

NASHVILLE DAILY UNION.

VOL. I.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1862.

NO 220

B. B. CONNOR & BRO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NO. 5 COLLEGE STREET.

New Stock just received and for sale
low to close out consignments.

- 200 Bbls. Salt, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 100 boxes SALT, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 C-ROPE, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 40 Bbls. Coal OIL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 half Bbls. Coal OIL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 150 dozen BROOMS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 boxes SOAP, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 boxes STARCH, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 12 chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 2 half chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 12 chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 boxes Yeast POWDER, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 cases SODA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 100 gross MATCHES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 25 boxes Star CANDLES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 25 boxes COFFEE, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & CO.
- 14 Bbls. VINEGAR, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 kits SALMON, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 2 kits MACKEREL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 5 kits HERRING, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 2 kits SHAD, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 19 Bbls. TROUT, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 Bbls. MACKEREL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 4 Bbls. CLERK, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 16 boxes dried HERRING, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 16 boxes dried SALMON, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 80 kegs NAILS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 Bbls. Crushed Sugar, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 125 bags MEAL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 500 Bbls. FLOUR, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 cases HAMS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 cases BILDS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 200 Bbls. fine POTATOES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 boxes fresh Garden SEED, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 8 Bbls. Onion SEED, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 tierces Unwashed HAMS, with a large lot of all sorts of Goods, which we will close out low, at our old stand, No. 5 College Street.

Charles H. Green,
AGENT FOR THE

COLLECTION OF CLAIMS

AGAINST THE

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

Office, No. 38, Cherry Street,
(UP STAIRS)

July 20-14.

Government Claims.

ANDREW McCLAIN

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO THE
collection of claims of every kind against the
Government of the United States entrusted to his
care.

OFFICE ON UNION STREET,
between College and Cherry streets, (up stairs) over
York's Book-Store, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

REFERENCES:

Davidson county—Edward H. East, Samuel E. Hart,
Horace H. Harrison, A. J. Darnall.
Wilson county—Hon. Jordan Stokes.
South county—Dr. F. H. Gordon, J. W. Bowen.
DeKalb county—Col. W. B. Stokes.
Warren county—Robert Cain, George J. Stubblefield.
White county—William Boston.
Rutherford county—Edward L. Jordan, W. B. Tally.
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Marshall county—Alton Steel.
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Jackson county—David Shepherd.
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McKenney.

Quartermasters' Certificates

PURCHASED BY

CHAS. H. GREEN

OFFICE, No. 38 Cherry St., (Up Stairs.)

Wm. Calan J. C. Pitfield.

CALAN & PITFIELD,

No. 15, Denderick Street,

RECEIVING DAILY, OYSTERS, GAME,
Fish, Butter, Eggs, etc., and Families can be
furnished on moderate terms with any article in our
line, at short notice, by leaving their orders with us.
Our business is open early in the morning, and kept
open all day and until a late hour at night.
The public are invited to give us a call.
Dec-14

DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

JOHN HUGH SMITH, Mayor.
WILLIAM SHANE, Recorder.
JOHN CHUMBLEY, Marshal.
Deputy Marshals—W. H. Wilkinson, A. C. Tucker,
and James S. Smith.
Clerks of the Market—John Chumbley, second; first,
Jacob French, second; and Theo. McCarry, third.
The Assessor—William Driver.
Revenue Collector—A. B. 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—John M. Seabury.
Chief of the Fire Department—John M. Seabury.
Bosses of the City—T. H. McBride.
Street Overseer—J. L. Stewart.
City Attorney—E. F. Mulloy.

CITY COUNCIL.

Board of Aldermen—M. M. Brien, President; John
Carper, Jos. J. Robb, Ed. Malloy, H. G. Sevier, W. S.
Chatham, H. G. L. Chalmers, and J. G. Smith.
Common Council—Andrew Anderson, President; Jas.
Turner, William Roberts, G. M. Southgate, Abraham
Myers, Alex. McDaniel, T. B. Hough, Charles Sayers,
J. B. Knowles, W. A. McCollins, T. J. Yarbrough,
Wm. Driver, Wm. Stewart, Theo. Greasy, Wm. Haly
and Wm. Sanborn.

