your dress is not a match. In four, she has discovered that the silk of your sleeves is frayed at the edge; in five, that the binding at the heel of your boot is worn out. By the sixth, she has satisfactorily ascertained what she suspected the first moment she "set her eyes on you," that you trimmed your bonnet yourself. The seventh assures her that your collar is only "imitation;" and when you part at the end of ten minutes, she has calculated with tolerable accuracy the cost of your dress, has leveled her mental eyeglass at all your innocent little subterfuges, and knows to a dead certainty your past history, present circumstances and future prospects. Well, what harm if she does? None in particular. It is only being stretched on the rack a little while. You have no reason to be ashamed, and you [rest cut off]

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January [after the 3rd, before 7th, top torn off], 1863, p. 1, c. 6

The First Presbyterian Church formerly Dr. Edgar's—has been taken for a hospital for

our wounded soldiers. The pews were taken out on Sunday, and cots placed for the accommodation of ten hundred and forty patients. The rooms are well adapted to the purpose for which they have been taken, and our unfortunate soldiers will be as comfortably situated there as possible. Other buildings have been taken for the same use, and several more, including churches, will be. The wounded must be well cared for at all hazards.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January [before 7th, top torn off], 1863, p. 2, c. 5

In these days of cheap coffee, or rather cheap substitutes for it, our farmers may well turn their attention to the raising of some things which may be a new source of profit. For Chicory, the land should be thoroughly and deeply plowed and well manured. Sow the seeds in drills a foot apart; a pound will sow a quarter of an acre. It is also good as a fodder crop sown broadcast at the rate of twelve pounds to the acre. It can be cut three or four times during the season. Stock are said to be fond of it and thrive well upon it.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January [before 7th, top torn off], 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre: "Paul Pry;" dance; "The Two Turtles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre: "The Hunchback;" dance; "The Swiss Cottage"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

To All Humane Persons.

We are informed officially that supplies of clothing, bandages, and other articles will be much needed in the hospitals for wounded Confederate and Federal soldiers. The ladies especially are notified that their services for the relief of the afflicted, will be very acceptable at present. Let this humane work be attended to at once.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Aid for the Wounded at Murfreesboro.

The severe battle just fought will make large demands in behalf of our gallant suffering soldiers. The Sanitary Commission has sent forward about two hundred boxes to Nashville within three days, but the number of wounded men is so great that large additions must yet be made to the supplies. Our fellow citizens are earnestly requested to send to the Sanitary Rooms, on Fifth street, between Main and Market, Monday morning, any contributions in their power to make, especially of stimulants and nourishing articles.

The Cleveland Society has done nobly, having in response to the call of Dr. Newberry, sent one hundred and sixty boxes in a single shipment.

It is but a few days since a hundred boxes were received from the same society and forwarded to Memphis. Thus constantly is it working, and most effectually, in the great cause.—
Lou. Journal, 5th inst.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Delegation of Surgeons from Indiana to Murfreesboro.

Gov. Morton, the patriotic and ever-active Governor of Indiana, started a delegation of Surgeons, a few days ago, to Murfreesboro'. The Surgeons, twenty in number, arrived here on Tuesday night, and we suppose left for Murfreesboro' yesterday. The order of Governor Morton, is for them to go where they can be most serviceable to the Indiana soldiers. The delegation is under the charge of Dr. C. J. Wood.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Maid of Croissey;" dance; "Katherine and Petruchio"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

From the Battle-field of Murfreesboro', or Stone's River.

A gentleman connected with our office on last Tuesday visited the field of the late bloody battle of Murfreesboro', or Stone's River, as we learn it will be designated in the report of General Rosecrans, and returned to the city on Wednesday. . .

Murfreesboro is one vast hospital, nearly every house having more or less wounded in it, the farm-houses for miles along the various roads are also used for the same purpose. The town was not harmed during the fight, except V. D. Cowan's residence which was burned by the rebels, being filled with their stores. Nearly all the citizens of the town had left, and fled South, or to what they deem safer retreats in the country. Every residence almost has been surrendered to the unrelenting Genius of War, who spares nothing in his relentless career. The federal and rebel wounded are placed promiscuously together and doubtless it would be not only curious, but instructive to listen to the conversations of the soldiers who in an evil hour, were persuaded to attempt the destruction of this Government. May a kind Providence quickly inspire them with a better feeling. The miserably little village of Lavergne, between here and Murfreesboro, which lately contained some thirty dwellings has suffered the righteous penalty of its treason, and villainy, and now is a heap of smouldering [sic] ashes.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "London Assurance;" dance; "Limerick Boy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

First Baptist Church.

This church having been taken for a Hospital, we are requested to state that arrangements have been made to hold the regular sessions of the Sunday School in the room formerly occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association, College street, between Union and the Square.

The children belonging to this Sabbath School will, therefore, assemble at 9 o'clock, Sunday, 11th inst., at the place designated.

Divine service at 11 o'clock, same day, by Rev. Dr. Howell. The congregation usually worshipping at the First Baptist Church, as well as the public, are respectfully invited to attend.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Sutlers will find it to their interest to call at Mauzy, Wilson & Co.'s corner Deaderick and Cherry streets, where they can supply themselves with all kinds of Tobaccos, Cigars, Officers' Overshirts, Undershirts, Drawers, Gauntlets and Gloves, Candles, Soap, &c., &c. Call and see them.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Damon and Pythias;" dance; "Soldier's Return"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Flag Presentation.

The citizens of the counties of Clermont and Brown, Ohio, having presented the 59th Regiment, O. V's, a beautiful stand of colors, the same was formerly presented to the regiment on Christmas day by Col. J. P. Fyffe, late commander of that regiment, now commanding the 2d Brigade, 3d Division of the left wing, 14th U. S. Army Corps.

This Brigade did themselves and their commanders great honor in the late severe engagements before Murfreesboro, and we take great pleasure in publishing the remarks made by the Colonel on the occasion above referred to:

Ladies, Officers and Soldiers of the 59th Regt., O. V. I.:

On behalf of the gallant Lieut. Johnson, and the friends of the 59th, I am here on this Christmas day to present to you a stand of colors. This is no ordinary flag presentation to new and untried men. Upon its shining folds I read Ivy Creek, Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Crab Orchard. They speak eloquently of deeds already performed, while our hearts grow sad when we remember a Nelson, Sargeant, Ham, Hinds, Kikby, Raper, Parker, Bishop, Buchanan, and others who come not to our sides when is heard the alarm drum, and who answer not here at roll-call.

Nor is this an ordinary Christmas, with its festivities and merrymakings. The daily and nightly detonations that stun the ear, are not mimic, but the stern voice of real war, which even now while I speak, admonishes me to be brief. I see by the flashing cheek and kindling eye you note it.

The soft south wind brings the sound, like low muttering thunder, from McCook's front. It is the irregular, unhealthy, feverish pulse of battle. In truth this is no ordinary presentation on Christmas. Off farther to the left, is the Hermitage; over there to the right, almost in view of our proceedings in the wood, are the pickets of an army fighting under a strange flag, over the grave of Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, for a false doctrine, invented by John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, and even that is only to cover to their real object.

But to the flag. Your frayed and stained emblem of the "Old Glory," presented to us by the fair ladies of Maysville, Kentucky, by the hands of your honorary and honored member, Mr. Hamilton Gray, will be carefully preserved. Ever cherished will be the recollections associated with it. Yours has been an eventful history. Ever on the outpost as the wave of war rolled on or receded. It has been your fate to be always in front, next the enemy in the effort to stay it ere it culminated in the vast conflagration of two revolutions.

In conclusion, allow me to say, when for a short period of time I was lately among your friends at home, it was a source of high gratification to me, to hear the encomiums passed upon you by those who had long and anxiously watched your course, and who wait to give you kindly

greetings on your return. To your hands, Col. Howard, for the regiment, on behalf of the donors, I now transfer the colors. It is peculiarly gratifying to me, Colonel, to place these honored emblems in the hands of one who, in years gone by, followed their gleaming, with the lamented Lowe and myself, when we in other lands together, climbed the lofty Siera Madra [sic], among whose rugged ridges loomed up grandly the snowy peaks of Ichtawalt and Grizaba, who together trod the far famed table lands of Mexico, and wandered amid the orange groves and flowery Almedas of the "City of the Angels." I feel assured while you command the regiment, the beautiful present of our friends will never be tarnished.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Invisible Husband;" dances; "Robert Macaire"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Embalming the Dead—A Process Practicable to All.

The modern processes by which the bodies of officers and soldiers of the army have been embalmed and restored to their friends is not the least of the blessings which science has bestowed upon the world since the beginning of the war. The expense of this process, in most cases, places its advantages beyond the reach of people of moderate means. Those who have adopted the business as a profession, are in some cases, extortionous in their charges, particularly where officers are the subjects; and the whole matter is surrounded by professional secrecy impenetrable to persons of unscientific tastes.

A matter of so great general utility and importance should not be monopolized or turned wholly to individual emolument. It may not be out of place to give, in this connection, a simple recipe by which any physician or surgeon of ordinary capacity can embalm the dead, and preserve them from decomposition or putrefaction for a length of time to answer all practical requirements. The following was handed to me shortly after the battle of Antietam, by the Medical Director of the Ninth Army Corps:

The liquid chloride of zinc injected into the cerebral or femoral artery, will preserve bodies from decomposition or putrefaction for a great length of time.

The mode of obtaining this liquid is to take (say) one quart of hydrochloric acid to an earthen vessel, and add small pieces of zinc until reaction ceases.

The liquid may be diluted in the proportion of one part to four of water. From one quart to three pints of this dilution chloride of zinc will be sufficient to effect the purpose desired.

H. W. Rivers,
Surgeon of Volunteers, and Medical Director
Ninth Army Corps.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Naval Engagements;" dance; "Temptation; or, The Irish Emigrant"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 13, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Reading Room.

We are pleased to see that our enterprising friend, Mr. Tom W. Neal, has opened in connection with his News Depot, No. 62 Cherry street, a nicely furnished *Reading Room* where may be found, on file, many of the latest, most popular and influential Newspapers published in the United States. As this is the only institution of the kind in our city, we predict it will not be long before Mr. Neal's Reading Room becomes a place of popular resort for those who wish to glean the latest news from all parts of the country. Admission per week 24 cts—per month 50 cts. Remember, No. 62 Cherry Street.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Fruits of Secession.

