

2016

Nashville Daily Union, April-July 1862

Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, vbetts@uttyler.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.uttyler.edu/cw_newstitles

Recommended Citation

Betts, Vicki, "Nashville Daily Union, April-July 1862" (2016). *By Title*. Paper 101.
<http://hdl.handle.net/10950/738>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Civil War Newspapers at Scholar Works at UT Tyler. It has been accepted for inclusion in By Title by an authorized administrator of Scholar Works at UT Tyler. For more information, please contact tbianchi@uttyler.edu.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION

April 13, 1862-July 31, 1862

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

Remember—that at the Capitol *Bakery*, Restaurant and Family Grocery, 18 Cedar Street, Tennessee money is taken at par for *Bread*, family groceries of all descriptions, the best in the world. Everything in the eating line got up in the best style by one of the best cooks in the world. Ice Cream—that is, the ne plus ultra of this delightful luxury—fresh trout, choice Butter, superfine flour, at prices as low down as if you paid Gold.

April 8—1w.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Union Feeling in Tennessee.—An officer of Col. Pope's Fifteenth Kentucky Regiment, writing to his brother in this city and describing its entrance into the town of Shelbyville, Bedford county, Tenn., gives the following glowing and cheering account of the loyalty of the inhabitants.—Louisville Journal.

They came out in showers to welcome us, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and flags to such a degree that it set us all wild. Such shouts and huzzas you never heard. As we drew near Shelbyville it was raining pitchforks, but that made no difference; some of the ladies came out in the rain, to the fences, and waved their handkerchiefs and cheered us. And the men—you ought to have seen them. The rain was coming down in torrents, and they had kept their hats close down to keep it from running down their necks, abut when they saw the flags they had to pull off their hats, rain or no rain, wave them, and yell as loud as possible. Lieut. Col Jouett had his hat off so long and got his head so wet that the hair commenced sprouting on top of it! Then when we got into camp, it seemed as if they could not do enough for us. They sent us all sorts of things."

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

Boys as Soldiers.—Among the New Orleans soldiery who have responded to the call of Gen. Beauregard, is a regiment made up mainly of youths, many of them coming from their schools to take their places in the ranks. It is said to be a splendidly equipped corps of the best blood in Louisiana, and numbers nine hundred muskets. The regiment arrived at Jackson, Tennessee on the 7th.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Dogs of War.

Among the astounding developments of the last few months is the following advertisement taken from the Memphis Appeal. Its brands and ear-marks are well known in this community who have had a chance to read it in papers nearer home:

"Bloodhounds Wanted.

"We, the undersigned, will pay five dollars per pair for fifty pairs of well bred hounds, and fifty dollars for one pair of thoroughbred bloodhounds that that will take the track of a man.

The purpose for which these dogs are wanted is to chase the infernal, cowardly Lincoln bushwhackers of East Tennessee and Kentucky (who have the advantage of the bush to kill and cripple many good soldiers) to their tents and capture them. The said hounds must be delivered at Captain Hanmer's Livery Stable by the 10th of December next, where a mustering officer will be present to muster and inspect them.

"F. N. McNairy,

"F. H. Harris

"Camp Grinfort, Campbell co., Tenn., Nov. 16.

"P.O.—Twenty dollars per month will also be paid for a man who is competent to train and take charge of the above named dogs."

Gallant Col. McNairy! Chivalric Capt. Harris! Brave, noble, manly! Five dollars a pair for "fifty pair of well bred hounds"—fifty dollars for "one pair of thoroughbred bloodhounds that will take the track of a man!" Capt. Hanmer's Livery Stable! Recruiting service most honorable! Headquarters most fitting! Recruits most select; none but well bred and thoroughbred need apply! Time is precious—opportunity short. It is now the 16th of November; by the 10th of December they must be delivered or the door of Capt. Hanmer's Livery Stable will be forever shut! Thrice happy they who come in time—lucky dogs! A mustering officer, kennel inspector awaits your coming, to welcome you into the ranks of the chivalry, the wellbred; the thoroughbred! the flower of our youth! Paradise of caninity! No common dogs there! Curs and spaniels and terriers and pointers and setters and the "bull pups" shut out! They can't come in! Tray, blanche, and sweetheart, be off! Get out tiger! You cuff! twenty dollars a month, secesh money to a competent drill officer! Hardee's tactics, dogmatically displayed! Magnificent corps, fifty pair of well drilled hounds, that is a hundred, rank and file! One pair of thorough bred bloodhounds, that is two, for the staff! One hundred and two dogs, besides Colonel McNairy and Capt. Harris, one hundred and four in all; not counting Captain Hanmer, not the mustering officer, nor the drill master, "competent to train and take charge of the above named dogs!" Go where the field of glory waits you! Not damsels distressed, nor martyred saints, nor the Holy Sepulchre, shall exhaust your noble championship! Yours is a sublimer mission, a far higher pursuit; "to chase the infernal, cowardly Lincoln bushwhackers of East Tennessee and Kentucky!" Fortunate if you catch them; thrice fortunate if they don't catch you! Whatever laurels you win, by Cerberus, save your dog skin! Greatly will your puissant leader value that; if it were not for aught else it will make him a winter cap and some boots to save his own! But the poor, cowardly East Tennesseans, alas! alas! Their offence is rank, it smells! Taking advantage of the rush not only to kill, but to cripple "many good soldiers!" There is no hope for such miscreants and cowardly too, not thorough bred they, not even well bred! common, very! Woe betide them! chased to their tents, captured, dragged to Camp Crinfort, Campbell county and then—horror of horrors! O murderous McNairy, O maddened McNairy; O mighty McNairy; O monstrous McNairy! O marvellous [sic] McNairy, O mysterious McNairy, O multitudinous McNairy, O magnanimous McNairy, O mellifluous McNairy, O meritorious McNairy, O merciful McNairy, O Mister McNairy, O McNairy dry so! don on it [?], don't!

Ha! do you say you are misunderstood? that you didn't mean the four-footed kind when you advertised for dogs; that when you said fifty pair of well-bred hounds you had an eye to the hundred members of the Legislature; that Capt. Hanmer's stable is nothing more than the building on Capitol Hill; the mustering officer to muster and inspect them, nobody less than the run-away Governor (Eureka, Eureka, Eureka,) the "one pair of thorough-bred bloodhounds," the two chief member of his Military Board (a second Daniel); and the man "competent to train and

take charge of the above named dogs," found in the illustrious Major General of all our forces. Poor, miserable men of East Tennessee! How wretched is their lot! Well might they say, in view of this calamity impending, if you please, let it be the other kind of dogs!

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

Houses for Rent.

Gov. Johnson is frequently visited by poor women of the city, wives of soldiers in the rebel army, who have been thrown out of their houses; and are in rain seeking for shelter for themselves and children. For the benefit of that class of persons we republish several advertisements which have heretofore appeared in our city papers and we trust they will profit by their notice. A hint we trust will be sufficient.

Houses Rent Free.

Nashville, April 22, 1861.

Editors Union and American:

Please allow me to state that I will furnish house room to ten families, whose protectors join the companies and go to the wars now raging, *rent free until their return home, or until the close of the war.*

W. S. Whiteman.

Rent Free.

I have three small houses, five rooms each, which I will let to the families of those actually in service in fighting Lincoln's hordes, *free of rent, till the war closes or till their return.*

L. Powers,

apr125 '61

No. 34 Market street.

To Volunteers: I have charge of some 5 or 6 houses, the occupancy of which will be cheerfully given to the families of volunteers, *free of charge during the war or period of enlistment.*

James Corbitt,

Corner Jefferson and Cherry sts.

apl26 3t.

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

We understand that Gen. Dumont is taking care to prevent his officers and soldiers from visiting improper houses in the city, by putting guards around such as the conduct of the inmates inculcate for them to resort to.

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

Angels of Mercy.

Several noble-hearted ladies of Indiana arrived here yesterday evening on the cars for the purpose of nursing our wounded and sick soldiers in the hospitals here. The blessings of all lovers of their country will follow them as they go on their errands of mercy. We hope that our Union citizens will greet them cordially.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Treason on the lips of a beautiful woman is as much out of place as a snail on a lily, a hornet on a rose, or a toad on a bed of violets.

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

Resolutions before the City Council,
Public Schools, etc.

The resolutions subjoined were laid before our City Council by Capt. Driver, at their meeting on Monday evening last:

Resolved, That the Mayor of the city of Nashville be, and he is hereby requested and instructed to have the flag of the United States placed upon all public property belonging to this corporation.

Resolved, That the Board of Education are hereby required during the present week to take the oath of office taken by ourselves and other officers of this city or resign.

Resolved further, That the *Superintendent*, together with every male teacher in the city of Nashville, shall be, and they are hereby requested to take the oath of allegiance prescribed to us, within five days from the passage of this resolution, or resign their respective positions.

Resolved, That we cordially thank the officers and soldiers of the *United States* for the unexampled kindness and courtesy hitherto extended to our fellow citizens, and that, as men striving together with them for the re-establishment of the government of our fathers, we pledge them our most sincere and hearty co-operation.

Resolved further, that for hospital purposes and for barracks, the Federal authorities be permitted to have access to hydrants without charge.

We publish these resolutions for the purpose of giving them our hearty approbation. They are eminently just and proper, and are so expressed as to give no cause of offence to any one who is not a bitter enemy to his country. The resolutions which are of the greatest importance are the two in reference to our Public Schools. Indeed we cannot conceive of any question within the wide range of legislation which so deeply concerns the welfare and proper moral culture of our children, and therefore of the very stability and happiness of society itself, than that which embraces in its scope the education of the young. In Sparta, in Athens, in Rome and the Jewish theocracy, as well as in the enlightened nations of Europe, patriotism and loyalty have been ordered by legislation to be instilled into the minds of the young by those who had charge of their education. A school-room is the last place to be polluted by the step of a traitor to his or her country. We would as soon send a son or a daughter of ours to a gambling house or a brothel to have their minds and morals formed as to a school controlled by a rebel and a traitor. Away with such teachers of the young! We regret that the resolution does not include *female* as well as male teachers. The omission should by all means be supplied. Of the two we regard female rebel teachers as the most dangerous. A short time before the arrival of the Union troops

at this place a female teacher in the Hume School in this city, was in the habit of making her pupils sing a song whose stupidity, wretched rhyme and rhythm, and treason were all alike abominable. Here are two verses of it:

"Oh have you heard the joyful news?
Virginia has Old Abe *refused*,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Virginia joined the Cotton States,
The news of which each heart elates
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
We'll die for Old Virginia,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Virginia joins the Cotton States,
The news of which each heart elates
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
We'll die for old Virginia!

* * * * *

Ah! the stars and bars we'll fling on high,
And for our homes we'll fight or die,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Our cause is right, our quarrel just--
In the God of battles we will trust,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
We'll die for old Virginia,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll die for old Virginia.
Our cause is right—our quarrel just—
In the God of battles we will trust,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll die for old Virginia.

And so on through four long tedious, dreary, stupid verses of idiotic reiteration. The teacher who would introduce such trash into a school of young children, deserves an immediate discharge on the ground of in competency. We call the attention of the Council to the importance of making all teachers take the oath, female as well as male. And some of them should be dismissed without being required to take the oath. The subject is one of momentous importance. Let the work be done thoroughly and promptly.

The resolutions in reference to the Union officers and soldiers are well merited compliments to their chivalry, generosity and magnanimity. Every word in them is deserved.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Wartrace Skirmish.—A gentleman from Shelbyville has given us some particulars of the skirmish at Wartrace, eight miles from Shelbyville, which we noticed the other day. A company of Col. Starn's cavalry, belonging to Floyd's brigade, came at daybreak upon a part of

the Forty-second Indiana, of less than half their own numbers under Maj. Shanklin of Evansville. A desperate fight ensued in which four Federal soldiers were killed and twenty-five slightly wounded. Four rebels were killed on the spot, and twenty of them wounded, two or three mortally. Among the rebels killed were Capt. Wilson, of Chapel Hill, and Dr. Duke, surgeon of the battalion. One of the rebels who had been in Shelbyville a few days previous, passing himself off as a Union man, was shot through the forehead with a minnie [sic] ball. Our informant says that our troops behaved with wonderful gallantry.

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

Murfreesboro' Barracks.

We have received a communication [illegible]ed MANY SOLDIERS, from Murfreesboro, which makes some grave complaints [illegible] the want not only of comforts but of actual necessities for the benefit of the sick soldiers at that place. The letter states that the General Hospital is crowded to excess; that the barracks for the convalescent are also overrun and there are no sleeping accommodations, no [illegible] cots nor mattresses [sic]; that there is a [illegible] medicine, no accommodations for [illegible] and proper cleanliness, no fuel [illegible] no nurses. If these statements be true, immediate attention should be given by the military authorities to the con [illegible] of the suffering soldiers. No reasonable want of one who has offered himself to the service of his country should be neglected. Gratitude as well as humanity demands that all such evils [illegible] complained of by our Murfreesboro' correspondents be promptly corrected.

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

There are men, and women, too, in Nashville, in whom the following sad obituary cannot fail to awaken bitter remorse for the part they have taken in decoying and deceiving thoughtless young men into this rebellion. We heard a sorrowful take the other day of one brave and noble boy of Tennessee who was loyal, but was forced into the ranks of the rebellion by the efforts of one who should have been his guardian angel. Woe to those whose souls are stained with the blood of these deluded young men, and woe especially to those who pervert the gentler influences of social life to converting men into rebels and traitors!

[obituary of Claiborne White from the Richmond (Ky.) Messenger.]

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Amusing Dialogue.

A very entertaining dialogue occurred some days ago in the Governor's office, between Governor Johnson and two rebel ladies of this city, who had come to complain of the occupation of a residence belong to the rebel husband of one of the ladies, by a Federal officer. The conversation was substantially as follows:

Lady. I think it is too dreadful for a woman in my lonesome condition to have her property exposed to injury and destruction.

Governor. Well, Madam, I will inquire into the matter, and if any injustice has been done, will try to have it corrected. But your husband, you admit, has gone off with the rebels,

and you abandoned your dwelling.

Lady. My husband went off South because it was to his interest to do so. You musn't [sic] find fault with anybody for taking care of himself these times. You know, Governor, that all things are justifiable in war.

Governor. Well, Madam, it appears to me that this broad rate of yours will justify taking possession of your house. According to your maxim, I don't see any reason for helping you out of your difficulty.

Lady. Oh! but I didn't mean it that way.

Governor. No, Madam, I suppose not. I will try to be more generous to you than your own rule would make me. I do not believe in your rule that "all things are justifiable in time of war." But that it is just what you rebels insist upon. It is perfectly right and proper for you to violate the laws, to destroy this Government, but it is all wrong for us to execute the laws to maintain the Government.

The rebel ladies looked around in various directions, and seemed to think that they had opened a knotty argument on a dangerous subject, with a very hard adversary. Heaving a long sigh, they retired, to become, we earnestly hope, "wiser and better *men*."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Rebel Liberality to the Poor.
Some "Old Treasures"—The Poor
Used as Catspaws by Rich
Rebels.

In the Nashville *Union and American* of April 22d, 1861, the bloody-minded Secession organ which called for confiscation, banishment, imprisonment and hanging for all who remained loyal to the Union, we find this exceedingly magnanimous and stirring offer from one of our citizens. The editor of the *Union* calls it—

The Voice of a Venerable Patriot.—R. C. Foster, Sr., sends to the Patriot the following patriotic proposition, which we gladly publish:

["]

Nashville, April 22, 1861.

To the Editors of the Patriot: From age and infirmity I am unable to do service on the battle-field for the rights of the South; but I am a volunteer with any number of Tennesseans under like disability, to pay annually to the Governor of Tennessee two hundred dollars for the comfort and support of the wives and children of the citizens soldiers of Tennessee, whilst serving in defence [sic] of the constitutional rights of the South.

R. C. Foster, Sr.["]

Noble, warm and generous proposition! It does credit to humanity. The *promise* held out is splendid. We have no doubt that many a poor mechanic, many a needy laborer as he embraced and kissed his wife and children before going into the rebel army pointed his family to this generous card, and consoled them in their bitter bereavement by exhibiting it all-comprehensive philanthropy. What about the *fulfillment of the promise*? Has it ever happened? Who has heard of it being done? What has become of this fostering care so kindly pledged to the poor? Why, it has turned out like the other promises of rich rebels to the victims whom they have trapped in their damnable net. We published the other day a list of cards from wealthy Nashville rebels, similar to the one which we have given above, in the magnificence of their promises and the

nothingness of their fulfillment. Yes, confiding and misguided men have been seduced from their country's flag, and their dependent families, and are now wandering utterly deserted, friendless and penniless, in distant States, abandoned by the very tempters whose poisoned tongues and hollow professions corrupted, misled and ruined them. The Secretary of the Sanitary Commission at St. Louis wrote to Gov. Johnson on the 19th of March, that citizens of Tennessee formerly belonging to the rebel army were "wandering through the streets of that city without the means of living or returning to their homes." Gov. Johnson called upon the men of this place who had made so grandiloquent promises for aid, but not one dollar has been given! There is the real spirit of the Secession leaders. They are eager to use the poor as tools to do their work, and then cast them contemptuously away when they have got into power. The rebel organ itself, the Nashville Union and American, could not refrain from rebuking the extortion practiced by the wealthy upon the poor, and denounced it in its issue of September 18, 1861, in these terms:

["]We have an army of women in our midst, with an average of three children each, whose husbands are fighting out battles. These mothers earn about thirty cents a day, when they can get the work to do. Their helpless offspring are clad in the thin and worn garments of last spring, shoeless and stockingless. They are to be shod and clothed for the winter, and fed, even if it be upon cheap bread alone. Yesterday reminded us that they must have fires to protect them from "winter's chilly blasts." There is within the limits of the city a sufficiency of coal. If economically used, to last until spring. This coal cost only peace prices to mine and deliver it here, and twenty days ago, as we are informed, it could have been bought at twenty cents per bushel, and a handsome bonus would have been paid to the person who would have found a purchaser, because it would have been a good speculation on the part of holders to have sold out at that rate. Yesterday thirty five and forty cents per bushel were demanded, with an intimation that to day the price may be fifty cents.

In the name of humanity, shall this army of women and helpless children, the wives and children of the brave men who are paying their lives that we may have peace and independence—freeze, because the exorbitant prices demanded by holders had placed coal out of the reach of their limited means? A more gloomy prospect for winter certainly never has hung over the poor of this city and especially in cases where the heads of families have gone to drive the invaders from Southern soil. Almost every necessity of life has gone up to worse even than famine prices. It really seems as if sharpers had combined to monopolize the trade, and to fatten upon the necessities of those who are fighting the battles of their country. We hear one universal complaint that the prices of almost every comfort as well as necessity, are exorbitantly high. The people, who [illegible] now by their labor than they did before the war commenced, cannot [illegible] stand or appreciate this [illegible] advance and they naturally conclude that speculators are at the [illegible] We are at a loss to how the poor of Nashville are to be cared for the coming winter, under the circumstances that surround us.

The course pursued by tradesmen generally in the South has produced a great deal of discontent, and not without apparent reason.["]

Here we have a picture of wretchedness and suffering in the families of those who had gone off after these enemies of their race, Harris, Bishop, Polk, Cheatham, and others, which is enough to chill one's blood. And this is precisely the goal of suffering to which this hellish rebellion is hurrying the masses with the swiftness of Niagara's rapid. The rich rebels and those belonging to the "first families," (which usually means those who manage to live without

working or paying their debts,) get good offices, or else amass fortunes by speculating off the necessities and miseries of the poor.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

For the Nashville Union.

Murfreesboro, April 15, 1862.

On Tuesday last, the 15th last, the glorious old Stars and Stripes were planted by Capt. O. C. Rounds, Co. B, 9th Michigan Regiment, on the dome of the Court House of this city, amid the cheers of the brave boys who left their homes to fight the battles of their country, and to plant the flag again where it had been rudely torn down and trampled underfoot by traitors. That old flag now waves in defiance. All honor to the 9th Michigan, and the brave officer in command, Col. Parkhurst.

The Hon. Dr. Wheeler, of this place, was called upon to read Gov. Johnson's proclamation, who responded nobly to the call.

Col. Parkhurst being called upon delivered a short speech in behalf of our country and the glorious Stars and Stripes.

Mr. W. Spence was then called upon, who declined, saying he was no speaker, but would propose three hearty cheers for the old flag.

Long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!

Dalton.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Particular Notice.
Campbell Minstrels.

The Managers of this troupe have been assured by the military authorities that citizens, and soldiers on leave of absence, can visit the Theatre and return without molestation by the guard. To-night Miss Belle Louise will have a benefit, and to-morrow night will close their performances in this city. The performances will close by 11 o'clock. Go early, and get a good seat.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

City Schools.

In our article of yesterday, in regard to treason in our schools, we said that a song which we quoted, had been sung in one of them by order of one of the female teachers, before the arrival of the Federal troops. We learn that it has not been more than one week since this song was sung in the Hume School, by direction of the teacher. It is possible that this will be endured? Are our children to drink in treason at the schools; to learn to despise the laws, the Government, the rulers, and the flag of their native land? and on the other hand to learn to

admire violence and treason—traitors and perjured conspirators? The school-room a hot-bed of treason? Better a thousand times, that children should never go to school, than to go the one where the influence of their instructors, and especially female instructors, would teach them to contemn patriotism, that brightest of all human virtues.

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

For the Nashville Union.

Clarksville, April 12, 1862.

Mr. Editor: At last a paper is published in Nashville which need not blush at its name, "The Union." Thank God! the time for Free Speech, and a Free Press has come. . . .

This town, as you are well aware, is strongly Secession having cast but one vote for the Union at the time the State went out. A few votes were cast for the Union in my district, but altogether in the country a very meagre [sic] sentiment only was expressed at the polls. Voting at that time, however, was but a poor index of what was the feeling then, much less of what it is now. I talked but yesterday with some of my farming friends, and two that I had never dreamed were anything but "rebels," I found to be strong Union men. One said that he had never voted on the Secession question at all, knowing that he could do no good, and the other said he only voted that way through advice of friends, that "we ought to be united, so as to prevent civil war in our own borders," but that now he regretted it—always thought it was wrong, &c., &c. . . . Writing of the "Union men" in town here, let me assure you that there are a goodly number—more than I ever dreamt [sic] of while we were not allowed to speak our sentiments; and in the country (my word for it)—the next gathering at the polls will make the "Scottish chiefs," (as one of my neighbors calls them) of the rebellion, open their eyes. It is a fact that the most noisy of these fellows in town are Scotchmen—Scotch Tobacco buyers and Harness makers—rich and poor so they are Scotch; seem to think they can not be loud enough in their denunciations of the d---- Yankees. It is really laughable to me to hear a naturalized citizen attempting to ostracize people to the manor born. But till I hear from you, I dare not be lengthy, not knowing that your columns are open to correspondents, and especially to those who can give you nothing but country news.

Rusticus.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

There are regiments and companies in the rebel armies, regularly organized, that are known and recognized by the various names of

Avengers,
Battle-Axers,
Pikers,
Scalpers,
Yankee-Killers,
Bushwhackers,
Guerillas,
Jayhawkers,

--and they expect soon to have a brigade of Parole Breakers, the command of which will probably be given to General Bushrod Johnson.

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

Gen. Halleck and the Female Secessionists.

Gen. Halleck has refused to grant any privileges to the female secessionists of Missouri. In response to an appeal in behalf of the family of a Baptist preacher now serving as chaplain in Price's army, the General says:

["] In regard to the wife of the Reverend Captain, Chaplain in General Price's army, who wishes to visit her husband, please inform her that no such permission can be granted. Nearly all the secessionists of this State who have entered the rebel service, have left their wives and daughters to the care of the Federal troops. There is scarcely a single instance where this confidence has been abused by us. But what return have these ladies made for this protection? In many cases they have acted as spies and informers for the enemy, and have been most loud mouthed in the abuse of our cause, and most insulting in their conduct towards those who support it! Under any other government they would, for such conduct, be expelled from the country or confined in the walls of a prison.["]

The following is the concluding passage in the General's letter:

["] Indeed, I find that the very persons who advocate a more lenient policy toward returned secessionists are also continually petitioning to have additional troops sent to their counties, to protect them from the operations of these same rebels.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. W. Halleck, Maj. Gen.["]

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

Florida Abandoned by the Confederate Government.

The *Boston Journal* publishes the following letter, found at Jacksonville, Florida, by some of our troops, when they took possession of that place. . . .

Mulberry Grove, March 7, 1862.

My Dear Sister: * * * Since the attack and capture of Fernandina, the confederate Government has seen fit to abandon East Florida, and yesterday an order came from the Secretary of War for the confederate troops to abandon the whole of Florida, and every troop in the State, together with all the cannon, arms, ammunition, stores, &c., are being removed, working day and night to do it before the Federals get entire possession of the State. . . A scene of the wildest confusion exists here. Masters are running and leaving their negroes with no one to look after them. I have taken the wives of two or three of our men to keep them content, and prevent their running back should I start. All through the interior the line of the railroad is thronged with the refugees and bread is sold to them at \$1 per loaf. Some of them have no place to go, and are starving in the woods. I have some corn here, and will make them catch fish for meat, as I have no money to buy with. Some ten or twelve families are all that are left in Jacksonville. If I was able or had the means to get out of this State I should do it forthwith, but I have not. I do not think we will be under the Confederate government again until after peace is

made, and then I hope the other Confederate States may get us back by treaty.

I have written in haste, but tired to state what I intend doing. Much love to all the household. God keep you all for His sake until I get to you.

Buddie.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

The Rebel Barbarities in Clinton
County.

Burksville, Ky., April 11, '62.

Editors Democrat: Gentlemen—Our usually quiet town seems yet doomed to be the theater of much discord and confusion; it is already being thickly crowded by refugees from Clinton county, who were driven hither by a lawless marauding band of ruffians from Tennessee, commanded by the notorious Camp Ferguson, whose hands were long since dyed in the blood of more than a half a dozen of as innocent and unoffending citizens as Kentucky ever produced.

Their statements in regard to the destruction of life and property all concur, and it is utterly impossible to give any adequate or correct account of the fiendish deeds committed by these outlaws, who neither have a heart or conscience, or any of those essentials which it requires to constitute even a shadow of a true man.

They deliberately shot down the following persons while attending peaceably to their domestic affairs, without even assigning any other reason than that of sympathy for the Union: Wm. Huff, Lewis Pierce, Henry Johnston, two of the Shellys, John Syms and several others, besides a promising little boy, twelve years old, by the name of Zachary, who was taken out of a sick bed, supported by two of the demons, while a third cut his abdomen wide open. Such cruelties and barbarities were seldom ever equalled [sic] even in an uncivilized nation. Col. Woolford went in pursuit of them, but as usual they fled back into Tennessee.

I think it prudent that we should have a force stationed here on the border, as they have repeatedly invaded this and one or two adjoining counties.

Yours, &c.

Q. K.

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

U. S. Sanitary Commission Rooms,
Nashville, April 18, 1862.

Dear Union: I saw an article in your paper of yesterday, complaining of the suffering of our soldiers in the hospital and barracks at Murfreesboro'. I visited them immediately, and find that all has been done for the sick there that could be done. There was a time when the Hospital was filled to overflowing; and there was no doubt suffering for a few days, such as we would be glad to avoid, and which is now remedied.

The Barracks are in very good condition; the rooms clean, the men under good discipline, and had enough of good food.

