NASHVILLE DAILY UNION.

VOL I. NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1862. NO 194

Davidson County Directory.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

JOHN HUGH SMITH, *Mayor.*
WILLIAM SHANE, *Recorder.*
JOHN CHUMBLEY, *Marshal.*
Deputy Marshals—W. H. Wilkinson, A. C. Tucker, James A. Steele.
Clerks of the Market—John Chumbley, *ex-officio*, first; L. Ryan, second; and John Reddick, third.
Tax Assessor—William Driver.
Revenue Collector—A. R. Shankland.
Water Tax Collector—E. B. Garrett
Treasurer—R. Henry.
Wharf Master—Thomas Leake.
Superintendent of the Workhouse—J. Q. Dodd.
Superintendent of the Water Works—James Wyatt.
Chief of the Fire Department—John M. Seabury.
Sexton of the Cemetery—T. H. McBride.
Street Overseer—J. L. Stewart.
City Attorney—John McPhail Smith.

CITY COUNCIL.

Board of Aldermen—M. M. Brien, President; J. E. Newman, G. A. J. Mayfield, H. G. Scovel, Wm. S. Cheatham, J. C Smith, M. G. L. Claiborne, and Jas. Robb.
Common Council—W. P. Jones, President; William Roberts, T. J. Yarbrough, Wm. Driver, Wm. Stewart, William Hough, W. Mullins, James Turner, G. M. Southgate, A. J. Cole, Jas. Davis, Andrew Anderson, J. B. Knowles, and John Cready.

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

Finance—Knowles, Scovel and Cole.
Water Works—Anderson, Smith and Claiborne.
Streets—Yarbrough, Turner, Southgate, Davis, Brien, Mayfield, Cheatham and Claiborne.
Wharf—Newman, Stewart and Turner.
Hospital—Jones, Mayfield and Sloan.
Schools—Cheatham, Mayfield and Knowles.
Fire Department—Cready, Driver and Newman.
Gas—Driver, Cheatham and Davis.
Cemetery—Smith, Stewart and Newman.
Market House—Roberts, Stewart and Turner
Slaves—Hough, Claiborne and Davis.
Police—Cheatham, Brien and Anderson
Springs—Hough, Claiborne and Brien.
Workhouse—Cheatham, Mayfield and Knowles.
Improvements and Expenditures—Cole, Scovel and Cready.
Public Property—Brien, Cheatham and Turner.
Poor House—Mayfield, Jones and Roberts.

☞ The Board of Aldermen meets the Tuesdays next preceding the second and fourth Thursdays in each month, and the Common Council the second and fourth Thursdays in each month.

NIGHT POLICE

Captain—John Baugh.
First Lieutenant—Wm. Yarbrough.
Second Lieutenant—John H. Davis.
Policemen—Wm. Jackson, John Cavender, Nich Davis, Joel Phillips, Wm. Baker, John Cottrell, William Mayo, John Eagles, J. W. Wright, John Puckett, Robert Scott, W. C. Francis, Thomas Francis, Andrew Boyce, David Yates, and Charles Hulitt.

☞ The Police Court is opened every morning one o'clock.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff—James M. Hinton. *Deputies*—Thomas Hobson and J. K. Buchanan.
Register—Phineas Garrett.
Trustee—W. Jasper Taylor.
Coroner—N. H. Belcher.
Ranger—John Corbitt.
Revenue Collector—J. G. Briley.
Railroad Tax Collector—W. D. Robertson.
Constables for the Nashville District—John D. Gower and J. E. Newman.

COUNTY COURT.

Judge—Hon. James Whitworth.
Clerk—P. Lindsley Nichol.

☞ The Judge's Court meets the first Monday in each month, and the Quarterly Court, composed of the Magistrates of the County, is held the first Monday in January, April, July and October.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge—Hon. Nathaniel Baxter.
Clerk—David C. Love.

☞ The Court meets the first Monday in March and September.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Judge—Hon. William K. Turner.
Clerk—Charles E. Diggons.

☞ The Court meets the first Monday in April August and December.