The following is an abstract of a letter from a foreign gentleman, dated Charleston, S. C., December 13, 1862:

"We arrived at Charleston four days after leaving New York, and, although I had not made myself any illusions, yet I did not expect to find this city such as it is; in truth, at first, and particularly in certain quarters, it seems like a vast cemetery, and there are scarcely two or three streets sufficiently animated to dispel this impression.

"Ever since the beginning of the blockade every day some families moved away to retire into the interior, and of late this emigration has become almost general.—All who have been able to follow this movement, men, women, old men and children have gone, and I believe to-day there are not twenty ladies left in the place. Consequently there can be nothing more sad, I assure you, that these fine streets in which you often do not meet ten persons in their entire length; nothing so sad as these fine houses without life, their balconies and gardens deserted, and their windows closed—silent and funereal, as though death had passed there! Add to this fact that nearly one-third of the city is in ruins, the effect of the terrible fire which devastated Charleston about a year ago, and you will scarcely have an idea of the sad spectacle that presented itself to the eyes here on every side. The more sad for me as the transition had been so sudden and I had my mind still full of New York, &c., &c.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Satan in Paris;" dance; "Slasher and Crasher"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 14, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

To Lessees of Market Stalls, and Others.

The first assistant clerk of the Market request the attention of all persons occupying stalls in the Market-house, as well as of those desiring to lease such stalls, to the 8th section of an act entitled "An Act to bring into one the several laws relating to the Market-house," which reads as follows:

Sec. 8 On or before the first day of January, in each year, the First Assistant Clerk of the Market shall lease out the stalls of the market, under the Mayor's direction. He shall take from each lessee a lease with good security, to be approved by the Mayor, for the payment of the rent quarterly in advance. The form of the lease shall be made out by the Recorder.

Applications may be made to the undersigned at the office in the Market house.

Thomas McCarthy,
First Assistant Clerk of the Market-House.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 4
Summary: Theatre. "Honeymoon;" dance; "The Two Buzzards"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "William Tell;" dance; "Stage Struck Tailor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 17, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Important Arrest.

Our efficient city Marshal, John Chumbley, assisted by his active aid, Mr. Danley, arrested yesterday evening about two o'clock, Wm. R. Presswood and J. R. Walker; also, four disreputable women with them. The whole party were taken from a Daguerrean Saloon, where they had repaired for the harmless purpose of being "*taken*," and succeeded far beyond their most sanguine expectations. But we suppose that they will not like the *picture* as the *position* is neither graceful or natural, and the *case* is not exactly suited to their fancy—but the work is done, and it cannot be rubbed out. They were suspected of being the men who robbed Mr. D. D. Dickey a night or two since. They were escorted to the office of the Chief of Police, Capt. Truesdail's quarters, where an examination took place, and the following facts were developed: That Presswood belonged to the First Tennessee Cavalry, and Walker belonged to the First Tennessee Infantry. Money was found on their persons, which was identified by Mr. Dickey, thereby confirming the suspicion of their guilt. The women were dismissed, but the men were committed for further examination, which we suppose, will take place to-day. We are glad to see the military and civil police acting together, as they have done in this instance. Instances have occurred where one arrest and the other release; but we hope that the same spirit will prevail on all occasions that governed them in this.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 17, 1863, p. 3, c. 3
Summary: Theatre. "The Female Gambler; or, Plot and Passion;" dance; "Paddy Miles' Boy"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 18, 1863, p. 3, c. 4
Summary: Theatre. "Plot and Passion; or, The Female Gambler;" dance; "Betsey Baker"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 1
To-night we bid a mournful farewell to gas-lights. No longer shall their starlight luster gladden our eyes as we walk the streets after night-fall. Disembodied spirit of coal adieu. Tallow candles we are happy to make your acquaintance.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 2
We hear that some of the secession ladies complain bitterly of the restrictions placed by the military authorities upon visiting rebel prisoners of war. They appear to think that they should be allowed to converse with, and carry delicacies to these men who have been captured while waging war against their country, whenever they see proper to do so. They arrogate it as a

right, and not a *privilege*, to visit the penitentiary, and encourage its inmates to persist in a wicked and murderous rebellion—a rebellion which is atrocious abominable, and detestable in all its aspects. When these prisoners were brought here the Governor's office, the Headquarters of the commander of the Post, and the office of the Provost Marshal, were crowded with secession ladies, eager to administer encouragement to the consolation and rebel prisoners. Every one else had to give way to these importunate visitors, who took possession for a while of every office where a pass could be granted, or a recommendation given. If this state of affairs had been tolerated the civil and military officers of this place would have had to confine their attention exclusively to granting permission to these ladies to visit rebel prisoners.

Now we are for treating the sex with due gallantry and attention upon all occasions, but certainly courtesy does not require that a woman's unreasonable demands should be granted; and experience and observation have convinced us that there are some very reasonable women.

These female visitors, or nineteen-twentieths of them, have a heavy load of responsibility resting upon their heads, for the existence of the present civil war. Thoughtless and giddy women, whose ideas of war had been gathered from books of poetry, and monthly magazines, persuaded, coaxed, entreated, nay, even compelled their sons, brothers, friends, into the rebel army. All the nameless, and to young men, irresistible artifices and blandishments of female society were exercised in the fiendish work of beguiling the flower and hope of the Southern States into the dark den of treason, robbery and murder. Ladies of high position cast aside their proper garb and became the raving priestesses of civil war, brandishing in their hands the torch of destruction, and thoughtlessly invoking on the heads of their kindred and friends, and of themselves, a tempest of mingled fire and blood. We could mention instances of their monstrous and unnatural work which occurred in this very city where noble young men were wooed by the songs of these Syrens, into the rebellion, against their own convictions of right, and their avowed protestations—but we forbear.

On this most painful theme we have only to say, may God have mercy upon the dead, and pity upon their living destroyers! Ah, little did these women then realize the horrors of actual warfare; the unutterable sufferings and agonies of a civil war, where brother is arrayed against brother and where father and son are mortal enemies. Woe to the State convulsed by so dire a conflict! And a double woe to all its guilty originators. The Government should banish all such visitors from every place where rebel prisoners are confined.—These women who are so clamorous to be permitted to preach treason to their unhappy victims, would do a great deal better by doing into their solitary chambers and asking God to forgive their most grievous sin. Instead of besieging the rooms of the authorities for the privilege of tending the dying lamp of rebellion, let them hide their faces for very shame at the work which they have aided in doing—at the thought of the widows they have made broken-hearted; of the orphans they have turned loose upon the streets of Nashville; of the young men, who have either perished miserably in battle, or live to drag out a burdensome existence in bodily disease and suffering.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

We understand that Mr. Myers, of the city council, is about to introduce a bill in that body appropriating the sum of \$250 for the purchase of a stand of colors to be presented to our gallant fellow-citizen, Col. W. C. Stokes and his regiment, in order to manifest the admiration and esteem in which this noble corps is held in the hearts of a grateful people. We are glad to know that the services and patriotism of these brave refugees from rebel tyranny are appreciated by the members of the city council. The men who have voluntarily exiled themselves from their

homes and families, and sacrificed old associations and pecuniary interest, rather than be false to their country, deserve our support, our love and approbation. At the most perilous time in our city's history, when the military force here was very small, when the surrounding country was infested with guerrillas, and the services of a cavalry force were especially needed for our defence [sic], this regiment was organized, and in connection with brave men from our sister States protected our lives and property. The testimonial proposed to Col. Stokes, Regiment will be a deserved, and a very acceptable one, coming as it will from the council of the redeemed capitol of Tennessee.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

From the Richmond Examiner, Jan. 9

. . . We speak calmly, for we desire to excite no anticipation that cannot be superabundantly realized. Consider the innumerable delectations of this Metropolis. It is the seat of the Confederate Government. So careful has the President been in the selection of his associates, that there is not a member of his Cabinet who is not profoundly versed in the sciences and in ancient languages, while many of them speak Coptic familiarly. The lowest messenger in the most obscure Department has history at his finger's ends and the philosophy of abstraction in the palm of his hand.

A purity of life, a dignity of manner, an elegance in conversation, a depth of thought and urbanity of disposition, mark each and every member of the Administration, and all their subordinates, to the degree which has never been approached in the annals of political society, and which renders an acquaintance with them a happiness almost unspeakable. Free and cordial association with natures so lofty and so endowed cannot fail to ennoble all who come in contact with them. It is enough to move one to tears to think of the unapproachable supremacy of the morals and manners of Richmond in the great future which awaits us.

But it is not in high official circles only that the delights of Richmond life and society are to be found. The effete, vapid and conceited race of F. F.'s has been submerged under an inundation of fresh adventurous spirits from all parts of the Confederacy and elsewhere. The fantastical days of the Wickhams, Gambles, Randolphs, Leighs, and Wirts has passed away for ever; we rejoice in a new era and a miscellaneous population, troubled with none of the ridiculous airs of the so-called gentry.

The olden times have passed away,

And glorious are the new.

Here is the sweet Baltimore plug adorning the corners of our principal thoroughfares. Here are the useful and industrious *exuvia* of the Departments at Washington.

The new man, the garroter, is here, though we see him not, save in the prints of his fingers on the throats of the unarmed citizens. In the palatial stores on Main street, once inhabited by Yankees devoted to the Union, we find brawny Italians vending apples at half a dollar a piece, and nondescript Southerners selling minute plugs of wretched tobacco at twenty-five cents. Stout Marylanders occupy rooms at the cross streets and there throw away blockade boots and shoes with reckless liberality. Able-bodied refugees, from God knows where, swarm in our cellars and abandon themselves with a noble self-abnegation to the traffic in putrid oysters mixed with mean whiskey.

Substitute agents follow their unremunerative vocation in nameless places; extortioners

roll in the wealth accumulated from everything that the earth produces, or the hand of man can fashion; bawds arrayed in silks of Tyre and Sidon, and the jewels of Samarcand illumine and profume [perfume? profane?] our sidewalks; gamblers erect their sumptuous towers on every hand; whilst, as if to crown this splendid concentration of social ornaments, the verminous deserter parades his rags in ostentatious defiance alike of civil and military authority.