As the result of my visit, I can say that I believe that Dr. Wm. N. Eames, surgeon in charge of Hospital and Barracks, and Dr. R. N. Millikin, who gives all his time to the Barracks are both deserving of praise for their successful labors. We sympathize with the sick soldier, away from home and home comforts, and fully realize that they often do and must suffer privations unused to them at their homes. We are sending them the donations prepared for them

by the friends they have left behind them, which we hope will add to their comfort.

A. N. Read,
Sanitary Inspector.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Some of the female teachers in the city are highly enraged at the Union because it advocates administering the oath of loyalty to them. We can't help it. We are not only in favor of administering the oath to all ladies who are employed in the public schools in training up our children, but to make the business certain we would like to administer the oath ourselves to all the pretty ones. We have a way of clinching it and making it stick. It softens the tempers of the angelic creatures. When they are done taking our version of the oath, they look as placid, as contented and as blissful as if they had been saying their prayers. Come along, girls, and hold up our hands!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

We saw a young lady on the streets recently with a Confederate flag pinned across her bosom. We guess it was a rebel flag floating over *cotton breastworks*.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

We have no sort of feeling for a man whose head is filled with cotton, or a woman whose bosom is ditto.

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

Theatre.—The theatre opened last night, and notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, the attendance was quite large; both pieces went off well and to the entire satisfaction of the audience. We were pleased to notice among the members of the company two "old familiar faces,"—Mrs. Hattie Bernard and Mr. Claude Hamilton,—both of whom won "golden opinion" here years ago, and we know that their many admirers in this city will greet them with a hearty welcome. The singing by Mr. Duffield, was of a superior order, and was received with rounds of applause. The lateness of the hour prevents us from giving an extended note of the performance, but we will speak of the company in detail at some future time. There is a good bill for to-night. Go and see it.

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

Parson Brownlow, is receiving a continued series of ovations in the East. Thousands flock to hear him.

The Parson in one of his speeches remarked that the south was technically "out of soap." "Cotton was King," they say in the South. Yet they make not a spool of thread, or a bolt of calico, not a shirt button, south of Mason and Dixon's line.

He advised the Northern mothers that the Southern blockade was so strict that in East Tennessee fine teeth combs could not be had, and the little Secession heads were full of squatter sovereigns going about hunting their rights in the territory of the cranium.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Interesting questions of inquiry in the science of "Medical Topography," will grow out of the experiences of the war, and will challenge the attention and study of the Galens of the land.

The ratio of constant sickness in the regiments varies widely among the troops from the different States. The average number steadily on the sick list for every thousand men is nearly as follows:

	Men.
N. York, (per thousand strong,)	55
Pennsylvania, "	57
Massachusetts, "	52
Connecticut, "	49
Vermont, "	88
Maine, "	124
New Jersey, "	36
Wisconsin, "	76
Indiana, "	42
Michigan, "	76
Illinois, "	156
Ohio, "	192

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

Man shot.

We learn that a young man was shot near Murfreesboro, on last Sunday by one of the guard while attempting to pass the pickets. The guard hailed him four times, when he replied that he would not stop for any d-----d Abolitionist, whereupon one of the soldiers shot him through the heart. The deceased was a citizen of the town.

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

From our own observation, we cordially endorse the following communication from one of the best and most intelligent citizens of Nashville.

The Provost Marshal.

We know of no more difficult, delicate and arduous post than that filled by Col. Stanley Matthews. It requires tireless industry, imperturbable patience, united to great business capacity, the qualities and discipline of a soldier as well as the intelligence of an accomplished lawyer. The word *leisure*, must be erased from his vocabulary, and *work* made the meaning title of its every page. Yet, all the duties incident to such a situation have been discharged by Col. Matthews with universal satisfaction and admiration. His ceaseless energy, only equalled [sic] by his uniform kindness and gentlemanly deportment, have endeared him to every one. He can be firm while polite, and generous while severe. If, in the discharge of his duty, he wounds, you regret the occasion but never censure the man. He is, in a word, both a gentleman, a soldier and a scholar; and both the citizen and the soldier esteem Nashville fortunate in the possession of her Provost Marshal.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

List of Gen. Hospitals at Nashville.

- No. 1. Blind Asylum, College Hill, in charge Surg. Failor.
No. 2 & 3. University Building, College Hill, in charge Brig. Surg. Thurston. Hill, in charge Assist. Surg. Weeks, U.S.A.
No. 4 Howard High School, College.
No. 5. State Armory Building near Med. College in charge Assist. Surg. Towns.
No. 6. Meredith Building, College St. above Broad in charge Assist. Surg. McMeens.
No. 7. College St. between Church and Broad in charge Surg. Pirtle.
No. 8. Johnston Building, Cedar St. opposite Commercial Hotel, in charge Surg. Kerchival.
No. 9. Market St. North of Square, in charge Surg. Skeers.
No. 10. Convalescent Barracks, College Hill, in charge Surg. Simpson.
No. 11. Pest House, Buenna [sic] Vista Road, 3 miles down River, in charge L. A. Hogle M. D.

Regimental Hospitals.

- First Michigan Mechanics [sic] and Engineers, Chattanooga Depot, in charge Surg. Hammond.
Fifty First Ohio, Female Academy Building, Church St., in charge Surg. Woodward.
E. B. Swift.
Surgeon U.S.A., Med. Director.

The above list should have appeared several days ago.

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

Summary: Theatre—"Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady!" Characters by Mrs. Hattie Bernard, Miss Scanlan, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Fletcher, &c.; "Rough Diamond!" Characters by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Everett, Mr. Fletcher, Mrs. Hattie Bernard, Miss Moore, &c., &c.

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

Cotton Cards! Cotton Cards!!

At No. 49 Cherry street, near Adams Express Company.

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

Cotton Cards.

I have just received at No. 22 Broad street, forty dozen No. 10 Cotton Cards, which I offer for sale low for cash. Also, 10 boxes of Oranges and Lemons.

April 24—3t

E. Elliott.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Rev. Dr. McFerrin's Confederate
Primer.

Nothing is more worthy of being perpetuated than valuable contributions to literature. The literature of a nation is its crown of glory, whose reflected light shines far down the swift-rolling waves of Time, and gladdens the eyes of remote generations. This beautiful and (to our notion) finely expressed sentiment was suggested to our minds in turning over the pages of Reverend Dr. McFerrin's Confederate Primer, which we briefly noticed yesterday. We feel that we then passed too hastily over a work so grand in its conception, so benevolent in its purpose, and so brilliant in its execution, and we therefore recur to it again, and will now proceed to regale our readers with some of the choicest boquets [sic] culled from this greenest field among all the flowery pastures of Minerva. The Primer, after giving the alphabet in due form, offers some little rhymes for youngsters, which are perfect nosegays of sentiment, of which the following will serve as samples of Dr. McFerrin's poetical genius:

N.

At Nashville's fall
We sinned all.

T.

At Number Ten
We sinned again.

F.

Thy purse to mend
Old Floyd attend.

L.

Abe Lincolns bold
Our ports doth hold.

D.

Jeff Davis tells a lie,
And so must you and I.

I.

Isham doth mourn
His case forlorn.

P.

Brave Pillow's flight
Is out of sight.

B.

Buell doth play,
And after slay.

O.

Yon Oak will be the gallow's tree
Of Richmond's fallen majesty.

We are compelled to cut short Dr. McFerrin's poetry, which is exquisite, and pass over to his "*Biographical Questions and Answers for little children.*"

Q.—*Who was the first man?*

A.—Gen. Pillow—because he was the *first* man to *run off* from Fort Donelson.

Q.—*Who is the strongest man?*

A.—Gen. Price—for you can smell him a mile.

Q.—*Who is the wisest man?*

A.—Gov. Wise; for he has that discretion which is "the better part of valor."

Q.—*Who is the most patient man?*

A.—Gustavus A. Henry; for he waited more than sixty years for an office, and at last was sent to Richmond.

Q.—*Who are the most merciful men?*

A.—The Nashville Vigilance Committee; for they saved their victims the suspense of a trial.

Q.—*Who are the most liberal men?*

A.—Those who *subscribed* to the fund for the relief of the families of rebel soldiers in Nashville.

But again we are admonished to desist from this seductive labor, and give some specimens of the Reverend Doctor's taste in getting up reading lessons:

Lesson First.

The Smart Dix-ie Boy.

Once there was a lit-tle boy, on-ly four years old. His name was Dix-y. His fath-er's name was I-SHAM, and his moth-er's name was ALL-SHAM. Dix-y was ver-y smart. He could drink whis-ky, fight chick-ens, play po-ker, and cuss his moth-er. When he was on-ly two years old, he could steal su-gar, hook pre-serves, drown kit-tens, and tell lies like a man. Dix-y died and went to the bad place. But the Dev-il would not let Dix-y stay there, for he said, "When you get big Dix-y, you would be head Dev-il your-self." All lit-tle rebels ought to be like Dix-y, and so they will if they will stud-y the Con-fed-er-ate Prim-er.

We have extracted enough from this excellent performance to show that it is one of the great productions of this country, and will certainly occupy at no remote period an enviable niche in the temple of literary fame.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Theatre.

Duffield & Sands
W. H. Everett

Managers.
Stage Manager.

Fifth Night of the Talented Company.

Friday, April 25th,
Marriage a la Militaire!
Song Mr. Duffield.
Favorite Dance, Miss Constantine,
Maid of Munster,
Prices of Admission.

Dress Circle 50
Second Circle 25
Doors open at ¼ past 7. Performance at 8 o'clock, precisely.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

New Books.
Guthrie's Army Surgery.
Blackman's Army Surgery.
For Sale at No. 25 Cherry Street.
Military books.
Army Regulations,
(Revised Edition)
Army Register—1862.
Scott's Military Dictionary.
McClellan's Armies of Europe.
Jomini's Waterloo.
Jomini's Art of War.
Cook's Cavalry Tactics.
Gen. Anderson's Artillery.
Army Officer's Pocket Companion.
McClellan's Bayonet Exercise.
For Sale at No. 25 Cherry St.

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

Nashville Flag Taken.

A gentleman informs us that the rebel flag referred to in the following paragraph as being captured at Fort Donelson, was made and presented by a lady in this city to Col. Heiman's Regiment.

["] Another Secession Flag.—At the depot this morning we saw a secession flag, captured at Fort Donelson, which is on its way to the editor of the New York Herald, and is to be presented to the Sixty-ninth regiment, New York State Militia. The flag is of silk, and very finely worked. On one side, which is of green silk, is the following inscription: "Sons of Erin, go where glory waits you." There is also the symbol of a harp on this side. On the reverse are the stars and bars, in blue and white silk. The flag was viewed with some curiosity by those who saw it.—Rochester Union, April 16.

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

Summary: Theatre—"Child of the Regiment"; song "Trust to Luck"; Fancy Dance, "Irish Hussar."

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

Flags! Flags!! Flags!!!

Of all kinds and sizes, can be had at

Luck's, 45 Union street.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Last evening, the drama of "Marriage a la Militaire" was reproduced at the theatre, with Mrs. Bernard as "Clarisse," Mr. Hamilton as "Colonel Ferrier," and Mr. Everett as "Bernard." With so good a case, the piece, of course, could not be otherwise than a success. Then there was a song by Mr. Duffield, which was received by the audience, as his singing always is, with enthusiastic applause; then a dance by Miss Constantine, which, of course, was gracefully executed; the performance concluding with the "Maid of Munster." Mrs. Bernard's "Kate O'Brien" was charming.

The bill for to-night is very attractive, being the "Child of the Regiment" and the "Irish Hussar." But the great feature in the entertainment to-night is the song by Mr. Duffield—"Trust to Luck?"—which he repeats by particular request. Nobody can sing it but Duffield. It ought to have been written especially for him, and the copy-right secured. Those who have been so unfortunate as not to have heard Mr. Duffield sing this ballad, should, by all means, attend the theatre to-night. We do not ask them to take our assertion, but let them "*trust to luck*," and go and hear for themselves, and we do not think they will be disappointed.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Our Schools.—It is with profound gratification that we record the adoption of the following resolution, by our City Council:

Resolved, That the Superintendent, together with every teacher in each of the Public Schools in the city of Nashville shall be and they are hereby requested to take the oath of allegiance prescribed to us, within five days from the passage of this resolution, or resign their respective positions.

We thank the Council for their manly and fearless action. Some timid persons may condemn it at present, but ere long they will receive the enthusiastic and unanimous plaudits of a grateful people. The children of the city will no more be exposed to the abominable doctrines of men and women who are traitors to the Government that protects them and pays them. Again, we say, all honor to our City Council!

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

We visited Hospital No. 1, the other day, by invitation. It is the roomy and airy building formerly occupied as the Blind Asylum. It is under the care of Dr. B. M. Failor, assisted by Drs. J. N. Study and H. P. Anderson. Several noble hearted ladies are also in attendance, who have left their families and pleasant homes to ministering to the wants of the sick soldiers, who have brought their lives as a holy offering to the sacred cause of their country. And the work seems

admirably attended to on all hands. The rooms and bedding are kept scrupulously clean, and the afflicted are as comfortable as it is possible for men to be in a hospital. Dr. Failor seems thoroughly familiar with his duties and prompt in performing them. And Florence Nightingale herself could not be more tender and assiduous than the devoted ladies.

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

Summary: Theatre. "The Momentous Question; or, Woman's Trials!"; song; fancy dance; "Swiss Cottage"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We are told that a certain class of women, and a very small one, we are glad to say, are in the habit of repeating, whenever an officer passes them on our streets, in very audible tones, "There goes a Lincoln soldier-strap!" We think that a "Lincoln soldier-strap" is quite as respectable as a *strap* who unsexes herself by overstepping the limits of womanly modesty and self-respect.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Rebel women are exceedingly fond of singing the "Bull run Quickstep." It is a thousand pities that there is not a Shiloh or Fort Donelson Quickstep for them to sing. But the fact is, the rebels ran away so fast at these two places, that no music can be composed, *fast enough* to do justice to their astonishing celerity.

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

Heroic Women.—At the battle at Pittsburg Landing there was a woman who accompanied her husband, and after the battle began to range on Sunday she was urged to leave the field. She refused to do so, and, instead, busied herself all day in carrying the wounded back to a place of safety as they fell around her. While she was thus engaged, another young woman was struck and instantly killed by a cannon ball, within a few feet of her. The brave woman was, as may be imagined, greatly fatigued, and even made ill, by her exertions on the field. Her name is Mrs. Werner, and she is now in this city, at the residence of Mrs. Cadwell, 217 Vine street. Her husband fell on the battlefield, and she is entirely alone and a stranger here. More than this, while engaged in her humane work, she tore all her underclothing into strips to tie up the wounds of the fallen soldiers; and consequently she came here destitute of even the most indispensable articles of clothing.—Cincinnati Com.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, April 30, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The colored members of the 1st Baptist Church will give a supper to-night, next door to the Methodist Publishing House, on the Public Square, for the benefit of their church, and the Managers have obtained from the Provost Marshal a permit for colored persons to pass unmolested on to-night and to-morrow night for the purpose of attending the supper.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Lady of Lyons;" song, favorite dance, "Soldier's Return"

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

The theatre continues to be an attractive resort for citizens and strangers. "Time Tries

All" was well enacted last night. Mr. Hamilton's "Mather Bates" could not have been better rendered. Mrs. Bernard's "Laura Leeson" was a capital piece of acting. Mr. Everett—whom everybody in Nashville call *our* Everett, for short—as "Tom Tact," could not have been surpassed in his personation of that important individual. Mr. Pierce as "Augusts Yawn," favored us, perhaps, with a little too much *yawn*—still, his acting was very clever.

To-morrow evening is offered the best bill of the season, being the "Lady of Lyons" and the "Soldier's Return." The house will doubtless be well filled.

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

We are informed, by a person residing in Edgefield, that there are twenty-eight families of private soldiers of the rebel army, residing there, who were left upon the promise that they should be fed and clothed, during the absence of the soldiers, by the citizens of that place. On last Saturday, one of these wives was seen, with three little children, in the market-house, crying, because she had no money with which to buy marketing for herself and children, and saying that she had not a mouthful to eat at home.

When the Confederates were here, the citizens of Edgefield held regular meetings in the churches for the purpose of raising means for the support of these families, and on the subscription lists were ostentatiously displayed names with large sums affixed for this purpose. What have become of these subscription lists? We would like to see them?

The fact is, now, that these poor soldiers are not longer regarded as useful to them, their miserable wives and children are left to beg and starve.

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

Summary: Theatre. "The Golden Farmer; or, Jemmy Twitcher;" song, fancy dance, "Jenny Lind"

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

Summary: Theatre. "The Idiot Witness;" new song, fancy dance, "Momentous Question, or, Woman's Trials."

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

Theatre.—The attendance at the Theatre last night was very good, and the acting highly creditable. Mrs. Bernard, as Elizabeth, in the Golden Farmer, sustained her already high reputation as an actress, and was ably sustained by Messrs. Hamilton, Pierce and Everett. Harry is always at home, and never fails to bring the house down. In his Jemmy Twitcher last night it reminded us of his fishing excursion on Harpeth; he was "trouting and caught a gar;" but never failed to bag his game. Mr. Duffield gave us an excellent song and Miss Constantine an exquisite Highland Fling. The bill for to-night is an attractive and entertaining one.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Stranger;" favorite dance; "Spectre Bridegroom."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Prof. Matthews,
The Celebrated Ventriloquist,
Is engaged, and will shortly appear.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Quinine! Quinine!!

100 Ounces, (Powers and Wightmann's) for sale at

No. 30 Union Street,

Also 60 Dozen Cotton Cards, superior quality, which will be sold for money of all solvent southern banks, at

No. 30 Union Street.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 1-2

Our lady readers will be interested in this description of one of the latest ball dresses worn by the Empress Eugenie:

"A robe of white tulle, covered with trimmings up to the knees, looking like a veritable cloud, with diamonds scattered all over it. The sash was not worn round the waist, but as a scarf. The lower part of the body was of sky blue, with wide points before and behind, and covered with diamonds. The necklace of diamonds was upon blue velvet, rather close around the throat. The coiffure was a bow of blue velvet, upon which were diamond whet ears; at the side leaves of the same color as the bow, forming a half-wreath; in the midst of these leaves were diamond pendants, which produced a charming and brilliant effect. Some curls descended from the back hair, which was descended from with diamonds, forming a diadem. Diamonds on velvet of [scratch in microfilm] fore, but the effect produced was very beautiful. The sash, worn as a scarf is called ceinture bayadere. It is very narrow; draped at the back of the body, and tied in a bow at the front."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

The Southwestern Baptist, published at Tuskegee, Alabama, says: "We suppose, from the best information we have, that at least one half of our active pastors are now in the rebel army."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Dullness and Distress in Memphis.

Memphis, according to the refugees, is dull as an abandoned cemetery; and so many people have left there that they do not think out of a population of thirty thousand, claimed there before the commencement of the Rebellion, there are now no more than twelve thousand in the city. Nearly all the stores are closed, and the proprietors of the few that are open, keep very few goods to sell; having secreted the greater part of their stock to prevent its being stolen.

No one wants to sell anything, but endeavors to avoid selling; knowing that the wretched

shinplasters, which form the staple of the currency in retail circles, are entirely worthless. There is no gold or silver in Memphis or vicinity, and no notes [scratch in film] of the Bank of Tennessee, but in their stead the town is flooded with five, ten, and twenty-five and fifty cent issues of the Tennessee and Mississippi Railway.

Great distress prevails among the people, and has prevailed for six months, in consequence of the severest poverty, and a great many laboring men and mechanics have been compelled to join the Southern army to obtain the common necessaries of life.

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

We have received another lot of Southern papers, all of them "*done up brown*," on first rate wrapping paper.

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

Theatre.

Duffield & Sands
W. H. Everett

Managers.

Stage Manager.

First Appearance of
Mr. Matthews,
The Celebrated Ventriloquist,
Tuesday Evening, May 6th,
The Child of the Regiment

Characters by Messrs. Hamilton, Everett, Fletcher, and Pierce, and by Mrs. B. Bernard, Miss Annie Scanlan, &c., &c.

After Which, R. C. Matthews, is a
Ventriloquial Interlude,
Full of Laughable Scenes.
Eton Boy.

Characters by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Everett, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Scanlan, &c.

Price of Admission

Dress Circle 50

Second Circle 25

Doors open at ¼ past 7. Performance at 8 o'clock precisely.

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

Will the officers of the different "Confederate soldiers relief societies" of Nashville and vicinity, furnish the editor of this paper with a list of the subscriptions remaining unpaid? The wives and children of the Confederate soldiers are now needing the fund, and we will see if we can't institute such means as will compel the payment of all arrears.

Tennessee Moving for the Union.
Great Meeting of Unionists in Alexandria, Tenn.

Mr. Editor:--Please permit us through your columns to publish to the world the fact that the Union feeling is reviving in Middle Tennessee. On Saturday, the 3d day of May—a day appointed for public speaking and hoisting the Union flag—early in the morning there began to pour into the town of Alexandria, from the hill-tops and fertile vallies [sic], an immense number of hearty yeomen, who came filled with love of country to overflowing, and greater enthusiasm on no occasion was ever manifested. After the pole was raised, and everything made ready for hoisting the flag, the crowd proceeded to the house of Mr. O. D. Williams, a staunch and unflinching Union man, where the flag was received from the hands of his lady, Mrs. Williams, with the following appropriate address:

"Sir:--It is my happy lot to present to you, on this occasion, this flag, the emblem of American independence and republican institutions, which I here hold, to be placed by you and your patriotic associates, in behalf of the loyal citizens of this community, upon this pole of liberty, planted for the purpose; yes, a hickory pole, the representative of Tennessee's greatest hero and most illustrious statesman. Place it there to flutter in the breezes of heaven, as a beacon light and hope anchor for the loyal citizens of this community. It is scarcely one year ago that the American flag here was trailed contemptuously in the dust, to be replaced by the serpent like one of secession which flaunted aloft its defiant folds to the admiring gaze of its phrenzied [sic] votaries. They exalted for being able to profanely trample under foot the Constitution and laws of their country.

"Loyal men stood aghast, despondingly contemplating the horrid scene. And for a time the children of darkness seemed to prevail. But behold what a change has come over the land! Union men are no longer stricken with terror at the hissing threats of secessionists. The Constitution and the laws are being vindicated; disunion myrmidons are flying every where, with lightning speed, before the conquering marches of the Union soldiery. The Federal army is now, Jasper like, restoring its colors, affording protection to the people, and restoring order wherever they go.

"I heartily congratulate you, sir, upon the recent brilliant achievements of our brave army. In them I can behold, as I sincerely trust, the dawn of an early peace, which I ardently hope will never again be disturbed by the causes which have latterly and now mar it. I must confess that the satisfaction which I experience on the present occasion would be greatly abridged if I did not believe that the loyal men of this village and vicinity are now ready, and will defend if necessary, with their strong arms the flag; and will strike down any vandal hands that may again attempt to tear it from its position; for it is the flag of Washington and his compatriots, under which our country achieved independence and attained to greatness—a flag that has afforded protection at home and secured respect abroad, and is the hope of republican institutions and the rights of mankind throughout the world. Who would oppose such a flag? None, I hope, in a short time.

"In conclusion, sir, I will ask of you again to raise aloft in our midst the Star Spangled Banner, that it may continue to wave over the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Col. Wm. Stokes received the flag, and in his eloquent manner pledged the fidelity of the crowd to that flag, and the certainty of its never being removed. Captain Henry proposed three

cheers for the flag received from Mrs. Williams, which was answered with three deafening shouts. The flag was then run up, and the joy of the crowd was unbounded.

The crowd was then addressed by Col. Stokes, who spoke nearly three hours, reviewing the past, and showing up what he conceived would be the developments of the future. The crowd then dispersed to meet at New Middleton, on Saturday, the 10th day of May, there to be again addressed by Col. Stokes.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Necromancy.—Whitney, the great American Wizard Lecturer, is in town preparing to give a series of his professional entertainments in the Masonic Hall.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 6, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Capturing a Gun.

There is an old chap in the Berdan sharpshooters, near Yorktown, known as "old Seth." He is quite a character, and is a crack shot—one of the best in the regiment. His "instrument," as he terms it, is one of the heaviest telescopic rifles. The other night at roll call "old Seth" was *non est*. This was somewhat unusual, as the old chap was always up to time. A Sergeant went out to hunt him up, he being fearful that the old man had been hit. After perambulating around in the advance of the picket line, he heard a low "halloo."

"Who's there?" inquired the Sergeant.

"It's me," responded Seth; "and I've captured a secesh gun."

"Bring it in," said the Sergeant.

"Can't do it," exclaimed Seth.

It soon became apparent to the Sergeant that "old Seth" had the exact range of one of the enemy's heaviest guns, and they could not load it for fear of being picked off by him.

Again the old man shouted:

"Fetch me a couple of haversacks full of grub, as this is my gun, and the cussed varmints shan't fire it again while the scrimmage lasts."

This was done, and the old patriot kept good his watch over that gun. In fact it is a "captured gun."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. Mr. C. Matthews, the Great Ventriloquist; "Time Tries All"; "Swiss Cottage"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Snuff.

Just Received,
Maccaboy and French Rapee Snuff,
15, Public Square.

Crane & Withey.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

We are informed by the Captain of the Lady Pike that he discovered the body of Gov. Harvey, of Wisconsin, (who had previously drowned in the Tennessee river,) about sixty miles below Savannah. The Captain of the Lady Pike carried the body to Pittsburg Landing, where he gave it in charge to the 14th Wisconsin Regiment, who intend forwarding it to Wisconsin.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Yesterday morning as a little newsboy was passing along with the streets crying "Union Extra!" he was hailed by a secesh lady in a carriage with: "You ought to be ashamed to sell those Lincoln lies." The newsboy instantly retorted, "It's a good deal decenter business than *telling rebel lies!*" The secesh didn't put on any more of *her extras* before than chap.

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

Yesterday, while walking with an officer, we met a couple of young women, one of whom hissed at us audibly. The she rebel hissed as naturally as any other goose. If she couples with a gander of her own feather, what a mother of goslings she will make!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Let the rebels of Nashville who are receiving midnight couriers from rebel leaders over the South, and holding secret meetings of the Knights of the Golden Circle, beware in time. The loyal men and armies are not to be trifled with much longer. An old hymn says:

"Mercy knows her appointed bounds,
And turns to *judgment* then!"

A storm of loyal and patriotic indignation is gathering in the sky, and its red lightnings sleep uneasily in the cloud.

"And that two-banded engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite one and smite no more."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

A correspondent writing from Murfreesboro', says that as a hearse passed along the streets of that place, the other day, with the body of a poor soldier who had died far from home and kindred in the service of his country, a woman standing before a handsome residence remarked to a soldier in the mournful procession, "Well, I am very glad to see them die—there is one less anyhow." If it be true that they who die in the holy service of their country are translated to the realms of the blessed, we can assure that blot and reproach to the female sex that *she* will never meet a Union soldier in the spirit land. Her passage is paid to the land of the first Arch-rebel, the head of all traitors to their country.

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

Let the Rebels of Tennessee who have been telling the people that the United States would arm the slaves read this and blush if a blush can crimson their brazen faces:

Negroes Uniformed and in Arms.

Two miles and a quarter below Yorktown are three rebel forts, on the west side of the Warwick river—in front of one of them Lieutenant Wagoner, of Philadelphia, was killed. Our

artillery have shelled them out a number of times, and an encampment in the rear has been so riddled that their barracks have been deserted. They have in these three forts six guns—two in the left one, three in the centre, and one on the right. The dam of the Warwick river runs in front, preventing them from coming over or our pickets from reaching them. The artillery, however, make it so hot that they cannot stay in the forts. In the centre [sic] one can be seen, every day, from two to three hundred negroes, with red coats, gray pants and slouch hats, strengthen the work with sand bags, digging ditches, etc. Whenever they dare to come out to fire their artillery, which is simply field artillery, these negroes ram home the [scratch in film] with which white men then fire at the hearts of our soldiers. Any one who doubts that the rebels are fighting side by side with their slaves, can be convinced at any hour of the day by going up to the edge of the woods, about twelve hundred yards in front of their works. With the aid of any ordinary glass, the matter can be put beyond room for a doubt.