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE CITY COUNCIL.
Finance—Knowles, Sevier and Brien.
Water Works—Anderson, Smith and Chalmers.
Streets—Hull, Turner, Myers, Mulloy, Chatham,
Yarbrough, Greasy and Haly.
Wharf—Turner, Carper and McCollins.
Schools—Chatham, Mulloy and Knowles.
Fire Department—Myers, Stewart and McCollins.
Gas—Driver, Greasy and Myers.
Canal—Smith, Sanborn and Stewart.
Market House—Yarbrough, Roberts and Carper.
Plows—Mulloy, McDaniel and Stewart.
Police—Chatham, Brien and Sayers.
Springs—Greasy, Chalmers and Myers.
Workhouse—Sayers, Robb and McDaniel.
Engagements and Expenditures—McCollins, Brien
and Sanborn.
Public Property—Robb, Stewart and Driver.
Post House—Carper, Southgate and Haly.

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 Laugh.
First Lieutenant—Andrew Joyce.
Second Lieutenant—John H. Davis.
Patrolmen—Wm. Jackson, John Cavender, Nich Da-
vis, Joel Phillips, Wm. Baker, John Cottrell, William
Lajo, John Egles, J. W. Wright, John Puckett,
Robert Scott, W. C. Francis, David Yates, Chas. Har-
ritt and W. Danley.
The Police Court is opened every morning at
nine o'clock.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff—James M. Hinton. Deputies—Thomas Hob-
son and J. K. Buchanan.
Register—Philoas Garrett.
Trustee—W. Jasper Taylor.
Coroner—N. H. Belcher.
Hanger—John Corbett.
Revenue Collector—W. D. Robertson.
Railroad Tax Collector—J. G. Briley.
Comptroller for the Nashville District—John D. Gowr
and J. E. Newman.

COUNTY COURT.

Judge—Hon. James Whitworth.
Clerk—P. Lindsay 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 Mon-
day in January, April, July and October.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge—David C. Love.
The Court meets the first Monday in March
and September.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Judge—Hon. William K. Turner.
Clerk—Charles E. Dagnas.
The Court meets the first Monday in April
August and December.

CHANCERY COURT.

Chancellor—Hon. Samuel D. Friterson.
Clerk and Master—J. E. Glaves.
The Court meets the first Monday in May and
November.

MILITARY.

DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS.

Department—Headquarters on High street. Maj.
Gen. Rosecrans, commanding.
Chief Quartermaster—Headquarters on High street,
near Cedar. Lieut. Col. Geo. W. Taylor.
Chief Commissary—Headquarters on Sumner street,
near Broadway. Lieut. Col. E. Simons.
Provost Marshal General—Headquarters on High
street. Capt. W. M. Miles.
Medical Director—Headquarters corner High and
Church streets. Surgeon R. Murray.

POST HEADQUARTERS.

Post—Headquarters on College street, between Un-
ion and Church streets, (Dr. Waters' residence). Gen.
B. B. Mitchell, commanding.
Assistant Quartermaster—Disbursing and Inspecting
Officers on Cherry street, between Church and Broad.
Capt. J. G. Chandler.
Assistant Quartermaster—in charge of Transportation,
on Cherry street, between Union and Church.
Capt. J. D. Bingham.
Assistant Quartermaster—in charge of Clothing, Camp
and Garrison Equipage, No. 17 Market street. Capt.
Thos. J. Cox.
Assistant Quartermaster—in charge of Means of
Transportation and Quartermasters' Stores, on Cherry
street, near Theatre. Lieut. Chas. H. Lewis.
Assistant Quartermaster—in charge of Fuel, Forage
and Stationery, No. 17 Market street. Lieut. Wm.
Mills.
Assistant Quartermaster—for the Assignment of
Quarters and Receiving and Issuing Hospital Stores.
Capt. C. McKean Layton.

Nashville Union.

Published by an Association of Printers.

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

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1862.

Parley with the Rebels—Flag of Truce Violated.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati
Commercial at this place, in a late number
of that paper, gives a very graphic ac-
count of a parley with the rebels, on the
Murfreesboro pike, near this place, in re-
ference to an exchange of prisoners, which
we have copied at length.

NASHVILLE, December 15, 1862.