The variety of our people is not their only charm. We are told that the worn-out race which once inhabited this city, were distinguished for their gentle manners. No such effeminacy characterizes the lusty and enterprising population of the new era. The spirit of freedom is broadly manifest in them. It is beautifully exemplified in the Italian fruiterer, who with difficulty refrains from kicking you out of doors if you refuse to pay him a dollar an ounce for his peanuts.—The small tailor becomes rich, is speechless with indignation if you dare ask him to unbend his dignity in the contemptible operation of mending your clothes.

The cobbler, once too happy to half-sole your shoes, scowl [sic?] at you furiously if you approach him on any such mission, now that leather is worth its weight in gold. The saddler, the gas-fitter, the grocer, the tallow-chandler, the merchants in coal and in wood—in fact all who have ought to sell, indulge the insolence of pecuniary independence to a degree which makes intercourse with them infinitely exhilarating. The entire absence of obsequiousness on the part of our modern shopkeepers is one of the most encouraging features of the new times in this Confederation.

An exceedingly low estimate of the fascinations of a life in Richmond would be formed, if the account should not include the nominal price of provisions, the astounding healthfulness of the air, and the abundance of the precious metals. Space does not permit us to dwell at length upon these engaging features of Richmond existence during the second war for independence. When a poor man is compelled to buy offal from opulent millers at a price which would stagger a millionaire, and when beef at 60 or 80 cents the pound, removes every molar in the jaw of a man's head, and reduces his bicuspid to the circumference of a cambrid [sic?] needle, (if he have the hardihood to attempt to chew it,) every candid mind must confess that the journalist, who is generally presumed to be indigent, has little scope for the exercise of his powers beyond the mere recording of the markets and the latest sales at auction.

The eloquence of bare quotations transcends the abilities of any editor, however gifted, and throws him at once into that vast herd whose empty stomachs are an ample excuse for their gaping astonishment at the unprecedented altitude in the charges for the commonest necessaries of life. And if it were possible for the half-nourished body to withstand the encroachment of disease it would be a consolation [sic?] to the citizen of Richmond to know that he dwells in a perfect storehouse of maladies, and may take his pick at any hour of the day or night of the deadliest calamities that afflict the human frame.

To be the prey of the most lingering and loathsome contagions is surely not altogether desirable, but churlish indeed must be the sufferer, who in the midst of his acutest agonies, cannot find abundant solace in the reflection that he can pay his incompetent doctor in shinplasters, and that when he dies, as he certainly will, he will be hurried in the suburbs of Richmond among a countless throng of one-legged soldiers, courtesans, garroters and blacklegs.

Prices Current in the Rebel Army at Fredericksburg.

We make an extract from a letter of an officer of the army of Northern Virginia, now near Fredericksburg. The following is a list of the prices at which the luxuries of life are disposed of

"in these diggins:" *Examiner* newspaper 25 cents; *Enquirer*, 15 cents; *Whig and Dispatch*, 10 cents; apples about the size of a walnut, \$1.50 to \$3 a dozen; eggs, \$2; chickens, regardless of age, \$1.50 each; butter old enough to speak for itself, from \$2 to \$3 a pound; peach pies, about the size and digestibility of wafers used in affixing the great seal of this Commonwealth to public documents, 25 cents each; sweet cakes, 5 by 6 inches, three for \$1; candy, 50 cents a stick.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Barbarity.

It is reported that the negroes employed as cooks, etc., on the steamboats recently captured near the shoals by the guerrillas, were butchered in the most brutal manner by their captors, who dragged them aside and cut their throats. Our informant states that they "stuck them as if they had been hogs." And yet these rebels talk of the horrors of negro insurrections, while they perpetrate atrocities which wild Congoes or Fejee cannibals never exceeded. Why if anything could inflame the slaves to insurrection, it would be the cowardly and barbarous murder of these fellows on the Murfreesboro road, and at Harpeth Shoals.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 24, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

A Demoralized Soldier.

They tell a good story on a "Pennsylvania Reserve" man, at a certain battle. He was running to the rear (changing base) as fast as he could fly, when he was stopped by the provost guard, who asked if he was wounded. "Don't stop me! don't stop me! *I'm demoralized as hell!*" He passed.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Is it not a little singular that a great many ladies, living not a thousand miles from Nashville, who were eager to force their husbands, sons and brothers into the rebel army two years ago, to be absent for three years, or during the war, are importunate in asking permission to visit them every day or two, after they are brought in as prisoners of war, and fed far better than they were in the rebel army? Why should these ladies profess to be so solicitous about the comfort of their friends who are held as prisoners, by humane Federal authority, when they compelled these very friends not long ago to endure every kind of want and suffering, by forcing them into the rebel service? Where were their sympathies and tender affections then, that they did not entreat their very dear friends not to engage in the rebellion? We do not understand why it is that some of these ladies run after rebel prisoners, particularly if they are officers, striped with tawdry tinsel, with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection, when they coolly dismissed those whom nature taught them to love more dearly into the very midst of imminent dangers and great suffering, to risk their lives in support of wicked rebellion. Perhaps the secret of all this is that some people delight in sensations and outward demonstrations. Some nations demand continual excitement. We have known people who witness the most appalling scenes of suffering on the streets, without the slightest emotion and retire to their rooms to weep over the impossible sorrows of the last novel.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 25, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

The Union to be Enlarged.

If our paper-maker does not disappoint us or some other unforeseen event occur to prevent accomplishing what we had long since determined upon, we will present the next issue of the Union in an enlarged and otherwise improved form. It was with some degree of reluctance that we reduced it before; but we stated at the time that it was not our choice, but necessity. In assuming its new dress, we hope to receive, and shall endeavor to merit, the hearty support of the public. Our object is to render the paper acceptable to all; but as a friend of ours remarked the other day, "actions speak louder than words."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Rebel Women at Holly Springs.

A correspondent of the *Mobile Register* gives the following interesting particulars of his brilliant achievements in the vicinity of Holly Springs, Miss.:

["] Van Dorn took a by-way and meandering route through the swamp, and came within eight miles of Holly Springs in the evening, where he bivouacked his force until two hours before day, when he moved cautiously into town, leaving the Texas brigade upon the heights outside as a reserve. As our forces dashed in from all sides, the entrance proved a complete surprise, the breaking streaks of daylight showing the Yankee tents with their yet undisturbed slumberers. A charge was ordered upon them, and the torch applied to the canvass which covered them. To paraphrase "Belgium's" picture—

"Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And running in hot haste.
And cheeks all pale and blanched with woe,
Exhibiting Yankee cowardice."

The rapidity with which the tents of the enemy were evacuated was marvellous [sic]; and, impelled by burning torches and rapid discharges of side arms, the Yankees took no time to prepare their toilets, but rushed out into the cool atmosphere of a December morning clothed very similarly to Joseph when the lady Potiphar attempted to detain him. The scene was wild, exciting, tumultuous. Yankees running, tents burning, torches flaming. Confederates shouting, guns popping, sabres [sic] clanking, abolitionists begging for mercy, rebels shouting exultingly, *women en dishabelle clapping their hands, frantic with joy crying "kill them! kill them!"*—a heterogeneous mass of excited, frantic, frightened human beings—presented an indescribable picture, more adapted for the pencil of Hogarth than the pen of a newspaper correspondent.

The ladies rushed out from the houses, wild with joy, crying out "There's some at the Fair Grounds, chase them, kill them, for God's sake." ["]

This account of the conduct of rebel women, is from the pen not of a Unionist, but one of the chivalry, who evidently delights in the story which he tells. Doubtless these same women, who exhibited such wonderful decency and refinement, on this occasion, used to go by the dozen to the Headquarters of the commandant of the Federal forces, and assuring him that "they were only women—did not take any side in this war—all they wanted was peace &c., &c.—ask for

passes through the lines; per [scratch in film took out a line] them provisions. We hope the statements made by the correspondent of the Mobile *Register* will be carefully remembered.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Conscription in Franklin.

The doughty Forrest in his recent visit to Franklin, the county seat of Williamson, had a lively time, in enforcing the Conscription Law. On arriving there with his cavalry, he selected a spot, placed guards around it, and ordered all the male citizens in the town to repair thither without a moment's delay. The order was promulgated by dirty ruffians who galloped up and down the streets, with menacing sabres [sic]. The citizens obeyed, and hurried to the rendezvous indicated in great trepidation not knowing what dreadful event was about to happen. Pell-mell they rushed along singly, and in squads, until they arrived at the place, where the terrible ogre Forrest, the "rawhead and bloody bones" of guerrilla warfare was standing with his brigands. He ordered all who were within the limits of the Conscription Law—except those who owned twenty negroes—to come along with him as soldiers in the Confederate Army, and threatened to blow every traitor to the devil, who hesitated one moment. One of the unfortunate gentlemen, thus summarily mustered into service, the clerk of the Court, named Robinson, approached Forrest, and asked to be allowed to go to his room for a few minutes to make some necessary arrangements for this unexpected campaign. Forrest replied by drawing his pistol, and clubbing it, beat the poor fellow several times over the head, gashing it frightfully. After this exhibition of chivalry, the crowd walked off after Forrest, as meekly as the negro-gangs which he used to lead to auction, when he plied his vocation of slave-trader at Memphis.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Condition of Affairs at the South.

The following paragraphs from Rebel letters recently captured, give, no doubt, truthful accounts of the misery the people are beginning to endure. Letters like these, from the sufferers themselves, are the fittest answers to the comments of Rebel journals and their sympathizers, that the people of the South are as well off now as they were at the commencement of the present war:

"Isn't this a terrible war? We are heartily tired of it, and yet no prospect of peace. I wish we were all with you. *Richmond is very much altered, and there is the greatest spirit of extortion among our once liberal and hospitable community.*

"By all means stay in Europe till there is a much better state of things existing in this country. This is my parting word of advice, and prompted by good reasons.