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

Summary: Advertisement for E. Mayer & Co., No. 40 Market Street, "All Kind of Money Taken"; ad includes Salt, in bbls; Salt, in sacks; indigo; madder; logwood; alum; copperas; quinine; soda; saleratus; starch; candles; tea; soap; snuff; stationery; thread and hoop skirts; 200 dozen cotton cards.

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

Summary: Advertisement for A. Louis & Co., no. 36 Market Street; includes madder, copperas, logwood, alum, indigo, lillywhite, camphor, snuff, fish—mackerel, kit and white; preserved peaches, pineapples, strawberries, and cherries; pineapple cheese; prunes, cotton cards; salt—in barrels and bags; paper and writing material; clover seed; blue grass seed; bird seed; garden seed; onion sets.

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

Rebel Aristocracy.

That sweet-scented, pink-powdered, silk-stocking, kid-gloved organ of Nashville rebel aristocracy, the Union and American, on the 3rd of August, 1861, published a letter from Rev. H. A. M. Henderson, an Alabama rebel, in which he used the following insulting language about the hardy mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee. He expresses the real hatred and contempt felt by cotton aristocracy towards that large class of independent and industrious citizens who compose the very soul of the nation.

Referring to the soldiers at Camp Dick Robinson, in Garrard county, it says:

["] They have excellent arms and three batteries of artillery. They are composed mostly of the *ignorant and deluded mountain* men of East Tennessee and Kentucky, and have been enlisted upon the idea of *communism*, OR A REDUCTION OF ALL CLASSES TO A LEVEL WITH THEMSELVES.

That is as good as the remark of the Atlanta confederacy, that the *gentlemen* of the South could not submit to associate as *private soldiers with degraded volunteers!* Bah!

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

Summary: Theatre. Mr. C. Matthews, the Great Ventriloquist; "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady;" favorite dance; "The Dumb Belle"

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

Summary: Theatre. Mr. C. Matthews, the Great Ventriloquist; "The Iron chest; song; favorite dance; to conclude with Mr. C. Matthews with feats of magic and ventriloquism.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

A Yorktown letter to the Providence *Press* says that the Rebels have negroes impressed into their service. Two black fellows of Herculean frame, were shot dead by the Union pickets. They were "armed and equipped as the law directs," and had a couple of splendid Enfield rifles, with a finer finish than any of our arms.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Foreigners in the Rebel Army.

There is no doubt that there are thousands of foreigners, especially Irish and Germans, in the rebel army. In General Buckner's forces which passed through Southern Kentucky, we saw ourselves, in the Mississippi regiments large numbers of unnaturalized foreigners who had been forced into the rebel ranks from steamboats, levees and railroads. From the *Mobile News*, of March 31st, we learn that no less than 12,000 foreign soldiers were in the rebel ranks in New Orleans. It classifies them as follows: First Brigade, 3,000 men, of whom 2,000 are Creoles and 1,000 Frenchmen, Spanish, Italians, Germans, etc. Second (European) Brigade, 4,500, of whom 2,500 are French, 800 Spaniards, 500 Italians, 400 Germans, Dutch and Scandinavians, and 500 Swiss, Belgians, English, Slavonians [?], &c. Third (French) Brigade, 4,500 men, all unnaturalized Frenchmen.

Here we have a small army of men who had to enter the rebel army, or be shot down like brutes. The Philadelphia *Press* furnishes additional testimony in regard to the rebel army at Yorktown. It says: "Several deserters from the rebels, who have lately entered our lines at Yorktown, report the Irishmen in the enemy's ranks as being regarded as unreliable, and as showing but little disposition to fight. The Irishmen in their ranks, and some entire Irish regiments, have broken out in revolt and refuse to fight against troops bearing the green Irish banner. One of the deserters says they caught a glimpse of the flag of our Irish Brigade, and since that time have expressed a determination never to fire a shot where that banner can be seen."

The Louisville *Journal* states in this connection, as an interesting and very significant fact that on Thursday last four hundred Germans, from one of Beauregard's Louisiana regiments, who had been sent out of the rebel camp on outpost duty, came into our lines in a body, and gave themselves up as deserters from the enemy. In this conflict the great German heart everywhere, North and South, is right. In the North it is as patriotic as the heart of the native population, and in the South it is incomparably more so. These four hundred Germans had a right to desert, and it was their duty. They owed allegiance to the United States, and they were bound to perform its high and solemn obligations. They never took voluntary service in the rebel army, but were forced into it by a wicked and oppressive military tyranny, and now, it is their privilege to bear

arms against that tyranny, and aid in its everlasting overthrow.

In Nashville hundreds of loyal Irishmen were bullied and coerced into the rebel service, who would have hailed with rapture an opportunity of fighting under the National flag of their adopted country. What a burning reproach is it to native born Americans who have rebelled against their own country, that [scratch in film] faithful to her flag than themselves.

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

Summary: Theatre. Mr. C. Matthews, in new and startling feats of diablerie; "The Drunkard; or the Fallen Saved; song, favorite dance; concluding with Mr. C. Matthews amputating a man's nose.

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

Summary: Poem "The Loyal Mother. Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. John Lellyett." Unable to read parts of it due to scratches in microfilm, but probably readable in the original or a better reel.

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

Beautiful Letter from a Nashville
She-Rebel

The following polished and peppery letter was written by a Nashville girl, it is said, to her "spicy," "turtledove, eet. cetary," as Artemus Ward would say, who is a prisoner at Camp Morton, Ind. It ought to be published in the [scratch in microfilm]. She says:

John, I want you write and tell me about the fight, and how many lincon devels you killed. I would like to been there to see them lincon devils keel over. It would have done my soul good to have seen them fall by thousands. John, as you are a prisoner, and cannot have the pleasure of killing lincon hirlands, I believe I will take your place, and I tell you whot I will kill live yankies, I will do more for them than Morgan has done for them. I tell you Morgan is taring up the burg for them; he is doing the work for them. John, I wish I was a man, I would come there and I would soon let you out of that lincoln hold. I would tar there hearts out, and then cook them and make them eat them; but I will do all I can for you, and when they come in Shelby I will get some of their skelps and hang them up in my room for you to look at. I will be for Jeff davise till the tenisee river freezes over, and then be for him, and scratch on the ice—

Jeffdavis rides a white horse,
Lincoln rides a mule,
Jeffdavis is a gentleman,
And lincoln is a fule.

I wish I could send them lincon devels some pies, they would never want any more to eat in this world. May Jeff ever be with you. This is from a good southern rights girl—from your cousin.

Mariann.

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

Summary: Theatre: "Lady of Lyons"; song; "Spectre Bridegroom"

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

Unjust.

I notice in the Police Report of the *Dispatch* of yesterday a statement that Mrs. Stewart was fined for using language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. The *facts* as developed on trial are these. Wm. Collier a *secessionist, connected with the Dispatch office kicked a little boy eight years old*, a brother of Mrs. Stewart, for hurrahing for Lincoln, and this was the beginning of the difficulty. Collier was fined *fifteen dollars*, yet the *Dispatch*, wishing to screen its party friends in everything, says not one word about this.

Observer.

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

The Louisville Journal says that the New Orleans papers were boasting of the female troops organized there, and expresses its astonishment that the Crescent City was taken without a terrible battle. This may be easily explained by the fact that the she-rebels are building gunboats at Savannah and other points. The Amazons are merely changing their tactics. They are baring their breasts for a terrible naval engagement!

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

Price's Soldiers Returning Home.

A gentleman who has spent several months in Howard and adjacent counties, informs us that hundreds of Price's men who went from that portion of the State are returning home, glad to take the oath of allegiance and give bonds, as the condition of release. He states that the number of such is estimated at upwards of three thousand. They declare themselves sick of the rebellion, sorry they went into it, and [scratch in film] established.

He says the disposition of this class is far better than that of the malignant promoters of rebellion, who themselves staying at home, prompted ardent and inconsiderate young men to join the rebel army. These malignants are bitter and unrelenting, and some of them encourage guerillas in their predatory movements, desiring to perpetuate the animosities and hatred they have been active in creating. The men who have seen [scratch in film] of such in their neighborhood is most salutary.

At all times we have looked upon the great mass of the rebel soldiery as being far less guilty than their officers and instigators. The true policy is one of clemency to the former and strfugent [sic] severity to the latter.—St. Louis Democrat.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

A large number of beautiful and elegant ladies attended the meeting at the Capitol on Monday night. They gloriously redeemed our city from the dark reproach which has gone forth, that there are no loyal women in Nashville. And we are told that hundreds of others were anxious to attend, but who staid [sic] away, fearing the excitement of the occasion. We doubt not that ere long not a lady in Nashville, will pollute her lips by applauding John Morgan or villifying [sic] the Star Spangled Banner, but all will vie with each other in singing sweet Union songs, and waving their handkerchiefs whenever the National flag comes in sight.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "The Factory Girl"; song; Irish jig; "The College Boy"; in rehearsal "Beauty and the Beast"

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

A rebel letter found at Shiloh, written from New Orleans some weeks ago, says that "one hundred and fifty able bodied women have formed themselves into a military company to fight the Yankees." Just imagine a big edition of old Mrs. Caudle in her night-cap, broom in hand, striding forward, like Julius Caesar on the stage, and showing a pair of fat calves as thick as a brace of piano legs at each step, and then tell us if you don't think that the Rebels have got to a desperate shift in their warfare?

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

Fast Horse Swapping.

A physician of Wilson county informs us that while riding along the road some ten miles from Lebanon, on the morning when Morgan's gang was cut to pieces, he met a rebel soldier galloping along on a horse half-dead with fatigue. The rebel drew his pistol on the physician and ordered him to swap horses immediately. Which urgent demand our friend readily complied with, thus getting a very poor in exchange for a very fine horse. The physician mounted and jogged along on his new steed for near half a mile, when he met another guerrilla, also riding as though the devil was close after him. Rebel number two also presented his little hostile arrangement, and requested an immediate transaction in horse flesh. The doctor again complied, and got on his second horse. He trudged slowly along the road on his worn-out and panting Rosinante for nearly a mile when a third guerrilla came plunging towards him, who also, like his predecessors, made an exhibition of belligerent machinery, accompanied with a proposition to swap horses, and a request to be d----d quick about it. The doctor had by this time got so used to such sudden commercial transactions, and losing any foolish attachment for his horse, just in proportion to the rapidity of his exchanges, that he smilingly got down a fourth time, and then, like John Gilpin, "got up again." Long before he reached his home he repeated this horse swapping, or rather had it repeated for him, no less than six times, he being rather passive in the business. The last horse he got was a very fine one, and better than the first. We have heard of places being so hot that "there was no time for swapping knives," but it appears that the hotter a place gets the better it is for *swapping horses!* This is the way in which these guerrillas get horses. Whenever a horse gets fatigued the first rider or team is topped and a trade is forced.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

On the 13th inst., Governor Johnson received from Col. Parkhurst commanding 9th Regiment Michigan volunteers, at Murfreesboro, a telegram, stating that he "had just made a thorough search of that town for arms, and had found *over two hundred pieces heavily loaded*, undoubtedly intended to be used whenever Morgan should summon courage enough to make his appearance, if that should ever be.

On receipt of this advice Governor Johnson directed the arrest of certain persons residing in and near Murfreesboro, and to be held as hostages for the good behavior of the citizens of that vicinity. The persons arrested are

William C. Ransom,
Jno. R. Childress,
L. M. Mooney,
Dr. King,
J. F. Dromgoole,
F. J. Moseley,

Dr. R. J. Wendell,
Dr. W. J. Baskett,
Jas. M. Avent,
Thomas Robertson,
G. T. Henderson.
J. A. Crockett.

I have not a shadow of doubt that there are hundreds of heavily loaded guns and pistols concealed in the houses of rebels in this city which are to be used if ever an occasion should present itself. Would it not be well to ferret out these private armories before some precious life is lost, of more value to the country than those of all the rebels in Nashville? Who ever heard of a Government suffering the secret arming of its enemies in a place where it had control, in time of an internal war?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Female Aspect of the Rebellion.

A ludicrous incident took place a few days ago at the Provost Marshal's Headquarters. Four rebel ladies called to see Col. Matthews. Across the walk and between the outer gate and the house a large national flag is suspended. Two of the ladies passed under it but the other two vowed in animated tones that they would not bow their heads to that "filthy Lincoln rag." When the party was about to leave, the two who had gone into the Provost's room passed out of the gate, but the other two were stopped by the guard. "What do you mean, Sir! Let us out instantly!" exclaimed one of the stiff-necked rebels sharply. "Not a step," said the guard, "you wantonly insulted that flag which we are here to defend, and you can't leave this place without permission of the Provost." The ladies whirled around in a furious rage, making a brilliant exhibition of garters and other unmentionable things to the eyes of the guard, and went back *under the flag* to see Col. Matthews. Ladies have a peculiarly nervous twitchibility to their gait when much excited, and so one of the fair ones caught her heel in her hoops, and in extricating herself got the other foot into the same trap and whirled head foremost and feet flying upwards, into the soft blue grass which waves in the shady yard like the sea-green plumage of a Bird of Paradise. The goddess of Modesty who suckled us at her soft bosom in tender infancy and whose foster child we have ever been, here bids us draw a thick veil "impenetrable to mortal eyes," over what poor Peeping Tom of Coventry sought to behold when the noble Lady Godiva rode through the streets of that ancient city on her milk-white steed. We obey her sacred command and content ourselves with quoting the well known lines of Tom Moore, which tell how poor Hebe while walking one night across the sky stumbled against a star—

"And all Heaven's host of eyes
Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness along the azure skies.
The wanton wind
Which had pursued the flying fair
And sweetly twined
Its spirit with the breathing wings
Of her ambrosial hair,
Soared as she fell, and on its folding [?] wings—

Oh wanton wind!
Wafted the robe whose sacred flow
Shadowed her kindling charms of snow,
The brow of Juno flushed—
Love blessed the breeze!
The Muses blushed,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre;
While every eye was glancing through the strings!

As Mark Anthony said:

What a fall was there my countryman!"
We will notice the next case that *turns up*.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

It is amusing to see the cringing fawning duplicity and hypocrisy daily exhibited in the Governor's office by the Rebels. The she rebels are the more contemptible of the two. They are as destitute of nobleness and courage as they are of truth and decency.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Several Rebel prisoners, from Southern Kentucky, members of the notorious "Night-Hawk Association" and Knights of the Golden Circle, are now in this city. One of them, Jack Fisher, of Hopkinsville, is a hardened and desperate villain. We hope the authorities will hold them closely.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 5-6

Clarksville, May 9, 1862.

Editor Nashville Union.—Dear Sir: In my last letter I attempted to sketch an outline of the condition of our little city before the commencement of this most causeless and [scratch in film] war. . . .

This war has made widows, orphans, and paupers by the thousand, but this is not all that it has done. The commerce of Clarksville is crippled; and its railroad facilities ruined, it may be, for years to come. The commerce of Clarksville is crippled by a depreciated currency. This is one of the evils which this rebellion has inflicted upon the community. A large proportion of our circulation is Southern money, which is fifty per cent below par, and nobody wants it at that. Tennessee money is not much better, with the exception of that of the Planter's and Union Banks. Some folk roll up the white of their eyes and affect to wonder at this state of things. They cannot comprehend why Confederate bonds are not just as good as United States scrip, and the bills of Southern banks as those of Kentucky. The why is very evident, but they shut their eyes to the light and their ears have waxed dull of hearing. . . .

As to our schools, the voice of the Muses has been hushed in the Academic Grove, and an altar erected there to the God of War. The doors of the public schools are [scratch in film] roam the streets in idleness. There are some two or three private schools in the city, but even these are poorly attended. Indeed, the educational interests of the town are utterly ignored, and this is one of the saddest aspects of our present condition. The importance of education to all the great interests of American civilization, is conceded on all hands. It can hardly be over estimated. How long this state of things is to last, and what loss our children are to suffer, in

consequence of it, no mortal can tell. . . .

Civis.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Inner Life in the Richmond Capitol.

A Fredericksburg correspondent furnishes the following very interesting gossip which appears very probable. The traitor chief quakes and shudders at the approach of the coming reaction:

We have had a curiosity here lately, no less a person than Jeff. Davis' coachman, William A. Jackson, a colored man by profession, and one to whom the term "intelligent negro" can be truthfully applied. He lived with Davis for about eight months, and had his eyes and ears open, all the while; the consequence is that he is enabled to furnish us with some secrets of State, as well as to make us familiar with the natural history and habits of a rebel statesman. We learn, that President Davis lives very plainly, and is reduced to drinking sassafras in the morning as a substitute for tea. He has four children, Maggie, a daughter aged seven; Jeff. Davis Jr., about five years old; Joe, a truculent little fellow of three, and a baby rebel a month old last Christmas. None of the children are allowed to eat butter, as that commodity involves too great an expense. Jeff. rises between 8 and 9 in the morning and comforts himself with a mint julep, sitting down to breakfast and sassafras tea at 10. At 4 he takes a light lunch of crackers and cheese, varied with an occasional herring, dining magnificently at 7. His dinner usually consists of St. Julian soup, roast beef, ash cake—Jeff. is very fond of ash cake, Jackson says—claret and sherry. Over his dinner Jeff grows confidential and converses with his family. Jackson has heard him complain that while he was making plans for holding positions, his Generals were engaged in preparing to evacuate them. The loss of Johnston he regrets greatly, saying that he cannot be replaced. Jeff.'s hopes of success are dwindling down, and his wife seems to say little to comfort him. She remarked the other day at table that she feared the Confederacy, to use a Yankee expression, was nearly "played out;" that, if it was true that New Orleans had fallen, she cared nothing for victories elsewhere. Nor does Jeff. himself like the fall of New Orleans. He complains that it interferes with his plans regarding the navigation of the Mississippi River, and will cost him three States—Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. It annoys him especially to think that all these places should be surrendered without any fighting, remarking when Gen. Johnston came to him to urge the evacuation of Manassas, that it might be a military necessity, but it would be the ruin of "the cause." Nor can he digest the fall of Fort Macon. In fact, we are warranted in supposing that, at present there is no more unhappy man in either the Confederate or United States than Jeff. Davis. Jackson says that, when news comes of a defeat, he stretches himself out on the floor, before the fire, and lies there half the night through, murmuring in his uneasy sleep, of battles and of plans. He is very unpopular at present in Richmond, and Mrs. Davis complains very bitterly that none of the citizens call on her, except the [scratch in film].

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

Arrested.

We learn that a Mr. Hogan, living near the city, was arrested yesterday for circulating "Grape Vine" rebel dispatches. We hope some arrests of the same sort will be made here among some of our noisy and industrious rebels. They must learn that it is an unsafe business for a man to invent any calumny or startling report that may injure the Union cause, and prop the tottering cause of rebellion. We have had too much of this abominable work, and the police should seize these grape vine telegraphers in their offices, in their counting-rooms, and on the street corners. A wretch who would try to excite the white population of the State to rebellion and bloodshed is a blacker and greater villain than he who would stir up a mutiny among a few ignorant slaves. These Nashville rebel tale-bearers and news-mongers have had grass enough case at them, and they have laughed at it. Now let a few [illegible]stones whiz about their ears. Let every man detected in starting incendiary rumors be marched off to jail.

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

Our markets are supplied with bushels of large and delicious strawberries, fifteen and twenty cents a quart.

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

The Memphis *Appeal* of the 15th ult. is printed on a half sheet of coarse blue wrapping paper. The Memphians must have the blues.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

An officer, writing from Missouri says:

Astonishment of the People at the Size of Our Army.

All along our route the greatest astonishment is expressed at the great numbers of our troops. At Forsyth one man "reckoned the army was thirty miles long. He had never seen so many men." A young woman, the other day, said to me, "The Northern soldiers are a heap healthier and stronger looking men than the Secesh army." One woman said "she did not suppose there were so many men in the world." As the troops are passing, the people stand in their doorways and front yards, and look on with the greatest astonishment. When told that the Northern armies are recruited by volunteering, and that no one is pressed into the service, they can hardly realize the truth of the statements. The other day I told a citizen of this State that there were more men plowing their fields in the Free States than there are in the whole army of the United States, who stood ready, when needed, to volunteer for the maintenance of the Union. He expressed great wonder that it should be so, and said, "well, I reckon the South might as well give up first as last, and come under the old Union. There is no use in fighting any longer."

A Remarkable Story.

One of our soldiers, the other day, stopped at a house by the wayside, where a book or a newspaper is a curiosity; and the good woman of the house was particularly given to the marvelous, when the following conversation took place:

Said the woman, "I never seed sich a sight of men before in all my born days. Where on airth they all come from, beats me."

To which the soldier replied with unusual seriousness and gravity, "Why, my good woman, for several years before this rebellion broke out, all the Dutch and Yankee women in the North have been having twins, and all boys, and the country has become so thickly populated it has become necessary to send them to subjugate the South, to get rid of them."

"Wall," said the woman, "I reckon it must be so, for sich an army I never seed in all my born days. I reckon the South had better make peace as soon as they can, or we shall be overrun."

The soldier reckoned she was about right that time, paid for his hoe-cake, and went on.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Summary: Theatre. "Woman's Love, Her Faith!! Her Trials!!!"; sailor's hornpipe; "The Swiss Swains"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-6

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

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

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

Monday soon we started on our march to Huntsville, to confer with Gen. Mitchell, who then held Bridgeport, a point about twelve miles from Jasper, the town we were making for. The General have us the necessary transportation passes &c., and expressed his deep sympathy for the people we were going to, and regretting his inability to render them immediate relief.— Wednesday morning we left in the cars for Bellefont, (all the bridges being destroyed between there and Chattanooga). If any body wants to see a specimen of Jeff Davis' operations in governing the Confederacy, go on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and he will see it—such destruction and woe never was seen by any body. About four miles east of Bellefonte is a river across which the bridge is burned; a passenger car bangs on the abutment, and the engine, tender and baggage car in the river. Here we met the troops returning from Bridgeport; they had abandoned all the country east as not being of any importance to hold; here, then, we had to leave our protectors and push into an enemy's country. Nothing daunted, we pushed on to Stevenson; some danger was apprehended, but in what shape it would turn up we could not foresee. It was evening—about four o'clock—when we got there; a line of houses on one side of the road is all there is of it. Men were sitting about in squads. I said to my guide, "Prepare your tale; we shall be questioned by these fellows; I see by the way they look at us they mediate no good to us." We walked up the track, not looking towards them; one fellow said "Come by." We replied, "It is getting late, and we want to get out to some place to remain the night," and walked on. Presently they arose *en masse* and commanded us to "Hold on there!" We sat down on the ties till they came up. "Where are you going, gentlemen?" "We want to know the news, that's all." "Where's General Mitchel?" "Where are the men that are gone up the road?" "How many men are there at Huntsville?" "Is Mitchell going to burn Huntsville?" "Is Scottsville burned?" these and many more such questions being answered, the direct personal inquiry began, this was conducted by some of them in a pompous, exacting and impertinent manner, especially towards me, as I now had on my uniform. A man in the crowd knew my guide, so that he was comparatively safe. Where did I live? Where was I going? Was I in the army? What was my grade? &c., &c. I replied that I lived in Nashville, and was sent out to meet seven men sent to Jasper with a flag of truce and to return with them. I was an assistant surgeon in the army and had to attend to some sick men scattered around there. The tale seemed to take well, and, after a great deal more such close and inconvenient questioning, we were allowed to go on. (The seven men sent to jasper were taken prisoners that evening near Stevenson, and sent to Chattanooga.) I now suggested to my guide the propriety of travelling at night, and lie in the mountains by day. Said he, "my belief is that those fellows will get us yet. They'll go back, caucus a little, get on their horses and head us on the road." We hurried on a couple of miles, when a deep creek ran across the road, with no sign of a crossing place. Sitting down a few minutes to consult, the sound of persons talking was heard distinctly. No time was to be lost, so we waded the creek, we landed, completely drenched, and hid in the woods for an hour, until we were out of their reach. I will not tell of the weary march all that night through the mountains, across bayous, wading creeks, up one craggy steep, turning point after point of the spurs, until we got to Battle Creek, at its junction with the Tennessee River, and within a few miles of Jasper. Battle Creek is about thirty yards wide, and twelve feet deep, and could not be waded; neither was there any ferry to be found. So we toiled up the bank, mile after mile, closely

scanning every nook and cranny for some canoe or skiff to cross. Early in the morning we got to a place where my guide said we surely should find a person to take us across—he knew him to be a Union man. Said he, "They know my voice around this country, and if any of the Secesh know of my being here, they'll do their best to get me. You call Jose, Jose." I did so, and a woman's voice answered, "Who is that?" Where's Jose, said I, a friend wants him? "He ain't here." Can I get across the creek? "No, you had better not—this country in here is full of cavalry scouts. Pete Larkin's men were here for Jose yesterday; he's in the mountains; all the boys are in the mountains now—they dare not show themselves." My guide suggested that we leave for some other point immediately; "for," said he, "if they are about here, they have undoubtedly heard our conversation." We marched away from them at double quick, crossing fields of wheat wet with dew, which, although we were already wet, was more disagreeable than fording creeks. Getting out of that supposed danger, we laid down among the rocks to rest, and wait for day. Then cautiously reconnoitering the people going out to work, we found none about but those known to my guide as Secesh, and not to be approached. Most of the forenoon was thus spent, when hunger forced us to make up to an old man to inquire about a crossing on the creek. Fortunately he was a Union man; he had been there but a short time, and came from Knox county, driven out by Secesh. Said he, "Go through this field, you will find two women washing on the bank of the creek; there is a canoe by which you can cross." I approached the women alone. Good morning, madam; can I cross here? "Yes, sir, where's the canoe; but ain't you a Federal, sir?" Yes. "Well, I thought you was by your clothes. My boy went down to Bridgeport when Gen. Mitchell was there, and he told me the kind of dress they wore. But if you cross you had better take up the creek, for I saw two of Pete Larkin's scouts ride down just now; they are gone down to _____, to take him, and _____, they say, they are bound to have them to day." I called up my guide. Said I, what do you propose to do? "Well," said he, "it looks squally, but don't be in a hurry; they can not find us. I can hide from them." "Don't ye trust yourselves too far," said the woman, "For God's sake be careful." I asked her if she could procure me an old hat, pants and vest, to disguise myself, and madam, can you get us anything to eat, we have had nothing since yesterday morning. "Lord, love your souls, haven't ye? Go up the mountain and hide; I'll go to the house and get all you want." In half an hour all our necessities were bountifully supplied, and we were in the hands of friends, with repeated assurances of solicitude for our safety. We rested all day, slept soundly for several hours, and at evening the women returned to our hiding place with a fresh supply of food. "You must go away from here now," said they, "you have been here long enough to be seen, and if you remain until morning, you will be taken. A man, I believe, passed by you to-day, and if he saw you they'll hunt you down." After blessing us, and wishing us in a place of safety, these good creatures left us, and we took up our march to the house of a Union man over the hill. I now began seriously to consider that to cross the creek would be attended with too much danger, and with too little result, and said to my guide that I thought we had better return to Nashville. Our papers we could leave in the hands of some trustworthy man for distribution, and that those who could escape had better make their way to Nashville as they best could, it being out of the question for us to try to go back in companies of more than two or three. At nine o'clock, a company of five of us got together, perched on a high rock, carrying on a conversation in a whisper, listening and watching attentively in every direction for intruders. It was decided that my plan was the best, and that all who would go to Nashville should strike his own course, and get there as he best could. at [sic—starts at left edge with no capital letter] twelve o'clock Friday night I left my guide to return on my solitary march to Nashville. Commencing at the foot of one of the mountains, I