I went out with a flag of truce on Sat-
urday to call upon the rebels at home.
Our mission was to forward dispatches to
General Bragg touching exchange of
prisoners, and to send several parties out
of our lines. By mutual agreement all
flags of truce pass over the Murfreesboro
Pike. Captain Buford, of Major General
Crittenden's staff, with an escort of a
dozen cavalry, commanded our flag. An
orderly, with our emblem of peace, moved
a few hundred feet in advance, and the
cortege trotted gaily across debatable
territory, meeting no enemy until we were
halted by a rebel vidette, who maintain-
ed vigilant watch on the crown of a com-
manding hill.

I thought it a rather attractive picture.
The day was balmy as May. Masses of
variegated clouds were floating capriciously
above the horizon. Now and then a
gleam of sunshine brightened the some-
what woodland which fringed the fine
plantations that were spread in undulating
variety on either hand. Looking up
through a dark avenue of cedars, shading
the white roadway on either side, the eye
glanced into an azure perspective beyond
which seemed a blue lake girt by masses
of fantastic rocks. Nature itself medi-
ated genially to soften the asperities of
hostile men. But these were lights and
shades of the picture. The eye and the
imagination dwell with fascination upon
the sharp cut figures of horse and horse-
man, which stood sternly and silently,
like an armed array, in the center of
the highway, watching with jealous sus-
picion the approach of hostile intruders.
I say, the horse and horseman, for the
former, with sagacity nearly human long
accustomed to the art of outpost duty,
plunged violently at glimpse of us, striv-
ing to wheel and fly from foes. The alert
trooper sharply reigned the panting steed
to his post, resting the butt of his finely
burnished piece firmly upon his thigh,
and grasping the lock nervously with
thumb and finger, as if in act to level
for action.

The flag approached within a hundred
yards of the solemn sentry and halted at
challenge. A non-commissioned rebel
officer and two orderlies debouched from
the cedars and trotted slowly down.
Captain Buford moved up and required the
presence of the commanding officer.
With touch of steel and rapid wheel, a
rebel trooper dashed up the hill and dis-
appeared behind the crest, the rattle of
clattering hoofs giving audible proof
that the highway stretched away in the
rear of the plain.

Our own escort had halted fifty yards
behind the flag. The rebel squad en-
gaged the herald in reserved conversa-
tion. We quietly disposed ourselves
midway to await response. We were
not long detained. Fifteen minutes later,
perhaps, an orderly announced the ap-
proval of Major Prentice and escort.
Etiquette required mutual meeting,
mounted, but Capt. Buford preferred the
free and easy way, and thus met the re-
bel officer—who reigned in sharply from
a brisk trot down the hill, and saluted
with becoming gravity. Hands were
courteously extended, and our mission
announced. It was necessary, however,
to tarry for the transfer of parties in our
escort, to the rebel lines.

But there was something of the pic-
turesque in the scenes and grouping
around us worthy attention. One sharply
criticized the foe under truce. You
have eager curiosity to see them on an
equal terms, where steel and lead do not
interfere. It was something to quietly
inspect the adventurous cavalry, which
have kept us so disturbed. We were
chatting with Forrest's men—Alabamians,
Kentuckians, Tennesseans. There was
nothing of soldierly uniform about
them, but the ease, grace, and firmness,
of their seat in saddle, and their
military self-possession, were un-
mistakable. Inconspicuously, those troop-
ers are hell rally fellows—reliable at a
pinch, under gamey leaders. Yet it
seems impossible that they can contend
equally with our brawny limbed fel-
lows under "gay old Stanley."

They were not prepossessing at all if
their everlasting butternut, slobber, dingy,
threadbare and patched—with their dark
visages ambushed in long, ragged beards
and tangled locks. They were slight
men, mostly thin and narrow in body,
but enormously developed about the hips
—shaped by exercise like a woman—

This comes of long and constant duty in
the saddle. No insignia distinguished
non-commissioned officers from privates.
Indeed, I learned there was a Lieutenant
in the party, only by inquiry. I saw
one sharp-eyed fellow in threadbare suit,
variegated with stripes of new butternut
on his arms, which I presumed were
chevrons, but he enlightened me by grim
assurance that they were nothing but
patches. Nevertheless, they were com-
fortably clad, and had blankets enough
on their saddles. They were in maraud-
ing order, not groomed for display.