"We have long ago since given up tea, coffee, and sugar—only keeping a little of the last for sickness; our rice lands, too, being so guarded by the enemy's gunboats, prevents its getting to market, so corn has to be substituted in a measure; bacon, upon which we feed the servants principally, has given out to sides, and you may imagine how difficult it is for me to provide for our thirty inmates at such a time, when bare necessities are so difficult to procure. Only think of \$40 for a small box of tallow candles; we have just bought them at that price, and, in order to save them, burn lard, with a paper taper placed in it, in our chambers. Not a yard of calico, long

cloth, or any other goods under prices which amount to an interdict; and yet the gentlemen tell us most cheerfully that we have not begun to feel the war yet. If it continues much longer, my slender stock will give out entirely and how I [scratch in microfilm] the girls and myself I cannot imagine. We are manufacturing the homespuns all over the country, and many ladies are getting them woven, but the demand is so great that the supply is inadequate. I have felt very sick for the last month, suffering constant pain, and only keeping up by the force of a strong will. God help us, and give us better times soon."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 7

The following interesting scene took place in the army of the Potomac not long since. A chaplain wanted a horse, and without much ceremony took one belonging to a Virginia farmer, but his possession of the property was very brief, as the following conversation shows: The chaplain rode into the presence of his superior officer, and was asked where he got that horse? The chaplain says, "Down the road there." The officer remarked, "You had better take him back again." The chaplain says, "Why, Jesus Christ, when he was on earth, took an ass from its owner whereon to ride into Jerusalem." The officer replied, "You are not Jesus Christ, that is not an ass; you are not on the way to Jerusalem, and the sooner you restore that horse to his owner, the better it will be for you."—Hartford Courant.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

A Woonsocket, R. I., man is now at Richmond, engaged in re-dyeing the clothes which are stripped from the dead federal soldiers on the battle fields. An informant says he has seen hundreds of coats, and vests, and pants, just as they came from the field of carnage, some of them stiff with blood, and others perforated with bullet holes. They are first washed and then re-colored. This explains why the rebels rob our dead of their clothing.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Desolation of Northern Mississippi.

A correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat*, writing from Holly Springs, January 5th, gives the following description of the desolation in Northern Mississippi:

["] The roads are as silent and deserted as the fields. Mile after mile you ride and neither meet nor care to meet any one on these solitary roads. On four-fifths of the plantations you pass you see no living soul. Oh some of the doors and windows stand wide open, but there is nothing but emptiness within, and on others nothing but the tall chimneys, whitened by the flames, remain. As you go further and further over the hilly roads, you glance suspiciously backward and forward from every rise in the road. You fancy you caught a glimpse of something moving there, far across the fields, and you pause in some place out of view to reconnoitre. A squirrel leaps through the dry leaves in the woods on the other side, and your revolver is in your hand in an instant.

In times of peace very traveller [sic] is glad to pick up company on the road, but now the sound of horses feet, the breaking of a twig, the rustling of a leaf, are signals of danger. Such is the effect upon the country of "guerrilla warfare," for this desolation and silence is not wholly attributable to the presence of the United States army. It is the people of the south who suffer from guerrillas, not the United States army. Under the delusion that the whole North is about to

tumble into anarchy for want of cotton, the guerrillas burn the cotton and ruin the planter to prevent some Northern man from risking his money in a precarious speculation; this and the capture of an occasional straggling soldier, is the only harm they do the North.

The pay of the guerrillas is what they plunder, and so they get it they are not very particular who is the paymaster.

Now the old grudges against neighbors, the family feuds, for which the South has always been notorious, are being settled, and every farmer is as apprehensive of his neighbors as he is of the United States troops.

The people of the South have already discovered that they get more than they bargained for in imitating the guerrilla mode of warfare. In adopting the old Spanish name of 'guerrillas,' they now see that they also adopted the lawlessness, anarchy and brigandage of Mexico and old Spain. This is the serpent of secession biting itself with its own poisoned fangs.["]

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, January 30, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Educational.—Grim visaged war seems not to have closed the public schools of Cincinnati as it has those of Nashville. The School Board of that city has now in course of erection two large fine school houses. We should love to see the time come when our schools will be thrown open and the "little folks" of Nashville—now rusting in idleness—trudging merrily to their recitation rooms.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. "All that Glitters is Not Gold"; dance; "Jenny Lind"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 1, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—Saturday, Jan. 31st.—The Court opened business by calling the case of that expanding flower, Narcissus White, who is not white, but a woman of color. She was charged with entertaining slaves, for which she paid a fine of ten dollars and costs. Mrs. Flaherty was found guilty of violating the tippling law, and she, too, generously contributed her mite of five dollars and costs to the city treasure. . .

Mrs. King, who aspired to be *queen* of the liquor traffic, was found guilty of tippling, fined ten dollars and costs, and sent down to reflect, for twenty days, in the seminary kindly proved for such young ladies by our city fathers.

Carl, a young man from Louisville, and a Mr. McLaughlin, from the Queen City, were found in Smoky Row, having a jolly time and bobbing around generally. They were brought before his Honor for disorderly conduct, and each paid a fine of three dollars and costs, and left perfectly satisfied with their sight of the elephant. . .

Mary Stratton, a colored speculator, was charged with smuggling goods through from Cincinnati. Several fancy women—Mollie and Kate—shrouded in the midnight loveliness of a thousand clustering curls, were witnesses against her. But Mary wanted her sister as a witness in her behalf, and at the request of her counsel the case was laid over until Monday morning. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 1, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

"In a Horn."—Since the gas works closed the inventive genius of our citizens has been

taxed to its utmost in rigging up temporary candlesticks. On every hand we see candlesticks made out of bottles—candlesticks formed out of pepper-boxes—candlesticks wrought out of clay—boot-jacks converted into candlesticks—and candlesticks made out of every conceivable material, and formed into every fashion. But the "noblest" candlestick "of them all" is the one in the business office of the City authorities. There, alone in its brazen pride and glory, is an old fireman's horn—the hero of a thousand fires—with its mouthpiece knocked off, converted into the base use of holding an undignified tallow candle. Barnum wants *that* trumpet-tongued candlestick, we know.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Theatre. "Serious Family;" song; "Irish Heiress"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 3, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

On last Saturday night, the authorities made a descent on the drinking saloons and whisky shops of this city, closing them up instanter. We notice that some of them, having permits, are re-opened. Hereafter we hope to see the rich dealers in the whisky traffic prosecuted with as much rigor as the poor, who are driven to it through necessity. On last Saturday we noticed in our police report, the arrest of Mrs. King and Mrs. Flaherty, for tippling, while other and richer dealers, equally as culpable, were not molested. We deprecate the habit of such informers, who, perhaps, drink as much whisky as anybody. They go to the poor in the guise of friendship, and feigning sickness, get a drink and then meanly inform on them, not having the courage to do the same thing with the rich. In a moral point of view they are as culpable as the venders, and a great deal meaner. We want to see a change in this matter.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 3, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Last night Nashville danced with joy at the reappearance of gaslight. The streets glittered and shone in the dazzling brilliance of a thousand diamond-pointed gas-jets; our business houses, saloons and hotels invitingly threw open their doors to the passer-by. Throngs of *light*-hearted citizens and soldiers tripped merrily over our pavements; printers bade a happy farewell to tallow-candles and greasy "cases," and all went "merry as a marriage bell." May Nashville continue thus until the millennium! So mote it be.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Daughter of the Regiment;" song; dance; "The Young Widow"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Follies of a Night;" song; dance; "Swiss Swains"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 5, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Soldiers Remembered at Home.—About two weeks since Messrs. Weyman, Hill, Young and McClure, all of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived here on the fleet, having in charge over one hundred boxes of clothing of all kinds, preserved fruit, and, in short, every imaginable delicacy and comfort that are so grateful to the sick and wounded soldier. This liberal donation was made by the Subsistence Committee of Pittsburg, on very short notice. This society has faithfully and nobly ministered to the wants of soldiers during the present unholy war, and they are still untiring in their acts of angel-like mercy and benevolence. Mr. Weyman has already forwarded

a large amount of the above-mentioned articles to the needy at Murfreesboro—the balance being distributed in the hospitals of our city by a few Union ladies. Mr. Weyman's benevolent face is still to be seen on our streets superintending the distribution of many good things, in places where they seem to be most needed. Our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Wm. Lyon, stored the above articles in his business house "without money and without price," besides giving other valuable assistance to Mr. Weyman.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Therese; or, The Orphan of Geneva; song; "Betsey Baker"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Official Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.]
No More Visitors to Murfreesboro.

Headquarters, Department of the Cumberland, }
Murfreesboro, Jan. 30, 1862. }

Gentlemen: I am directed to request that you will notify the public that Gen. Rosecrans deeply regrets that the necessities of the public service prevent him allowing even the loyal citizens of the North to visit Murfreesboro for the purpose of seeing sick and wounded friends, or on private business, especially those who desire to remove the remains of the dead.

The wounded and sick in the hospitals at Murfreesboro receive every attention possible. There are no accommodations here for strangers, and the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike is already so much worn and cut up that it will not accommodate the regular Government transportation.

Such notice may save many persons the time and expense of making visits to Nashville and back.

Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
G. P. Thurston, Capt. and A.D.C.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Beauty and the Beast;" "Paris in 1793; or, Delicate Ground"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 7, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

The destitute of this city owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Spencer Chandler, who tried faithfully to collect the assessment for the destitute. This labor with but little success has been performed without charge or pay.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Time Tries All;" song; "Spectre Bridegroom"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 8, 1863, p. 3, p. 2

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—Saturday, Feb. 7th. . . .

Two fancy women were up for being riotously inclined. As they submitted their case and quietly paid their bill, *this time* we will not mention their names. . .

Frank Berthol was up on two charges. His first was disorderly conduct with a negro, for which he was fined five dollars and costs. The next—shame on the man—was for abusing his wife. He was up for the same offence a few months ago. He then made good promises to the Recorder, and got off with a nominal fine. This time the evidence of officer Davis, and others, being so strong against him, he was made to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs.

It is to be hoped, that if he is ever up again to answer for such an outrage, the Recorder will send Mr. Frank Berthol to the work-house for one hundred days. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 8, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

Military Hospital No. 6.