struck on a due west course up, up, up the mountain, a steep precipitous route of over two miles, to the top; thence, without interruption or seeing a human being for twenty miles, when I struck the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Proceeding up this road, carefully avoiding observation. All went on well until I got to Deohard, a small village which I got into before I thought. Here, as at Stevenson, I saw groups of men sitting about the doorways, and before I had time to consider I was hailed, "Come here." "Hold on." A crowd of men got around me, and the usual question: "Where do you come from? Where are you going?" etc., etc. I saw at once my folly of getting into their power a second time, but had no chance left to get off. I had procured a change of dress on the mountains, and had my uniform tied up in a bundle. I now assumed another character, that of a journeyman harness maker. They formed themselves into a jury, and each one was required to question me. "Where do you come from?" Nashville. Hem, Nashville. "Where are you going to?" To Nashville. "What do you do here?" I am in search of work. Whilst the Confederates were at Nashville I had plenty of work and supported my family, since the Federals had got there all work had ceased, and my family were in want, I dare not wait to see them starve, so I put out into the country for some. Hem. "Where have you been?" I first went to Shelbyville, thence to Fayetteville, thence to Stevenson; got nothing to do, and am about to return to my family in Nashville. I am tired, and ready to starve. What would you do? All this time I had my bundle of uniform sitting on it not to attract too much attention to it. At this time two scouts rode into the place. The citizens called them over to question me inquisitively. "Who are you?" A man looking for work. "What can you do?" I am a harness maker. I am also an Englishman. "Have you got your papers?" No, sir, I have been in the country but four years. "Where did you land when you came into the country?" At New York. "How long did you stay there?" Nine or ten months. "Where did you go then?" To Cincinnati. "How long did you stay there?" About the same time. "Where did you go then?" To Louisville. "How long did you stay there?" Over a year. "What did you leave there for?" A harness maker of Nashville came to Louisville and offered to employ seventy hands to go to Nashville to make government work; cartridge boxes, cap boxes, bayonett [sic] scabbards, and artillery harness, etc., etc. I went with him. "How long were you there?" From the time the work began until the Federals came. "Let me see," said the fellow calculating, "one year in New York, one year in Cincinnati, one year in Louisville, that's three, and one year in Nashville. He has got three times as much North in him as South; keep that fellow a prisoner. I guess, young man, I can find something for you to do. Get up behind me. Well, sir, I replied. Pull round your horse and I'll get up. "Keep yourself in that room, and consider yourself my prisoner, and if you attempt to get away it will be the worse for you." And he rode off striking the spurs into his horse shouting, "Texas, by God." The citizens then took up the questioning. Who did I know in Nashville? Did I know so and so? A more decent looking man took me into a back room, and said, privately, I want to know whether you are all right. We don't want to hurt you, we want to know whether you are all right. I asked, Do you want to know whether I am Union or Secesh? My principles are always right. I try to act at all times rightly. He meant to ask if I was a spy, but did not do so in so many words, so that I did not then understand him. The horseman again galloped up to question me again. "Have you a pass?" No. "How did you get out of Nashville without a pass?" I had a pass to get out, but it was only to get out of the city. "Don't you think it imprudent to travel about the country without a pass?" I admitted that it was, and asked him to give me one. He said that he had "no authority to give it." "Guess you had better get up behind me." The citizens remonstrated, and said that if he took me to Winchester—a town two miles off, where they had a Provost Marshal—he would examine me and simply give me a pass to go on. He said "what

shall we do with him?" An old scoundrel suggested, "take him to Col. Stearns, he'll know what to do with him." The horseman looked at him with all the scorn possible, and said "Stearns, hell," and rode off. The citizens said to me, "you may go on; keep out of the way of that horseman and you may escape." During this searching examination, I carefully kept my bundle with the uniform under me, sitting on it when possible. I do not know how it was they did not search for papers or evidences of identity about my person. They did not, and I made tracks for the woods for concealment until night should enable me to proceed. I prospected around in the bush, the planters houses lay in all directions, and I could see the scouts arrive in small squads, and make arrangements to remain during the night. As soon as it was dark enough I took a course that I supposed would take me back to the Railroad. After walking some time, I concluded that I was lost in the woods. Sitting down to pause awhile, and determine what to do, resolved finally to take the first road leading north and follow it. After some couple hours search, I found a road, and went about ten miles; then finding a route going west, followed it about the same distance; still no sign of Railroad. The country I was now in was a perfect wilderness. I asked myself the question again, "Where am I?" I must know at all hazards. I'll risk the first house I come to. Seeing one soon after, I made up to it. A man and his family were sitting at breakfast. Said I, "If you please sir, where am I?—how far is it to Elk River—how far to the Railroad?" Well, sir, Elk River is about a hundred yards from here, and to the railroad is about two miles." "How can I cross the river, sir?" "There is a ferry about half a mile down." "Thank you—good morning, sir." I found the river, and in ten minutes found a fording place, and waded through the swift stream, not being willing to be caught at a ferry. By dodging farm houses and numerous strolling parties (Sunday being a loafing, lounging day in general in such backwoods places,) I got on well enough to Tullahoma—another hot secesh crib. I was cautioned by a woman who lived near that place, that almost everybody in that neighborhood was a self-constituted scout, to act singly or collectively as case may require. I gave that town a wide berth; and the only incident that happened was my meeting in a cross road a young fellow on horseback who as soon as he saw me, gave a loud scream and set off at a gallop; whether it was to scare me, or I had scared him, I know not, as I did not hear any more of him. It accelerated my speed for a [illegible].

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

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

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Information Wanted.

Willie Riley Patrick, aged eleven years, left school at Minden, Ill., last October, and probably joined an Illinois or a Missouri Regiment, as a drummer boy. He is tall, slender, dark

complexion and hair and ark grey eyes; is very active and quick. His widowed mother, living in Nashville, is exceedingly anxious to hear from him; and editors in Missouri and Illinois will do a great kindness by publishing this notice.

Another.

William Boyle aged 14 years, left Chambersburgh, Pa., with the 77th Reg't. Penn. Co. A. when last heard of he was in the hospital at Murfreesboro'. Where is he?

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

Wanderers from the fold of patriotism, who have gone from the protecting shadow of the flag of your country, come home, oh, come home! Thousands of your fellow citizens, your relatives, your neighbors, stand with outstretched arms and eager eyes, tearfully awaiting your return. Do you not hear the clansmen of the Union rallying once more along the hills of Tennessee? Breaks not on your ear the familiar strains of Yankee Doodle, and Hail Columbia, and the Star-spangled Banner? Do you not behold the same old flag which floated over Lundy's Lane, and Lake Champlain, and Monterey, and Chapultepec, and Buena Vista, flying at the head of triumphant legions and victorious navies? does not your hearts warm within you at the recollection of a thousand holy and patriotic memories? come back to the Union. Desert the black flag of a falling and ignominious rebellion. Fly from the rebel camp as from a city cursed with the leprosy or the plague.

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

Every time a rebel woman meets a Union soldier on the streets she should blush for very shame at the miserable calumnies she heaped upon him, when she charged them with being robbers, housebreakers and insulters of women. Every soldier she sees is a living witness how foully and wantonly and causelessly she slandered him.

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

"What abominable lies we have been told!" exclaimed an uncombed, unwashed and uncomely Newbern damsel of forty-five summers, as Burnside's gallant boys were filing past. "Why, they said the Yankees were after 'beauty and booty,' but they haven't touched me yet!" And she lifted up her voice and wept that she had been so deceived.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Summary: Theatre. "Little Dorritt; or My Share;" song, highland fling, "Rough Diamond."

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

In speaking of rebel women in our paper, we refer *almost exclusively* to that class which indulges in impertinence and insult to Union men and soldiers in the street. Such conduct is coarse, ill-bred and essentially vulgar. We believe such women are rare in the city. We know that among the ladies who sympathize, mistakenly, with the rebellion are many of pure and warm and gentle hearts, who indeed deserve the name of ladies. Such we ever treat with the highest respect.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

"Beauty and Booty."

When the Confederates evacuated Williamsburg, Gen. Magruder brought away six women who were suspected of being friendly to the Union cause, in order to guard against their giving information. After being held captives two or three days they were set at liberty, and arrived at West Point this morning, where they stated to Gen. Franklin that their persons had been violated by Gen. Magruder and other officers high in rank.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Don Caesar de Bazan"; dance; "Swiss Swains"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Franklin (La.) Banner tells us how the ladies in that region are freeing themselves from a dependence on the North for shoes. It says:

["] The cheapest way that they make them is to take the soles of old shoes, soak them in water until they are limber, pick out the old stitches, fit them to the last after the cloth is fitted to the same, sew the soles to the cloth with strong waxed thread, and then turn the shoe, nail the heel to its place, and the shoe is done. It is cheap, serviceable, and a very good cloth shoe.["]

Hunting up the "cast off soles of Northern shoes" looks promising for rebel independence, don't it?

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

We tender many thanks to a lady of this city, who sent us a very elegant bouquet of the sweetest flowers of spring, typifying the glorious "Red, White and Blue" of the National Union flag. May God bless her as we do.

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

A gentleman informs us that he heard a woman, a professed Christian, say, the other day: "If a son of mine were to desert the Confederate army, I would make him go back." Aye, go back to toil, to hardships, to filth, to hunger, and to disease. Go back to nights of anguish and days of sorrow. Go back to rebellion, to treason, and to certain death. May God forgive that unfeeling, unmotherly mother! What madness is this rebel frenzy!

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

"Here comes a Lincoln dog," exclaimed a lady who was walking with another, as they met a Union officer on our streets the other day. Shame! Shame! Shame!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Patriotism and Woman.

The following from Joseph Holt is one of the most eloquent passages in modern oratory: ["] Next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and of home. In all centuries and climes it has lived and has defied chains and dungeons, and racks to crush it. It has strewed the earth with its

monuments, and has shed undying lustre [sic] on a thousand fields on which it has battled. Through the night of ages, Thermopylae glows like some mountain peak on which the morning sun has risen, because twenty-three hundred years ago, this hallowing passion touched its mural precipices and its frowning crags. It is easy however to be patriotic in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of prosperity. It is national sorrow, it is war with its attendant perils and horrors, that tests this passion, and winnows from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still love their country more.["]

The same orator, passes this beautiful eulogium on female patriotism. There are some blessed and precious ones in Nashville to whom it is appropriate, and some, alas! to whom it is not.

["] It can never be forgotten that it was from a Spartan mother that came those words of heroic patriotism which have never been equalled [sic] by any that have fallen from the lips of man. For more than twenty centuries the deepening shadows have fallen upon the rivers and the seas, upon the mountains and the plains of the past, and yet, from the midst of all this gloom these words still gleam out upon us like lightning from a summer's cloud. For more than two thousand years the earth has been convulsed and shaken to its moral foundations; nations and generations of nations have risen and perished by slow decay or amid the shock of battles; and the wail of our stricken race has gone up over the sepulchres [sic] alike of men and of empires. Yet above all this these words have floated down to us, and still float abroad upon the airs of the world like some kindling strain of music, ever caught up and ever repeated with flashing eyes and heard with wildly pulsating hearts. Such is the power of patriotism, and such the spell its truth full expression exerts over the great spirit of humanity. To woman, ever timid in the sunshine, but ever brave in the storm, we offer our thanks for this, and we feel that we must shut our ears to the voices of her love and veil our souls from the illuminations of her presence, before we can cease to be willing to live and to die in defence [sic] of those institutions which more than all others have existed, have given to her that position of [illegible] and moral power which the shining impress she bears from her Creator's hands so fully entitles her to occupy.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The Ladies in the Captured Cities.

An article with this caption appears in the *Richmond Dispatch* of May 9th, which is certainly the most withering rebuke to a certain class of females which we have sometimes had occasion to speak of in our columns, that has yet come to our notice. The *Richmond* editor has read frequent recounts of insults offered to Union officers and soldiers, and so indignant is he that women should so far divest themselves of their native modesty that he declares these accounts must be fabricated by their enemies. Could a more scathing censure be uttered against female insolence?

From the *Richmond Dispatch* May 9.

["] Nothing has disgusted us in the letter writing abominations of the Northern scribes more than their absurd stories of the deportment of the ladies in Nashville and other captured Southern cities to the Yankee invaders. The accounts they publish of vulgar coarseness to them, on the part of well-bred Southern women, are evidently the emanations of their own coarse and vulgar

minds. We do not believe that Southern ladies would condescend to make *indelicate* and *unladylike* manifestations of their detestation of the invaders. They would not put themselves on a level with such creatures, nor unnecessarily expose themselves to insult. Their abhorrence of them is too intense and profound to babble like a shallow brook. It is too sacred and dignified to fret away its force in idle words. There are some things so holy, that it is sacrilege even to discuss them, and some wretches so vile, that the denunciation of the good and pure, instead of acting as a reproof only elevates their self-esteem. The deepest feelings are always the least demonstrative, and passion that vents itself in words is rarely deep seated and long lived. We do not believe the gross Yankee libels upon our country women, not only because they are ladies, but because they hate and scorn the invaders of their country with a depth and intensity which can only be expressed by the most frigid reserve and scrupulous avoidance of all communication with them.["]

And now let the poor delicate creatures who have been in the habit of growling when they meet a Union officer "Lincoln shoulder strap" and "Lincoln dog" look in this mirror held up by a rebel friend and "see themselves as others see them." Unluckily, however, for the Richmond paper it records with great satisfaction the following conversation which took place at Norfolk between a soldier and a she-rebel, which exhibits a coarseness in the latter almost unparalleled.

One of the Federal soldiers went into a millinery store, when the following colloquy ensued:

Yankee—Have you any crape?

Lady—Yes; what do you want with it?

Yankee—To use it for a mourning badge.

Lady—Who is dead—one of our soldiers?

Yankee—No; one of ours.

Lady—Then you can't have the crape.

So the Yankee had to do his mourning for his dead companion without the show of crape.

Think of a woman displaying the ferocity of a hyena which digs up the bodies of the dead, and violates the sanctity of the grave!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

["]Governor Johnson of Tennessee, is as good as his word, and that's as good as a king's bond. A Union soldier was recently fired at in Murfreesboro by concealed foes, and for this, twelve secessionists were arrested, including a brother of Mrs. Ex-President Polk, and taken to Nashville, where they are held in custody. Every outrage within the broad sphere of the Governor's sway will be avenged with equal promptitude.—Louisville Journal. ["]

We trust and pray that the prompt and determined policy of Gov. Johnson will be imitated by President Lincoln, and the Union authorities everywhere. We are in a wild and fearful revolution, and it is only the heart and nerve of an Oliver Cromwell or an Andrew Jackson, which can grapple successfully with the thousand secret foes which beset us. Thank Heaven, we believe that Tennessee has an Executive able, willing and ever ready to

"Set his life upon the cast
And stand the hazard of the die,"

however fiercely may rage the storm of opposition.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre: "Tale of Blood"; song; dance; "Toodles"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre: "Don Caesar de Bazan;" dance; "Swiss Swains"

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

A Secret Rebel Order.

We are told that a secret Rebel Club has been holding night meetings in our city during the past week for the purpose of uniting the rebel vote upon Mr. Foster. No doubt every active traitor in our city belongs to it. Let all such persons be arrested immediately.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Arrests at Wartrace

Wartrace, May 19, 1862.

Editor Nashville Union:

Dear Sir: On Sunday morning last, Major Gunkel, of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, with a detachment of his command, arrested the notorious and desperate Thomas Daniels, Captain in the Rebel army, and one of his Lieutenants, named McLaughlin, who had come home for the purpose of raising a guerrilla band of robbers and cut throats, and by their threats of hanging, forcing Union men to join them. They have threatened to hang and shoot every Union man that voted against Secession, and no doubt would have done so, as soon as they were in power. Too much praise cannot be accorded to major Gunkel for his prompt and energetic course in protecting Union men, and arresting such deep-dyed villains and assassins. A few more arrests of such men, and Wartrace and the surrounding country for twenty miles, will again be safe for Union men to live in.

Union.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "The Old Guard;" song; "Black Eyed Susan;" Sailor's hornpipe and song.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Money;" favorite dance; "Pleasant Neighbor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Theatre.—The attendance at the theatre last night was very large, and we think that every person who was there went away satisfied with the performance. The "Old Guard" and "Black-Eyed Susan" was given in a most unexceptionable manner. Each and every member of the company deserves great credit for the way in which they personated the different characters they represented. Mr. Weaver's "Haversack," in the "Old Guard," could not have been surpassed. We have not seen a piece of acting for years that we consider superior to his personation of that difficult character.

Miss Constantine, who has been an exile from the stage for some nights past again made her appearance. She has, however, lost none of her bewitching fascination, but, on the contrary, looks prettier and dances better. Isabel Cubas should look to her laurels, or she may find a formidable rival in the fair Constantine, who, although she may not claim to be an "exotic," reared beneath a "sunny sky," still she understands the "poetry of motion," and is a most faithful representative of the Terpsichorean art. In addition to the dance, she favored the audience with a song. Her voice is soft, flexible, and sweet, but of not great range. We find no fault with her singing, yet we like her dancing better.

The bill for Monday night is very attractive, and will, no doubt, draw a crowded house.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

A letter from Charleston, S. C., says "dry goods are very scarce and very dear throughout the two Carolinas, and indeed, throughout the Confederacy. The ladies need new wardrobes sadly and bestow hearty maledictions on President Lincoln and the North generally, to whom they attribute the present obstacles to their sporting the Parisian styles. Every thing eatable is scarce, except rice and vegetables; but even these need salt, which is hard to obtain. Patience! we look for better things."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Query.

Would it not be better for ladies as well as preachers to *pray* for those they mistakenly regard their enemies, instead of addressing them anonymous letters, filled with acrimony and vindictiveness? A long peppery lecture (not a *curtain* lecture, thank God!) written in beautiful female chirography, accompanied with an "anxious desire," so the writer says, that it may appear in our columns, came to us yesterday. The writer signs herself "*Yours*." No, she isn't *ours*, and we bless our stars for it! We won't publish the note because the writer has taken up the cudgel for a very unworthy person, and because we won't take garter lashings or lectures from a lady who calls us "a curse," and the Constitution of the country, that master-piece of human wisdom, "a *God-forsaken Constitution*." Her last idea is a mere plagiarism from old Lloyd Garrison's Boston Liberator, which calls the Constitution "a covenant with Hell." If the lady will send us her name we will give her the information that she asks. If as she says, she is one of "Mother Eve's fairest," she must *look* a great deal better than she *writes*.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Thirty-Six Rebel soldiers take the Oath of Allegiance.

Our correspondent at Murfreesboro' states that at the great Union meeting there on Saturday thirty-six Tennesseans who had come back from the Confederate army at Corinth, renounced the rebellion publicly and took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government! What a touching spectacle that must have been to the eyes of every patriot. There is most decided and eloquent testimony as to the great change now going on in this State. We hear of like changes going on in every quarter of Tennessee to which we have access. The

leaven of patriotism is working admirably. The reaction has begun, and we see in the distance the swelling head of the returning tide. Its magnificent roar will soon be resounding at our feet. Fellow-citizens, let us all be actively engaged in hastening the return of *all* Tennessee into the bonds of love and union. Let no loyal man be idle or luke-warm. Work night and day.

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

Union Meeting at Murfreesboro.

On Saturday last, notwithstanding the rain in the early part of the day, a large audience, composed chiefly of the "bone and sinew" of Rutherford county, assembled in Convention at Murfreesboro, to take into consideration their relations to the Federal Government. Wm. Spence, Esq., a man deeply devoted to the interests of the Union, was called to the chair. Dr. E. D. Wheeler moved the adoption of the resolutions of the Union Convention at Nashville. Hon. Edmund Cooper, of Shelbyville, advocated the resolutions in a speech of about an hour's length, characterized by marked ability and true eloquence, pervaded by a lofty and noble patriotism. He pointed them to the best government on earth—a government which had been their pride and boast—a government which had secured unparalleled prosperity at home and commanded the respect of all nations abroad—a government which had grown with a rapidity never before known, because founded—in the choice and the affections of the people—the only government which had attained complete civil and ecclesiastical liberty—a government whose only object was the happiness of the people. Yet, this government so pure in its aims, so beneficent in its action, showering its blessings as freely as the rains of heaven, productive of nothing but happiness, had been sought to be overthrown by persons who owed their all to its goodness and justice and wisdom. What was the offence committed? Treason. What is the penalty attached to this offence by every nation of the earth? Death. But here again the benevolence of the Government interposed and said, no, let not a drop of blood flow from one of her people who would renew his loyalty. In unity there is strength. The spider's attenuated web could be blown asunder by every breeze; but you could multiply these threads, until their mighty strength could suspend the anchor of the proudest vessel that rides the waves of the ocean.

We regret the lack of time and space to report Mr. Cooper fully and accurately. His speech did honor to himself and justice to the occasion, and was listened to with undivided attention, and its effect was evident and happy.

Gov. Andrew Johnson followed Mr. Cooper. Never have we seen him in better plight. Here he had been heard, in days gone by, advocating the policy of the Government; now he was battling for its existence. Long, in time past, had the dear of the State been turned to him for counsel and advice; now was the deepest anxiety manifested again to hear his voice. His presence was inspiring, his whole countenance was lit up with animation, and his eyes glowed and sparkled with the intensity of feeling. There was a rush of the anxious to the stand, to catch the first word he uttered.

He began by reminding them of former times, when political differences obtained, which it was now pleasant to refer to, because those discussions were all conducted beneath the stars and stripes which this day floated over them, and underneath which they now proposed to pledge and renew their allegiance. His great familiarity with the political history of the country enabled him to show concisely and accurately the rise and progress of secession from its incipiency until the attainment of such gigantic proportion as emboldened it to lay its unhallowed and ruthless

hands upon the bonds of the Union and attempt to break them asunder—while his resistless, searching logic ferretted [sic] out the sophisms of the specious catchword of "southern rights," and exposed their fallacies in all their glaring inconsistency. His burning, thrilling eloquence, rising with the occasion, embraced the subject in all its bearings and dependencies, portrayed in colors of glowing light the beauty, the grandeur and the happiness of our Government, emanating in the labors and sacrifices, the blood and treasure of our ancestors, secured and established by their wisdom and justice and transmitted to us with their blessings. He showed the patience and long suffering of the Government—its deep love for the people—it spoke more in sorrow than in anger—even now inviting them to the enjoyment of its affection and protection, and proclaimed peace and good will toward all men who would return within the pale of its mercy. For them the tear trembled, but the rod was not raised. It was only upon the persistent, hardened guilty that its punishment would fall, but upon such with crushing force and power, dividing marrow and bone. The pleasure of listening to the speaker was heightened by observing the effect upon the crowd. They swayed to and fro before him like fields of waving grain before the wind. At one moment their faces were brightened with smiles, and again the tears streamed down their cheeks. For more than three hours they stood and listened without moving from their places. We have attended many, many popular gatherings, but never before did we see a speaker command such attention. We have often heard Governor Johnson, but never when so able, so convincing, so eloquent. We regard this as the most masterly effort of his life. He was in the State of his youth, whence from the humblest avocation he had risen by his own sterling worth to the highest honors, and in the promotion of the prosperity of the State in the Union, he had spent the toil and labor of his life. This beloved State had been sought to be torn from that dear Union, and to prevent which the people had assembled to advise and counsel with him. What more could inspire a man? What more could move a people? No wonder that when he had concluded his speech, they crowded around him, exchanged greetings and were still reluctant to separate from him.

It is almost superfluous to add, that these resolutions were unanimously adopted.

During the day, thirty-four men, members of Capt. Barclay's Company, 11th Tennessee Regiment, Col. Smith, came before the Provost Marshal, took the oath of allegiance, and are now at home. How beautifully this illustrates the magnanimity of the Government, and the moral courage of the men. The following are the names:

[list]

We are happy to observe the Union sentiment that is beginning to obtain in Rutherford county.

We will avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to E. L. Jordan, Esq., and lady, and to Wm. Spence, Esq., and family, for their great courtesy, kindness and hospitality to your correspondent.

C.

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

Summary: Theatre. "The Old Guard;" song; favorite dance; "Little Treasure"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Careless and Cruel.—Sunday evening last, as a Mrs. Brown was out walking in north Nashville, with two small children, a man came riding blindly by, and ran over the smallest child, disabling it, it is supposed, for life. For a long time the little sufferer was thought to be

dead. The child may recover from its injuries and live, but it will never entirely recover from its sad affliction. We understand that three well known gentlemen were hard by at the time, and promptly assumed the authority to arrest the offender. He was tried before the Recorder yesterday morning and fined \$53 for violating city ordinance, and held to bail to answer a charge before the Criminal Court, we believe.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 28, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Othello;" song; favorite dance

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

Summary: Theatre. "Beauty and the Beast;" pas seul; "Who Speaks First?"

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

Mosquito Lace,
Mosquito Nets.
Palmer's Patent Canopy.
Hartwell's do do.
All Other Styles of
Frames and Nets,
Wholesale or Retail, by
G. L. & J. B. Kelty,
359 Broadway, New York.

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

Theatre.—A rich treat will be offered the patrons of this establishment to-night—a feast not only for the lovers of music but also the admirers of Terpsichore. "Beauty and the Beast," with all the original music, will be presented with due regard to scenery, &c.

The performance commences with the favorite comedy of "Who Speaks First." We anticipate a crowded house.

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

Something for Secession Ladies.

Gen. Rousseau relates the following incident in a letter from Shiloh, which we commend to the perusal of those ladies who have perverted their influence in society to the untimely destruction of many a thoughtless boy, the breaking of many a sister's and mother's heart, the arraying of brother against brother, and the inhuman murder of many, the morning of whose life was so bright with the roseate and golden hues of unclouded promise. No wonder the gallant Rousseau, who had just bared his breast to the fiery storm of battle with undaunted courage, wept freely, as he stood by the side of the dying boy who had fallen into the snare of rebellion. He writes:

["]Two days after the battle of Shiloh I walked into a hospital tent on the ground where the fiercest contest had taken place, and where many of our men and those of the enemy had fallen. The hospital was exclusively for the wounded rebels, and they were laid thickly around.

Many of them were Kentuckians, of Breckinridge's command. As I stepped into the tent and spoke to some one, I was addressed by a voice, the childish tones of which arrested my attention: "That's Gen. Rousseau! General, I knew your son Dickey. There is Dick? I knew him very well." Turning to him, I saw stretched on the ground a handsome boy about sixteen years of age. His face was a bright one, but the hectic glow and flush on the cheeks, his restless manner, and his grasping and catching his breath, as he spoke, alarmed me. I knelt by his side and pressed his fevered brow with my hand, and would have taken the child into my arms, if I could. "And who are you, my son?" said I. "Why I am Eddy McFadden, from Louisville," was the reply. I know you, General, and I know your son Dick. I've played with him. Where is Dick?" I thought of my own dear boy, of what might have befallen him; that he, too, deluded by villains, might, like this poor boy, have been mortally wounded, among strangers, and left to die. My heart bled for the poor child, for he was a child; my manhood gave way, and burning tears attested, in spite of me, my intense suffering. I asked him of his father? He had no father. Your mother? he had no mother. Brothers and sisters? "I have a brother," said he. "I never knew what soldiering was. I was but a boy and they got me off down here." He was shot through the shoulder and lungs. I asked him what he needed. He said he was cold and the ground was hard. I had no tents nor blankets; our baggage was all in the rear at Savannah. But I sent the poor boy my saddle blanket, and returned the next morning with lemons for him and the rest; but his brother, in the Second Kentucky regiment, had taken him over to his regiment to nurse him. I never saw the child again. He died in a day or two. Peace to his ashes. I never think of this incident that I do not fill up as if he were my own child.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

We are indebted to Mayor Smith for a copy of the Memphis Appeal of the 22d last. It contains several paragraphs which will be of interest to our readers. It speaks in this mournful style of

The City.

