

Shelbyville Union.

For Freedom and Nationality

C. BRIDGEMAN, Editor.

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1863.

The Memphis-Atlanta Appeal, of June 26th, says that one of its editors visited Bragg's army at Shelbyville, recently. He says:

From what we saw and heard, we feel no apprehension as to the result should Rosecrans choose to give battle.

The Appeal man was perfectly sure, we suppose, that Bragg would not run away.

The Appeal, speaking of Tennessee soldiers, says:

The troops were enjoying excellent health, being well fed, in high spirits, felt the utmost confidence in their cause and leaders, and were anxious to meet the foe.

On the contrary, we are solemnly assured by a gentleman of great intelligence, who was guided by Bragg's army as it left Shelbyville, that at least 10,000 of the Tennessee troops abhorred both their cause and their leaders, and would desert on the first opportunity.

The Tennessee soldiers privately sing songs ridiculing and reproaching Bragg, who is universally odious.

A rebel newspaper a few weeks ago called on Jeff Davis to "run a burning plow-share over the hot-head of puling fanaticism." General Meade followed with his harrow, and, we guess, "Old Abe" will harvest the crop.

It does seem as if a mockery for the Yankees to plant "Barrel guns" opposite Vicksburg—Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.

We grant it.

Narrative of a Union Soldier Who Escaped from Bragg's Army on His Retreat from Tallahassee.

We were introduced yesterday to a man of intelligence and superior information, who escaped from Bragg's Army on its late retreat. He is vouched for by the best authority in the city, as a man of integrity. He was conscripted some thirteen months ago, put in a Mississippi regiment and carried off to Mobile.

This place is strongly fortified, being girdled with entrenchments for fifteen miles, a battery being placed every 350 yards. The embankment is 4 feet high, and the ditch 8 feet wide. The garrison was quite small, not over 2000. He came from Mobile to Tallahassee about the 1st of May. Bragg had about 45,000 troops at Stone River, and about two months ago had his force increased to 80,000 troops. They are generally armed well, with Snider rifles and Minnie muskets. They are for the most part wretchedly clad, some being bareheaded, and many without shoes, or nearly so.

There is no clothing in the Quartermaster's department. The cavalry horses, especially Wheeler's, are wearing out very fast. This arm of their service is weakening rapidly. They have very few tents, and all these were abandoned in their retreat from Tallahassee. Bragg, being fully satisfied that Rosecrans had reinforced Grant largely, was on the point of attacking him in his fortifications just previous to Rosecrans' advance. About three weeks ago, one-half of Hardee's corps was sent to reinforce Johnston, after changing their battle flag.

There are large numbers of negroes in the camp of Bragg's army in the capacity of servants, cooks, teamsters, etc. Many men have a negro wife. These negroes carry their masters, arms and baggage for them, and are otherwise employed during battle. There are between 5,000 and 6,000 Kentuckians in the Army, and about 11,000 Tennesseans; of the latter about 2,500 are volunteers, and the rest are conscripts. Great bitterness of feeling exists between the Alabamians and Kentuckians, and between the Tennesseans and Mississippians. The Alabamians nickname the Kentuckians "Jay-birds," and the latter call the Alabamians "Yellow-hammers." This ill-feeling often leads to blows. Numbers of Kentuckians and Tennesseans have been shot, gagged, and otherwise maltreated by the officers for resisting the insults of the Alabama and Mississippi soldiers until now, these latter have their own way about everything, while the Tennesseans and Kentuckians have learned that it is safest to pocket all affronts and insults. They are of course gloomy and unhappy. Bragg has no confidence in his Kentucky and Tennessee soldiers, believing that they will desert on the first opportunity. Consequently when he retreated from Tallahassee, he put them in front. At least 10,000 of his soldiers will desert on the first opportunity. None of these soldiers have been furnished for six months. After the battle of Stone River Bragg and Rosecrans were both arrested by Johnston. Bragg was released by order of Davis, but Rosecrans was not released until he started to Vicksburg, a few weeks ago. Rosecrans is the most popular among the soldiers; they cheer him on parade, but let the others pass in silence. A short time ago, a soldier named O'Connell was arrested for desertion, and brought before Bragg. He snatched up a musket and fired at Bragg, cutting a tassel off his hat, and was immediately shot down.