It seemed to me that Major Prentice
—son of George D., of the Louisville
Journal—had suddenly thrown down his
dusty dress into his grey uniform for
"convulsions"—very much as a fireman
switches himself through his breeches
when the bells ring at midnight. In any
view, the uniform did not become him.
Either his frock was too big or he was
too tall. He was plump enough, too, for
all that, and the coat should have fitted
him if it would fit anybody, because
his flesh lay around loose enough to fill
vacancies. He isn't a small man, nor is
he big, yet there is enough material about
him to make a considerable figure if properly
disposed. But that was not his mis-
take. Altogether, I think his coat was
double-barreled—designed for dress oc-
casions, for parade, or for an overcoat—
one button, more or less, making the dif-
ference. It was stunningly bedizened
with gilt lace—a blossoming of marigold
all over his forearms, and Dixietic spangles
scattered about his collar; gray
breeches and top boots, with a cute little
merino, crown colored cap perched saucily
on his crown completed his suit. His
presence was not imposing or impressive;
his manner rather quick and sharp, going
off at half-cock, without sufficient pro-
vocation. There was but a dim spec-
imen of the *pater familias* in the sharp
twinkle of his little eyes and his fleshy
face, but he seemed ambitious to exhibit
smartness.

There was rather an odd sort of stiff-
ness about the party for a little while.
Obviously a little more address, or a thimble-
full of whisky, was desirable. Major
Prentice's party seemed to be organized
upon temperance principles—perhaps
involuntarily—a bottle of Federal
"respects" was introduced by way of
mollifier, and my "respects" went around.
I can not say whether it was according to
regulations or not. Rather suspect it
was military *lex non scripta*. Anyhow,
"my respects" began to look frequently.
I supposed that two were enough to help
the Major out with the bottle, or what
was in it; and, entertaining some curi-
osity about the rebel escort, I mixed in
to hear a medley conversation between
them and our own lads, who, discovering
the congeniality of their commanders,
took the usual liberties of such occasions.
Our fellows were free as air, but the re-
bel troops were rather reserved for some
minutes, but at last chatted quite soci-
ally.

Not many minutes elapsed, when Maj-
Prentice, and Lieutenant—crossed
swords playfully, to show each other
how to fence. The former had played
with the foils before, and soon taught
his opponent a thing or two—precisely
as the Lieutenant desired, it being
thought a good thing to get the Major into
a good humor with himself—by no means
a difficult enterprise. Pretty soon Mike
—you remember Mike, who make Gen.
Benham so mad about the "Ass Bath-
ery," at Carnitex—my coachman, who
had played the bottle-holder, came to
me in a frantic sort of way, begging
for another bottle of whisky; "the rebel
officer had impitied it intirely, an' a lit-
tle more would polish him beautifully."
Here was opportunity for a master stroke,
but unfortunately, the whisky was gone.
One quart bottle was evaporated with
amazing rapidity, and the bottle itself
had been tossed over the fence with
"high-toned" disdain. What the duce
could we do? The rebels had none, we
had no more, and could not make it—
A rebel woman with the escort had a
bottle for her babies at Murfreesboro, but
that was locked up in her trunk and in-
accessible. Directly the Lieutenant,
frantic as Mike, rushed up and begged
for another bottle from "anybody." Of
course I protested against the immorality
of the thing—especially as the whisky
was gone. The case was irremediable,
and the Lieutenant endeavored to make
the best use possible of the original pota-
tions, but I could not ascertain what it
amounted to. I rather suspect, not much.
It is quite certain, however, that a charm-
ing state of sociability was reached—
Indeed, the gentlemen proceeded so far
that when the Major got through he had
two pairs of gauntlets, whereas he had
none when he appeared in the arena—
But it is just to our officers to say that
they distributed their "respects" to the
Major as liberally as they did their
gauntlets, I suppose with a very praise-
worthy purpose. The Major accepted
their regards with much *taste* and
courtesy.

In the midst of this scene the Major
discovered that I had a lot of late papers.
I had selected a number containing ac-
counts of the late Federal victory in Ar-
kansas, proposing to send them to our
brow paper contemporary, the Murfrees-
boro Rebel Banner, to refresh him. The
Major "would be happy to send them to
Headquarters, (Bragg's) but would be re-

joiced to see the Louisville Journal—
would like to see what his old dad had
to say." They didn't agree in politics.
The old man was Federal. He (the Ma-
jor) was a rebel. "By the way, tell the
old man, when you see him, that I am
fat, ragged, saucy and rebellious." You
please tell him, Commercial, what his
boy said.