The city is a dull place. The lamp post committees and street corner congregations are poorly attended; change has become a myth; the landing is well adapted for a solitary walk by any sentimentalist wishing to meditate undisturbed upon the mutability of human affairs; our stores close of their own accord every afternoon; the coffee houses are all shut up by the Provost marshal, and the only lively spot that greets the wanderer's eye is Court Square, which is now a beautiful place to spend an idle hour in and is much frequented by the juveniles in the evening, who make it gay with their ringing laughter and their innocent sports. Persons disposed to the blues should frequent the square before sunset each fine day. The streets were in their best trim yesterday, the rain having laid the dust and purified the gutters.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Vicksburg.

The Citizen of the 17th inst., says: "Our market is almost 'played out,' and our grocery stores have all been removed except *one*, and the stock in this one is so nearly exhausted that one or two days more will clean it out. It is becoming a serious question where groceries can be

procured after this.—Many families who have moved into the country with three days' provisions are now entirely out of supplies, and how they will manage to get more is a puzzle to many very hard to solve."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Beauty and the Beast;" pas seul; "Little Devil"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 30, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Important Order—Look Out!

The following order just issued by Gen. Dumont is one of much interest to merchants of all kinds and their customers from a distance:

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

General Orders No. 7.

Whereas, it is represented to me that salt, bacon, coffee, iron, leather, medicines and other goods, are being sold in this city and finally find their way to the enemy:

It is ordered that no goods shall be sold in, or taken away from this town or vicinity, towards the enemy's lines, without a written permit from the Provost Marshal of the city, which permit shall specify and contain an accurate list of the articles that may be bought, sold and shipped; but this prohibition shall not apply to necessary articles, not contraband in small quantities absolutely necessary for family use, sold to citizens of the town or neighborhood, the person selling and buying and transporting being held to a rigid accountability that no improper use is made of the same.

Any person violating this Order, or in any way aiding or consenting to its violation, will be held as an enemy and punished accordingly.

All guards and officers are charged with the arrest of any and all persons violating this Order, and will examine wagons and other vehicles of transportation, to see that it is enforced.

By order of

Brig. Gen. E. Dumont

D. Braden, A. A. G.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, May 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "Richard the Third"; dance; "Box and Cox"

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

Theatre.—Richard III, drew another fashionable audience on Saturday night. Mr. Hamilton as the crooked back tyrant, did exceedingly well; while Mr. Weaver as Richmond more than realized anticipation. In fact, all the characters were well sustained, and would reflect credit upon establishments of greater pretensions. On Monday night, an unusually strong bill—Maid of Croissey—for the first time this season. Mr. Weaver as the bluff old Sergeant; Pierce as Francis; Everett as Walter; Mrs. Bernard as Theresa; Miss Scanlan as Manette. The Maid of Croissey is one of those legitimate two act dramas that will always retain possession of the stage;

and to find a stronger cast than the above would be difficult. Beauty and the Best for the last time. Why the management withdraw it we cannot say, unless it be for the production of fresh novelties. Many parties are deterred from bringing ladies to the theatre, through fear of there being a disturbance. Such ideas are erroneous, as there has been and will be strict order enforced. Secure your seats for Monday night.

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

Summary: Theatre. "The Stranger;" dance; "Maid with the Milking"

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

Great Union Meeting in Columbia.

We accompanied a very large delegation of our citizens to the Union meeting on yesterday, at Columbia. The cars, thirteen in number, were crowded, and hundreds went away from the depot, unable to gain admission. The town of Columbia was thronged with citizens from the surrounding country, and many from neighboring counties. The meeting was held in the Market House. The town, the home of the late President Polk, is noted as a hot bed of treason, and we saw but few of the citizens present, the audience being almost solely made up of the sober, thoughtful yeomanry of the country, the real bone and sinew of the nation. Ex-Governor Neil S. Brown, happening to be present, was urged to make a speech, and did so for over half an hour. He pronounced the rebellion a failure. In his judgment the rebellion was played out, and the longer it was kept up, the worse in all respects it would be for the South. His only brother was a prisoner in the North, he had two sons in the rebel army, but he would be forced to declare the rebellion an utter failure even though he had been the most violent secessionist alive. Tennessee was utterly lost to the Confederacy and it was the duty of her people as men of sense to advocate her restoration to the Union. Gov. Johnson addressed the crowd in a powerful speech of over two hours. It was worthy of him every way, and we can give it no higher praise. We took copious notes of both speeches, but owing to the lateness of our return have no time to give them this morning. We will reserve them for to-morrow's issues and promise our friends that they will be well repaid by a careful perusal of the addresses. The crowd, numbering between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred, listened with profound and breathless attention, and at times manifested their approval by hearty cheers. It was a *good* meeting decidedly.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Katherine i Petruchio; or, Taming the Shrew;" dance; song; "Hunting a Turtle"

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

A Nuisance.

While we will ever advocate that among the most wholesome sports that youth and manhood can indulge in that swimming is far superior to all the rest, we maintain that with a proper regard for the rights of others, that there are some localities not altogether suited to its

use. For instance, of late we have heard many complaints from ladies, whom business or pleasure compels to cross the river from the upper wharf Ferry, that they are frequently shocked by the sight of a man or half-grown boy squirming around in the water in the neighborhood of the Ferry crossing like a Mississippi cat-fish. If the guilty parties do not seek some more secluded spot to bathe, they will probably find its indulgence, in day time, conducive to trouble. We respectfully refer the subject to the City Marshal for further consideration, and earnestly ask his attention to the matter, that this nuisance may be speedily and effectually halted.

Citizens of Edgefield.

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

A municipal regulation of the city of New Orleans punishes with imprisonment in the calaboose, any women of the town found in the streets after nightfall, or who may converse from the windows of their houses with persons outside. This is, doubtless, the punishment accorded to women who may insult our soldiers, under the recent proclamation of General Butler.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Serious Family;" song; dance; song; "Loan of a Lover"

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

Summary: Theatre. "Ireland as it Was;" song, dance; "Hunting a Turtle"

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

A New Name for It.

A letter writer in Louisville says, that "some of the rebel women in that city, when they meet Federal officers pull aside their dresses *to show their contempt.*" That's a new name the Louisville girls have got for it. Well, *let 'em show it.*

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

How much better is a malignant she-rebel than a malignant he-rebel? How much better would the Devil be if he began to tuck his tail inside of a petticoat?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

. . . Corinth is the only pleasant country village I have seen in this section of the country. I was informed that it usually contained 2,200 inhabitants, of all colors, but I am inclined seriously to doubt the assertion. From 1,000 to 1,200 would be far nearer a true estimate.

The houses are built after the Southern fashion, with a front door for every room looking toward the street. This is an old feature to one used to Yankee architecture, but it is the universal style of the Southern States. The apartments of most of the houses are large and airy, and surrounded with immense porticos, where the high toned chivalry enjoy their *siesta*, in the most approved Spanish manner, except that they imbibe, before sleeping, a somewhat different beverage from the Castilians. Instead of the wines of Andalusia, they consume almost unheard of quantities of Bourbon and rifle whisky.

Not enough of the Corinthians remained to welcome us, to give me any idea of what the mass of the citizens are like. A few poor persons, the druggist referred to, and the Mayor's clerk,

and two or three wealthy males, were all that were to be found. The poor were nearly starved, and were disposed to welcome any change, as it might bring relief, but could not add to their suffering. They walked curiously around, observing the movements of the soldiers astonished at the comparatively handsome uniform they wore, and gratified that the fears they had felt had not been realized. The wealthy inmates looked from the windows of their mansions upon the Union troops, affecting the greatest scorn and disdain for the Yankees, who viewed them in return rather in a spirit of pity than revenge. . . .

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 2-3

Intercepted Rebel Letters.

A package of letters has been received in Philadelphia by the family of a United States official now at New Orleans. The epistles were taken from the mail bags and boxes in the New Orleans Post Office, by the mob which roamed through the city immediately after its capture, and ultimately fell into the hands of our officers. The following extracts develop many scenes of life in the army and in the cities and plantations of the South: . . .

Through all the female letters (and there are many) no evidence is apparent of the bitter and revengeful feelings so often attributed to the sex in the South. This is probably owing to the fact that the epistles are generally from persons of intelligence, and in the better walks of life. Jennie Flane, from a French College in Louisiana, writes cheerfully to a relative—regrets the war, and prays that the God of Battles will preserve her friend. A mother of Centreville, Ga., begs her widowed daughter to come and live with her, and offers to send a hundred dollars to pay expenses.

Bella, in four pages, tells a sad story of domestic troubles and says: "Mother cannot stand it. If the South gains her independence, she can do it as well without you. Come home." "E," a sister at Belmont, Ala., says: Try to get furloughs and come home. This letter develops a curious mode of smuggling whisky to relatives in the army, viz: by sealing it up in a tin can, in a keg of molasses. The writer confesses to her brother that his "company was so small, that the enemy will surely take all prisoners." This company garrisoned Fort Jackson, and was known as St. Mary's Cannoniers.

The Dim Star of Kentucky.

Annie G., from Prairie Home, in Kentucky, says: "War has pervaded every hamlet, and misery has stalked in its wake. I have ever thought that brave and patriotic breasts and strong arms would rear from out the ruins of a political fabric one more glorious than heaven's sun has yet shone upon, and that, when revolution's chaotic cloud should unmask it to the world, its brightest jewel would be the star of Kentucky. But now such thoughts are blasted. Kentucky can never be what she has been; and to think of her sad condition, and the probably [sic] fate of my friends, is almost beyond endurance. Oh, would that I could end this conflict, and restore my loved country to her former independent condition, by sacrificing my own life; willingly would I do it, and exclaim, "How sweet it was to die!"

A Sad Picture.

Extract from a letter dated New Orleans, April 22

.....Mon Cher Ami: Will the long life never end? Weary am I of sighing—weary of dreaming by night and weeping by day for my own husband. *Oh mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* In this world will men never be kind? In the tomb will the true God forgive the brothers who in the dark hours of this world's life, sought each other's blood? I suffer! Is death coming! Each crash of the iron guns below the city makes a widow or a childless mother. I would shriek and drown the sound. It is useless. Hereafter, husband—my own—hereafter may we meet.....

Ada.

Mrs. Hodge's "Blowing."
Extract from a letter dated New Orleans, April 22.

....."Mrs. Hodge is still blowing for the North. She says she don't care if the yankees would come here. She says they would not hurt her. She makes me so mad, sometimes, that I could slap her over. You must not think I am harsh, because if you will come down here, and hear her talk, you would say the same thing. I am afraid that I will have to go before the authorities of the city on her account. She got to talking to Sam Aby the other day, and he told one of the 'Independent Vigilance Committee' that I knew most about her, because I had boarded with her. I will be turned out of the house if I report her, but I don't care, if I can serve my country."

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

Arrest for Smuggling.

Some days ago a Mr. Morris Lusky got a permit from Provost Marshal, Col. Matthews, to take \$500 worth of Dry Goods to DeKalb county on taking the oath and giving bond. His teams were so heavily loaded that it excited the suspicions of the picket, who overhauled the load and found double the quantity of goods for which the permit was granted, together with a considerable quantity of drugs, amounting perhaps to \$800 or more. The contraband dealer will suffer for his conduct.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "William Tell, The Hero of Switzerland;" dance; "Katherine and Petruchio"

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

Notice to Retailers of Spirits.

Headquarters Provost Guard, }
Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1862. }

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the retail of ardent spirits or other intoxicating drinks, is strictly prohibited, and that henceforth, this prohibition will be rigidly and impartially enforced.

Offenders against this order will be summarily punished by fine and imprisonment.

By command of Brig. Gen. E. Dumont,

Stanley Matthews.

June 8.—3t.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-6

Letter from Nashville to the Confederate Organ in London—Who is the Writer?

The N. Y. *Post* has received a copy of the *Index*, a newspaper recently started in London by the Secession interest. It contains a letter from this city, which we give as a good specimen of rebel vulgarity, mendacity and snobbishness. Who is the polished author?

The Yankee Postoffices.

"Nashville, April 13, 1862.

"I do not trust the postoffice for we have now a federal postoffice located in our midst. I do not trust it; first, because it is known to be an outrageous contrivance of espionage, such as no despotism ever dreamed of, or no community with a particle of self-respect could endure for a moment, unless it were trodden into the ground by a foreign conqueror. And I do not use the accursed thing, because all of us here would rather send a special messenger, even when the case is urgent, or the distance great, than disfigure our letters with a Yankee postage stamp. However, we have little use for mail bags; all business but the petty retail trade is at a total end. It was with some difficulty, and not until after the municipal authorities and invited them by proclamation, that the country people could be induced, in any considerable numbers, to supply the markets with our daily wants."

"Mudsill" Rulers.

"A deep, heavy gloom rests over our city. Most of its business offices and larger stores are shut up. The most respectable citizens seldom, if ever, get out of doors, and our ladies are never seen in the streets. The Yankees, *upon a whole, behave very well* and even make a show of decent behavior and discipline. But the sight of them is hateful, and their very presence is an insult we can never forgive. They insult us more by professing to be 'forbearing.' The d----d vulgarians in command can't even conceal the sneer and triumph which lurks in the corner of their mouths. If a French or English army had occupied our town we might, at least, respect the officers and treat them as gentlemen; but when some fellow whom you knew years ago as a pettifogging low-lived attorney struts through the streets as a colonel, or even a brigadier, and your landlord while you were last at the North with your family or your fashionable New York tailor, turns up as an adjutant, or a captain, or a major, the stomach sickens. _____, who made _____'s boots going on ten years, was officer of the patrol a few nights since, and arrested one of my negroes for being out after hours, and sent him back to me with a very polite note of apology."

Nashville's Humiliation.

"Other towns have heard the tramp of foreign soldiery; other towns have obeyed the stern behests of hated conquerors; other towns have had their life-blood drained from them by bloodsuckers at their vitals; but was there ever a town so cruelly humiliated as ours? These fellows, whom we have known all our lives as a lying set of tradesmen, by whom we allowed ourselves to be robbed, from very indolence and love of ease—these fellows that cajoled us and courted us in our happier days; who smirkingly asked our custom, and whom we used to treat with that politeness that well bred men extend, from instinct, to inferiors—this set of bag men, money-lenders, hotel keepers, shoemakers, and tailors, to come here to lord it over us, to parade our streets in showy uniforms, with sash and sword, and monkey like mock gravity and attitude of command! And to feel that these men really rule us, that it is not a grotesque show to be laughed at, but a daily, hourly, incessant reminder of our disgrace and shame! Parade the streets, I said; why there is not one of these hounds that has the grace to take sword and sash off when they enter a church. Coming always after the service has commenced, they disturb the peaceful congregation with the clinking of their swords in the last refuge that is left to our women, for the men are too desperate to pray. Why should we? Our religion commands us to forgive our enemies as we would ourselves be forgiven. May God forgive me, but I cannot keep this commandment."

The writer further on maintains that Tennessee is still loyal to the Confederacy—that pictures of Davis, Beauregard and Johnston, (the latter draped in mourning), are on every mantel-piece, and that Mrs. _____, of Nashville, has a Confederate flag under a piano cover ready to display on the return of the Confederate troops to that city.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 2. c. 1

Memphis Surrendered.

Memphis was taken on the 7th instant by our gunboats. She yielded as quietly as a kitten, as placidly as a dove, as softly as a dying zephyr, as quietly as a lamb, as noiselessly as an exhausted trout, as passively as a played-out rabbit, as unresistingly as a buxom damsel who falls back panting into the arms of her pursuing lover after a run of five hundred yards. Thermopylae Memphis, Gibraltar [sic] Memphis, she whose igniverous [sic?] chivalry were to shed the ultimate sanguinary current of their veins in the last ditch has bowed her head to the peerless Stars and Stripes. Huzza for redeemed Memphis! Nine cheers and a tiger for the disenthralled Bluff City! Now will her star roll upward and onward through the national sky.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Rebel Refinement.

A correspondent says that a lady passed the quarters of the 51st Ohio, a few days ago, and amused herself in flaunting a secesh flag at the soldiers. No notice whatever was taken of her by the soldiers. The soldiers did exactly right, and the woman—just exactly what might be expected of a weak mind poisoned with the venom of treason.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

"Oh where tell me where,

Have our Nashville laddies gone?"

When the rebels "skedaddled" from this city, a good many of our Upper Tenbloods left with them in disgust, declaring that they would not, could not live in a city so cowardly as not to defend itself against the Yankees. "Why," said they, "don't the people lay it in ashes, rather than yield? Burn down the d----d city!" They fled indignantly to----*Memphis!* We want to hear now from our valiant and unconquerable refugees!

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

Correction.

In a paragraph in Sunday's issue, "Arrest for Smuggling," we committed an error, so Mr. Morris Lusky informs us, in naming him as the guilty person. He says it should have been Myre Luskey. Of course we make the correction cheerfully and ask pardon of the gentleman whom we published as the offender at first.

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

Theatre.—Bulwer's Comedy of Money, which is generally acknowledged as the great novelist's happiest effort, will be the attraction to night. This piece has been performed oftener and given greater satisfaction than any Comedy on the modern stage. Mr. Claude Hamilton, as Alfred Evelyn the Poor Scholar; Mr. Weaver, as John Vesey; Mr. Everett, as Graves; Pierce, as Sir Frederick; Duffield, as Captain Dudley Smooth. Mrs. Hattie Barnard, as Clara; Miss Scanlan, as Lady Franklin; Miss Moore, as Georgina. In order to do full justice to this admirable comedy no other piece will be played in conjunction with it.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

The Theatre.

The following strikes us as a good suggestion:

Editor Nashville Union:

Dear Sir: As I am a true Union man, and being anxious that our little Theatre should flourish, let me suggest that the managers either restore the shield of our Union, which has been defaced by some Demon on the arch of the stage, or else substitute the Bust of Shakespeare or Washington instead. As it now is, it is offensive to all good lovers of the Union, and prevents many from supporting the establishment. The performers are generally excellent, and should the proprietors comply with this *just* request, no doubt but they would realize soon a great change in their pecuniary receipts.

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

Fruit Jars, &c.

50 Dozen 1 and 2 Quart Glass Fruit Jars, without stoppers.

70 Dozen 1 and 2 Quart Glass Jars, Cork Stoppers.

20 Assorted Sizes Platform Scales best kind.

1,000 lbs. Assorted Annealed Wire.
6 Dozen Assorted Sizes Patent Ice Cream Freezer.
25 Barrels Best Coal Oil, at Wholesale and Retail.
A Good Supply of Coal Oil Lamps, Chimney Wicks, etc.

For sale by J. W. Wilson.
47 College Street.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Watch Them.

We are satisfied that the leading rebels of this city design some mischief. For some days they have been throwing out dark hints about a rebel expedition on Murfreesboro', and predicting the recapture of Nashville. They could not conceal their delight at the capture of our scouts at Readyville on Saturday, imitating in the tenderness and humanity of their comments their humane brethren of Baltimore. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the city has numbers of spies who send news by couriers every night to the guerrilla officers, who communicate in turn with their headquarters at McMinnville. The safety and peace of the city imperatively demands, in our opinion, the immediate arrest and imprisonment of a number of the most active and influential rebels among us. The arrest of the little fellows does no good, as it exasperates those arrested and actually emboldens the wire-workers behind the scenes, who infer from this policy that the Government is merely playing a game of brag, and is attempting to frighten those whom it lacks the courage to attack. This course is producing incalculable mischief. We must confine our blows to the leaders, not only those in arms, or holding civil appointments under rebel authority, but those *particularly*, who, although ostensibly neutral, are yet privately supplying money, clothing, arms, ammunition and information to the guerrilla leaders. All such parties must be seized and held in confinement, and made to disgorge as much for the use of the Government as they have paid to the cause of treason. Why is a man allowed to talk his treason in our streets who was the avowed secession candidate for Circuit Judge, and supported as such by the rebels? Why is a paper tolerated in this city under the protection of the Federal flag, whose editor was one of the editors of the infamous *Union and American*, and who, if his friend Isham Harris were to return in triumph to Nashville, would raise the standard of treason with a shout of exultation? Let the hand of justice seize on these and all similar offenders. We have dallied too long. We have held out the olive branch and the white flag and the only response these malignants have given has been the snarl of the mad dog and the hiss of the infuriated serpent. In what we have said we mean to cast no reflections on the ability, the efficiency, or the fidelity of our military and civil authorities. We admire their magnanimity and patience in putting up so long, at the risk of their own safety, with the insolence of the rebels. Their course proves conclusively that as representatives of the Federal Government they have been fully determined not to resort to force when moral means could be used successfully. These means have been tried on the rebel aristocracy and failed in almost every instance. These demoniac spirits have felt our magnanimity and laughed it to scorn, and now let them feel our power and vengeance, and laugh—if they can.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Notice.

Thus far this week the Theatre has been remarkably well attended; and we are pleased to record an increased desire upon the part of our citizens and strangers to encourage the efforts of the management. Several reforms have been made in front of the house—no more boys smoking cigars and hanging around the entrance. This is as it should be. Tonight the exciting Melo-drama, written by the talented but erratic John Howard Payne, will be produced with a capital cast. The graceful Miss Constantine dances; and the whole to wind up with the farce of "The Dead Shot." On dit—that great preparations are making for Friday Night, for the benefit of a popular actress. Young gentlemen, send your invitations to the girls in time, so as to secure your seats.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Therese; or, The Orphan of Geneva;" dance; "The Dead Shot"

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

Head-Quarters District of the Ohio. }
Nashville, May 7, 1862. }

Col. Stanley Mathews, Provost Marshal, Nashville, Tennessee:

Colonel: The General Commanding has been reliably informed that certain houses in this city which have been taken possession of by the Military authorities, are now occupied by officers who were not authorized to so occupy them by competent authority.

He directs me to call your attention to the fact, and instructs you to take the necessary steps to cause the houses to be vacated at once.

Officers performing Staff duties in the city, Surgeons in charge of Hospitals, and the officers of the Provost Guard are alone allowed to live in quarters. Surgeons of Hospitals must live in their Hospitals or in their *immediate* vicinity. Officers of the Provost Guard, except the Provost marshal, must have their quarters in the building occupied by the Provost Guard, or in the *immediate* vicinity.

You will at once report all violations of these instructions to these Head-Quarters. Authority to occupy houses possessed in the name of and for the United States will in future issue from these Head-Quarters only.

I am sir, very respectfully, &c.,
(Signed)

O. D. Greene, A. A. G.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Skedaddletown, June 2, 1862.

Mr. Editor: I think it would be a great advantage to the cause which you are so well advocating to re-publish the letter of James Robb, as so few have read it. I took a great deal of pains to read it to many persons, but finally I lost the paper. I should like several copies for distribution. He is evidently a very intelligent and sincere man, an excellent judge of character, and a thorough and observing man of business. The growth of the Great West has been so unparalleled that his statement will astonish almost all of the Southern people. Last year at this time I was very indignant at Lincoln's proclamation, and like all the rest of the South, got into a terrible passion with the Administration. The Slave States are like a hand of brothers; one of them a worthless scamp, who the rest all know deserves hanging; but if any one attempts to give

him his deserts, they all rush to his assistance and rescue him at the risk of their lives. Before Lincoln's proclamation all were wishing that South Carolina was sunk or annihilated, as she had always been mutinous; but the moment an attempt was made to punish her, the chivalrous South rose in arms to the rescue of the vile member of the family. The fact is Tennessee and Kentucky thought they could walk out of the Union without ever saying to the Government, "by your leave." They ought at least to have shown their gratitude for past favors by bidding a respectful farewell; and even now, after Tennessee has surrendered herself to a superior power that she had not the *faintest conception of*, she frets, fumes, raves, and blusters, and swears she will never submit. The women (God help them) are worse than the men. They say they would sooner be laid in their graves than live again under the United States administration. Some of them very old, with one foot in the grave, that have lost sons in this unholy war, are ready to sacrifice the remainder; and, with dishevelled [sic] hair and eyes flashing with fury and vindictiveness, call upon God to curse the Lincolnites with disease, pestilence, and famine; and the girls who used to be called "angels," are now, with rage and disappointment, transformed into fiends. (What a blessed thing it is that there is *no possible prospect* of their ever being married, to raise children in their *degenerated state*.) The amiable creatures grind their teeth, clench their fists, and, with those once called "heavenly orbs" flashing with rage and vengeance, say they would like to tear out the hearts of these soldiers, and grind them under their feet. If now, in their youth and beauty, they will descend to such vulgar epithets as they are in the habit of using, and such brutal anathemas, what will they be when they are *old maids*, as they *surely will be*, as all the young men that were worth having are prisoners of war or in the army; many have died a sacrifice and martyrs in what they supposed a glorious cause, and their blood calls aloud for vengeance on the heads of the leaders of this calamitous rebellion. The girls were all elated with the "pomp and circumstance of war," and called every young man a coward that did not enlist. They never took into consideration the chances of their being killed in battle, as they were told that one southern man was equal to twenty Northern men, and that the mere sight of a regiment of Southern men would cause a general stampede of the Yankees. I have no doubt but that the same representations induced many young men who were not very celebrated for courage to encounter the taunts of the brave girls that were so anxious to be *men* that *they* might go forth to conquer. A young lady, who was asked by an officer of high rank in the Federal army, if she was a Northern lady, replied in a very pert and insolent manner, that she was a Southern, and always expected to be. He apologized for insulting her, and said that he thought from her looks she was a Northern lady, but as soon as he heard her speak he discovered the "African brogue," and knew that he was mistaken. The officer was afterwards killed in battle. A lady, calling to see her soon afterwards, found her sitting in a deep reverie, and asked her what she was thinking about? I was just thinking whether _____ was in h____. I hope he is. Nearly all of these women (I will not call them ladies), young and old, are members of the Church, and very likely pray that they may be forgiven as they forgive others, thereby calling down a curse upon themselves. Another lady, who was present when the officer was administering the oath to some maimed prisoners who were going home, said if you meet my brothers, tell them to fight for the Southern Confederacy as long as they live; and if you see *Morgan*, give my love and good wishes for his success, and tell him I would esteem it *an honor to kiss his hand*.

Yours respectfully,
Peter Pindar.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Miss Gibson, who was with Banks's Division at Winchester as a hospital nurse, writes as follows to a lady friend in New York:

Don't you want to know the price of chivalry down here? Col. _____ heard that a young lady in Winchester was ripping up a Union flag, to turn it into a "Secesh." He sent for her and made her give it up. It was repaired and now floats over the sidewalk of the Surgeon's house, where it is a great trouble to the Winchester ladies, who cross the street rather than walk under it. The other day some of the Maine Tenth seeing one of them coming down the pavement, placed a bright silver Union "quarter" directly under the flag. Miss Secesh came up and stepped off the curb into the street as usual to go round the "dirty rag," but on seeing the piece of money she retraced her steps, and while she was stooping to pick it up was greeted by a tremendous shout of laughter. So the price of chivalry is twenty-five cents.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Effect of Treason on the Female Character.