The following communication makes some statements in reference to the above named Hospital which ought to be investigated. Of course we know nothing of the truth of the charges, but as the Hospital is a public institution, and the author has left us his name, as a responsible person, the matter ought to be looked into:

No. 6 Hospital, Nashville, Tenn. }
Thursday, Feb. 5, 1863. }

Mr. Editor:--With your permission, and through the columns of your paper, (in behalf of the Nurses, and part of the Wardmasters in the above named Hospital,) I would ask the proper authorities: What is the cause of the said Wardmasters and Nurses having to subsist wholly upon "bread and coffee, and bean or vegetable soup, with an occasional piece of meat which is simply warmed—not cooked—through?"

In the soup the Nurses occasionally find a "bean," which affords considerable gratification to the finder, while others feel slighted.

It is folly to describe the wrong doings connected with this Hospital; but an examination by the "proper Authorities" will find, to their utter astonishment, that the Nurses—"soldiers"—are not getting as good nor substantial living as the negroes that are loitering about the kitchen, doing little or nothing and getting their regular sleep, while the Nurse is obliged to lose sleep and do considerable disagreeable work, and live *principally* upon *bread and coffee*.

What becomes of all the "Potatoes," "Butter," "Eggs," "Onions," "Canned Oysters," "Apples," and a whole host of other things too numerous to mention? All of these things are seen coming into said Hospital, and having a fair opportunity of knowing that the Nurses do not get any of them, *nor do the sick get the half*.

Will not some kind "Authority" attend to this matter? Forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
One Interested.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 8, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

The Poor of Nashville.—Before this unrighteous war burst like a storm-cloud over our once happy land, one source of [illegible] pride to the citizens of Nashville, was the proud fact that the poor and needy of our now war-torn city were always kindly remembered and generously succored in the drear season of winter. From time immemorial, the noble duty of seeking out and ministering to the wants of the poor has been performed by our less ill-favored

townsmen with a cheerfulness and fidelity which no terms of praise can qualify. Who does not remember the herculean labors of the lady managers of our Orphan Asylum, and the disinterested charity of our societies, churches, and business men, in times when kind words and good deeds, were more potent than the physician's skill to save life and health? Were Nashville depending alone upon her boast of charity for a warm corner in the heart's affection of posterity, she would have no cause to envy the rest of the world—she still would glitter and shine the brightest orb in the firmament of good deeds. As it is, the very angels will applaud the acts of godliness to which the hearts and fortunes of our citizens have contributed, and of which the suffering poor were the objects.

In these unfeeling times, when the war god has obliterated in man almost every fine feeling and noble thought, and *self* reigns with an iron rod in the hearts of many, it is peculiarly gratifying to note that the poor, whom we "always have with us," are not altogether forgotten. With the half or most of our population, fled, an embargo upon trade existent for a year past, the idleness of the remaining populace, and the consequent undermining of fortunes, the indigent class of our community has been largely multiplied; and, necessarily, the provision for their relief this winter is much more limited than in former times. Then, the generosity of our fellow citizens, prosperous themselves and actuated by *feeling*, was taxed amply enough to embrace every case of actual privation; now, that the home contributions,—from the causes specified,—are insufficient to meet the demands of hunger and nakedness, outside bounty must be sought, and therefore the hand of comfort cannot reach all who are deserving. But we believe the united efforts of private persons and the civil and military authorities have resulted in keeping the demon of starvation from our midst. Every want has not been supplied, it is true, but those whose conditions were most aggravated have experienced relief. If we consider the present extraordinary crisis of Nashville, with its high prices of provisions, even a partial relief of the distress among the humble classes must have enlisted the most strenuous exertions. Hence, the agents in this work of mercy deserve our highest commendation and the grateful remembrance of every good and true citizen.

The passing winter will be preserved in the memory of the people of Nashville as the synonym of care, vexation, and hard-living. While the wants of many have been made public and satisfied, scores of families, who formerly delighted in their ability to render assistance to the poor on all occasions, have been reduced to the most painful extremes. Around hearthstones not long ago the glowing pictures of happiness and plenty, may now be seen gathered shivering, hungered children, and parents racked with anguish, straining their heart-strings to resist despair; larders always heretofore plentifully filled, now scarcely afford a single meal, and the anxious father despondingly awaits the return of uncertain to-morrow to provide a morsel for his little ones.

This is no fancy sketch; the biting coldness of this week gives it a painful and vivid realization; and observation, if not experience has prompted us to present it here. Fearful, indeed, is the responsibility weighing upon the authors of this accursed war whose fury is yet unabated. Sincerely do we pray for the return of peace with its reinstatement of industry, of trade, of commerce and their thousand attendant blessings.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

For the Nashville Union]
Pittsburg Sanitary Stores.

Edgefield, Feb. 7, 1863.

Editor Union: I noticed in your issue of February 5th, an article mentioning the arrival and distribution of sanitary stores from the Pittsburg (Pa.) Subsistence Commission.

I would call the attention of the public generally, both here and at the North, to the manner in which the Commission distributed the stores entrusted to their care. Their method is worthy of adoption by all engaged in the benevolent yet difficult task of endeavoring to place in the hands of those who deserve and would be benefitted by the things sent from the different Sanitary Commissions of the loyal States.

As a general thing the philanthropic efforts of the ladies and gentlemen in the North to furnish the suffering sick and wounded with some additional items for their comfort, have been defeated by the manner in which they have been distributed heretofore, seldom have those for whose use they were intended received them. Often have they been lost or destroyed through the carelessness and neglect of those to whose care they were intrusted [sic] for distribution. Messrs. Wyman, Young, Hill & McClure have obviated this by calling into requisition the services of loyal ladies, whose presence were, by the bed-side of suffering, often has more effect upon the poor martyr, than all the sedatives of an apothecaries shop, quieting the nerves, and convincing them that they have yet something to live for; pouring into their listening ears notes of sympathy, speaking to them of home, with assurances that they are not forgotten.

In this manner these gentlemen have succeeded in placing their stock in the hands of those who were intended to be the recipients of it.

They deserve great praise for their efforts, and next to the ladies, (God bless them,) hold a warm spot in the hearts of the

Soldier.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Little Treasure;" song "Arkansas Gentleman;" "Dead Shot"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—Monday, February 9th.—Martha and Lucy, slaves of Mrs. Story, were up for disorderly conduct. Both were sent to the work house subject to the order of their owner.

Liz. Boyd was shown to be guilty of disorderly conduct, for which she was fined three dollars and costs.

Mary Lutterell, for imitating Liz, was made to shell out one dollar and costs. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 10, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Headquarters, U. S. Forces, }
Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 6th, 1863 }

Orders. [Supplement No. 1.]

The following assignments of *Confederate wounded* are hereby made under the provisions of the order issued from these Headquarters on the 1st inst.:

Fifteen at the house of Mr. Henry Frazier; Five at the House of Mrs. Watkins, both on Vauxhall street, and Fifteen at the house of Mr. A. C. Nicholson, on Church street; Fifteen at the

house of Wm. Murphy, Vauxhall street.

These new assignments are made in consequence of the deep interest manifested by the parties mentioned in the welfare of the wounded, and their solicitude lest their sufferings should not be [scratch in film] cared for in Federal hands.

By order of

Brig. Gen. Robt. B. Mitchell,
Commanding Post.
feb 7—3t.

_____, A. A. G.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Paul Pry; or, 'I Hope Don't Intrude';" song; "Swiss Swains"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Hospital No. 6.

A few days ago we published a card purporting to come from an individual connected with the above-named Hospital, complaining of gross neglect of duty on the part of the Steward, in regard to the food furnished. The following card, flatly denying the accusations made, is accompanied by a list of names of inmates of the hospital entirely too long for publication. The charges we have no doubt were altogether unfounded. Here is the card:

General Hospital No. 6, }
Nashville, Feb. 8th, 1863. }

We, the undersigned, wardmasters, nurses and other employees at this Hospital, certify willingly, that we are well satisfied with the boarding and the treatment received by Wm. Metty, and are not aware of any dishonorable action on his part. Therefore, we consider the article in the Nashville Union of this date, concerning this Hospital, as a malicious fabrication.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Rag Speculators.—Several speculators have been recently engaged buying the large quantities of rags gathered from the deserted camps of the Army of the Potomac, where for months cast-off shoddy coats and pants and woollen [sic] rags have accumulated. The battlefield of Antietam has also furnished large quantities of rags for the market.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

Holly Springs, Miss., Jan. 5, 1863.—Except Mexico, Spain and some remote districts of the Roman States, I know of no country whose desolate appearance and lawless condition is a parallel to the present condition and appearance of Northern Mississippi. To realize this, one must ride out eight or ten miles beyond the pickets of the army. Not with the army on its march, nor with squads of cavalry, nor foraging parties—for then the foragers and stragglers that dart in and out of by roads, and in advance of you, to every farm, impart some lift to the scene; but like the famous horseman of James's, alone. Then, and only then, do you realize the effects of the war, and of that peculiar feature which distinguishes this from all the wars of late days—guerrilla

warfare.

First you notice how silent the country is, though you ride for miles past fenced fields, and catch glimpses of houses now and then, you hear none of the usual sounds of country life; no lowing of cattle, nor neighing of horses, nor braying of mules, nor bleating of sheep, nor shout or song of laborers in the fields. Every thing of the animal kind has long since been driven off to the camps of one army or the other. You ride to the summit of the highest hill and survey the country far and wide, but in all the broad fields you see no human being; the white men are probably in their houses, sleeping off the effects of their last night's ride with their guerrilla friends, and the blacks have gone to find "Uncle Abraham" and freedom.

The roads are as silent and deserted as the fields. Mile after mile you ride and neither meet nor care to meet any one on these solitary roads. On four-fifths of the plantations you pass you see no living soul. Oh some of the doors and windows stand wide open, but there is nothing but emptiness within, and on others nothing but the tall chimneys, whitened by the flames, remain. As you go further and further over the hilly roads, you glance suspiciously backward and forward from every rise in the road. You fancy you caught a glimpse of something moving there, far across the fields, and you pause in some place out of view to reconnoitre. A squirrel leaps through the dry leaves in the woods on the other side, and your revolver is in your hand in an instant.

In times of peace very traveller [sic] is glad to pick up company on the road, but now the sound of horses feet, the breaking of a twig, the rustling of a leaf, are signals of danger. Such is the effect upon the country of "guerrilla warfare," for this desolation and silence is not wholly attributable to the presence of the United States army. It is the people of the south who suffer from guerrillas, not the United States army. Under the delusion that the whole North is about to tumble into anarchy for want of cotton, the guerrillas burn the cotton and ruin the planter to prevent some Northern man from risking his money in a precarious speculation; this and the capture of an occasional straggling soldier, is the only harm they do the North.