About this time an orderly from the
rear dashed up, and created a sensation
by notifying Captain Buford that, after
passing our videttes, and while Major
Prentice was entertaining the flag of
truce, a squad of seven rebels had sud-
denly pounced upon our only pickets
(over our front) and captured them. They
were approaching us. Capt. Buford im-
mediately protested, with dignity, that
it was a violation of the flag, and insisted
that the men should be returned im-
mediately. He said he had ordered them
not to fire. Major Prentice admitted it
was altogether wrong, but wanted to wait
for the facts. The party came up, our
own men disarmed, and looking sleep-
ishly enough. Their new five shooting
Colts' rifles were swung across the shoul-
ders of three triumphant-looking rebels.
After considerable conversation, Major
Prentice wrote an acknowledgment, that
the capture was not justifiable, and gave
it to Capt. Buford to report, but detained
the captives, on the plea of want of au-
thority to act. He promised, however,
to use his influence to return them.

Sociability was somewhat interrupted
by his *contredans*, and we parted with
less cordiality than had been promised.
Among observations which I made of
the party, the following are the principal:
The rebels were mounted on fleet,
well trained animals; but the horses
were not shod all around. Excepting that
of Major Prentice, and that of a Lieuten-
ant, the other animals had shoes only
on their fore feet. Their men had a habit
of vigilance and alertness; qualities in
which our cavalry are deficient. Ours
dismounted, and lolloped about the road.
Theirs remained in saddle, ready for
emergency.

Conversation with them elicited the
usual expression of desire for peace, but
determination to fight until their inde-
pendence is acknowledged. Two or three
were not so positive. The most intelli-
gent persisted that they were fighting
the Abolitionists, and that the South
would never consent to have niggers dar-
ed their equals. Thus the poor devils per-
mitted themselves to remain deluded.

After report of the violation of the flag
was made to Gen. Rosecrans, he immedi-
ately prepared an indignant protest and
forwarded it to Gen. Bragg yesterday by
another flag, under Lieut. Col. Hepburn,
of his Staff. The dispatch was accepted
and forwarded to headquarters at Mur-
freesboro.

To-day Lieut. Col. Hawkins, of Gen.
Wheeler's Staff, came to our lines with a
flag of truce bearing dispatches to Maj.
Gen. Rosecrans. The rebel flag arrived
at the moment when Capt. Abel, of the
4th Michigan Cavalry, was posting vidette
along the Murfreesboro road. Lieut.
Rowe was left in the road with a detach-
ment of fifty-three men, while Cap-
tain Abel proceeded with his business.
The latter returned at 4:30 o'clock, P. M.,
and sent Lieut. Rowe back to Gen. Van
Cleve's quarters announcing the flag.
While Lieut. Rowe was gone, a detach-
ment of 150 rebels sneaked up in the
rear of Capt. Abel's command and cap-
tured the entire party, excepting Orderly
Mitchell, who escaped and reported the
facts. Some twenty shots were fired and
several were hurt on either side. Those
of our men who fired did so contrary to
orders, since they had been ordered not
to fire pending a flag of truce.

It is superfluous to remark that this
violation of a flag of truce by the rebels,
and their own flag, too, was one of the
grossest in military history. It was
Punic faith of the most infamous and
flagitious character. Meantime, Lieut-
Col. Ducat, Inspector-General of the De-
partment, had been sent out to ascertain
the character of the flag. He heard of
the violation before reaching the point,
and awaited orders. Lieutenant Rowe
reported to headquarters and Lieutenant
Colonel Ducat proceeded to the extreme
point, under orders, and discovered that
Lieut. Colonel Hawkins, with his escort,
had returned to the rebel camp with the
party who had committed the outrage on
the flag, together with fifty-three pris-
oners from the 4th Michigan Cavalry. It
being too late at night to accomplish
anything, Lieutenant Colonel Ducat was
obliged to return to headquarters. Gen.
Rosecrans thereupon prepared the follow-
ing to be sent to General Bragg to-mor-
row by Lieut. Colonel Hepburn, viz:

HEADQUARTERS, 4TH ARMY CORPS,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 15, 1862.

GENERAL: You will see by copies of
reports to me, herewith inclosed, that
another outrage of the grossest character
has been perpetrated by your own troops
in the presence of your own "flag," com-
manded by a Lieutenant Colonel in your
service, who but yesterday was courteously
received.

I cannot believe you have authorized,
or will permit to go unpunished, or with-
out prompt reparation, such barbarous
conduct—conduct hardly paralleled by
savages.