We have had reported to us many cases of the inhumanity of the she-rebels, as they are happily styled. The Fayetteville *Reveille* reports one instance, which we shall copy. It says: ["] One of these that came under our own immediate notice while in Athens, Ala., it becomes our disagreeable task to chronicle. During the illness of one of our comrades, even when the hand of death was upon him, Lieut. Dorsey applied to a Mrs. Hobbs, the occupant of an elegant and commodious dwelling, for a bed and shelter, for a few short hours, for the dying boy. Mrs. Hobbs listened passively to the Lieutenant's request made in a polite and gentlemanly manner. When he had finished, she raised herself upon her tip-toes, stretched out her neck like a gander in moulting [sic] time, and replied, "No sir! not for one moment. I will never willingly consent that any Northern man, be he soldier or civilian, shall remain under my roof for an instant." Then wheeling majestically, she, with the air of Juno, swept gracefully into the house and slammed the door after her.["]

This was worse than rudeness, it was revolting inhumanity and brutality. It showed either that no benevolent feeling ever rested in the woman's bosom, or else that the fiendish spirit of secession had frozen the fountain of kindness, and made her blood as cold as that of a serpent. Alas, Athens is not the only place where such deeds occur, and such an ungenerous spirit exists. We have in this city women, mothers, sisters, daughters and wives professing to be christians and to follow the precepts of the Blessed Savior; women who kneel at the family altar and ask God to forgive them as they forgive others; who go to the sacramental table and partake of the holy symbols of the love of Christ in the face of the awful admonition to beware lest they eat and drink damnation to themselves. These women, too, have husbands, brothers and sons in the prisons and hospitals of the North, who are now receiving from the hands of their captors, and from the hands of loyal ladies the comforts, and often the delicacies and luxuries of life. Their tables are graced with little delicacies, sent by Union women; their eyes are cheered with the sight of bouquets [sic] from the hands of Union women; when sick, Union women have watched like sisters at their bedsides, and when they died, the gentle hands of Union women scattered flowers over their graves. We have known sick Rebel soldiers fed by Union people. Mrs. Lincoln has repeatedly left the gaiety of the White House to perform the offices of humanity

towards prisoners who had been in rebellion against the Government. And have these women of Secession sympathies been moved by these displays of kindness towards their loved ones? Have their hearts been melted at the generosity of their foes, until a noble emulation impelled them to perform like acts of kindness towards sick and wounded Federal soldiers? Oh, no! They have manifested no such angelic feeling. Let the many hospitals of our city tell the tale. Here have been for weeks pale and emaciated sufferers, stretched on beds of agony, on couches which were blessed with sweet repose neither by day or night—far from home from kindred, from familiar voices and friendly faces. Their groans are all unheeded by these *christian* women—their low moans of anguish half stifled by their pale, thin lips, have only provoked a sneer from these *pious* mothers. No parched lip, no burning, throbbing brow has been cooled by a cup of cold water from these *benevolent* sisters—no pleasant refreshment has been prepared for these sufferers by any of these *merciful* wives. Yet, if a Rebel prisoner is brought in, they burden him with caresses and services. They sweep contemptuously and unfeelingly by the bedside of a Union sufferer, and taunt his misery by lavish words of kindness towards the Rebels. Treason seems to have seared their hearts as with a red-hot iron. It has perhaps not changed their dispositions, but it has at least revealed an astonishing depravity and hardness of heart in many who once passed for angels. How can these thoughtless and wicked creatures expect to obtain mercy at the hands of God, who show none to their fellow mortals?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Theatre. "Follies of a Night"; "Jack Sheppard"

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

New Orleans She Rebels.

["] A gentleman just returned from New Orleans where he has resided since the war broke out, informs the *Albany Journal* that we have no conception of the indignities our brave fellows are compelled to suffer at the hands of fiends in petticoats. All sense of shame and decency appears to have departed from them. They rival the most degraded of street walkers, not only in ribaldry, but in obscenity. Women who have been regarded as the pattern of refinement and good breeding, indulge in language toward our officers and men which no decent journalist would dare put into print. Presuming upon the privileges of the sex, they not only assault them with the tongue, but with more material weapons. Buckets of slops are emptied upon them as they pass; decayed oranges and rotten eggs are hurled at them; and every insult that a depraved fancy can invent, is offered.—Rochester (N.Y.) Union.["]

Treason in many instances, seems to be as fatal to womanly modesty and decency, as it is to manly honor.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Rebel Epitaphs.

The following inscription is on the headboard that marks the grave of a dead rebel soldier, in the Wesleyan Cemetery, St. Louis:

"Swet [sic] spirit rest in heven [sic]

They'l [sic] be no Yankis [sic] there."

Another, a little further on, reads thus:

"Southern soldier,--
He fought and bled for the
Sunny land he loved
Black Republican, touch not!

The above are samples of the *epitaphs* in memory of these "braves," but it will hardly be credited that the following effusion is an actual copy of one of these mournful strains, savoring as it does of 'Artemus.' It was written on a head board by a lady, and copied immediately after. Did we agree with this patriotic individual in her politics we certainly could find no fault with the sentiments expressed in this dirge, though the spelling, it must be acknowledged, is rather rough; her lamentable ignorance touching things celestial, as manifested in the last line, is, however, unpardonable. She thus sings,

"Hear lize a stranger braiv,
who dide while fitin the Suthern Confederasy to save,
peice to his Dust."

"Braive Suthern frend
from I and 10
you reached a Gloryus end

"we plaze these flowrs abov the stranger's head
In honor of shiverlus ded."—N. Y. Express.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Masonic Hall Hospital.

We visited this Hospital yesterday by invitation of the Superintendent, Dr. Chase. It is a very large and well ventilated building, and is kept with the most scrupulous neatness and cleanliness. It has some 250 patients at present, who appear to be cared for in the kindest manner. It seems to be, indeed, a model hospital. We alluded the other day to some complaints about the hospital. The fault was owing entirely to *defective sewage*, and not to the internal management of affairs in the least degree. It was a matter entirely beyond the control of the managers, but this we are glad to say has been entirely remedied.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Black-eyed Susan;" song; "King Charles II."

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

Hon. Horace Maynard sent the following note to the *National Intelligencer*. It was sent to him by a lady. We commend it to the perusal and the *blushes* of the disloyal ladies of this city.

Mr. Maynard—Dear Sir: Although in a great hurry, yet not having seen you since your return, I conclude that it is best to trouble you by writing. I do wish you would write something for the *National Intelligencer* about the injustice done our sick men in sending them to the *same hospital* with the Confederate prisoners, and in permitting ladies, physicians, and others, in any numbers, to visit such hospital, and carry comforts and luxuries to the rebels, and *sympathize*

with them in every way, while our patriots are passed by *with contempt*. I cannot tell you all that I feel on this subject. Even the glorious news from Halleck I cannot enjoy while this thing is permitted to go on as it is. The effect on our noble patriotic men, as they lie there in their uniforms warm and coarse, or in the common hospital clothing, passed by the silken skirts of Confederate women, while they speak words of sympathy to the "*gentlemen*" as they call them, whom they have dressed in cool suits of summer clothing, and who lie on their sick beds with *every comfort and luxury* which friends can bestow. I have not been able to go out there yet, but I will go as soon as I can get an opportunity to ride, and I shall see for myself. *I have my information from the very best authority, however.*

Is it really so that these *wicked rebels* are to be treated as honorable men?—Treated with *more consideration* than the honest, upright patriots who have sacrificed *all* for the love of law, order, and dear native land? Is this rebellion to be looked upon with indulgence, and *these scoundrels* who have made widows and orphans by the thousand, are they to be counted heroes? God forbid! The *scorn* of the civilized world will be poured upon an *imbecile patriotism* that would permit such conduct to go unrebuked.—The *crying sin against God* of this wicked rebellion *has not been* sufficiently brought before the mind of the people. Many look upon the whole affair as a mere *political difference of opinion*. Hoping you will do something about this, by speaking or letter-writing to good Mr. W. or others of the *Intelligencer*, I am as ever, yours.

June 5, 1862.

The same disgraceful conduct on the part of rebel ladies has been witnessed here repeatedly.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Luke the Laborer;" favorite dance; "The Dead Shot"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Jeff. Davis, in his inaugural, spoke in terms of abhorrence of the Federal Government which waged war upon women and children. And yet the system of guerilla warfare waged by himself over the Border Slave States is nothing but a war waged against women and children.

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

It will be remembered that during the occupation of the theatre last winter by Keeble's Dramatic Company, that the eagle on the proscenium was defaced by a certain party or parties. The present management have received several urgent communications in regard to the above, all requesting that the same be restored or replaced. We are happy to announce that a medallion portrait of George Washington now fills the place. Surely no one can find any fault with this. At the same time, the management wish it distinctly understood that it is not their desire or intention to mix in political matters in any shape whatever—their sole aim being to give a series of dramatic entertainments which will please all, irrespective of party.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Othello"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

A Female Teamster.—On Friday, a teamster attached to an Ohio regiment, recently confined at the hospital in Nashville with the measles, was discovered to be a woman. She hails

from Gallipolis, Ohio, and first joined the regular army, when her sex was discovered, and she was rejected. She was then employed as a house servant, at 75 cents per week, when she engaged as a teamster to an Ohio regiment, at twenty-five dollars per month. She is represented at about 18 years old, and made rather a handsome boy.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Summary: Theatre: "Follies of a Night"; song; "Stage Struck Tailor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 19, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Brutal Outrage.

We are informed that on yesterday a squad of rebel cavalry visited the premises of a gentleman living near Smyrna, in Rutherford county, and requested him to burn his cotton. The gentleman very properly refused to comply with the modest request, whereupon he was informed that if he did not comply they would kill two of his negro fellows who happened to be standing by. He again refused to obey, when they fired, killing one of the negroes and mortally wounding the other.

In a short time after the committal of this most fiendish act, the up train from Nashville arrived, and its guard put in pursuit and captured four or five of the murderous scoundrels, who, we are informed, are in jail at Murfreesboro'.—Shelbyville News.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Our friend, Mr. Prentice, informs us that a "she" has written him a letter threatening to spit in his face and ours, whenever she can get a chance. He advises us to put a big quid in our mouth and spit back. We feel like *plucking* and *dressing* the goose well, and giving her a sound *basting*, but we shan't *spit* her. We don't chew, but if she sticks her bill at us, we may give her a *quid pro quo*.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. "Paul Pry; or, Hope Don't Intrude;" musical melange; "Beauty and the Beast"

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

General Dumont returned on Wednesday evening from McMinnville. He found the vaunted host of Starnes, Harris, etc., whose triumphant march into Nashville the rebels were anticipating with such rapture—vamoosed! They wouldn't stay to meet the Union boys; they skedaddled; they evaporated.—When General Dumont's force left McMinnville, there was quite an enthusiastic display of Union sentiment on the part of the people. A large crowd turned out and the rebel flag was hauled down and the national colors run up in its stead by the people. Stirring speeches were made by General Dumont and Col. Campbell of Ohio, which were loudly applauded. Many of the people wept freely for joy. There is a strong Union feeling even in this boasted rebel stronghold.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. Soldier's Daughter; for the first time, new comic song "Here's yer Mule" by Mr. Duffield; "Robert Macaire"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 21, 1862, p. 3, c. c. 2

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

At Camp Near Iuka, Miss. }
June 9th, 1862. }

. . . Thus far, the main portion of the citizens are poor, and in their poverty the rebellion has brought them to pinching want. The vandal bands of the Southern chivalry have not spared the families of the poor enough to save them from well grounded and fearful apprehensions as to the future. Indeed, it is difficult to see how starvation is to be kept from many a household in this part of Mississippi. Corn is selling at one dollar per bushel of ears, salt and coffee cannot be had—while sugar and coffee are held as fabulous prices. Nor is the supply of domestic dry goods any better or price any lower in proportion.

Cotton is quite plenty; in some places it is stacked out in square rail pens like corn in the year [sic?]; but cotton shirts are nearly played out. At one house, where we stopped for an hour, the good wife was trying to supply the place of cotton shirting, which, in the good old days of Union and peace, was sold at ten cents a yard, by spinning upon her old cast by spinning wheel the cotton rolls which she had previously carded by hand. The plantation above referred to consists of six hundred acres, one hundred of which is in cultivation; besides which the owner has a grist mill upon the creek hard by; and yet the good woman was afraid to spare us a scanty loaf of corn bread lest her own children would run short of food. No butter nor milk, nor meat could be furnished at any price.

Should the present effort to repair and use the Memphis & Charleston Railroad prove successful, and should the Mississippi river be reclaimed by the Federal forces, supplies can reach here from the granaries of the Northwest. But alas! money worthy of the name is scarcer than corn or cotton cloth. Specie is entirely out of the question; shinplasters, issued by railroad companies, hotels, livery stables and saloon keepers, for sums varying from five cents up to seventy-five cents, taking its place. Some of these shinplasters are now redeemable in Confederate scrip, when sums of five dollars are presented. With such a currency, with such scarcity of provisions, and with the productive industry of the whole country paralyzed by war, it is difficult to see how great suffering here is to be avoided.

How the People Talk and Feel.

Many intelligent citizens look upon the rebellion as hopeless, and some express their thankfulness that such is the prospect. In the streets of Iuka, I asked a citizen what his feelings were upon the subject of the rebellion, He looked around to see if any was observing him, and then replied: "I dare not be seen conversing with a Federal soldier, and dare not express my feeling." "Then you have had here a reign of terror," said I. Looking at me with mournful earnestness, he replied: "Worse than a reign of terror, a reign of hell!!"

Yesterday a party of officers stopped at the door of a non-slaveholder's house for a draught of water, and while slaking their thirst from the primitive gourd, the good woman was

asked how she liked the arrival of the Federal troops, to which she replied she was more rejoiced than ever in all her life before—she hailed our approach as a sure deliverance from the wrongs and outrages committed by the Confederate army, for which she had long and earnestly prayed. "And now," continued she, "there is one favor I ask of you; I want you to capture and kill every one of Captain Luney's company; don't for heaven's sake allow one of them to escape death."

This was said with such earnestness of manner that I was convinced the promises of outrages to be committed by Federal soldiers made by the villifying [sic] Secessionists have been fulfilled by their own diabolical deeds.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 22, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Franklin, Tenn., June 20, 1862.

Editor of the Nashville Union:

In your paper of the 13th inst., is an article referring to the violation of the graves of federal soldiers by the ladies of this town, in which you said you had waited to see some refutation of the charge, and that a denial of the statement never had been made. Such a denial you might have seen long ago, had the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, in which paper the scandalous charge first appeared, been possessed of a single feeling of justice or common honesty. I wrote to him on the first day of the present month, giving him a plain statement of the case, and asking him to publish my letter. He has never done so. Similar false charges have been made against the citizens of various towns in the south, most of which have proved to be false, many of them being branded by the Federal officers themselves. The *Journal* made similar charges against the people of Winchester and Front Royal, and in that paper of the 17th inst., on the first page, is an article stating that those charges were base lies. Three other letters besides my own were written to the *Journal*, denying these charges, and yet he has persisted in not publishing any, thus showing that he had some motive besides a love of truth in publishing such scandal.

Now, sir, I think this war has enough of horrors, full enough to make the heart ache and bleed, and quite too much that is calculated to foster hatred and ill-feeling without resorting to any such lying reports of barbarity, and hence I propose to *prove* to you that the people here are not all heathens; and I will give you the facts in the case alluded to also.

I heard the speech of Col. Campbell, and went the next morning, as did hundreds of others, to see if his statement was true. Not a single grave had been trod on, and this was plainly shown by a crust upon the fresh earth, caused by a slight shower soon after they were made, which crust was entire and unbroken, with a single exception. This was the grave of a soldier, who died at the house of a citizen. This grave had been leveled off and some flowers and twigs planted on it by some little girls who had known him on his sick bed. It may have been done roughly, but it was the honest tribute of their innocent hearts, and deserves the highest praise. This was all that was visible about the graves, and Col. Campbell was notified of the facts by the Mayor of the town and the Sexton of the grave yard, and asked to go and see for himself. He promised to do so, but *never* went. Col. Campbell made the charge, honestly no doubt, but upon false information, and he ought in common justice to have corrected it.

I said I would prove that we were not all heathens, and I will do it. The following card appeared in *Our Old Flag*, a paper published by the 69th Ohio, (Col. Campbell's regiment,) and is dated on the same day of the *Louisville Journal*, in which the charge appeared:

A Card.

["] Permit me, through the medium of your publication, to return thanks to those good citizens of the town and neighborhood of Franklin, who have been so very kind in furnishing various palatable dishes, drinks and delicacies to our sick in the Hospital—languishing upon a sick bed, far from home and those we hold near and dear. Such kindness from strangers is doubly appreciated, and will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

Lew. Slusser,
Post Surgeon.

Franklin, May 28, 1862["]

Many, in fact nearly all, of those referred to in this card are ladies, many of them secessionists as I know. They forgot their politics, and the prejudices natural to those who look upon the soldiers as their enemies, and only saw in the sick and suffering fellow creatures who needed their aid, and they freely gave it, yet in the articles referred to all are branded as demons and capable of the most heinous crimes. I tell you, sir, and I ask you to publish it to the world, that the ladies of Franklin have as great a horror of such a crime as you or anybody can have, and they would detest the perpetrator as a criminal, unworthy of society. In no place in the south has the army sick or well received more respectful and kind treatment, and every honest soldier that has been stationed here will tell you so. If needs be, I can prove the truth of what I have told you by dozens of witnesses, and in conclusion, ask you in the name of common justice to publish this letter.

Respectfully,

S. P. Hildreth.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 24, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

A Genuine "She" Rebel.

Captain Chas. Leid relates the following, as coming under his observation while campaigning in Western Virginia.

Among the prisoners sent to Clarksburg, was a young girl of seventeen, named Mary Jane Green. She resided in Braxton county, and, for a long time, was engaged in carrying the mail between Sutton, the county seat of that county, and the rebel camp on the Gauley. She was illiterate, perfectly fearless, and cordially hated the "Yankee vagabonds," as she termed the Federal troops. She was noted for her profanity and when, with the rest of the family, she was arrested, cursed and swore like a professional blackleg, or horse-racer, declaring that she would have the heart's blood of every "Lincoln pup" in Western Virginia. The real cause of the war and the effect of secession having been explained to her brother, he expressed a desire to be permitted to take the oath of allegiance, saying that he had been misled. Mary Jane became furious, forgot all the sisterly affection she possessed, denounced him as a coward, and swore that he might take the oath, but that they could not make a d____d Abolitionist out of her. When on her way to Clarksburg, in charge of Lieutenant George F. O'Neal, her language was such he declared as to almost disgust him with the sex. While confined in prison she abused passers-by, shouted lustily for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and swore she would have the heart of General Rosencrans, if she was ever released. Kindness did not move and affection was thrown away upon her. The secession ladies, who are refined and intelligent, deeply sympathized with her, but permitted the Federal officers to provide her with decent apparel, which she accepted, although coming from those whom she regarded as her persecutors. The

people residing in the neighborhood of the jail felt relieved when she was sent to Wheeling. Arriving there she was taken to the principal hotel, and treated with the greatest kindness; was neatly clad, and on promising that she would try to do better, was released and a home obtained for her in a respectable family, but falling in with some secession friends, she became as bad as ever.

Mary Jane went back to Braxton, but could not possibly behave herself. She attempted to destroy the telegraph wire erected by the Federal authorities, and was taken back to Wheeling only a few days ago, and confined in jail, where she now remains. She assaulted one of the soldiers who had her in charge, striking him in the breast with a brick.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. "Retribution; or, Wife for Wife;" song—"Here's Yer Mule"; "Family Jars"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. "Wm. Tell, the Hero of Switzerland;" dance; "Stage Struck Tailor"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Camp Maynard, Near Nashville,
June 24, 1862.

Editor of the Union: The communication of S. P. Hildreth, of Franklin, on the subject of the *desecration of the graves of Union soldiers*, in the cemetery of that place, published in our issue of the 21st inst., imposes upon me the unpleasant duty of saying something on that subject. It would, perhaps, have been as well to have let the matter pass into oblivion; but, as Mr. H., who was in no wise implicated, has paraded himself, or allowed others to present him before the public as the champion of the offending parties, has revived it in such a manner as to cast reflections upon my veracity, a full disclosure of the facts must be made.

Never having seen the comments of the *Louisville Journal*, I can give no opinion of their justice.

On the 1st of May, in obedience to an order from General Dumont, I stationed detachments of the 69th Regt., O. V. I., at five different points on the line between Nashville and Columbia, and established my headquarters in a grove near Franklin. On the 9th of that month my Sergeant major, who is a gentleman of unimpeached character for truth, and whose statement is annexed, reported to me that the graves of Union soldiers had been rudely trampled upon and desecrated. I immediately ordered him to detail a sufficient number of men for the purpose, and dress up and sod the graves, which order he reported to me on the next day he had executed. On the same day I learned through another source, which I know is entirely reliable, that females were seen in the cemetery ornamenting the graves of rebel soldiers with beautiful shells and flowers, and at the same time dancing or playing merrily around and over the mortal remains of Union soldiers. This information naturally excited my indignation—my *wrath*.

On Saturday, the 10th, with a view to the safety of my command and a more efficient discharge of its duties, I marched my men into the town, took possession of the Court-house, unfurled the old flag, and made my headquarters there. In the evening I addressed the citizens in the Court room, briefly informing them what I purposed doing and what I expected them to do. I referred, perhaps with some severity, to the conduct of the females and the desecration of the graves as a damning disgrace to any community upon whom the light of civilization had dawned. I emphatically notified them that a recurrence of such a breach of propriety should not take

place, and that we would consider it quite as honorable to shed our blood in defending the sanctity of the grave of the humblest Union soldier as in upholding our flag on the field of battle. The next morning Mr. McEwen, who *pretends* to be Mayor of Franklin, called on me and stated that he and others had just been out to see the graves, and they found no evidences that they had been disturbed. Mr. Hildreth says that he and hundreds of others likewise went to see if my statements were true, and found that not a single grave had been trod on, thus presenting me, Mr. Editor, before your readers and the public as the defamer of the reputations of the good women of Franklin. That these gentlemen found the graves in good condition on Sunday morning is quite true, because it was on the day before that Sergeant-Major Halstead and the men detailed, had dressed them up, and it was on the previous Friday that the misconduct of the female was witnessed. The names of the offending parties were furnished me, but as they were "indiscreet misses in their teens," and daughters of respectable parents, I did not disclose them.

Mr. Hildreth never exchanged words with me on the subject, and as he professed to be a loyal Union man, I am unable to shield the guilty parties from the just odium which attaches to their behavior by perverting the facts and falsely representing me as the assailant of female character. He also charges that I promised to visit the graves, "but *never went*." This I pronounce a palpable *lie*, whether it emanated from the Mayor or Mr. Hildreth; and I use the epithet with a full understanding of the responsibilities which the "*fire-eating chivalry of Dixie*" attach to it. I did visit the graves often whilst stationed at Franklin—attended the burials of my unfortunate men who were stricken with disease and death, as the troops stationed there will bear testimony.

It is with no degree of pleasure that I feel constrained to expose the improprieties of women, but as Mr. Hildreth and others whose mouth-piece he had been made, have sought to cover up the grossest improprieties at the expense of my character for truth, the exposure must be made. It is proper, however, to say that it would be most unjust to hold all the secessionists of Franklin responsible for the misconduct. Many of them, I know, would heartily condemn it.

The effort of Mr. Hildreth to create the impression that there was no bitterness of feeling exhibited by the females of Franklin toward the Union soldiers is simply ridiculous. It was notorious that, with few exceptions, they demonstrated the most intense hatred and contempt towards all who were in favor of the Union. Some were exceedingly kind, especially to the sick, but all with perhaps the single exception of Mrs. John Marshall, (whose benevolence will be gratefully remembered,) were outspoken Union ladies.

Lewis D. Campbell,
Col. 69th Reg't O. V. I.

On the 9th day of May last, when the 69th Regiment was encamped near Franklin, I was in town and walked out to the graveyard where some Union and some Secesh soldiers have been buried. The graves of the Secesh soldiers were finely decorated, boquettes [sic] were strewn upon them, and young ladies were standing near conversing about "their graves." The graves of the Union soldiers had never been beautified in any way, on the contrary, stakes were pierced in them (one had four stakes stuck in the top and sides) and brickbats and stones were thrown upon them in such manner that their sharp, angular outlines protruded and looked ugly. The stakes were part of old fence rails with but two or three exceptions, and were from two to three feet in length. I there and then pulled them up and threw them in the road. I then cleared up the brickbats and stones, and threw them in the road and smoothed up the desecrated graves. I then repaired to camp and reported the facts to Colo. Campbell. He directed that I should detail men next morning to fix up, and sod the graves. The next morning, May 10th, the graves were

rounded up and put in condition for sodding (two men then sodded over) and that same night, Col. Campbell, informed the citizens publicly, that such outrages should not be again committed with impunity.

Benton Halstead,
Serg. Maj. 69th Regiment.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Soldier's Daughter; comic song; "Irish Hussar"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 2-3

Summary: Exhibition of St. Cecilia's Female Academy, Mt. Vernon, Nashville

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Some of our contemporaries are trying to interpret the symbolical letters C. S. A. One says they signify "Conquered States of America;" another, "Colored States of America." Possibly they mean Confounded Stupid Asses.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

["] The Nashville *Union* says there are a great many widows in that city who have nothing to do. Why don't they, as a last resort, marry widowers?—Louisville Journal.["]

Well, Sir, the fact is that men have become so scarce here, in consequence of "rights," "skedaddles," &c., that widowers hold themselves at much higher figures than formerly. We quote them at present at 97½, with an upward tendency. Good-looking fellows are in great demand and it is no rare thing to see ten women take hold of one man. In consequence of this fact, young ladies are fast abandoning the ugly practice of giving their rosy lips a crab-apple pucker on meeting Federal soldiers, and frequent inquiries are made for good-looking Yankee officers.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre. "Corsican Brothers"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The jolliest and most independent dealers in our city are our market people. Whoever else fails of selling their wares, they are seen to sell out without the least trouble. The market man knows in the morning to a five cent shinplaster the sum he will take home at dinner. His only trouble is the importunity and annoyance of the customers who throng and jostle around him. The jam begins at day-break and lasts three or four hours when everything edible is swept from the market. Not a potato nor a pound of butter, nor a beet is to be seen. Not a cat-fish swings in torment from his pole; not a shin-bone remains for a blue bottle to buzz around. Nothing remains except the fragrant breath of the onion which still haunts the deserted market-house, even as the scent of the withered rose lingers in the broken vase. Who would not be a market man in Nashville?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A Righteous Judgment.

Five of the most prominent and active rebels in Pulaski, were sent "down South to Dixie" on last Monday, under a mounted escort of Capt. Twyman's cavalry. These men were rich and influential citizens of the town of Pulaski, and had taken a very active and decided part in the rebellion. Since the advent of our troops into the town, they had made themselves notorious by manufacturing and circulating reports detrimental to the peace of the community, and expressing sentiments of disloyalty that could not be tolerated. When arrested Col. Mundy gave them their choice, either to take the oath of allegiance, or be transported across the lines and handed over to the rebel authorities—they chose the latter, and were dealt with according to their desires. One of them was parson Mooney, a Methodist preacher, and another, Thomas Jones, Esq., who was a member of the first Confederate Congress.

Col. Mundy, the commander of the Post, is the right man in the right place, he is firm and consistent at all times; he does his duty fearlessly and conscientiously. Unlike many other of our commanders, he cannot be bribed or cajoled into a "milk and water" policy, that only works out its own destruction. He neither coaxes nor flatters; but whilst willing to pardon the repentant sinner, he punishes the hardened criminal with unsparing hand, even to the utmost limit of the law.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 28, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Flags! Flags!