The pay of the guerrillas is what they plunder, and so they get it they are not very particular who is the paymaster.

Now the old grudges against neighbors, the family feuds, for which the South has always been notorious, are being settled, and every farmer is as apprehensive of his neighbors as he is of the United States troops.

The people of the South have already discovered that they get more than they bargained for in imitating the guerrilla mode of warfare. In adopting the old Spanish name of 'guerrillas,' they now see that they also adopted the lawlessness, anarchy and brigandage of Mexico and old Spain. This is the serpent of secession biting itself with its own poisoned fangs.

If you go into one of the few houses which are yet occupied, you find large landed proprietors who have nothing left to eat but a little corn bread, and whose threadbare apparel indicates that merchants and dealers in clothes have long since become an extinct class.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 12, 1863, p. 5, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. "Captain Thingamy;" song; dance; "Married Rake"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

"Here You Are."—The Imperial Saloon, No. 12 Deadrick Street, is now furnishing to its numerous customers a fine lunch and soup at all times of the day, between 11 and 1 o'clock. The huge proportions and "preponderosity" of the proprietor, Jim Faulkner, is only equaled by his

gentlemanly courtesy and attention to his customers, which are without number. If you want anything good in liquors, ale, cigars, etc., call at the Imperial Saloon.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

A Journey Through Secessia.

Mr. Mathews, of Starke county, Ohio, was in Alabama at the time the rebellion broke out. He was *ordered* to volunteer into an infantry regiment—that is the common fashion of volunteering in the South—but made his escape into Mississippi, thence to Texas, and from there travelled on foot through Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, to the Union lines. His notes by the way, published in a little pamphlet for the information of his friends, gives curious glimpses of Southern life.

White Mechanics Starving at the South.

In Columbus, the capital of Mississippi, he found "a great deal of suffering among white mechanics. Most of the little work that was to be done was given to "negro mechanics"—slaves, that is to say. This was a growing habit of slave-lords. We have been told by slave-owners that "white workmen were a great curse to them. They were always troublesome, too independent, and apt to make the negroes uneasy; and all the better class of planters were training some of their slaves in various trades needed about a great plantation." We are not surprised, therefore, to find several notes of this kind in Mr. Mathews's journal. Wherever he journeyed among the great plantations, and where negroes were numerous, he found white carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, &c., in distress, and their families wretchedly poor. The planters prefer to give out their work to their neighbors' slaves, if they have none of their own trained. If Wood, Cox, and Vallandigham could only force slavery on the North, our mechanics and laborers would fare no better; they would be quickly turned out of work by the slaves of aristocratic planters. "I have seen white mechanics obliged to stand aside while their families were suffering for the necessaries of life, when negro mechanics, owned by rich and influential men, could get plenty of work; "and," he adds, "I have heard these same white mechanics breathe the most bitter curses against the institution of slavery and the slave aristocracy."

In Carthage, Texas, he was told an incident which is a sample of the constant distrust which infests slave society. A minister of the gospel, afflicted with dyspepsia, was accustomed to carry with him a paper full of soda, to take of which relieved his distress. Going into Shelby county, away from home, he unfortunately took with him a considerable quantity of the soda powder. Being a stranger in Shelby, he was arrested by a vigilance committee—"he was a stranger and they took him in," this seems to be the usual treatment of strangers in the hospitable South. The citizens searched him; found a white powder; instantly suspected him of an intention to poison their wells; and to prove his innocence and save his life, he was forced to eat every bit of the soda. Of course, such an overdose made the poor creature very sick.

Near Shreveport, Mr. Mathews records in his journal, "I find great enthusiasm for the southern rebellion among church members in localities where there are large plantations and many slaves." It was near here that a tavern-keeper's wife assured him that "Mr. Lincoln kept himself shut up in an iron cage, and did not allow any one but Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Seward to see him—because he was afraid of being killed."

The Union Men on the South.

After an experience of more than a month travelling on foot through the country, he writes: "I always avoided the country, he writes: "I always avoided, if possible, stopping at the residences of slave-owners, which I know by the negro cabins or quarters; they are generally secessionists; but non-slaveholders I find nearly always to be indifferent on the subject or possessing Union sentiments; but they never express themselves except in their own homes," &c.

Texas, Western Louisiana, and Arkansas were full of "regulators," who wandered about and summarily hanged all persons who could not give a plausible account of themselves. At Arkadelphia our traveller [sic] was arrested and examined. One person present declared that if he was from Connecticut he must be hanged; but he got off by [scratch in film] "notice" of himself, [scratch in film] been printed in a Texas newspaper—one instance at least, where a newspaper puff was of value. In Arkansas he found Union men in considerable numbers; but alas, "they were not men accustomed to taking part in politics." In the free States, too, corrupt men have too often gained the ascendancy because right-minded citizens "were not accustomed to take part in politics"—were unfaithful, that is to say, to their duty to the nation.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Arrival of East Tennesseans.—A party of sixty loyal East Tennesseans arrived in this city last night from their homes, having been forced away through fear of the application of the amended conscription act, which exempts no citizen between the ages of fourteen and fifty-five. Indeed, no one who is able to carry a gun is overlooked, even though they may have a legal claim to exemption. These gentlemen are from the vicinity of Knoxville, and have suffered much for the sake of loyalty. A state of affairs deplorably beyond description, they say, exist in that portion of Tennessee. They were twelve days on their way from Knoxville to this city. A number of them have enlisted in the service of the Government since their arrival.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

We copy the following paragraph from the Atlanta (Ga.) *Confederacy*:

["]Ready for Butler.—A daughter of South Carolina writes to the Charleston Courier from Darlington District:

I propose to spin the thread to make the cord to execute the order of our noble President Davis, when old Butler is caught, and my daughter asks that she may be allowed to adjust it around his neck.["]

What models of female refinement this "daughter of South Carolina," and her she adder "gal" must be! We suppose they are fair samples of the "master race."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A lady of this city, who returned recently from Atlanta, informed a friend of ours that she was offered \$25 for a pair of kid boots, worth about \$3.00.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Soldier's Bride;" singing and dancing; "Beauty and the Beast"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—February 12th— . . .

Archer, slave of Puryear, cutting down and destroying shade and ornamental trees; thirty-nine lashes and costs. A righteous verdict.

Socrates Bechunan—an individual not as wise as the ancient philosopher, nor as wiley [sic] as the late President,—was found guilty of permitting slaves to live on his premises without authority. He was fined ten dollars and costs. . .

Thos. Wilson, for cutting down and destroying shade and ornamental trees. Fined three dollars and costs.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Factory Girl;" song; "The Merry Cobbler"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 13, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane—Friday, February 13th.-- . . .

Mollie May—a name that ought to belong to a virtuous woman—and Florence Williams, have just reached our city from Louisville. Being so delighted at finding our streets in such a clean and excellent condition, they improvised a little celebration, which terminated in drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The Recorder fined each of them three dollars and costs. . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Army of the Cumberland.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Feb. 14, 1863.

[Special Correspondence of the Nashville Union.]

It seems to me that of all queer fellows, the superintendent of a military railroad train is the most exceedingly so. The process of going forward is similar to that of the story of the reptile, frequently introduced to the young mathematical student, that, after a long, uninteresting journey, succeeded in reaching the top of a deep well, his method of travel being a combination of accelerated and retrograde movements. For, after proceeding three or four miles, a whistle, the breaks, a check, and back we go, evidently to ascertain the distance made.

I was informed Wednesday evening that the "accommodation train," "*through* to Murfreesboro," would leave Thursday morning, at 6:30. Precisely at 6 A.M. if the gentleman who rings the Cathedral bell can be relied on, I was ready to depart, with visions of Dick McCann's squad and Tuscaloosa tobacco cribs in my mind.

Two dozen people soon increased to about fifty anxious passengers, and ten minutes to eight o'clock the 6:30 train started, and made a break of at least a quarter of a mile without stopping. Among the passengers was the modest specimen of rotundity and good nature,

Surgeon Swift, about twenty officers, a Miss L. Reeves, of this place, one other lady, and between twenty and thirty male citizens.

We jogged slowly on until we arrived at Mill Creek, where we waited quite a length of time, probably for the locomotive to take a nap. Mill Creek is a south branch of the Cumberland, and is navigable for hard-crackers, principally, several of which I saw floating down stream. At this point no fears need be entertained of Dick McCann's approach, as the rivulet bridge is well guarded by yankees, mostly from Kentucky, however.

The next regular stopping place is a two-horse town called Antioch, formerly a post village, situated in Davidson county. It was named, I understand, after the venerable Antioch Meeting House, which stood contiguous to the premises. The whole country is devastated, and rail fences are "among the things that were." At this place is stationed a Yankee regiment from East Tennessee, therefore no alarm need be felt as regards the striking distance of Dick McCann.

The next place of interest is Lavergne, which is located in Rutherford county, and distant sixteen miles from Nashville. Before reaching this time, the locomotive stopped to take water, the shoulder strap party within the car generally took a fluid of superior stimulating qualities, and a one-eyed gentleman sitting beside me took a dose of snuff, sneezed in my face, and glancing at me with his comet optic, informed me that he had a nephew in Texas who didn't resemble me much. I was on the point of saying something to the sweet old chuckle-head, when the locomotive "Gov. Johnson" gave a couple of screams, and in a few moments we arrived at Lavergne. There are but four houses standing in the place, almost the entire town having been destroyed by fire. The night is terrible, and I pity the poor families who have been thus rudely bereft of house and home during these desolating times. The wholesale destruction of property is maliciously wicked and indiscreet, and no truly honorable person will lend a hand in the destruction of habitations containing defenceless [sic] women and innocent children. At this place is a brigade of Yankees, mostly composed of Kentucky and East Tennessee regiments; therefore no apprehensions need arise in regard to Dick McCann.