You can not restore life to my men who
have been inhumanly murdered, but I

shall leave to your own head and heart
to devise such a reparation as is demand-
ed by your own honor, and the honor of
our common humanity.

Very respectfully, your obedient serv't
W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-Gen. Commanding,
General BRAXTON BRAGG, Commanding
Confederate forces.

Massacre of the Germans in Texas.

Translated from the Galveston Union for the Register
by LOUIS ALBERTUS.

The Galveston Union is a German paper, es-
tablished since the occupation of that place
by the Union forces.

Near the origin of the Guad Cape and
Piedrales on Johnston's Creek, several
American and two German families set-
tled but two years ago. Contending
against the roughness of the soil and the
wild Indians, they had no pleasant po-
sition, but they persevered, conscious of
their courage and their intrepidity, and
the lower settlements owed it to them
that they had less to suffer from the raids
of the Indians. These border inhabitants
received but little news about the condi-
tion of the country and the events of the
war. All at once they were notified to
pay war taxes and to drill. The first
demand they could not comply with,
because they had no money, not even
cornmeal for their families, and the last
order they could not obey because they
lived so distant from each other and their
absence would leave their families with-
out protection. For these reasons they
were considered Union men and Captain
Duff, a notorious rowdy, was sent against
the settlers with a company of Texans.
They asked the protection of their friends,
but had to fly from the overpowering
number of their enemies to the moun-
tains. Many Germans and Americans
were arrested and imprisoned in Freder-
icksburg, and Captain Duff was rein-
forced by 400 men to operate success-
fully against the German abolitionists, and
hunt up the Yankees. The soldiers again
visited Johnston's Creek, but found the
most of the settlers had fled to the moun-
tains. Fred. Degener alone they surpris-
ed sleeping under the porch of his
house, but awakened by the cries of dis-
tress of his wife and the discharge of
muskets of his enemies, who fired 14
shots after him, he fortunately made his
escape.

His house was ransacked and all
movable property taken off. Other farms
in the neighborhood were also searched,
the families taken prisoners and the
houses burnt down. Upon the news of
these events Fred Degener and other fu-
gitives concluded to fly to Mexico; more
exiles joined them and soon they had a
company of 68 men. But they traveled
too slowly and before daybreak one
morning they were surprised by 200
Texans. After a most determined resis-
tance they were defeated and only 12 of
them covered with wounds made good
their escape.

All fugitives which afterwards fell
into the hands of the enemy were hung
up. Among these 68 men only 5 were
Americans, the others all Germans. A
few of the fugitives escaped across the
Rio Grande; others wandering in the
mountains and suffering extreme hunger,
sought protection among American fam-
ilies, but were handed over to their per-
secutors and shot or hung.

To this news, Dr. Adolph Douai, a
celebrated German traveler, who for
many years had lived in that country,
makes the following notes:

"We know personally the most of
these unfortunate victims, which have
been murdered so mercilessly—not be-
cause they rebelled against the Govern-
ment, but because they would not act
against the Union and would rather fly
to Mexico. These murdered Union men
were some of the greatest benefactors of
the State; they had done the hardest
pioneer work in it, cleared it from the
wild beasts and Indians; they had saved
it to civilization through more than
one period of pestilence and famine; ac-
cused as borderers their present perse-
cutors, the slaveholders against the in-
vasions of Indians, and done the best
service as volunteers in the Mexican war
and the wars on the frontier. They
placed the arts and sciences in Texas as
well as they could be found anywhere
among the American Germans. They
furnished the proof that they could cul-
tivate sugar and cotton without the least
danger to health, and increased the rich-
ness of the country millions of dollars."

The above related events are their re-
ward for it. Hundreds who succeeded
in making their escape rove about in the
woods, having lost everything, some even
their families. Hundreds are now chas-
ed like wild beasts through the wilder-
ness of Northwestern Texas, and suc-
cum because of the most horrible tor-
tures, their fate never being known to
their fellow men.

Four clerks have been engaged over
three months in the Surgeon General's
office in the compilation, in chronologi-
cal order, from official reports, of a com-
plete list of all the casualties since the
outbreak of the war. The difficulties
of the undertaking are so great that they
got through with the casualties of 7861
only about a week since. As the severest
losses of life occurred in 1862 the
list will not probably be completed for
several months.