Bragg executed three or four soldiers every Friday for various offenses. He is abhorred by all the Army. Rosecrans challenged him for libelling the Kentucky soldiers, but Bragg would not accept it. Rosecrans met him afterwards, cursed him and told him he would pull his nose, if he thought he would resent it.

As headquarters of the feeling of the

soldiers toward Bragg, our informant gave us some doggerel verses of a song, sung by rebels on their late retreat, to the air of "My Maryland."

Con't follow, I wish to say, How 'twas our misfortune to have the warriors of the day, Have your muskets, &c.

Old General Bragg he took the way, And moved his army on a day, And once at night, I've heard them say, How 'twas our misfortune.

The Yankees thought us in a trap, Well we were up at Bragg's camp, And when we heard that he was gone, We felt through the wilderness of Bragg's done, His soldiers following in the rear, How 'twas our misfortune.

He looks like a bridge he will be, To save his army from capture, He marched on with perfect skill, Until his army at night he killed, And there you'll find the how and why, How 'twas our misfortune.

Here General Polk's table is shown, And the rest with all its train, Their men on history's page have made, By being down on these pages, How 'twas our misfortune.

THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA VICTORY.

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY AND SHIPLEY.

Graphic Description of the Combat.

From the N. Y. Tribune, July 4.

Early on Thursday morning the enemy commenced firing the lines of Gen. Meade's army. Skirmishing continued more or less severe until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly, at about this hour, the enemy opened a terrific fire on the Cemetery Hill held by the 11th Corps on the right-center held by the 2d Corps. The artillery in front of the enemy's fire replied vigorously, and for two hours the roar and thunder and flame and smoke of artillery, and the screech of shells, so completely filled the heavens that all else seemed forgotten.

One form, however, with mind intent on high purpose, stood on an eminence leaning slightly forward, and with eagle eyes pierced the veil of smoke, and saw and felt and knew that an hour more terrible by far than the present was coming rapidly—was even present. It was evident the wily commander of the Rebel forces had determined on some desperate charge, but when and in what manner it would be made was unknown to the man who stood calmly by, with deep solicitude regarding every pulsation of the battle.

On the left, through the woods, black masses were seen moving—larger, more frequent and nearer! Skirmishing in that part of the field becomes sharper. Gen. Sickles is ordered forward to deploy the enemy's intentions. The black columns come out of the wood and suddenly the thunder of artillery ceases, and, with cheers and yells, the roar of musketry and flash of bayonets fill 50,000 men from Longstreet's and Hill's Corps, came rushing against our lines. The Third Corps stood firm for a while, but afterward gave way beneath the weight of the attacking column; and on they came ten-fold more ferocious than before.

Sickles fell severely wounded in the leg, and his corps was literally cut to pieces. The Second Corps was thrown in the breach from the right and the Fifth from the left. The Second refused bravely, Hancock received a painful flesh wound in the thigh, but refused to be led from the field while the engagement continued. Here, too, Gen. Gibbon was wounded in the shoulder. The terrible charge and fierce battle raged with unabated fury. The Fifth Corps, including the Regulars, and the Pennsylvania Reserve, struggled in the heroic labor with the determination of men born to conquer in battle.

The aid of the 12th Corps, from the extreme right, was called for, and a division was ordered up, and about the same time Sedgwick came up with the 6th Corps, after a march of 30 consecutive hours. The men were footsore, many without shoes on their feet, hungry and weary, ready to drop on the road from exhaustion. When, however, the situation flashed into the minds of these weary soldiers, the fire and zeal for which this Corps is so justly celebrated, was kindled anew in their hearts. They awaited but the order, and that impatiently to be led against the enemy. The order was given, and like men fresh from camp, they went down upon the haughty foe like an avalanche. The rebel column staggered and reeled, and then fell back in confusion, leaving their dead lying against and across each other in this field of slaughter.