CHANCERY COURT.

Chancellor—Hon. Samuel D. Frierson.
Clerk and Master—J. E. Gleaves.

☞ The Court meets the first Monday in May and November.

I. O. O. F.

JOHN F. HIBE, Grand Secretary, should be addressed at *Nashville, Tenn.*

Tennessee Lodge, No. 1—Meets every Tuesday Evening, at their Hall, on the corner of Union and Summer streets. The officers for the present term, are: O. S. Leuseur, N. G.; J. E. Mills, V. G.; J. L. Weakley, Secretary; L. K. Spain, Treasurer.

Tribune Lodge, No. 10—Meets at the same place every Monday Evening. The officers are: R. A. Campbell, N. G.; Henry Apple, V. G.; J. L. Park, Secretary; B. F. Brown, Treasurer.

Smiley Lodge, No. 90—Meets at their Hall, on South Cherry street, every Friday Evening. The officers are: O. C. Covert, N. G.; Frank Harman, V. G.; James Wyatt, Secretary; W. M. Mallory, Treasurer.

Aurora Lodge, No. 105, (German)—Meets at the Hall, corner of Union and Summer streets, every Thursday Evening. The officers are: Charles Rich, N. G.; P. Friedman, V. G.; —— Ritterlich, Secretary; Geo. Seiferle, Treasurer.

Ridgely Encampment, No. 1—Meets at the above Hall on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. The officers are: J. E. Mills, C. P.; T. H. McBride, H. P.; G. F. Fuller, S. W.; Peter Harris, Jr., J. W.; John F. Hide, Scribe; B. R. Cutter, Treasurer.

Olive Branch Encampment, No. 4—Meets at the above Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month. The officers are: Jas. T Beh, C. P.; Henry Apple, H. P.; L. Moker, S. W.; B. Friedman, J. W.; Charles Kircher, Scribe; J. N. Ward, Treasurer.

DAVIDSON COUNTY DIRECTORY—*Continued.*

MILITARY QUARTERS AND OFFICERS.

Post—Headquarters on High street. Gen. Negley, commanding.

District—Headquarters on Summer street. (Dr. Ford's residence.) W. H. Sidell, Maj. 15th U. S. Infantry, A. A. A. G.

Provost Marshal—Headquarters at the Capitol. A. C. Gillem, Col. 1st Tenn. Infantry.

Chief Assistant Quartermaster—Headquarters on Cherry street; No. 10, (Judge Catron's residence.) Capt. J. D. Bingham.

Assistant Quartermaster—No.—Cherry street. Capt. R. Stevenson.

Assistant Quartermaster—Vine street, near Mrs. Polk's residence. Capt. R. N. Lamb.

Assistant Quartermaster—No. 37, Market street.—Capt. J. M. Hale.

Chief Commissary—Headquarters, No 10, Vine st. Capt. R. Macfeely.

Commissary of Subsistence—Broad street. Capt. S Little.

Acting Commissary of Subsistence—Corner of Broad and College streets. Lieut Charles Allen.

Medical Director—Summer street. (Dr. Ford's old residence.) Surgeon, E. Swift.

Medical Purveyor's Office—Church street, Masonic Building. J. R. Piper, Surgeon, 8th Kentucky Infantry, Acting Medical Purveyor.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
NASHVILLE UNION.

THE NASHVILLE UNION was commenced a few weeks since, for the purpose of opposing the Rebel Southern Confederacy, and of advocating the restoration of Federal authority, without any abatement, over all the States which have attempted to secede. It holds as friends all who support, and as foes all who oppose the Union of the States. It has no watchword but FREEDOM AND NATIONALITY.

With rebels and traitors it has no compromise to make. It contends, for the Federal Constitution and the Laws made in pursuance thereof as the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND, anything in the Constitution and Laws of any of the States to the contrary notwithstanding.

It contends for the Union of the States, because without it the preservation of our liberties and institutions and the organization of society itself are wholly impossible. Therefore, whatever stands in the way of crushing out the rebellion and restoring the Union must perish, no matter by what name it may be called.