We are obliged to our friend Mr. John Luck of Union Street, for a handsome Union flag which we will throw to the breeze on the glorious Fourth. We advise everybody who wants to sail under true colors to call on Mr. Luck who has a large stock of all sizes.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

A Southern Editor Telling the Truth.—A great deal of simulated indignation has been roused against General Butler on account of his rather course [sic] order respecting the ladies of New Orleans. Now, while we unqualifiedly condemn the style of his pronunciamento, we cannot withhold our censure from those ladies who, so far forgetful of that modesty and reserve with which woman should always encircle herself, have stepped from the pale of womanly propriety, and insulted strangers in the very streets of their city. When this is the case, women always subject themselves to censure, if not insult. Neither time nor circumstances will shield her from the inevitable consequence; whether her intentions are insulting or otherwise, she is no longer invulnerable when that beautiful shield she holds between herself and contact with strangers is withdrawn, for suspicion always attaches itself to such demonstrations.

Is there any father who would wish to see his daughter flaunting through the streets, and insulting those in whose power fate has thrown the city of his residence, or, on the contrary, how would a Confederate officer act, should a lady or woman with Federal proclivities, publicly flaunt the Stars and Stripes in his face, and use insulting expressions in the streets where his duty to his Government had called him?

Is it not better, is it not more consonant with the nature of woman, to shrink from all contact, all communications of whatever character, with enemies and strangers, and thus vindicate her sex from the unworthy suspicion, and insure [sic] protection from insult and abuse?—Mississippi Beacon, June 4.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Butler's Tactics Adopted at St. Louis.—Gen. Butler's style of suppressing female secession manifestations, finds a fearless imitator in Provost Marshal Leighton, of St. Louis. Several women who displayed rebel flags, sung rebel songs, and insulted loyal persons in that city, have been ordered to vacate their residences, or submit to arrest and confinement.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, June 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "The Iron King;" dance; "Family Jars"

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

Arrested.

The notorious Rev. C. D. Elliott, a literary quack from Ohio, who has been keeping a sort of boarding-school for young ladies in this lace, and for some time past a red-mouthed rebel, was arrested and sent to the Penitentiary yesterday for treason, to be sent South. Last winter, at a prayer-meeting, in one of our churches, this blasphemer prayed God Almighty to whiten the hills and valleys of the South with the bones of the men who fought to preserve the Union! He ought to be dressed in piebald breeches and set to picking rock. Dr. Cheatham, Superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum, was also arrested yesterday on the same charge, and sent to the Penitentiary. He will be shipped to Dixie.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Child of the Regiment;" new eccentric song; "Mr. & Mrs. Turtle"

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

We are requested to state, that for the accommodation of persons attending the Pic-Nic and Cotillion Party at Mancy's Grove on the Fourth of July, the Steam Ferry Boat, *Kate Howard*, will make a trip ever five minutes, from 4 o'clock A. M. until 8 o'clock P. M.

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

Serenade. We return our thanks to the gentlemen composing the magnificent String Band of the 51st Ohio Regiment for the rich musical treat they honored us with last night. Their band is decidedly the finest it has ever been our privilege to listen to.

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

The Illustrious Blanton Duncan Getting up Fashion Plates for Rebel Traitors.

The people of Nashville as well as those of Louisville have a living recollection of one Col. Blanton Duncan, formerly writer of circulars for the Know Nothing Lodge of Kentucky, and latterly grand-fabricator of Confederate rigmroles (if anybody knows what that means) in Nashville, Bowling Green and Richmond. Blanton is a genius, but Blanton isn't appreciated. He flares up and sputters every now and then like a dirty tallow candle and then goes out in utter

darkness. We had lost sight of Blanton. He used to write us long letters glorifying the Union and we missed his flowing chirography and columns of figures. Eureka! "Monsieur Tonson comes again!" We find in the Mobile *Evening News* of the 9th ult., the following advertisement from our old chum and unconditional Union man:

A New Work

Uniform and Dress of the army of the Confederate States. A limited edition. Only 1000 copies of this work, the authorized standard, will shortly be issued. The distinctions between the various grades are shown by the plates, of which there will be fifteen, and consisting of all the various departments of the service, and comprising about fifty figures. This edition will be plain black, and will be followed in another edition in full colors—a magnificent work. It will contain plates and also full directions for the guidance of tailors.

Liberal terms will be extended to booksellers. Apply to

Col. Blanton Duncan,
Richmond, Virginia.

sep2Ntf

Oh won't it be a gorgeous work? Superb engravings of grizzled jeans. Gorgeous plates of Butternut breeches. Super-royal cuts of striped linsey vests? Exquisite patterns of military coats dyed with peach leaves and walnut bark! In addition to these ornamental fashions, we shall have pictures representing the mode in which the chivalry wear gunny bags and old carpets, instead of overcoats and shawls.

We predict a tremendous rush for Blanton's book. It will throw Brownlow's in the shade, and realize for the author a vast fortune. Newspapers in Louisville will please copy Blanton's advertisement and charge us their accounts being payable in Confederate Scrip.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Robbers;" dance; The Dead Shot"

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

Fourth of July!

Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to celebrate the Fourth of July, are respectfully invited to call at the Horticultural Garden, occupied by Esquire Raworth, where they can enjoy themselves among shady trees and flowers, with good Refreshments and Music in attendance, and only three-quarters of a mile North of Nashville.

M. Mater,
H. Driesman.

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

The Southern Women.

The Memphis correspondent of the *New York World*, writing under date of the 18th, thus enlarges upon the young women of the South and their influence with the rebellion:

I heard the Hon. Leslie Combs say that in his opinion no class had injured Kentucky in this crisis so much as its young women. The truth the South over, unquestionably. The females down here were early possessed with the seven devils of Secession. They were not rebels from argument. Women do not reason. They leap like a cat to a conclusion, and stay like a house a fire when they get to it. Secession went in among the daughters of the South just as a contagious disease would, or a new style of bonnet. It wasn't urged into them, or argued into them, or battered into them. They took it. They liked it. It made the amiable angry, the sweet sour, the attractive repulsive, the handsome ugly as sin.

It made havoc of all female charms and graces. It muddled the female moral sense and sense of honor. It led the female feet into the ways and attitudes of "the women of the town, plying their avocations." There has been no parallel in the whole world's history of this mysterious, singular, extraordinary female phenomenon in the Southern States of America. All the sweethearts and sweet sixteens and half grown girls of a town have sunk their little jealousies and rivalries, and combined to deride, shame, hiss and hoot into the army every pair of pantaloons of the lace, *and they do it*. They have done it. Upon my honor I believe that if the whole of womanhood should agree among themselves as touching the one thing of compelling the men to without their shoes and stockings, it would be done. You can't answer or argue with a woman. She says: "Why, look at my sex!" There is but one weapon left us in this combat with these Secesh; their own—insult. General Butler was right in using it.

If I had space I could furnish several instances that illustrate the assertions I have made. Giddy, heartless girls, without an idea above an oyster, have recruited the ranks of Beauregard by their relentless raillery.

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

1776.

National Anniversary!
Celebration of the 4th of July, 1862,
At the State Capitol!

At Sunrise there will be a National Salute of Thirty-Four Guns fired from Capitol Hill, and the various Church and other Public Bells will be rung—by request, the Military Procession will form under the direction of the Officer in command, at the corner of Spruce and Broad Streets, and be ready to move from thence at 9 o'clock, down Broad to Vine; up Vine to Spring; down Spring to Cherry, up Cherry to Union; down Union to College, out of College to the Public Square, around the Square to Cedar; and up Cedar Street to the Capitol.

Order of Exercises at the Capitol.
Commencing at Ten O'Clock, A. M.
1. Music by the Military Band.
2. Prayer by Rev. J. Huntington.
3. Music.
4. Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Ex-Gov. W. B. Campbell.

5. Music.
6. Reading of Washington's Farewell Address,
by Russell Houston, Esq.
7. Music.
8. Oration by Hon. Jordan Stokes,
To conclude with
Music, and 86 Guns!

At 8 o'clock P. M., the Exercises will be resumed by an Address from Ex-Gov. Neill S. Brown.

The Committee of Arrangements respectfully invite the Citizens of the City, the County, and the adjoining Counties, to participate in the Celebration. The Ladies are particularly requested to honor the occasion by their presence.

E. R. Glascock,	John Chumbley,
Jos. B. Knowles,	Wm. S. Cheatham,
M. M. Brien,	T. J. Yarborough,
A. B. Shankland,	R. B. Garrett.

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

New Mode of Settling the Quarrel.—It seems, writes a Huntsville, Alabama, correspondent, that the gallant soldiers about the city are finding crevices in the stony hearts of Alabama's fair daughters, notwithstanding the contemptuous manner in which they were at first treated. I was shown, this evening, a very neat residence, formerly occupied by a disconsolate young widow, who found much trouble in the management of a handsome little estate and some twenty-five of "God's images carved in ebony." A handsome young fellow from the Third Ohio Regiment was placed at the widow's door to afford her protection. She found him so faithful and manly in the performance at his duty that she concluded to interest him permanently in the estate. Accordingly a minister was sent for, and a few select friends, the lady's intimates and the soldier's messmates, were present to see the "twain made one flesh."

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

The Fourth.

We trust that every loyal person in the city will join heartily in the celebration of our great National Anniversary. Considering the strange and eventful period through which this State has recently passed, under rebel despotism, it will be fraught with far more interest than ordinarily attaches to such celebrations. Come out to the celebration. Let your houses stream with National flags, and let not disloyalty dare to whisper on our streets. Let it be a day consecrated to freedom and American Nationality.

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

The following communication speaks for itself. Now dear, sweet, bewitching ladies, please don't make mouths, or talk saucy any more!

Nashville, July 2d, 1862.

Editor Nashville Union:

Sir: As a citizen of this place, interested in the welfare and happiness of its inhabitants, I think the "powers that be" could do no better than to establish a prison in which to confine female rebels. I believe every other city has been compelled to resort to this measure, and why should Nashville be so far behind other places in establishing these benevolent institutions. Why should the patriotism and good conduct of men be so carefully guarded and watched, and that of our lady friends so woefully neglected? Is it not as important to our country that its women should be instructed in lessons of patriotism and obedience to law, as that the other sex should?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Theatre. "The Stranger;" song; "Swiss Cottage"

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

Flags! Flags! Flags!
A Fine Assortment at
N. Derby's,

No. 56 College Street.

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

Recipe to Make a Tattler.—Take of the vine Runabout and the root of Nimbletongue, of each six handfuls; fifteen ounces of Ambition, the same quantity of Nonsense. Bruise them together in the mortar of Misapprehension, boil them over the fire of Wild Surmises, until you perceive the serum of Falsehood rising on the top; strain it through the cloth of Malignity; then drain it from the cup of Malevolence, and you will be prepared to speak all manner of evil, without respect to person or character.—Exchange.

Add to the above twenty scruples of Snobbery and Impudence, without any scruples at all, and you have a full-fledged she rebel.

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

We are requested by the Managers to say that the Pic-nic on the 4th of July, at Mancy's Grove, is a select one, and no person is expected to attend but those who are invited. There has been a boat chartered for the occasion. The Kate Howard is not expected to run, as stated in yesterday's issue of the Union.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

From the Shelbyville News.

Below we publish an important order from Gen. Negley, from which it will be seen that he disapproves of secession sympathizers—whether male or female—visiting the prisoners confined here for the purpose of encouraging them in their secession proclivities, or to help them to certain delicacies, etc., etc.

General Order No. 32.

Take the inside bark, that of an old tree is best, and make a tea of it, of such strength that it will resemble in color and somewhat in taste, strong coffee, and let the patient drink from half a pint to four pints, clear or with sugar, and it may be taken cold or hot.

It will surely cure the complaint if it is not absolutely incurable, and its great value is that it leaves the bowels in a healthy condition. I am fully satisfied that if our soldiers will use this simple remedy, it will save many lives and much suffering.

If any doubt this, let him consult any of the old negroes, particularly from Mississippi and Louisiana, who know the value of the remedy, and have used it for ages. So have the Indians, from whom I learned how to use it in the malarious forests of Indiana. With it made and administered by an aged squaw, while I lay utterly prostrate in a wagon, unable to mount my horse, I was entirely cured in a few hours, and perfectly able to ride.

In 1832 an acquaintance of mine cured many cases of Asiatic cholera in Cincinnati. I was myself cured of a severe attack the same year, by steeping a handful of the sweet gum bark in a pint of water half an hour, which I drank clear, and taken thus it is not unpalatable.

To this statement I willingly append my name, and those who know me will believe it. I consider it of such importance that it should be most extensively circulated. It ought to be placed in the hands of every soldier upon Southern soil. Its truth will be readily vouched for by many who know its value, and it should not be readily forgotten. It will not be by those who experience its benefits.

I am, truly, the soldiers' friend,

Solon Robinson.

New York, June 20, 1862.

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

Col. L. D. Campbell, of the 69th Ohio Volunteers, whose removal to this place we noticed some two weeks since, has succeeded Col. Matthews as Provost Marshal of the city. He will fill the office admirably, we are confident, and will pursue such a policy as will encourage and strengthen the hearts and hands of our loyal citizens, and repress the insolence of blatant rebels. The tender-footed policy has proved a signal failure wherever it has been tried, and it has been tried in hundreds of places, by officers who treated fanatical and enraged rebels as if they were conscientious and rational beings.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Daughter of the Regiment;" song—"Here's Yer Mule;" "Love in '76"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

List of Prisoners Taken at Chattanooga.

The following is a list of citizens who were arrested by General Negley during his late expedition to Chattanooga, and brought on the train yesterday to the Provost Marshal of this place. These persons were arrested on the charge of disloyalty, and aiding and abetting the rebellion:

S. S. Caudray
E. M. Hale,

S. P. Poe,
J. Clipper,

D. R. Greene,
J. C. Canner,
N. Wilgentine,
J. Myer,
R. J. Hoskins,
T. J. Coulter,
W. W. Stoval,
W. Yomen,
J. T. Naney,
R. Tankisler,
W. H. Ballard,
C. Gott,
M. P. Swain,
B. Ali.

J. E. Gilliam,
W. Bryant,
R. P. Sutliff,
T. G. Craighead,
T. P. Green,
F. M. Baughton,
J. Morgan,
P. Fay,
P. L. Wade,
J. Wolf,
M. Williams,
J. Enoch,
W. W. Brooks,

The order of Gen. Negley is accompanied with the statement that these persons "have oppressed with violence and aided others to oppress and countenance the oppression, of loyal citizens, compelling them to take the oath of allegiance to the so-called Confederate States."
[list of military prisoners]

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

The Music.

The Band of the 69th Ohio "discoursed most eloquent Music," in the Capitol, during the exercises of yesterday. We have never heard finer music. The man whose soul was not moved with their "concord of sweet sounds" is certainly "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." "Let no such man be *trusted*," and we doubt even whether he should be allowed to get things *for cash!*

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

A number of rebel houses were locked, barred and closed up yesterday, as the gorgeous Union procession passed by with its gallant officers and brave soldiers, and brilliant banners, and thrilling music. All without spoke of loyalty and freedom, and philanthropy, and exultation unrestrained. The inmates of these houses sat within, in sullen and dogged silence annoyed by the glorious scenes and holy memories of the day.

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

Celebration.—We learn that a glorious celebration took place yesterday in Shelbyville. Of course it was glorious, if Shelbyville had anything to do with it. The loyalty of Shelbyville and Bedford county is not of the halfway or conditional kind. We have received no particulars of the proceedings.

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

Notwithstanding the great crowd in the city yesterday, such was the admirable order kept that not a single accident that we heard of occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. We saw but one drunken man, and he was quickly hurried off by the police.

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

We learn that rebel flags about the size of a diaper were poked out of a couple of windows yesterday, but the ugly little things were soon pulled in again. "What business had they here at such a time?"

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

[long description of the celebration of the Fourth of July in Nashville]

The large Representative chamber was crowded with people, although not a tithe of the multitude around the Capitol could gain admittance. Hundreds of ladies and lovely girls were seated on the floor, and in the galleries, with flags and badges.

The rostrum was draped with time-honored and war-rent flags, which bore upon their tattered folds, begrimed [sic] with smoke, the mark of shot and sabre [sic] stroke, received upon memorable battle-fields. There waved the banner, emblazoned with its eagle and shield, borne by Gen. Morris' Brigade, on the immortal field of Chalmette, on the 8th of January. There, too, waved the flag which led the "Bloody First" Tennessee, commanded by the gallant Col. Campbell, through the storm of shot and shell which swept "the slippery streets of Monterey:"

"Where on, still on their column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way,
Where fell their dead the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey."

The scarred and battle-stained colors of the Tennessee Third appeared also, and told of the heroic deeds of the soldiers of Rough and Ready. All these were the symbols of the American Union, the colors of an undivided Republic, the standards of an undivided and indivisible nationality. How different from the pirate flag of the rebel, so-called Confederacy, born of unholy lust and ambition, whose unsightly folds waved over the Capitol like the wing of death on the last Fourth of July!

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Excellent Definition of Good Manners.—A writer in the *Atlantic* thus describes what we are always theorizing about:

The world has always been charmed with fine manners, and why should it not? for what are fine manners but this: to carry your soul on your lip, in your eye, in the palm of your hand, and yet to stand not naked, but clothed by your individual quality—visible, yet inscrutable—given to the hearts of others, yet contained in your own bosom nobly and humanely open, yet duly reticent and secured from invasion. Polished manners often disappoint us; good manners never. The former may be taken on by indigent souls; the latter imply a noble and opulent nature.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Lavater; or, Not a Bad Judge;" song; "Soldier's Return"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Summary: "Attempted Assassination of Lieut. Col. Foster at Mt. Pleasant!—The Rose Water Lavender Policy."

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Ambrotypes!!
Photographs!!!
Carte De Visite!

French Style with Column Railing Back Ground, etc., executed in the highest style of the Art, and at prices as low as at any other respectable Gallery in this City, at Giess' Old Established Gallery, Corner of Square and Deadrick Street, over Browne's Store.

Call and examine. Some fine homemade Specimens, not imported from other Cities for the purpose of humbugging people. Call and See.

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

Another Guerrilla Raid—Two Federal Soldiers Killed and three Wounded!

We learn from Adjutant Blakely, of the 2ed Minnesota Brigade, Col. Lester, that five pickets of this Brigade were sent out yesterday, from Murfreesboro to Pierce's Mill, eight miles distant on the Lebanon pike. While at their post they were attacked by a party of men, supposed to be citizens of the neighborhood, and two were killed and three wounded. The attacking party had no horses, and are supposed to belong to the neighborhood. Seventy-five soldiers were immediately sent out in search of the assassins, who, we hope will be treated as common murderers, and not as prisoners of war. No man who joins these bodies of murderers, who do not carry on regular warfare, has any right to claim the treatment due a soldier. It is assassination to kill men as these pickets were killed and the perpetrators should be treated as such when taken. Self-preservation imperiously demands it. If vengeance be not inflicted, men will refuse to come as soldiers to a State where murderers are treated as their equals, and receive the courtesy extended to prisoners of war.

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

Vulgarity.

A gentleman of Murfreesboro writes to us that several girls of respectable families in that place, on passing his residence on the 4th, threw rocks and dirt at a Union flag flying in his yard. On coming out, they hurried away; but, after a while, the she rebels again sneaked up, stole the flag, and burned it in the presence of several rebel ladies whom they had assembled in their yard. What a dirty set of strops those girls must be; a negro kitchen wench would have better manners. Within the last day or two the flags on the dwellings of at least three Union families of this city, have been pelted with rocks and sticks by the children of rebel families. No boy or girl would dare to do such an outrage did he not know that it would be winked at, if not openly approved, by older ones at home. It is a little thing, a contemptible thing, we admit; in ordinary times too insignificant to be noticed, but at a time like the present the parents of such vulgar, dirty little ruffians should be kept on bread and water in the work house for at least a week. When they got

out they perhaps might teach their children something about common decency and civility. Public safety demands that every symptom of treason be punished.

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

Tennessee Flag Taken.—The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that the Thirteenth New York Regiment captured the flag of the Fifth Tennessee regiment, at the late fight before Richmond, on Golding's farm. It was a splendid banner, with the thirteen stars in a cross of blue silk. We suppose the Thirteenth saw the *thirteen stars*, and *took it to be their own*.

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

We have neglected until now to acknowledge our indebtedness to our old friend and neighbor, Mr. George R. McClain, for the present of two handsome Flags to adorn our office on the 4th of July. Mack is a staunch Union man, and had two Flags suspended from his own house. Long may he wave.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Naval Engagements;" song; dance; "The Debutante; or, A Peep Behind the Scene"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-7

Summary: Speech of Capt. C. C. Andrews, before the Third Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 4th, 1862.

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

Summary: Theatre. "Love in '76;" dance; "The Debutante; or A Peep Behind the Scenes"

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

Brutal Murder.

On Wednesday afternoon two gentlemen, one the Sutler of a Pennsylvania Regiment and a citizen, left this place in a buggy for Franklin. When within a few miles of that town, two horsemen passed them and then turned and fired upon them, killing the sutler and wounding the other in the shoulder. The wounded man succeeded in driving into town. Such is guerrilla warfare, and such are the foes which not only the soldiers but loyal citizens in pursuit of their business have to contend with over rebeldom. We learn the unfortunate sutler belonged to the 78th Pennsylvania Infantry.

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

Theatre.—It is with sincere regret that we announce to our readers that the managers will close the Theatre this week, the heat of the weather being so intense as to prevent that attendance which otherwise would justify the management in remaining open. We would advise all who wish to patronize and encourage one of the best dramatic companies ever in our city, not to neglect attending this and to-morrow evening, as it will be the only chance they will have for some time to come.

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

Since Yankee merchants have shipped goods to Memphis, the ladies who *patriotically* denied themselves during the blockade, have brought gold and silver to light, and pay most extravagant prices for crinoline, silks and all the things which they desire.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Mary Magdalen had but seven devils. Probably the race of devils has increased and multiplied since. Our rebel women, if we may judge from the manifestations of some of them, have about seventy devils apiece.—Lou. Jour.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Old Guard;" song; "Taming a Tiger; dance

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

Franklin, Tenn., July 10, 1862.

Editor of Nashville Union:

Sir: As Mr. Barnett, wagon-master of the 69th Regt. O. V. I., and Capt. T. H. Reynolds, sutler of 78th Pennsylvania Regt., were returning from Nashville in an open buggy, last evening, about 8½ o'clock, they were fired upon at a point distance five miles from here, known as the Holly-tree Gap, by a number of guerillas in ambush. Mr. Barnett, though severely wounded, will doubtless recover. Capt. Reynolds was killed instantly, being struck by as many as a dozen shot, several of them ranging towards the heart. Mr. B. having made good his escape by hard driving, informed the military authorities here of what occurred, who immediately ordered out all the available force of cavalry, with a wagon, to recover the body of Reynolds, and to find out the cowardly assassins.

They returned about 1 o'clock. A. M., without having obtained any clue to the perpetrators. Has it come to this, that a person dare not travel on the public highway for fear of being murdered by parties of white-livered scoundrels in cold blood, and in 13 miles of the Capital.

Such an act, as atrocious and so cowardly, demands a prompt and severe punishment inflicted upon guilty parties when found.

Yours, &c.,

X.

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

The following persons were arrested in Rutherford county, and brought in yesterday to the Penitentiary:

Lieutenant-colonel D. Cochran, John W. Walker, Jack Hartman, A. B. Rozell, F. Ross, and Isaac Witworth. They will be examined to-day probably.

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

We are informed that some sixteen or eighteen of the persons engaged in the murder of the Federal cavalry near Murfreesboro, to which we referred in our last issue, have been captured, and that they will be summarily dealt with.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

We feel humiliated at certain reports which have been published in the newspapers at the

outrages committed by Col. Turchin's regiment at Athens, Ala. A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat* says that this regiment were guilty of the most abominable excesses in that place, as they were at Bowling Green. We have not words to express our abhorrence and indignation at such conduct and are glad to know that these troops, as well as all the superior officers who countenanced their acts or failed to punish them, will be mustered out of the service, and have the brand of shame put upon them. We are fighting for the supremacy of the law. Our armies were mustered for the enforcement of the laws, and no man, soldier or officer, can violate them without committing perjury and bringing disgrace upon the cause in which he is fighting. No bravery or skill can excuse lawlessness. At a time like this, when military power is in the hands of so many men, it will unavoidably fall into the hands of very bad men, and abuses will be committed. All such persons must be taught that shoulder straps and epauletts [sic] give no authority to violate the rights of innocent persons, or to seize private property for private use. Whilst we are and have been advocates of rigid measures, and for prompt punishment of traitors, we abhor and denounce all this petty usurpation and depredation which some have instituted for private gain. No friend of his country will ever engage in schemes and acts so disgraceful. We believe in the necessity and justice of confiscating the property of rebels, but let this be done by the government for the benefit of the people, and not for the personal benefit of any man, officer or private.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 4-5

Summary: List of Persons who have taken the Oath of Allegiance, at the Provost Marshal's Office, in Nashville.

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

Arrests at Goodlettsville.

The following is a list of persons arrested at Goodlettsville the other day for disloyalty.

These gentlemen took the oath of allegiance, and further promise to perform faithfully all the duties that may be required of me by the laws of the United States, without any mental reservation or evasion whatever:

D. E. Scruggs, A. P. Mathis, W. P. Looney, F. Taylor, C. O'Donnell, N. Palmer, J. W. Parham, W. P. Drake, J. E. Graves, E. Warmack, M. B. Myrs, C. G. Beasley, A. G. Smiley, G. W. Blakemore, A. R. Mathis, J. H. Donelson, B. M. Bernard, C. H. Fisher, W. H. Crossway, L. B. Martin, D. C. Scruggs, J. M. Shivers, W. S. Foster, J. A. Cummings, P. T. Roscoe, H. L. Justice, John B. Walker, and T. C. Matthews.

We trust that as persons desirous of restoring peace to society, that these persons, all of whom have influence, either for good or evil, will henceforward give all their energies to the restoration of law and order in our bleeding, distracted and most unhappy State; that they will be not passive loyalists, but active co-workers with the Federal Government. How pleasant will be the reflection in after days, that they gave all their talents and influence to the service of their country.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 15, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Summary: French Peasant Girl Sees the Virgin Mary.

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

Attack on Murfreesboro—Defeat
and Capture of Two Federal Regi-
ments.

The news of the last forty-eight hours has been of an exciting nature. A Confederate force consisting, it is reported, of the First, Second, and Third Georgia Regiments, First Kentucky Regiment and a Regiment of Texan Rangers, under Cols. Forrest and Warner, attacked Murfreesboro on Sunday morning before daybreak, surprising the Ninth Michigan Regiment and capturing them after several hours of hard fighting. Col. Duffield was shot through the body and mortally wounded. The Third Minnesota, commanded by Col. Lester, were strongly entrenched with Hewett's Kentucky Battery, and fought desperately until their ammunition was expended, when they surrendered, having lost *one-third* of their men, it is rumored, though this is doubtless greatly exaggerated. General T. T. Crittenden, of Indiana, was taken prisoner. Col. Forrest sent in a flag of truce to the Third Minnesota, demanding their surrender, which was declined. After some hard fighting, the Minnesota sent out a flag of truce and surrendered. Preparations are making here in anticipation of an attack, and reinforcements are coming in from various directions. It is to be desired that the city be spared a renewal of the horrors of war, but if it must needs be, the hearts and hands of our gallant officers and soldiers are ready and eager for the contest.

