Nashville Union.

For Freedom and Nationality.

S. C. MERCER, Editor.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 14, 1862.

The Boaster Disappointed.

The army correspondent of the Mobile *Advertiser*, writes to that paper, on the 8th of September, from Fredericktown, Maryland, as follows:

"Five days ago Maryland chained hand and foot, writhed in the arms of the oppressors like a weeping, trembling virgin who appeals in vain to the mercy of her ravisher. To-morrow she may be free! We have come to strike the fetters from her beautiful limbs and punish her despoiler. *We have come to gather in the last of the tribes of the South and to set a boundary betwixt our adversary and ourselves.* This done—as we trust it will be before the snow shall have covered this lovely valley—we shall depart in peace to our own homes among the sunny hills of the free and independent South. But should it be the will of Heaven that the war shall continue yet another year, then *we are resolved, by the blessing of God, to maintain the stand we have taken as long as there is a musket left and a hand to wield it. We can never quit Maryland except as* CONQUERORS, OR A BROKEN AND RUINED ARMY."

The boundary set by JACKSON'S renegades recedes as rapidly as the "last ditch" so celebrated in the annals of rebel chivalry. The writer declares that the great Confederate host of Stonewall JACKSON *"can never quit Maryland except as conquerors, or a broken and ruined army."* Well they have quit Maryland assuredly *not* as conquerors. They *are* broken and ruined.

Andrew Ewing.

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

But before the day shall come when that event must take place, you will have to wander from town to town, from State to State, and from country to country in a pilgrimage longer, and more wearisome than the immortal wandering of ULYSSES, vexed though that hero was, with tempests on the main, with the rage of CYCLOPS, with SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS, with the vengeance of APOLLO, with Cimmerean darkness, and the horrors of hell; nor will your tortuous and interminable path,

"Whose wilds, immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as you go,"

be cheered by the gardens, and golden orchards of an ALCINOOUS, the immortal, and unfading beauty of a divine CALYPSO, or the unearthly music of the SYRENS. Oh, no, Mr. Ewing, none of these consolations will you enjoy; no solace will you receive except an occasional quid of tobacco, or a gourd full of whisky.

If you wish to see the supreme *selfishness* of the rebel leaders, and their utter indifference to the fate of the people, so they can save themselves from ruin, read the debate in the Richmond Congress, published in our columns recently.—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS HENRY trembles, and quakes, and shivers in an agony of terror, lest he be seized and tried as a traitor by the Federal Government. To escape this doom and death on the gallows he attempts to force the unhappy soldiers in the rebel army to fight under a black flag. He knows if they do this that they will all be put to death if captured, but what cares he, if it will increase his own chances of escape? He is for saving himself, regardless of the lives of the people. A more selfish, narrow-minded, unfeeling man, never lived. He is a moral monster.

FORT ABERCROMBIE RELIEVED.—The St. Paul *Press* of the 29th ult., learns from three gentlemen who arrived in that city the day previous, from Fort Abercrombie direct, that the garrison had been reinforced by three hundred men, under Capt. BERGER. They arrived not an hour too soon, for the Indians were about the Fort in great numbers, and a small party of soldiers and citizens who escorted Messrs. THOMPSON and TARRELL, with the mail and dispatches, a few hours before, were attacked on their way back and two of their number killed.

[For the Union.]

THE UNION.

"Our country is drawn by the steeds of the sky,
The long race of empire to run;
May her courses of light never search as they fly,
And our age be the age of the sun."

On the banks of the Potomac, not far from the city of Washington, in a quiet and secluded spot, near an eminence overlooking one of the most beautiful rivers with which Providence has adorned the earth, rest the ashes of the Father of his country, the Immortal WASHINGTON. Truly his is the noblest portrait on the canvas of time. Oh, how many recollections, full of wisdom and instruction, cluster around his name. He was at once the MOSES and the AARON, who conducted the Colonies through that sea of flood and fire which terminated in independence; and then, laying aside all ambition, and rejecting all the honors freely proffered by a confiding and affectionate people to a military chieftain, he laid the foundation, by his pure patriotism, for that Free Republic, with her glorious Constitution, and with her still more glorious hopes. Among the richest legacies of wisdom which this great man bequeathed to posterity, is that last will and testament to the American people—his Farewell Address. And if I select the richest jewel which is to be found in the cluster of noble sentiments and wise admonitions contained in his Address, I should say it is that warning to posterity to frown with indignation upon every attempt to alienate one section of the great Confederacy from the other. Listen to the immortal WASHINGTON:

"The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immoveable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; *and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.*"

Not far from the city of Nashville, on the southern shore of the Cumberland river, amid the pleasant scenes of the Hermitage, rises the modest monument which marks the final resting place of the hero of New Orleans—ANDREW JACKSON. There, after noble service to his country in war and peace, the patriot hero sleeps; but his lessons to his countrymen, whether expressed in deeds or words, still live on the printed page and in their hearts. Among these lessons none ever met a heartier response from the whole American people than the simple declaration:

"Our Federal Union: It must be preserved."