Smyrna is the next town, distant from Murfreesboro ten miles. It is encircled by a fine extent of country and situated in close proximity to Stewart's creek, the bridge over which is guarded by two regiments of Yankees, from Indiana. The readers of the *Union* may rely upon it, Dick McCann will not show his profile in this place at present. We left Smyrna at half past ten o'clock, and arrived at Stone's river at twenty minutes past eleven. But here was a pretty state of affairs. The "through-train to Murfreesboro" landed its passengers upon the Nashville side of the river, as the bridge was still unfinished.

However, Dr. Swift expected an ambulance, and I invited Miss Reeves to ride to town in it, but of course she was only too happy to accept of my tender. Presently the vehicle arrived. From the cars to the ambulance was a perfect avenue of mud. I have often taken my sisters, and other fellows' sisters in my arms on such occasions, and passed the Rubicon. But now, I faltered; and lo! that gallant rogue of a Swift took the damsel in his arms and transported her safely through the mud, while your modest friend contented himself by following with her music, etc. In a few moments we were fording Stone's river, *en route* for Murfreesboro, arriving there at two o'clock—thirty-two miles by railroad in six hours.

Let the readers of the *Union* bear in mind that the cars do *not* run through to Murfreesboro, but to within a short mile of the river. Let them also become acquainted with the fact that the mud is about a foot deep, and transportation, as a general thing, impossible. It is said, however, that the bridge will be completed by next Tuesday. Then you can all come—if Lieutenant Osgood says so.

The pent-up citizens of Nashville, acquainted with this section of the country, will be astounded when once again they make an eastern tour through Tennessee

Before this rebellion I once chanced to travel upon the Chattanooga Railroad. The view upon either side was indeed a panorama. Immense fields of cotton and grain were spread out in gorgeous and living green, backed by distant woodland, while the verdant lawns bordering the rivers and creeks reminded me of soft velvet carpets or glorious spots for pic-nics. Gangs of the "culled pop'lation" were seen dotted over the fields, costumed in all the fantastic livery of Ethiopian taste, while the mansions of the planters appeared everything which a desire for comfort could suggest or wealth obtain.

But, alas! the change! Everything beautiful and comfortable seems to have passed away. From Nashville to Murfreesboro the devastation of homes and farms is complete. Verily, the people of Tennessee must have been mad when they engaged to assist the Cotton States in their nefarious scheme. Should the rebellion succeed, look at the location of the State. Will her interests be less liable to injury than they were protected by the great influences of the great American Republic. If Tennessee, as a border State, suffered in the Union, what must be her fate *out* of the Confederacy? Ponder well, my friends. Reflect leisurely, and impartially, and you will accuse yourselves of ingratitude and folly, and gradually a return to reason and loyalty will manifest itself. The President's Emancipation Proclamation takes no effect in Tennessee. Gov. Johnson begs you to return to your allegiance, and exempts you from the penalty imposed upon traitors and treason.

Now is the accepted time.

THIS MAY BE THE LAST CHANCE!

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

But this digression is unpardonable. I was speaking of the devastation of the country in general. The battle of Stone's river has added no beauty to the harrowing scenes.

Perhaps there is no picture which presents such a combination of heartrending and revolting scenes, as a battle-field immediately after a sanguinary contest. To the inexperienced, the spectacle is an awful one. The battle-field of the battle of Stone's river is replete with incidents extraordinary and strange. Those brave men who fell fighting for their country, and fighting against it, found graves in muddy cotton fields and in beautiful cedar groves; in unromantic corn fields, and in secluded meadows; upon the hills and in the valleys, and for miles along the stream upon the banks of which the battle fiercely raged, and from which it takes its name. The Murfreesboro pike and Chattanooga railroad divide the battlefield. Travellers [sic] upon either road, upon either hand, can gaze for three or four miles upon the picture. The first place of interest upon the right, just at present are the ruins of a fine brick residence; beyond, upon the right and left, are the earthworks thrown up by our troops upon that dark and stormy night. From these works to town are hundreds of carcasses of horses, breastworks, demolished houses, broken wagons and wheels, and graves.

Upon the right, near the railroad, are eleven graves of the 74th Ohio; near is an equal number of the 45th Mississippi; then, side by side, farther on, repose eleven members of the 78th Pennsylvania, and eight members of the Rock City Guards. Upon the left is quite a cemetery—ninety-three prettily constructed graves, with an inscribed slab at the head of each. As you enter the ground a placard informs the reader that "This patch of ground contains the bodies of 93 soldiers, of the 15th, 16th, 18th, and 19th, U. S. Infantry. Do not disturb these graves by additions or otherwise." Leaving the regulars, you next discover 4 graves of the 19th Illinois, and 27 of the

41st Alabama. Leave the line of the railroad, travel over a spot of ground containing nearly two thousand acres, and you find the scenes everywhere. The national and the rebel dead—the old man, the strong man, the youth; husband, father, son, lover—all lie in a common grave. The interments, however, are most solemn, and the utmost silence prevails as the lost companion is quietly placed in his uncouth grave.

B. C. T.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Little Devil; or, My Share;" singing; "Irish Heiress"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Yesterday was St. Valentine's day, and the customary little love missives were scattered around on every hand, shedding their rays of gladness into the loving corners of many an anxious heart. Who knows how many solemn vows were made permanent through the agency of yesterday's Valentines! Or how many coquettish beauties read their heart mortgages with a trot of the foot, a proud toss of the head, while eyes brightened and cheeks warmed into changeable and dolphin-like hues; as those vows found an anchorage in heaving bosoms. There is not a word in Webster's unabridged that so awakens a maiden's sensibility as "*vows*." It conjures up those dim, shadowy and ravishingly blissful and confused visions of the time when flirtations will be ended, and coquetting and folly given up—when care and anxiety will be sweetly intermingled with the quiet happiness and home-like independence of the wife.

Memory, on its golden wings, takes us back to the halcyon days of our boyhood, when Valentine was a day of days with us. You will remember your young days, too, reader, and join us in the hope that the young folks of to-day will have no cause to harshly remember yesterday.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane—Saturday, Feb. 14th.-- . . .

Caroline Miller, a denizen from smokey, had been partaking too freely of "tangle-foot." She was made to pay a fine of three dollars and costs.

Mrs. Joyce was found guilty of selling whisky to soldiers in three cases. She was fined five dollars and costs in each case. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

An Agreeable Surprise.

A singular incident of the war was related to us the other day. Three fathers came up the Cumberland river on the last fleet for the purpose of bringing back home with them the bodies of their sons who had fallen in the memorable battle of Stones' River. They carried with them three metallic coffins, in which to place the remains of their gallant boys. The boat which they were on stopped on her way up, at Clarksville, for a short time, and the grief-stricken fathers stepped ashore. Greatly to their astonishment, almost the first persons whom they saw were their three sons, who were jolly and hearty, and overjoyed to see the "old folks" from home, having no more

idea of getting into a burial case than they had of throwing a flip flap over the moon. The meeting was a most agreeable, and remarkable surprise to both parties.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Pizarro; or, The Death of Rolla;" "Toodles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 15, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

The Desolation in Western Arkansas.

The schoolhouse down the creek is without doors or windows, and the church, a mile and a half distant, has been silent to the echoes of gospel preaching since McCulloch used it for a hospital, and then burned it. And McCulloch was the evil spirit, passing with the besom of ruin in his hand, along these ridges and valleys. By every roadside are blackened chimneys, where he applied the torch to the dwellings of loyal citizens. Every village has his handiwork in heaps of ashes and piles of rubbish. In one of the bottoms, walled in by Pea Ridge, nailed to a tree, is a rough board with this inscription: "Here Ben. McCulloch was killed;" but it is no injustice to his memory to say that Hindman's unburied dead at Prairie Grove, and his hospital riddled by shells from his own batteries at Van Buren, were tender mercies compared to the unsparing vandalism of McCulloch. You will recollect that the vote on secession in Northern Arkansas was greatly against it. He was sent to crush out the Union sentiment, and he did it with an iron hand. The youth were conscripted, the aged men were shot or hung; the dwellings, churches, colleges, and mills were burned, the land was desolated. His bravery and skill as a soldier were shown on many fields for the country which he afterwards died to ruin; but let this record of the last acts of his life be the *post mortem* sentence for his execution and his epitaph!

Refugees are still coming in from the South. They represent Hindman as nearly deserted by his troops, but as gathering up all that he can, and moving down the Arkansas river, to cross the Mississippi and re-enforce Joe Johnston's army. Three or four came into camp last night. They were barefoot, had no blankets, were ragged and half starved. They represent the hardships of the Confederate army extreme. The loss of their trains in their battles with our troops, their long marches, their camps in the open air, have left them without many articles of necessity, with many sick, and many unfit for duty, by reason of loss of clothing, arms and equipments. There will be no Confederate army again in Western Arkansas for our troops to encounter.

The exodus from all this part of the State still continues. Many families are daily leaving, by every train for the North, and every escort, conveying loads and loads of people who have been starved out by famine, or driven out by war, and who are seeking a new home and means of livelihood in the North. Some will stop in Missouri, some go to Kansas, some go further north, but a resting place for weary feet, and quiet for harrassed [sic] minds, form the wished for end to their journey.

Here, there is literally nothing to eat. Nowhere in Arkansas, north of the river, could the army subsist a week. Forage for horses and mules has to be sought a Sabbath day's journey distant, and there is no food but corn bread and fresh pork for man. Every pound of salt meat and other rations—even vinegar, soap, and candles—have to come from St. Louis, or Leavenworth. I do not believe that Hindman's conscripts ever could live here in any great numbers.

The wealthiest planters are as destitute as the poorest squatters. They raised but little the

past year, and that little has been consumed by the opposing armies that have in turn visited them.—How those that remain here are to live through, it is impossible to say. This part of Arkansas has been the battleground where the possession of Missouri has been contested, and those parts of Missouri most severely scourged by war are gardens and a land of plenty compared to the impoverished waste presented from the Missouri line to the Arkansas river. Every road has formed a line of march—every valley a campground. A generation cannot repair the ravages of two years.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

The Altoona (Pa.) *Register* tells of a female just returned to that city, after a service of eighteen months in the army without having her sex discovered. She took part in three battles, and was wounded twice, first above the eye and then in the arm, the latter wound compelling her to disclose her sex.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

A Little Wanderer.