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

Meeting.—The German citizens are invited to attend a meeting at the Court House this day at ten o'clock, on account of some very important business.

Union Men, Attention!

There will be a meeting of the Union men this morning at 9 o'clock, at the Circuit Court Room in the Court House, to take immediate steps for the defence [sic] of the city.

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

The rails on the Murfreesboro road was torn up night before last on one of the grades, and a rock placed under it, so as to pitch the train down a steep embankment. Fortunately the malignant snare was detected, and the train went on without injury. What sort of spirit has perverted all the kindly feelings of men and made them heathens?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Murfreesborough Fight.

Several prisoners who were captured by the guerrillas at Murfreesboro', and subsequently paroled, have arrived in the city. We conversed with one, a private in Col. Winkoop's cavalry. He said that the Michigan Regiment, in which he was taken completely by surprise, and were in the hands of the enemy almost before they had time to fire a gun. The camp of the Third Minnesota was a mile or a mile and a half from the Michigan camp. Our killed amounted to 80

or 199 in all, with a good many wounded. Hewitt's battery fought gallantly until all their ammunition was expended. Our officers were taken South, probably to Chattanooga, and the privates were paroled. Col. Duffield is lying, mortally wounded, it is feared, at the house of a citizen. The more we consider this unfortunate affair the more incomprehensible it appears to us. Here were twelve hundred good men, hale, hearty and brave, no doubt, who were surprised by a troop of guerrillas, almost before they had time to make any resistance. There is no doubt that had they been encamped together and well guarded, they could have repelled the enemy with terrible slaughter. Instead of uniting, however, they were far apart, and thus were cut up in detail. Why were they not in a position to support each other? The officers certainly knew that they were in an hostile region, and liable to a raid at any moment, and it is a mystery to us why they were not in a condition to assist and support each other. If such military tactics are to be followed in Tennessee, Gen. Buell's whole army can be destroyed in two weeks by three thousand guerillas. Remember the fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, which while tied together, could not be broken, but when separated could be snapped with ease. Some of our officers seem to take a price in being careless of danger. They think it shows a generous confidence in the rebels to put themselves at their mercy, and it generally ends in the utter demolition of the confiding officer. The rebels never expose themselves in this manner; they are always on the alert, and are rarely caught napping. The reason is that the rebel leaders intended to *fight* when they began the rebellion, while ours generally hope to conciliate the rebels by being confiding and careless, and catching their runaway negroes. We say this with no disposition to cast reproach on our unfortunate soldiers. Doubtless they were true and brave men, and would have fought well. The difficulty or misfortune was that they did not realize their situation or the people they had to deal with. For Heaven's sake let there be no more such mistakes!

Latest from Murfreesboro'.

Reliable persons from Murfreesboro' report that the guerrillas have fallen back towards McMinnville. There were not over 2,000 of them, consisting of the Fifth Georgia Cavalry, Texas Rangers, and Starns' and Morgan's old troops. Our loss is stated at 33 killed and 62 wounded. Guerrilla loss 50 killed and 100 wounded. The citizens treated the wounded humanely without distinction. The rebels went off without burying their dead, who were interred by the citizens.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Loyal men of Nashville, the purse-proud rebels in your city sneer at you as a set of ignorant, vulgar mechanics, who are their inferiors, and say that you shall not control the place where you and your wives and little ones live. Who reared the homes and stately buildings of Nashville? Who built her churches, her banks, and palatial stores? Who paved her streets, erected her gas works, and her water works? Who have given Nashville all her prosperity and wealth? The working-men; the smiths, tailors, founders, shoemakers, printers, and laborers. Then if you or the rebel aristocracy are to be driven out, who have the better right to remain? Who made the city and who in justice ought to control it?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

"There go the rabble," said a rebel dressed in slick broadcloth, yesterday morning, and the long procession of citizen volunteers passed along the streets with the Stars and Stripes

floating at their head. Rabble, indeed! And what have the working men and mechanics of this city done to these new made noblemen of ours that they should be reproached as a rabble? Have they not made these very purse-proud creatures rich, and ministered continually to their comfort? Have not the poor laboring men been the benefactors of this and all other countries? Ah, men whose hardened hands have never counted the gains of extortion and heartless oppression, hold up your heads like true men, and be not abashed by the insulting jeers of those who are living witnesses that wealth and principle do not always go together. *"There go the rabble!"* Rabble! Rabble masons, rabble carpenters, rabble smiths, rabble printers and rabble tailors. We think we saw some rabble lawyers, doctors and merchants also in the procession; men whose hearts are open to all honest men, and who have brains and principle as well as wealth, and who scorn to affiliate with traitors. Loyal men of Nashville, tell your brainless villifiers [sic] that you have weapons for the defence [sic] of your wives and children, and that while you scorn to bandy words with a would be aristocrat, you have strength to put twice your number to inglorious flight, if they are of such material as your former masters, or those who claimed to be your masters. If *you* are "rabble," so was Patrick Henry, the penniless grocer; so was Henry Clay, the mill boy of the Slashes; so was S. S. Prentiss, the poor school teacher; so was Franklin, the humble printer; so was Andrew Jackson, the orphan and a child of poverty. All that the world cares of the useful, the sublime and the beautiful in human intellect has been the offspring of the "rabble." And aristocracy is the chattering jackdaw which struts in borrowed feathers. Jackdaws, beware, lest you be stripped of your plumage?

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

A young lady writes to us from New York as follows:

"Mr. S. C. Mercer:--I have been for some time very anxious to obtain a Nashville paper. You will not wonder at my desire when I inform you it is only a year and a half since I returned from Springfield, Tenn., where I had made my home for several years prior to the rebellion. I had many friends when I left there, the same as I have done, and respect them for their honest belief, let it be right or wrong, however much they may dislike *me*, because I happen to be a Yankee!—an important circumstance, I know. I cannot fail to be interested in them as a people, and shall always remember them kindly. * * * * I trust you are a Union gentleman, and will confer a favor on a Northern girl who sorrows deeply for her country and the safety of her friends. You will oblige me by sending me your latest weekly upon the receipt of this."

We have quoted these extracts to show how much more magnanimity and affection the loyal women of the North cherish for the rebels than the rebel women do for the loyal people of the North. How different is the tender and kindly spirit of the Union girls' letter than the fierce and coarse epistles so often written by rebel women. The spirit of Union is all benevolent and merciful; the spirit of disunion is malignant and intolerant.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 17, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

A stranger came to the parish of X____, bringing an immensely strong certificate from the parish of Y____, in which he had been teacher. On the strength of this certificate, the people of X____ employed him in their vacant school. The teacher began his work speedily, and proved worth nothing—lazy, stupid and useless. One of the people of X____ met a resident of Y____ and inquired, with some indignation, what on earth the people of Y____ meant in giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly incapable teacher. The reply was: "We

gave that certificate to get him off our hands, and let me tell you, you people of X_____ will have to give him a far higher character before you get rid of him."

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

Perhaps it may appear hard at first sight to take away rebel arms, but it would not be half so hard as to allow some true Union man to be assassinated by some rebel bullet or dagger in the dark. The life of one patriot is worth all the rebel revolvers, dirks and shotguns in Nashville.

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

The Murfreesboro' Prisoners.—We were misinformed as to the private Federal soldiers being paroled at Murfreesboro'. Only a few of the sick and wounded were paroled. The others were carried to McMinnville, and it is reported were to be paroled there, but this is doubtful.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Unionists in Dixie.
From the Carlinvilla (Ill.) Free Democrat.

A Macoupin county soldier in the 32d Regiment writes, under date of June 20, from Grand Junction, Tennessee:

It was truly animating to see the display of enthusiasm manifested by the citizens along the road for the Union. It far exceeds anything I expected to see so far down in Dixie. Men, women and children assembled in groups, at nearly every house, to welcome us by the waving of handkerchiefs, hurrahs, &c. some of the ladies, old and young, came as far as the road and assembled under shady trees; I presume for the purpose of chatting a little with the Yankees, which they freely did. We all gave three cheers for the Union and the Union ladies in Tennessee. One group more affecting, had assembled at an old log meeting house, and were holding a Union meeting. The most prominent one among them, favoring a good old Methodist revivalist, with his smooth head, excepting a few gray locks, said as I was passing him, at the top of his voice, in a vehement camp-meeting shout,—"*Thank God for that flag! Let it wave! That's the flag that General Washington fought under. Glory to God for it!*"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Rebel Official Warrant for Guerrilla Warfare.
[General Orders No. 17.]

Headquarters Trans-Mississippi District, }
Little Rock, Ark., June 17, 1862. }

I. For the more effectual annoyance of the enemy upon our rivers and in our mountains and woods, all citizens of this district, *who are not subject to conscription**, are called upon to organize themselves into independent companies of mounted men or infantry, as they prefer, arming and equipping themselves, and to serve in that part of the district to which they belong.

II. When as many as ten men come together for this purpose, they may organize by electing a Captain, one Sergeant and one Corporal, *and will at once commence operations against the enemy**, without waiting for special instructions. Their duty will be to cut off Federal

pickets, scouts, foraging parties and trains, and to kill pilots and others on gunboats and transports, attacking them day and night, and using the greatest vigor in their movements. As soon as the company attains the strength required by law, it will proceed to elect the other officers to which it is entitled. All such organizations will be reported to these headquarters as soon as practicable. They will receive pay and allowance for subsistence and forage for the time actually in the field, as established by the affidavits of their Captains.

III. These companies will be governed, in all respects, by the same regulations as other troops. Captains will be held responsible for the good order, conduct, and efficiency of their men, and will report to these headquarters from time to time.

By command of Major-Gen. Hindman,

H. C. Newton, A. A. Gen'l.

*These italics are in the original.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A Word with the Secessionists.

Within the last ten days we have noticed manifestations of undisguised delight on the countenances of hundreds of Secessionists in this city. The friends of the southern Confederacy, as they gather in groups on the streets, exulted at the prospect of an invasion of a guerrilla force, which they supposed would number at least ten thousand marauders.—Let us see what would have been the certain results of the reconquest of Nashville by the Confederates. All Eastern trade would have been cut off instantly, and all kind of goods would have sprung up to extravagant prices; cotton would have fallen from 20 and 25 cents to 8 cents; immense quantities of Confederate scrip based upon burned cotton would have been forced upon the community, and no laborer or professional man or merchant could have refused it without incurring the penalty of treason; mechanics and laboring men would have been thrown out of employment, and forced into the rebel army; the conscription law would have been enforced immediately; Union men would have been driven like wild beasts from their homes for no crime but loyalty; vigilance committees would have again re-enacted the reign of terror and persecution; Harris and McNairy would have again advertised for bloodhounds, and some fiend would have called for "cold steel and bullets" for loyal men; and Nashville again isolated from the world of trade and commerce would have again become a deserted, dead and rotting inland town. These results would have certainly followed the occupation of this city by the Confederates. Perhaps some secessionists will tell us that he would scorn to weigh dollars and cents against his live for the Southern Confederacy. That reply will not do at all, for if their devotion to the cause of Jeff. Davis is so ardent why do they not go into the rebel ranks and fight for it? Why do they submit to Federal rule for the sake of trading in cotton, merchandise and groceries? Why are they so eager to buy up Treasury notes and shove off Southern funds and Confederate notes? Why are Confederate bonds valueless in this city?

We think a little reflection will satisfy even secessionists themselves that their wish to see this city return to the Confederates is the result of lunacy, and not of reason. We cannot see the least glimpse of sound judgment in their strange desire to drag the city again through the ordeal of conquest. It is the wildest frenzy ever witnessed in or out of a mad house, and utterly disgraceful to any one who claims to be a good citizen.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Murfreesboro.

A private of the Third Minnesota Regiment arrived here yesterday from Murfreesboro. He reports one to two hundred Texan Rangers at that place who are busily engaged with the help of the citizens in barricading the town. He says that the privates were bitterly opposed to surrendering to the guerrillas. The officers took a vote on surrendering, which stood six for and three against surrendering. There were not over 800 of our soldiers altogether. The Minnesota Regiment lost 8 or 10 killed and 20 wounded.

The two regiments, or their officers rather, were at variance, and there seems to have been a great want of co-operation. General Crittenden was in bed at the hotel when he was taken prisoner. The troops were of excellent material, and we cannot divine why such a disaster could have occurred. It is a most inexplicable affair.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The "Master Race," lost 30,000 at Richmond, in the late battles, and the "vile proletarians" 10,000. Pretty well for the proletarians!

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

The Disaster at Murfreesboro.

We had a conversation of some length yesterday with Dr. Butler, Surgeon of the 3rd Minnesota regiment, in reference to the recent skirmish at Murfreesboro. Dr. Butler seems to be a gentleman of intelligence and candor, and his statements may no doubt be relied on as giving a correct account of that most unexpected disaster. The first report we published stated that this regiment fought desperately from the attack in the morning until late in the evening.—This is a great error. Dr. Butler says the fight with the Minnesota regiment lasted a *minute or two*, and their wounded *five*, and *one* missing! Early in the morning, Colonel Lester led his men out of camp half a mile at the edge of a wood, and drew up his men in line of battle, with the battery at each end.—The guerrillas charged on them about seven o'clock, but being received with a sharp cannonade, wheeled off at right angles and rode away, with the exception of ten who got within our lines, and were either dismounted or killed. The rebels dashed away into the camp, when they killed Corporal Green of company I, and Private Woodburn of company C, who was sick in his tent. Only twenty soldiers had been left to guard the camp. Our wounded were Privates C. H. Turnely, company K; W. H. Doil, company E; J. Fogelson, company E; Charles Johnson, company B; A. H. Lewis, company H; and _____ Green, teamster—all slightly injured.

The rebels rode off discouraged at the appearance of things, and twice afterwards rode back and returned to the town, declaring that the regimen could not be taken! The Michigan 9th had been taken by surprise, but 175 of the men had rallied and drove back the enemy. Seventy-five guerillas dismounted and charged as infantry; but were repulsed. The best fighting was done by a company of the regiment which was in the Court house in the town, who killed ten of the enemy as they attacked them. The rebels say that the artillery shot over their heads, some balls cutting off tree tops, and others passing over the town! Only one man was found killed by cannon shot, his leg being shot off at the knee. He bled to death; his horse also being killed

under him.

But one of our artillery was wounded—his hand being blown off by accident. The Ninth Michigan lost 14, killed and 63 wounded. The guerrillas despairing almost of taking the Third Minnesota, had fired our commissary stores, and were making preparations to fall back, when Col. Forrest said he would see if he could not scare Col. Lester into a surrender. He then sent in a flag of truce and Col. Lester rode into town and held a conference with him. He came back and told his officers and men, nearly all of whom were eager for a fight, that there were at least 3,500, and perhaps, 5,000 cavalry preparing to attack them, and that they must surrender, as it would be useless to resist! The men wept like children with mortification and rage; but Col. Lester, who had been stupified [sic] ever since the alarm had been given, and utterly paralyzed with fear, and would list to no remonstrance, and so the regiment of fine, stalwart men, admirably drilled and armed men, give up to a parcel of cavalry, numbering about 1,000, armed with shot-guns. Lieut. Greenleaf had asked Col. Lester to allow him to take a company to protect the Camp, but was refused. The Colonel also ordered the surgeons and ambulances to the most exposed part of the field, when they were in imminent peril of their lives, and also refused to let the wounded be carried off to a house, keeping them until two o'clock in the broiling sun. His excuse was that it was impossible to tell what movement they would have to make! Dr. Butler says, and we rejoice for the sake of humanity to record the fact, that the citizens of Murfreesboro' showed kindness to the wounded and humanity to the dead without distinction. Let it be told everywhere to their credit, so that there may be an oasis in the drearily [sic] desert of war known throughout the land. It was with feelings of deep humiliation that Dr. Butler, whose narrative was confirmed by others, related these facts to us, and it is with deep mortification that we record them, but justice to the brave men who were victimized by an utterly incompetent leader imperiously demand of us a recital of the fact. Had a man of coolness and self-possession been their Colonel they would have repelled the guerrillas with scarcely a blow. There would have been no difficulty in bringing off the entire force to this place, but even this was not necessary. They could have held their position triumphantly. Perhaps we should say in justice to General T. T. Crittenden, that he had just arrived from Indiana, and had not taken command. A finer body of men than the Third Minnesota we never saw, and we deeply sympathize with them and their misfortune. Let their fate serve as a lesson to other regiments and companies, to be careful of their choice of officers.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Stores Robbed by Guerrillas in Murfreesborough.

Mr. W. B. Hornbeck, of the firm of Hornbeck & Forsythe, Murfreesboro, called on us yesterday and gave us the particulars of the robbery of his store by some marauders on Wednesday last. About twenty-five guerrillas, under a Captain Bond, called at his house and ordered him to follow them. They then went to his store and helped themselves to \$200 worth of goods, and a horse worth \$200. Some few of the lower class of citizens seemed to encourage them in their rascally work, but the better class of the citizens remonstrated, though ineffectually with the guerrillas, who ordered them to mind their business. At the request of these citizens Mr. Hornbeck was handed over to a Lieutenant of Forrest's command, who treated him kindly, and paroled him, on condition that he would not take up arms against the Confederacy. Bond's men

told him they were the persons who shot several pickets on the Lebanon Pike, some ten days ago, near Pierce's Mill. Mr. Hornbeck expresses himself as very grateful to the respectable citizens of Murfreesboro' for their exertions in his behalf. How long shall these disgraceful robberies go on within the lines of the Federal army?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Delicate Ground;" singing and dancing; "Swiss Swains"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

More About the Murfreesborough Affair.

We publish the following communication with pleasure. The statements we made were given on the authority of highly respectable members of the Third Minnesota, who had excellent opportunities for knowing what they stated; but if there are any extenuating circumstances we, and the public will be glad to hear them. Mr. Hathaway himself speaks of the surrender as dishonorable:

Mr. Editor: I desire in as few words as possible, to correct some small mis-statements made by Dr. Butler to you.

Col. Lester was far from being "paralyzed by fear." As we were marching back over the field of battle, many men if not the whole regiment, heard him say, "Keep your line well dressed boys, it is the best marching you have ever done," &c., which was evidently true, and which no man 'paralyzed by fear' would have noticed.

The enemy numbered in all 2,000. They consisted of the celebrated Texan Rangers, 700 strong, two Georgia regiments of 500 each, and a battalion of Kentucky troops. At the time of the surrender, we were less than 500 strong, and the artillery was nearly out of ammunition. Nevertheless, we would have held our position until reinforcements had arrived, if ordered to.

The Texans, as well as the enemy generally, had arms of their own choice. Those had sabres [sic] who wanted them, and I do not remember to have seen a half-dozen without revolvers.

The wounded were on a cool, shady hill side, admirably sheltered from danger by the nature of the ground. The fact that Col. Lester selected this place instead of the house which it was necessary to shell, and which was occupied at the time by the rebels, is one of the greatest things that I have yet heard in his favor.

Gen. Crittenden assumed command the day before the attack. He as well as Col. Duffield advised Col. Lester to surrender.

Before surrendering, Colonel Lester called a council of war. Five voted for surrender, and three against. Captains Andrews and Hait, and Lieut. Colonel Griggs are the ever heroic three, who preferred an honorable death to a dishonorable surrender. Captain Mills was opposed to surrender, but, I am informed, was not allowed a vote on account of the absence of his company.

N. P. Hathaway,
Co. I, Third Minn.

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

Pickets Captured—Railroad Bridges
Burned—Great Excitement.

Six of our pickets, who were stationed on the Lebanon road were attached yesterday afternoon by a party of twenty guerrillas belonging to Forrest's troop, and all but one captured; one of these subsequently escaped. We learn that the pickets were strolling in an orchard at the time.

Later in the afternoon three bridges on the Chattanooga Railroad were burned down, the nearest seven and the furthest eight miles from the city. Scouts report Col. Forrest with a force of from twelve hundred to two thousand within five miles of this place. At the time of writing this paragraph the troops are under arms, prepared for an attack, and much excitement exists.

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

Mr. Powell of colonel Winkoops cavalry had a narrow escape the other day. He had been detailed with a few others on secret service near Lebanon, and was captured near that place. He was condemned to be hung, but being exceedingly vigilant gave his captors the slip, and is now safe.

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

Capture of Cynthiana.

The fight at Cynthiana commenced about 5 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, and lasted about thirty minutes, the small force under Lieut. Col. Landrum being overpowered by Morgan's horde of Texan Rangers. Morgan disarmed all the prisoners and paroled them. After sacking the place, he left in the direction of Lexington. The number of killed in the engagement is supposed to amount to about seventy-five on the Federal side. The rebel loss is not exactly known, but is estimated at fully one hundred. Still later despatches [sic] from Boyd's Station state that Col. Landrum and forty of his men escaped. Two of Morgan's cavalry regiments moved off in the direction of Lexington on Friday morning. The Cincinnati Commercial says no bridges had been burnt this side of Cynthiana up to 3 o'clock on Friday evening.

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

We learn that the rebels celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Bull's Run, on the 21st, by a large party, a few miles from this city. Quite a patriotic party, no doubt.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Delicate Ground;" "Mr. and Mrs. Turtle;" "Swiss Swains"

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

Great Skedaddle by Forrest.

On Tuesday night, Col. Haggard's Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, who had been in pursuit of the Guerrillas for several days, came within one mile of Forrest's banditti, on the Murfreesboro' road, thirteen miles from this city, when the whole gang of rebel horse-thieves, chicken-stealers,

house-breakers and assassins, cut and ran like quarter horses. The last seen of them Forrest was leaning over his horse's neck, whipping for dear life, while his men were dropping pistols, shot-guns, canteens, corn-dodgers, green apples and stolen chickens along the road. When last seen they were within ten miles of devildom, and still running.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A New Orleans She-Rebel.

The N. O. correspondent of the New York *Herald*, gives the following account of the performances, gymnastic, pugilistic and linguistical, of a New Orleans rebel in petticoats: On last Tuesday we had quite an exciting time on the streets. A young woman named Hannah Larue took it into her pretty little head to appear on Canal street, opposite the Provost Marshal's office, wearing a secesh flag on her bosom and to cheer for "Jeff," and to distribute slips of paper, on which was printed that McClellan, with forty thousand of his men, had been captured, and his army completely routed.

The Arrest.

Such conduct, tending to invite a riot, and a crowd beginning to gather, Lieut. Ed. J. Noyes, Passport officer, concluded to arrest her. He took detective Barney Williams, and placed her in his custody, and ordered an orderly to accompany them to the City Hall. As they passed through St. Charles street, Mrs. Larue screamed, and several hundred persons followed. Just as they reached Leeds' shoe store, a little above Canal street, a man rushed out of the store and attempted a rescue. He knocked Williams down, and struck the orderly with a club; the orderly drew his pistol, but just then another police officer came up and fired at the man with the club, inflicting a wound in his left breast, the wounded man took to his heels and has not yet been caught. During the melee Mrs. Larue escaped, but was soon again secured. After the fight was all over, Williams ran like a good fellow, crying murder. He is to be dismissed the service.

She Was Brought Before the Military Governor.

Arrived at the City Hall, Mrs. Larue, on seeing General Shepley, threw a handful of her slips of paper in his face, but on being informed by his orderly that she had insulted the Governor of Louisiana, she begged his pardon, saying, "I have heard that you are a gentleman." In the meantime she indulged in very highly seasoned language, in which profanity was an important ingredient, about President Lincoln, and other distinguished Union officers. By this time a great crowd had collected outside the building. Lieutenant A. G. Bowles, Aid-de-Camp, went out and ordered two cavalymen to draw their sabres [sic] and clear the sidewalk. The crowd fell back instantly before these two pieces of cold steel. In a few minutes Lieut. Noyes took the rebellious little woman in a carriage and carried her down to Gen. Butler. During the ride she favored Mr. Noyes with a volley of secession sentiments, and finally relieved herself by breaking off the handle of her elegant fan, and throwing it in his face.

The Lady's Husband Arrested—Both Brought Before General Butler.

Her husband was also brought before General Butler. At headquarters Mrs. Larue behaved in the most defiant manner, making mouths and scowling at the General in an intense style. He told her that that kind of thing would not affect him in the least, and that if she bit her lip till the blood run it wouldn't trouble him. She then turned her head as far away from him as she could, with the most superb expression of scorn on her face, and occasionally uttered treasonable language and threatened General Butler. She was particularly anxious that he should remember that Beauregard would hear of her martyrdom. Her husband stated that he had repeatedly warned her against expressions of hatred towards United States officers and soldiers. The General issued an order sending her to Ship Island. Larue begged to be allowed to go in her place, but General Butler didn't believe in vicarious punishment. He asked Larue his business. He stated that he was a sporting man. General Butler told him that gambling was vagrancy in the eyes of the law, and that he should send him to the parish prison until further orders.

Mrs. Larue Was "Game" to the Last,

and declared that she felt badly only for her husband. She is only about twenty years old, and is very pretty, and it was distressing to see a young creature, so calculated to adorn society, conducting herself so disgracefully. Larue wished to send to a Brooklyn minister (Mr. Van Dick, I think) for a certificate of their marriage, from which I concluded they are from New York. The following is the order for their punishment:

Special Order—No. 179.

Headquar's Department of the Gulf, }
New Orleans, July 10, 1862. }

John H. Larue, being by his own confession a vagrant, a person without visible means of support, and one who gets his living by playing cards, is committed to the parish prison until further orders. Anna Larue, his wife, having been found in the public streets wearing a Confederate flag upon her person, in order to incite a riot which has already resulted in a breach of the peace, and danger to life of a soldier of the United States, is sent to Ship Island till further orders.—She is to be kept separate and apart from the other women confined there.

By order of

Major-General Butler,

R. S. Davis, Capt. and A. A. G.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

We have learned that our Provost Marshal has actually been asked by Rebel ladies whose husbands are in the rebel army, to place guards around their houses in this city, to protect them? Isn't that modesty for you?

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Secession stock and spirits have fallen wonderfully within the last twenty-four hours. The rebel women look as pitiful as hens in a hard rain, while the he-rebels look blue about the gills. How sorry they are that the streets of Nashville were not washed with blood.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Capt. Thingamy; or, The Naval Officer;" song; dance; "The Good for Nothing"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Summary: Theatre. "Black-Eyed Susan; song; "Delicate Ground"

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

Summary: Theatre. "The Miser's Daughter; or The Denouncer;" song, dance; "Good for Nothing"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre. "Clarisse; or, The Soldier's Bride;" song, dance; "Jenny Lind"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Substitute for Coffee. Among the many substitutes for coffee, I have tasted none which equals the kind I herewith describe, when prepared with exact skill.

Take equal parts of good New Orleans or syrup molasses and water, and stir it as thick as you can with wheat bran. Spread it one-fourth to one half inch in thickness on baking pans of tin or earthen, place it in a range oven, or other kind, and let it dry, bake, and then brown until the strong aroma of coffee is perceived in the room.

Boil and serve it up as other coffee, and if prepared just right, it will be nearer to good genuine Java coffee than rye coffee, or any other variety which I have tested; in fact I have drank this kind so well prepared that good judges pronounced it Java Coffee. All this is to me quite astonishing, and I cannot explain the chemical action on the silica or the cutter covering the wheat; nevertheless, try it a few times, and you will realize a very cheap, delicious and wholesome beverage, adapted to the most sensitive nerves.—New York Observer.

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theater. "Denouncer; or the Miser's Daughter;" song, dance; "Dead Shot"

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION, July 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Theatre. "Delicate Ground;" duett [sic]—"When a Little Farm We Keep;" dance; "Mr. and Mrs. Turtle"