The sentiment itself, indeed, was but an echo to the utterances of all patriotic hearts from the very beginning of the struggle for Independence. The primal necessity of the Revolution was *Union.* Without it, the Revolution itself, though, in name, a success, would have been, in truth, a disastrous failure. It was first and last among the aspirations of WASHINGTON and his great compatriots; and the most impressive yet simple of all the admonitions of "Old Hickory."

"Our Federal Union: It must be preserved."

Once unanimously shouted by the whole American people. Oh, pity the day that it should have met with a response less decided or less unanimous.

Near the city of Lexington sleeps the mortal remains of the great Kentuckian. He rests sweetly beneath the green sods of that lovely spot over which rises in beauty the richest and most lovely maples that ever graced the groves of any land. The cemetery is a great amphitheatre, in whose arena is placed the chamber of the dead. About one hundred yards north of the vault rises the classic and beautiful monument of HENRY CLAY, making the spot where rests the ashes of the patriot statesman of the Union.

It was here the poor unknown and friendless boy first became charmed with the beautiful country in the interior of Kentucky. Here he began his career of life and rose at the bidding of the divinity to that meridian splendor which at his death ushered in the dawn of his immortal glory. Perhaps the sun in his diurnal circuit shone on no country so beautiful. And in all the combinations of grace that same luminary has never dawned on human kind that excelled the Great Commoner. It seems as though the gods themselves had prepared this land for their own abode. The fountains, the fields and the groves, and in an imaginary sense, swarm with nymph and graces. And the Goddess of Liberty still dwells here and calls to her favorite sons to range themselves along the ranks of the free, and bids them never to blanch before the hostile array of the hosts of tyranny.

The Great Commoner sleeps his last sleep, but the immortal statesman "still lives," and his great soul broods over his country's sad condition. The graceful form of the "Prince of the Senate" still points that long and sinewy finger to the goal of our national hope, and the noble sons, of those noble sires, that stood around the great man in youth, manhood, and in those ripened years when seventy summers had matured that intellect which never quailed before the assaults of men or calumny, and which bid defiance to the arrows of disease, and bade its earthly home adieu in the flood time of its vigor, now crowd around the flag of that country which he served so long and so well. Alas! my friends, patriots, do you know that the heels of vandals now trample beneath their barbarous feet the ashes of your patriot chief?

Do you know that this sanctuary of human liberty is now desecrated with a worse than Ottoman darkness? It does seem that a million flaming swords should at once be drawn to annihilate the perfidious invader. Where stood the great champion of Kentucky? Listen to his words of love and truth. How often was his warning voice raised against the passions of the hour? When party strife threatened to engulph the hopes of country and humanity beneath its boisterous waves, the great man came forth and said to the angry waters, "peace, be still," and it was done. Would to God that the Executive Chair could have one hour of that earnest, sincere, heaven-inspired, enthusiastic love of country and liberty which flowed from the divine countenance of HENRY CLAY, when fired by the peculiar condition of his country. One hour of this great man's life would hurl the teeming millions of the loyal States upon the rebel horde with a storm of avenging fire. The following from his "great effort" on the compromise resolutions will be an appropriate quotation:

"Mr. PRESIDENT: I am directly opposed to any purpose of secession or separation. I am for staying within the Union, and defying any portion of this Confederacy to expel me or drive me out of the Union. I am for staying within the Union and fighting for my rights, if necessary, with the sword, within the bounds and under the safeguard of the Union. I am for vindicating those rights, not by being driven out of the Union harshly and unceremoniously by any portion of this Confederacy. Here I am within it, and here I mean to stand and die, as far as my individual wishes or purposes can go—within it to protect my property and defend myself, defying all the power on earth to expel me or drive me from the situation in which I am placed. And would there not be more safety in fighting within the Union than out of it? Suppose your rights to be violated, suppose wrong to be done you, aggressions to be perpetrated upon you, can you not better vindicate them—if you have occasion to resort to the last necessity, the sword, for a restoration of those rights—within, and with the sympathies of a large portion of the population of the Union, than by being without the Union, when a large portion of the population have sympathies adverse to your own? You can vindicate your rights within the Union better than if expelled from the Union; and driven from it without ceremony and without authority.