To the people of Tennessee, ever renowned for their devotion to Liberty and Union, until they were betrayed to the rebel despotism at Richmond by a perfidious Governor and corrupt Legislature, and who have felt so heavily the awful curse of treason and anarchy, we appeal for support. Let the names of rebel office-holders, Vigilance Committees, and Minute Men, who have filled our borders with mourning, be gibbetted before the world. Let those ambitious and avaricious men who have plotted our ruin for their own aggrandizement be fastened to the pillory of shame, no matter how high their station in society. Let it be shown how the self-styled defenders of "Southern Rights" are now leading marauding bands of free-booters and mess-troopers over our State, kidnapping negroes, stealing horses and cattle, breaking into houses, burning railroad bridges and cars, and murdering unarmed citizens in cold blood. Let the truth, so long excluded by the Southern conspirators, now circulate freely through every neighborhood, and our cause will assuredly triumph. Will not loyal men everywhere aid us in the dissemination of facts and the advocacy of Free Government?

Terms of Subscriptions in Par Funds.

Daily Union, single copy, per annum,	$8 00
" " clubs of ten, each,	7 00
Tri-weekly, single copy,	5 00
" clubs of ten, each,	4 00
Weekly, single copy,	2 00
" clubs of ten, each,	1 50

☞ All communications on business with the Office, will be addressed to the PUBLISHERS of the UNION, and all communications to the Editor will be addressed to S. C. MERCER.

Editors of loyal newspapers will do us a great kindness by re-publishing the foregoing or its substance.

The current transactions in Tennessee for months to come will be highly interesting to all lovers of their country and her free institutions, and the columns of the Union will furnish the earliest and most reliable history of these events.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

(TEN LINES OR LESS TO CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.)

1 Square,	1 day,	$1 00—each additional insertion			$ 50
" "	1 week,	3 00—each additional square			1 50
" "	2 "	4 50	" "	"	2 00
" "	1 month,	6 00	" "	"	3 00
" "	2 "	9 00	" "	"	4 50
" "	3 "	12 00	" "	"	5 00
" "	6 "	18 00	" "	"	8 00
" "	12 "	25 00	" "	"	10 00

To ADVERTISERS in DETAIL.

THE RATES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

Quarter Column,	1 month,		$15 00
" "	2 "		20 00
" "	3 "		25 00
" "	6 "		40 00
" "	12 "		60 00
Half Column,	1 month,		20 00
" "	2 "		30 00
" "	3 "		35 00
" "	6 "		55 00
" "	12 "		85 00
One Column,	1 "		30 00
" "	2 "		40 00
" "	3 "		45 00
" "	6 "		70 00
" "	12 "		110 00

Advertisements occupying any special position *inside*, 20 per cent. additional; special position outside, 10 per cent.

☞ Advertisements inserted in the Local Column charged at the rate of twenty cents per line.

Changes may be made periodically when agreed upon; but every such change will involve extra expense, to be paid for by the advertiser.

☞ *Advertisers exceeding the space contracted for will be charged for the excess.*

Marriage and Funeral Notices,

When exceeding five lines, will be charged at the usual advertising rates.

Announcements of Candidates.

FOR STATE OFFICERS,	$10 00
" COUNTY "	5 00
" CITY "	3 00

Cash required in advance for all advertisements, unless by special agreement.

We, the undersigned, have this day adopted the above rates, to which we bind ourselves strictly to adhere.

WM. CAMERON, for the *Union.*
JOHN WALLACE, for the *Dispatch*

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 12, 1862.

Nashville Union.

Published by an Association of Printers.

Office on Printers' Alley, between Union and Deaderick Streets.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 23, 1862.

Sketch of W. G. Brownlow's Speech at the McKendree Methodist Church, on Friday Night, November 21st.