The following paragraph, from the Louisville *Journal*, may be of deep interest to some one in Murfreesboro:

Willie Carr, a little six year old boy who was brought away by some Federal soldier from the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tenn., has been taken into the family of Mr. J. W. Conway, of Madison, Indiana, where he will be well cared for. The Courier says that he had on when found a suit of soldier clothes, which were rather large for him; that he says he went to school to "Miss Mary;" and that the father of the children, Julia and Emma Cassida, with whom he used to play, was a dealer in furniture.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 18, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

For the Union. Tennessee and Alabama Refugees.

The refugees from Tennessee, Alabama and other Southern States, now in Nashville, are requested to meet at the lower end of the Market-house on Thursday night, for the purpose of making arrangements to join the celebration of the 22d inst.

Maury County.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 18, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—Tuesday, Feb. 17th.— . . .

Julia Casey was up for keeping a disorderly house. Upon promising not to do so any more, she was let off by paying costs. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 18, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Gartering Above the Knee.—A lady in Milwaukee, discussing the garter question, writes:--

"You will take notice that just above the knee there is no hollow or depression in which a garter could be retained, no depression on which it could make a hold."

To which the *Buffalo Republic* modestly replies:--

"Will we take notice? Couldn't think of it. We don't know anything about garters. Don't want to. May be worn about the waist for all we know. Take notice, indeed!"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 18, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

The Reign of Terror in Mississippi and Alabama.
Women Torn to Pieces by Bloodhounds.
Old Men Sixty Years of Age Pressed into the Rebel Service.
Special dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

Memphis, Feb. 11, via Cairo, 13.-- . . .

Great outrages are now experienced by the unfortunate residents of North Alabama and Mississippi. In the latter State the Legislature recently enacted a law embracing as conscripts all men not included in the Confederate act. The act of Jeff. Davis includes all from eighteen to forty years of age, *and that recently passed takes all from forty to sixty years of age.* The territory of Mississippi has been laid off in districts of twenty miles, and recruiting Colonels appointed for each district. A thousand Colonels have been appointed to enforce the conscript act, and the militia act in North Alabama is even worse. Many Union men in that section state that violent efforts are made to force them into the Confederate ranks. The Union men have long hid out in the woods and caves, rather than be taken as conscripts. This induced a novel hunt for them. *Guerrillas and blood-hounds have been put upon their track, and many poor victims have been smelt out in this way.*

Not long since a *young girl, carrying food to her father, who was hiding in a cave, was attacked by one of these blood-hounds and torn to pieces.*

It is estimated not less than 1,000 Union men from Mississippi and Alabama, have made their way to Corinth, where Gen. Dodge made all possible provisions for them. Gen. Dodge sent out and brought in the families of the persecuted and downtrodden Union men, and has established a sort of encampment or home for all these families at Purdy, where they are likely to be freed from persecutions.

At Corinth a regiment is forming of Union men from Alabama and Mississippi, It already numbers six full companies. Capt. J. C. Cameron, Provost Marshal of the District of Corinth, is to be Colonel. This regiment is made up from among those who have recently suffered persecutions.

Abraham Kennedy and J. A. Mitchell, of Hackeldo settlement, Munroe county, Ala., *have been hung by the rebels for indulging Union proclivities. Mr. Holl Work and daughter of the same county have been shot; and Rector Lewis, and immediate neighbor, of suspected Union proclivities, was hunted down by bloodhounds and captured.* The house of J. A. Palmer, Worly Williams, and other Union men, were burned over their families' heads, and the people living in the neighborhood notified that if they harbored them their own houses would be burned. Mr. Paterson living at the head of Bull Mountain was killed for Union sentiments.--*Two women in*

Talcumbia county were torn to pieces by bloodhounds. In addition to the foregoing one hundred families driven out of Alabama, reached Corinth on foot without food or clothing. Some of the fugitives are old men, eighty years of age.

The rigid enforcement of the conscription act has probably induced the return to Memphis of many old citizens who went away under order No. 1, but who, when called upon to fight in a war of their own making, skulk away to Memphis, seeking the protection of the guns of the enemy—the very men against whom they have all along vaunted their undying hatred. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Honey Moon;" "Taming a Tiger"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Escaped.—Night before last seven Confederate prisoners escaped from the penitentiary in this city. They worked their way up to the cupola of the building, then by ropes—supposed to have been furnished by some secesh ladies of this place—reached the ground. One of them was shot and captured, and one of them captured unhurt. The remaining five escaped through the picket line, and are now supposed to be in the rebel army.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A Guerrilla Brute.

Refugees from Maury County report that a most deplorable state of affairs exist in that county. A band of rebel cavalry is scouring the country, led by one Capt. Lewis Kirk, of Lawrence county. He has forced numbers of gray-headed Union men, fifty and sixty years of age, into the rebel army, and now holds in confinement several of the oldest and most estimable citizens of the county, because they refuse to take up arms. One brave old man told him that if he would give him a chance, he would take up arms for the Federal Government. This Kirk was formerly a blacksmith, we are informed, and a noted bully in Lawrence county. He was in jail at Columbia for near three years, for murdering Mr. Westmoreland of Giles county, without provocation, and in cold blood. When the rebellion broke out, he sent word to Governor Harris that if he would get him out of jail he would join the rebel army, and he was let loose. He is now fighting for "Southern Rights" against "Lincoln's myrmidons."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Lady of Lyons;" "2, 4, 5, 0"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

The Committee on Celebration desire to state that thirteen Union Ladies, of this city, have kindly volunteered to sing a patriotic song on the occasion of the anniversary of the one hundred and thirty-first birthday of the *Immortal* Washington, which will take place at the Capitol, on Monday next.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—Thursday, Feb. 19th.—Business opened brisk enough this morning. . .

Three boys were up for disorderly conduct. They had been throwing rocks much to the danger of passers-by. They were fined and sent to the workhouse. We will not publish their names this time, for we dislike to familiarize young minds with police proceedings. Young men, you must do better hereafter. . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 19, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Negroes Fighting in the Ranks of the Rebels.

The following letter containing facts of much interest to the public, is printed by the author's permission in the *Washington Republican* of yesterday:

"Washington, D. C. Feb. 2, 1863.

"Hon. William Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department"

"Dear Sir: While at Yorktown, soon after its evacuation by the rebels, I was informed that during the siege the guns in those fortifications were manned and served by negroes, who were recognized as soldiers in the rebel army.

"A few days subsequently at West Point, the day after the fight at that place, I was informed by some of our officers and men engaged in that fight that during the engagement our forces encountered a full company of negroes, armed and equipped, serving in the rebel army; that said negro soldiers drove a portion of our forces into a swamp and deliberately cut the throats of our officers and men, and that our troops caught one of these negroes with a commission in his pocket for a lieutenancy in the rebel army signed by Jeff. Davis.

"At Mechanicsville a full regiment of blacks was seen under drill, in full view of our lines, for several days.

"The above facts are well known and often spoken of. All this, if true, shows conclusively that there does not seem to be any nice question with Davis as to the equality of blacks, such at least as is now raised in Congress by his friends on the same question.

"Yours truly,
"Thos. W. Beardslee."

We have evidence also that negroes are *enlisted* in the rebel army, and paid as white soldiers are, and the man who gives this evidence is a captain in the rebel army. Read the following advertisement from the *Georgia Constitutionalist*:

\$30 Reward.

Deserted from Company A, 29th Georgia Regiment, stationed at Dawton Battery, on Savannah River, John Rose, 22 years of age, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, complexion a brown black. *He is a free negro and an excellent drummer.* Was enlisted October 16th, 1861, and deserted November 13th, 1862. He is at present concealed in Savannah.

W. H. Billapp,
Captain Commanding Dawton Battery.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Lucretia Borgia;" dance; "Hunting a Turtle"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 22, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Police Proceedings.

Before Recorder Shane.—Saturday, Feb. 21st.—J. S. Long was up for whipping his wife. He was fined five dollars and costs, and sent to the workhouse for seventy days.

Mary O'Connel, drunk. Made to pay costs.

Dilcey, a free negro woman, using hydrant water without proper permit. Costs and take out license.

Lucinda Ross, ditto, ditto.

Jane, a slave, stealing vinegar.—Fined, the costs.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 22, 1863, p. 3, c. 3
Summary: Theatre. "London Assurance;" dance; "Mr. and Mrs. Lilly White."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 22, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

Odd-Fellows' Hall
Cor. Summer and Union Streets.
Tuesday Evening, Feb. 24th.
First night of
Sprague's Minstrels
and
Cornet Band!
Comprising fifteen Talented Performers,

including La Belle Louise, the charming dancer and comedienne.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, performance to commence at 7½.

E. Sprague, Proprietor. J. R. Allen, Business Manager.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, February 22, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

What a Band of Southern Loyalists Did.
Hundreds of Texans Waiting for Arms.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* [sic] writes:

"Here is an interesting and highly romantic item, which is related to me by one of the noble loyalists who was himself an actor in the episode. On the 25th day of December, Christmas day, a body of Texans, some forty in number, who had been driven from their ranches by the rebels, and had afterwards enlisted in the Mexican army, crossed the river from the Mexican side, to Los Cuevos ranche, on the Texas side, and attacked a large train of wagons loaded with army stores and provisions.

"They killed nine rebels, and the remainder, some thirty-five in number, skedaddled at

'double quick.' They burned the wagons and confiscated the horses and provisions for their own use. The wagon train was on its way to Ringgold Barracks, where quite a force is stationed.

"My narrator, Mr. Frank Post, a native of New York city, who informed the party of the whereabouts of this wagon train, also gave them a very handsome silk American flag to carry in their ranks, and with loud cheers they received it, and holding it up in the bright sunlight of Heaven, each man swore that no one who dare insult that flag, under whose folds they were born, should live if they had power to kill him.

"The squad of Texans, who were mounted and captured the provision train, were under the command of Captain Octavian Zapata and First Lieutenant Antonio Dias, both American citizens and natives of Texas, firm friends of Governor Hamilton, and they are going to beseech government to lend the suffering loyalists of Texas a helping hand ere they sink into the gulf of despair and death. They pray for arms and ammunition night and day, and say if we will but give them arms they will defend themselves. Four hundred loyal men are now waiting on the Mexican side for arms, and in thirty days one thousand men could be easily raised. Mr. Post says he will promise to raise a regiment in thirty days if arms are furnished him."