"Sir, I have said that I thought there was no right on the part of one or more States to secede from the Union. I think so. The Constitution of the United States was made not merely for the generation that then existed, but for posterity—unlimited, undefined, endless, perpetual posterity. And every State that then came into the Union, and every State that has since come into the Union, came into it binding itself, by indissoluble bands, to remain within the Union itself, and to remain within it by its posterity forever. Like another of the sacred connections, in private life, it is a marriage which no human authority can dissolve or divorce the parties from. And if I may be allowed to refer to some examples in private life, let me say to the North and to the South, what husband and wife say to each other. We have mutual faults; neither of us is perfect; nothing in the form of humanity is perfect: let us, then, be kind to each other—forbearing, forgiving each other's faults—and above all, let us live in happiness and peace together.

"Mr. President, I have said, what I solemnly believe, that dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inevitable; and they are convertible terms; and such a war as it would be, following a dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so ferocious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating—not even the wars of Greece, including those of the Commoners of England and the revolutions of France—none, none of them all would rage with such violence, or be characterized with such bloodshed and enormities as would the war which must succeed, if that event ever happens, the dissolution of the Union. And what would be its termination? Standing armies, and navies, to an extent stretching the revenues of each portion of the dissevered members, would take place. An exterminating war would follow—not, sir, a war of two or three years' duration, but a war of interminable duration—and exterminating wars would ensue, until, after the struggles and exhaustion of both parties, some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would arise and cut the Gordian knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the severed portions of this common empire. Can you doubt it?

"Look at all history—consult her pages, ancient or modern—look at human nature; look at the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of war following upon the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested; and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final disposition of the whole would be some despot treading down the liberties of the people—the final result would be the extinction of this last and glorious light which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, in the hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be diffused throughout the whole of the civilized world. Sir, can you lightly contemplate these consequences? Can you yield yourself to the tyranny of passion, amid dangers which I have depicted in colors far too tame of what the result would be if that direful event to which I have referred should ever occur? Sir, I implore gentlemen, I adjure them, whether from the South or the North, by all that they hold dear in this world—by all their love of liberty—by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind—and by all the duties which they owe to themselves, to pause, solemnly to pause, at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap be taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none who ever take it shall return in safety.

Finally, Mr. President, and in conclusion, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me, upon earth, that if the direful event of the dissolution of this Union is to happen, I shall not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle."

Among the front ranks of men that founded, organized, and cemented together the American Nation, the name of DANIEL WEBSTER will be found. In distant ages, when coming generations shall study the English language as the present does the Greek and Latin as models of style and lights of wisdom and truth, his orations will be read with delight, and recited as the choice productions of the human mind. His career has been so recent that his countrymen are not prepared to appreciate thoroughly the magnitude of the great character that labored so long and so faithfully for the Nation. It is within the memories of the youth that he performed his great part in society. For years the schoolboys have recited his majestic passages as the masterpieces of oratory. Our old men who admired and leaned on his wisdom for support, repined over the Nation's loss. The Statesman no longer wakes up the Nation by his grand periods and lessons of wisdom. He now sleeps his last long sleep in the old Bay State, on the shores of the "far sounding" sea. Near his loved mansion, at Marshfield, rest the mortal remains of New England's great Statesman. The waves of his Northern Sea, that he loved so much in life to look upon, now sing their solemn and sublime dirges to his voiceless but eloquent tomb.

A mere urn contains the dust and ashes of him to whom millions turned in their hours of trial. The majestic form, the brow of wisdom, those eyes of life, have disappeared. The monuments erected to commemorate his deeds may perish; "but thy memory," O son of liberty, shall not fade. Honored Massachusetts, whose soil contains his tomb. Noble, venerated State. How many jewels of our nation repose in your bosom. How many sacred recollections inspire your children and give to your whole domain a divine enchantment. It was amid the memories that consecrate thy soil that the soul of the great WEBSTER caught its first inspirations and took its bold flight upward to enduring fame. The OTISES, the PRESCOTTS, the WARRENS, the ADAMSES, and how many more of "New England's dead" had gone before him.

The scenes of Charleston and Bunker Hill were described to him by his mother and father. The great character of the Father of his Country was the study of his infant years. The heroes of the revolution were all before him. The wonderful country which God had made for the home of a great nation filled his soul with the majestic events of the future. What words of love and patriotism, what stores of sentiment and golden treasures of wisdom, the great man has left as the legacy to posterity, to humanity, in all coming time. How fit that DANIEL WEBSTER should have arisen in the land that gave birth to a new nation, a new man, a new civilization, among the founders of free religion, free schools, the authors of a new literature, the inventors of machinery and all mechanic arts, the heroes of liberty, the seamen of Marble Head, that have made the ocean their home and our empire in all coming time. All these elements, the spirits of New England's mighty dead! The inspiration of the great WEBSTER now call on us who venerate the glories of the past and look for the realization future hopes to stand firmly and bravely around the charge committed to our hands. Do we love their examples, do we cherish their glorious memories, and suffer traitors to desecrate the land from which our heroic ancestors sprung? Are we men and suffer treason to lull us to sleep and murder patriots?