The movement down. Suddenly as the western hills eclipsed his rays the battle ceased on the left.

Equally sudden, a fierce charge dashed against the weakened lines of the right wing. The suddenness of the attack and the weight of Ewell's column gave some advantage to the enemy. He informed by movement, were promptly up and the enemy checked in his advance.

The rebel general was determined to break through the right and gain the central of the valley roads. The failure to turn the left, and snatching the victory from their clutches, hurled their broken columns back defeated and confused on the left, made their own march desperate, and the attack on Slocum was furious even to madness. The 1st and 5th Corps came up promptly to the support of the 12th Corps. From dark until 9 1/2 o'clock the battle raged with unabated fury. The lines moved to and fro, each in turn advancing and falling back.

At this hour of the night the enemy made his final charge on the left of the right wing, held by Gen. Geary's division. He was repulsed with terrible slaughter, and refused to renew the attack. At 10 o'clock the battle ceased, and during the night all was quiet.

Ewell had been largely reinforced, and held a position of some advantage. Gen. Meade determined that he should be dislodged from the place, and as a matter of personal honor, assigned the task to Gen. Slocum, who had previously occupied the same position, but was compelled to abandon it because of the reinforcements sent to the support of the left wing, overwhelmed by Longstreet's and E. Hill's Divisions.

Gen. Slocum accordingly made preparations for the work assigned. His own Corps was in strong position, and determined to regain the ground lost the night before.

A Division from the Sixth Corps was posted on the right of the Twelfth, thus forming the extreme outpost of the right wing. The Fifth Corps was sent over a ravine, and Gen. Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps, took position

to strengthen Howard's right where it joined Slocum's left.

These were the preliminaries. The men well knew what sort of work they would be called upon to do in the morning, and nerved their hearts and cheered each other against the hour of trial by fire.

On Friday morning, at 4 o'clock, Slocum's line opened a terrific fire on Ewell's men. The enemy responded in a most furious charge, for which mode of fighting they are justly celebrated. The fighting on Thursday on the left, where Longstreet and Hill fought with most terrible desperation for three hours, and the subsequent battle on the right by Ewell, were regarded by the oldest officers in the army as the most obstinate and deadly contests of the war. Officers and men lay dead in fearful numbers. But the enemy's charge in response to Slocum's fire seemed ten times more furious.

With fiendish yell and contempt of death during six full hours, they hurled their solid masses against the well-defended lines. The National troops stood like a wall of fire, whose flaming tongue was wrapped in death whatever came near, whose foundations were firm as if with the primal rock on which it rested.

Nothing during the war has equalled this six hours' struggle. In front of Grant's position were more rebel dead than the number of the entire list of casualties in the 12th Corps. The dead were lying literally in heaps, many hit in all manner of degree, from a clean shot through the head to bodies torn to pieces by exploding shells.

At 10 o'clock the enemy was repulsed and driven back the enemy at every point, and reoccupied his original position. The battle ceased at 11 o'clock, and there was a pause like to the stillness of death reared for three hours on the living and dead.

No matter how long pressed by the enemy, the Union troops felt, even in the front line pits, that the Commanding General was conversant with their situation, and would not suffer them to be overwhelmed. The officers would say to the men, and the men to each other, "Meade will send you help—just hold on a little longer."

Nor were they disappointed. The General's command area possessed a degree of calm deliberation truly wonderful, and seemed intuitively to know what was necessary to be done, and to be endowed with a superior genius in the distribution and handling of his forces.

At 2 o'clock on Friday a terrible noise opened a line of artillery fire from about one hundred guns, concentrated against Cemetery Hill and the position along the center held by the 2d and a part of the 1st Corps.