The crowd which assembled on last Friday night in the spacious chapel of the McKendree church to hear the inimitable Parson, who is the terror and scourge of treason in Tennessee, may be briefly characterized as a BROWNLOW gathering, which is a short way of saying it was large, eagerly attentive, enthusiastic, rapturous, and, at times, uproarious with merriment. Long before the appointed hour for speaking, every nook and corner of the house was crammed and jammed, and hundreds went away, after vainly trying to force an entrance at the door. The appearance of the speaker was greeted with loud and prolonged acclamation, which was deafening enough to frightening away forever the legion of the devils of treason who were invoked there by Bishop MCFERRIN—if any of them remained:

The speaker said that he had occupied this pulpit in former days, on very different topics, and amid very different circumstances from the present. There is no house more appropriate than this one, for a harangue against a God-defying rebellion. Erected as a temple of God, it has been abandoned by its cowardly clergy, who on the approach of the Federal army to Nashville, went not "the way of all the earth," but what is far worse, the way of all the South. I, said the speaker, still remain true to Methodism and to republican government, while my clerical brethren are dodging in terror from town to town as the Union army advances, living on short rations, and double-quicking their flight at the sight of our flag. I want to drive them still farther, into the Gulf, and baptise them anew by immersion.

We are in the midst of a fearful and wicked revolution; the most uncalled for that the world has ever known, or historian recorded; thrust on us by the worst class of men in modern times. God never permitted a more corrupt, unmitigated band of scoundrels to live. The rebellion they concocted was forced upon us, without excuse, and without even the shadow of a pretext whatever. As I have said at the North, before not less than five hundred thousand people, I say here, this rebellion is not the work of Abolitionists, but of God-forsaken Southern demagogues. I have always been a pro-slavery man, and opposed to abolitionism, but must say that this rebellion is not the work of Abolitionists, but of a corrupt South. And these rebels who originated it, to obtain their rights, have but two rights—the right to be hanged, and the right to be damned. The Government, under its present form, has existed nearly eighty years. During this period, we have held nineteen Presidential elections, in which the South, with but half the States, population, and electoral votes, which the North has, elected thirteen Presidents, and the North has elected six. The South re-elected five of her Presidents, who held the Government forty years, while she made it a point to allow no Northern President to be re-elected. Not satisfied with this, she seized, appropriated, kidnapped, and used as catspaws, one half of the Northern Presidents. The last we appropriated, soul, body, and breeches, was BUCHANAN, that miserable old public functionary. I am not here to reproach any one—I have joined the unconditional Union party, to put down the rebellion at any cost required—but still I hope the ladies will rebuke their husbands and sweethearts who voted for that wretched old creature; since any man who can live in this sin-stricken world, for eighty years, without either courting a woman or wedding a wife, is fit for wolf-bait.

When the North at last concluded to assert its claims, and beat us in a fair election, the South determined to kick out of the traces, and destroy the Government. Thousands of loyal men, doubtless, voted the BRECKINRIDGE ticket. Had DOUGLAS or BELL succeeded, this war would still have occurred, for disunion had been determined on. If BRECKINRIDGE had succeeded no war would have then occurred. I will explain. These Southern leaders have avowed their programme. Had they succeeded, they would have carried on the Government peaceably; have set all the gun factories to work, built war ships, erected a chain of forts around the South, withdrawn all the munitions of war from the North, collected all the public revenues, and at the end of the four years would have walked out of the Union, and told the North to help't hemselves, The loyal States, with vast population, and abounding in provisions, would have had no guns, no artillery, no gunboats, no ammunition, to defend themselves with; they would have been helpless; and therefore, thank God that this war was brought on the country when it was; under a more honest, high-souled, patriotic man, in the person of old Abe Lincoln, than Breckinridge ever was, or could be—unless God could make him over again—a job he would not like to do if he knows him as well as I do.