The Nation, planted by the wisdom of so many sages, and watered by the blood of so many patriots, can not be strangled in its cradle. The infant giant is waking from his sleep, and begins his work in earnest. Let all that love their country take courage—you and I may perish as did our fathers at Saratoga, Camden, and Yorktown. What a glorious saying: "My father poured out his life for his country at Monmouth." It will be still more glorious in coming time to say "my father was slain on the plains of Kentucky or Virginia, aiding to crush a cruel rebellion against the civilization of the nineteenth century."

It will do us good to recur to the past, and to drink anew from the waters of life which have flowed from the rock of New England at the bidding of the Great JEHOVAH. Let us look again at some of the words of wisdom spoken by the man whom GOD made for the organ of *our* Nation:

"I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, —Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!"

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"Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No; if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them, than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, the edifice of constitutional American liberty."

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"Under the present Constitution, wisely and conscientiously administered, all are safe, happy, and renowned. The measure of our country's fame may fill and our breasts. It is fame enough for us to partake in *her* glory, if we will carry her character onward to its true destiny. But if the system is broken, its fragments must fall alike on all. Not only the cause of American liberty, but the grand cause of liberty throughout the whole earth, depends, in a great measure, on upholding the Constitution and Union of these States. If shattered and destroyed, no matter by what cause, the peculiar and cherished idea of United American Liberty will be no more for ever. There may be free States, it is possible, when there shall be separate States. There may be many loose, and feeble, and hostile confederacies, where there is now one great and united confederacy. But the noble idea of United American Liberty, of *our* liberty, such as our fathers established it, will be extinguished for ever. Fragments and shattered columns of the edifice may be found remaining; and melancholy and mournful ruins will they be. The august temple itself will be prostrate in the dust. Gentlemen, the citizens of this republic cannot sever their fortunes. A common fate awaits us. In the honor of upholding, or in the disgrace of undermining the Constitution, we shall all necessarily partake. Let us then stand by the Constitution as it is, and by our country as it is, one, united, and entire; let it be a truth engraven on our hearts, let it be borne on the flag under which we rally in every exigency, that we have ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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In conclusion, I will add that thousands of deceased statesmen, soldiers, and men of the ordinary walks of life unceasingly opposed anything and everything which might tend to the not-attachment of the whole American people, much more deliberate disunion. Our great men, in common with all classes North, denounce disunion, while the entire South, especially those men most notoriously trasonable, have been the authors of the most glowing eulogies upon the inestimable blessings of a united country. But, like the strong man of old, these traitors have lost their political vison, and alike unfitted to instruct, as powerless to injure, they are willing to destroy the Temple of Constitutional Liberty, although they may perish in its ruins.

I fear we do not calculate the value of "Union." Must we surrender the proud title of American citizens? Must we renounce our portion in the glories of the Imperial Republic? Must we madly fling away the most blessed boon of free institutions ever vouchsafed by Heaven to man? Must we prepare for our children, instead of the noble heritage of freedom, prosperity and peace which our fathers transmitted to us, a detestable inheritance of destruction and never ending war? No, no, a thousand times no.

I believe it is the destiny of our country to live as long as time shall live. I believe that He who holds the world at His nod, and He, who has permitted so many developements in the past, has before Him and us a great future. Therefore, let us put our unbounded trust in Providence, and vigorously prosecute this most patriotic war, cherishing above all, with the constant ardor of WASHINGTON, a "cordial and immoveable attachment" to the Federal Union, and resolve, with the inflexible determination of JACKSON, that "IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

Then, again, can we sing,

"The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The Union of States none can sever;
A union of hearts, a union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever!"

BENJAMIN C. TRUMAN.

DIED,

In Atlanta, Ga., on the 31st of May last, Mrs. JESSIE KNOTT, in the 26th year of her age, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. DR. Stitt, of this city.

New Advertisements.

Sheriff's Sale.

ON THURSDAY, THE 23rd DAY OF OCTOBER 1862, I will expose at Public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Warehouse of Morris & Stratton, on South Market street, the following articles, to-wit:

10 barrels, containing Nuts and Cakes.		7 half barrels Mackerel.	
2 kegs Butter.		2 kits Mackerel.	
10 boxes Cheese.		24 boxes pint Pickles.	
1 " containing Tobacco.		13 " Ginger Syrup.	
		6 " Catsup.	
2 " Milk.		1 " Market Pears.	
1 " Gi ger.		1 " Pepper.	
6 " Strawberries.		22 " Brandy Cherries.	
3 " Vegetable Pain Killer.		2 " Sardines.	
		6 " Oysters.	
1 " Jellies.		7 " Lobsters.	

Attached as the property of McKinney & Flynice to satisfy a debt in favor of H. H. Hanner. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JAS. M. HINTON,
Sheriff of Davidson Co.

Nashville, Oct. 14th, 1862.