I have canvassed every Eastern and most of the Northwestern States for the last eight months, and while I have changed no opinion, I must say that the North never contemplated interfering with Southern institutions. I think now, in consequence of the criminal conduct of the South, that slavery is pretty well played out, and the South may thank herself for it. If her negroes are emancipated or run off, it will be a righteous retribution. The present state of slavery may be pretty well illustrated by an anecdote: "A sportsman, who was not a very experienced hunter, sallied out one morning, and at last waked up a skunk. We call the animal by another name in my country, but permit me to say, that,

'A rose by any other name would *smell as sweet.*'

"The huntsman, not knowing the peculiarities of the essence-pedlar, took after it with a sharp stick. He did not operate long before he retired in disgust. A neighbor, who knew precisely what was in the wind, from the state of the atmosphere, ran up, exclaiming: 'Tom, have you killed him?' 'Killed the devil!' replied the indignant hunter. 'Just let the d—d thing alone, and it will stink itself to death!' And I say to this army, go on with the war, and let slavery alone, and it will stink itself to death.

When we clamored for Texas, we wanted four new slave States. We had not the strength to get it, and the North helped us. We wanted the fugitive slave-law. We again appealed to the North, and she helped us. We wanted to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and again the North helped us. I had no hand in this last act. I fought it from the beginning. It was at the bottom of much of the present trouble. Thus we had no shadow of excuse for rebellion. The Southern leaders had plotted it for thirty years. They were determined not to be satisfied with the North. The rebellion started in South Carolina—an infernal tory State. I would let it out on a contract to some Yankee Company to dig a deep ditch around it, and float it out into the ocean! If this cannot be done, let us send steamers and rams, which will push like the ram in Daniel's vision, East, West, North, and South, and reduce Charleston to ruins and ashes, so that one stone shall not be left upon another; and then let a law be passed that it shall never be rebuilt. Two years ago, when South Carolina voted herself out of the Union, you recollect the speeches made in her Convention by Rhett, Pickens, and their crew, who thanked God for what they had been permitted to see, exclaiming with Simeon: "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" Their heart's desire was accomplished. I lived in South Carolina in '31 and '32, and fought nullification, and sustained Old Hickory. Then we had a man at the helm—one who from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet was every inch a man. Had he been in Buchanan's place, he would have straightened himself up about ten feet in his boots, and seizing that anointed thief, old Floyd, by the throat, would have exclaimed: "By the God of Moses, this thing must stop!" And when Jackson said a thing had to stop, it did stop, and all the people said amen! What did Wigfall and Pryor say? Pryor, who thought one Southern man could whip 9 Yankees! He whipped Potter, of Wisconsin, handsomely. He thought Potter would not fight, and therefore challenged him. Potter accepted, and as the challenged party, chose the time, and weapons, and told Pryor he would fight him with bowie-knives. Pryor was horrified, and exclaimed: "Oh, Lord! this will never do! It is barbarous—in violation of the code. I must decline!" Why the rascals actually challenged me in Knoxville, because they thought I was a preacher and could not fight. They sent a little fellow, all the way from Nashville, to fight me, a diminutive creature weighing about ninety-five pounds; the worst specimen of a man that you ever saw except Alec Stephens. I accepted the challenge, and as it was in summer-time, said I would fight in a hog-pen, with dung-forks after the first warm rain; the one who pitched the other out to be considered the victor. The fellow published the correspondence to expose me, and disgraced himself. He knew I would have shovelled him out at the first turn. Both Pryor and Wigfall avowed, if the entire North would attach their names to a roll of white paper, long enough to reach from the Capitol to London, and let the South fix the terms, they would not stay in the Union. The gallant little Douglas declared he heard one rebel Senator say to another: "*No odds what offer the North makes, we will go out of the Union.*" It was that miserable, old corrupt specimen of humanity, that spavined, galled, distempered, sway-backed, wind-broken hack; that bloated and whisky-rotted Senator, John Mason, of Virginia. If now living he is the buttcutt of original sin, and the upper crust of nastiness. Had I been the Government when he and Slidell, another educated thief, were handed over to a British ship in Boston harbor, I would have tied them together by the neck, locked them fast to a grindstone, and tossed them where Adams and Hancock threw the tea. Slidell wears a face which the Almighty meant as an advertisement that nobody should ever mistake him for an honest man. A glorious government they have got in the South.—Jeff. Davis, the Repudiator at the head; a little pilfering Jew, Secretary of War; one of the tribe who murderered the Savior, and ever since they parted his raiment at the crucifixion have been dealing in ready-made clothing. This little Judah Peter Benjamin wrote me a note before I left, saying that as I was a very bad and dangerous man, he would send me out of the State with a military escort. I answered if he would do that, I would do more for the Confederacy than the devil ever did, I would quit the country. At the same time, he wrote to Crow Ramsey, District Attorney in East Tennessee, to let the Union men hang on gallows, by the roadside, until the flesh rotted off of their bones, as a warning and terror to all loyal people. I was never expelled from Yale College for reaking open my fellow-students' trunks, and stealing their watches and clothes, but Benjamin cannot say as much and tell the truth. He boarded in Rochester, New York, four months with a poor widow, and ran off without paying his bill, and it is unpaid to this day. The Southern Confederacy is headed by rogues, thieves, perjurers, and liars. There are better men in the Penitentiary; yes, better men in hell. Some who have sneaked in here to-night, and slipped into a corner, afraid of being seen, will call this hard talk. Call it just what you please. All I ask of such persons is, not to say anything in my favor. Before this rebellion broke out, thirteen Senators from the Cotton States, and three times that number of Representatives, had taken a solemn oath to support the Constitution and Laws of the United States. They kissed the Bible in the presence of men, and lifted their eyes and hands to God to attest their sincerity. Seeming to go through the forms of law, in the day-time they sat in Congress; they served on committees; they offered bills and resolutions; they voted; they drew their per diem and mileage; and then at night they assembled in a secret room, rented for that purpose, and from eleven o'clock at night until three in the morning, plotted the ruin of that Constitution they had sworn to maintain. I pronounce them all unmitigated, perjured scoundrels. Instead of sitting in Congress, and serving in the army, they ought to be seized, and I ought to be furnished with a lancet to cut out their lying tongues and feed them to dogs. Therefore, I insist that there are better men in the Penitentiary, and in hell, than these rebel leaders; including Breckinridge, a bloated sot, who has been skulking about Murfreesboro, and blustering about coming to Nashville. Let him come on! (A voice: "He's hunting for more water.") No he isn't. He is only hunting for more of that Robertson County whisky.

Our business is to prosecute this war. We have the right on our side. The South said the North would back down. They see how it backs down! I am, and have been from the beginning, an advocate of coercion, and if necessary, of extermination. This rebellion shall be crushed, if we have to exterminate the rebels, and ask God to send us a better breed of dogs. They bribed all the Union editors in the South. They offered to bribe me. I told them as one said to a tempter of old: "Thy money perish with thee!" They talk of starving the North and compelling bread-riots among its people. I have been there recently, and it abounds in peace and plenty, nor would you know there, that there is war, except from the morning papers and the passage of troops over the railroads. Corn is fifteen cents a bushel; Irish potatoes, *without end*, twenty cents a bushel; and fat beeves traveling about, loose, with nobody to kill them. Wages are good; employment is abundant; money was never plentier, and there is no limit to the credit of the Government. The North has put one million of men in arms, and when these are killed off she will send another million to take their place, and if these perish too, their boys will be ready for the fight. They have just begun the war. When it is ended, the United States will have eight hundred thousand of the best troops the world ever saw, well equipped and disciplined; and, as our hands will then be in, if England and France are not satisfied, we will give them a turn. I am in favor of it anyhow. My government can whip the world. I don't like the hypocritical, lying, treacherous course of England. When I was in Washington, I sent a message to the Queen, by a friend of mine who was going to England. I told him to give the kind regards of Parson BROWNLOW, of the United States, to Queen VICTORIA, and tell her that I have known individuals, and, in fact, whole communities, make a decent living, by attending to their own business; and, also, tell her to this anecdote: A Dutchman, who was at the battle of New Orleans, had heard that WASHINGTON was a very pious man, and never went into a fight, without making it the subject of special prayer. So he stepped to one side, and prayed: "Oh Lord Gott, we are in a tight schnap. Please coom town and help us von time. But if you can't help us, don't help der British, but shoost stand off, and we'll show you to tamtest fightever you saw!" Tell VICTORIA if she will just stand off we'll show her the d—dest fight ever she saw. We will show crowned heads that we can put down rebellion; and I tell you rebels, we will put you down with it. I feel glad for Tennessee, that the Government is crushing out this infernal rebellion. I love the whole Union, but confess to a peculiar tenderness for Tennessee, especially that portion looking to the sunrise, where men, for their loyalty, have suffered a thousand deaths, by hanging, by shooting, by torture, by imprisonment, by being brutally tied to trees and scourged, till they perished in agony. Still, amid this fierce and relentless persecution, though seemingly forgotten by their countrymen, and abandoned by the Government, to the rage of men whose tender mercies are cruel, they have held fast to the faith of their fathers. Though tracked by spies, though dragged at midnight by traitor, from the bosom of their families, cast into dungeons, hung on gallows by the highway, shot down like wild beasts, yet neither vigilance committees, nor armies, nor scourges, nor daggers, nor dungeons, nor exile, nor death, nor devils, "nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," has been able to separate them from their love to the Constitution and the Union of their fathers. We are going forward! Send my respects to General Gideon Pillow and tell him to dig a ditch on the other side of Murfreesboro. He tendered me the chaplaincy of a rebel regiment I sent him my respects and told him, that when I wanted to go to hell, I would cut my throat at once, and not go round by way of the Southern Confederacy. And if any rebel wants to go to hell, and arrives in the Souththern Confederacy, let him begin to look after his baggage, for that's the last depot before he gets to his destination. We have six East Tennessee regiments here and on their way. These brave fellows footed it all the way from Cumberland Gap. They have fled from the tyrants of East Tennessee. Their relatives have been hunted down and murdered, or tied to trees and cruelly whipped. And I warn the rebels that these soldiers are on their march homeward. Yes, they are returning home, each man with a devil in his bosom as big as a half bushel. I want them to parole no rebel, but hang them up on every tree by grape-vines. They will be led by the gallant Rosecrans, who is a fighting General; who chased that anointed thief, Floyd, over the mountains of Virginia, and tanned the "Butter-nuts" at Corinth and Iuka. I want the Tennessee soldiers to go in front with you gallant boys of Indiana, Wisconsin, and other troops of the great Northwest, to back them. They are going to take a terrible revenge upon the traitors who forced them to fly from their families and homes, and have committed every species of outrage. The rebels came to the jail where I was confined, and took out loyal men, and hung them, two at a time, without a trial even by a drum-head court martial, and for no other reason than that they were loyal. The rebel women attended the hangings, and giggled and waved their handkerchiefs in delight over the dying agonies of these martyred Union men. I don't know how rebellion affects the women here, but in East Tennessee, when a woman turns rebel, she gets more devils in her bosom than were cast out of Mary Magdelene. The only General who has come up to my ideas of justice in this matter, and serve these she rebels right, is Picayune Butler. If I were a General, I would suffer none of these creatures to come about me; I would treat them as enemies. If they have no respect for themselves, I have none for them.

But I now come to the *religious branch* of my subject; and I wish to say at the outset, that if I seem to use harsh language, I do so after the most mature deliberation, and with a personal knowledge of the matters which I shall mention. And here I declare, that the worst class of men, so help me God, on Southern soil, are the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian preachers. They are unmitigated scoundrels. Some noble exceptions exist, but as a body, they are corrupt, treacherous, and vile. Last month the Methodist Church, of which I have been a member thirty-five years, held a Conference in Athens, which was presided over by a hoary headed old man, Bishop EARLY. With one sweeping resolution, they expelled from the ministry all the Union preachers of the Holston Conference. I know these Union preachers well, and they are men of piety and talents. One of these is an old man who has been a preacher for forty years, and was a Major under ANDREW JACKSON, at the battle of Horse-Shoe, at New Orleans and at Mobile. This old traitor, Bishop EARLY, also issued an or-