The firing was responded to by all the batteries on the hill, and soon ensued three hours of cannonading unsurpassed in incessant fierceness by any artillery battle on this continent. The slight and sound were as if sublime. The hills trembled beneath the permission. The sound filled the heavens, and Nature, as it were, stood still to contemplate the scene.

Horses were shot down by scores, gun-carriages were demolished, pieces dismounted, caissons exploded, whole batteries on this side and that, the slight and sound were as if sublime. The hills trembled beneath the permission. The sound filled the heavens, and Nature, as it were, stood still to contemplate the scene.

Meade's headquarters were in the Cemetery, and were taken in a fearful manner; men fell all round him but himself and staff escaped.

The silent abode of the dead was made the theatre of deadly conflict. Tombstones and beautiful monuments were demolished; great holes were torn in the earth by the explosion of shells, and the surface checked with furrows.

The artillery fire continued till 4 o'clock, when the solid columns of Rebel infantry were again seen moving in the wood in front of the center, held by the 1st and 2d Corps.

During the fierce cannonading the men and officers were ordered to shelter themselves behind the hills and rocks. When, however, the Rebel infantry was seen in the woods, several officers came to Gen. Doubleday, volunteering to carry a message to Meade and ask that the center be strengthened.

Doubleday replied to the officers that he would keep his eye on movements of the enemy and have his forces ready to meet his attacks. Out they came, and rushed rapidly over the field in solid mass, but evidently with less fury than before.

The head of the column was directed against a position held by Gen. Webb, commanding 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 2d Corps. His troops were old, and steadily met the charge with a steady fire of the National troops. Gen. Webb, who led the charge, wishing to steady his column, halted it for a moment at a fence.

Gen. Webb seeing, called out to his brigade, "Charge! the enemy is ours." And true enough he was. The commanding Gen. Armstrong and 3,500 men were captured by the closing in of the Second Corps on the right and the First on the left.

The enemy was driven back over the fields with great slaughter. The enemy then withdrew from the field, and the battle ended.

During the battles of Friday, General Hancock, though severely wounded, lay under a tree, and gave orders, fighting until the battle was ended.

On Friday night, the cavalry, which during the several days of battle had rendered valuable service and kept the rebel cavalry close within the infantry lines, reported the enemy retreating on the Cootank road. Large cavalry forces were sent out to watch his movements.

Early on Saturday morning General Slocum was ordered to make a reconnaissance beyond Gettysburg, and in order to feel the enemy's position. He was found intrenching himself in front of the Gap. This was supposed to be a feint, and also a defense to cover his retreat.

In the morning also, a brigade from Steiner's division, 11th Corps, occupied Gettysburg, driving out the rebel sharpshooters.

The streets were barricaded and the places put in defensive condition. Gen.

Lee sent a message under flag of truce, to the effect that if the National troops were not withdrawn from the town it would be shelled. Gen. Meade replied that he would dispose his troops as best suited his purpose; of course, the troops were not withdrawn, nor was the army.

The rebel army is hedged in and will hardly escape with an organization. The slaughter on both sides has been terrible, 15,000 will scarcely cover the casualties in killed and wounded in the National army. The rebels must have suffered a loss of 25,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Rebel prisoners report Longstreet a prisoner. Gen. Gibbon announced to his troops that they had captured Longstreet; and a member of Kilpatrick's staff says he saw Longstreet a prisoner, mortally wounded, lying in a barn. One of your correspondents the same day saw the dead body of a Major-General in the rebel uniform in the barn alluded to. Ewell is reported wounded. Gen. Barksdale is dead, and buried in our lines.

The citizens of Gettysburg affirm that Lee is certainly wounded.

Gen. Barlow, who was wounded and taken prisoner, is in Gettysburg—not paroled. The enemy was pressed for a time.

Gen. Schimmelfeng was not a prisoner, but disguised as a private; he lay concealed in the town shelled.

No movements were made on Saturday, save by the cavalry and the reconnaissance by Slocum.

The enemy abandoned the field with his dead and wounded in the hands of the victors. The victory is complete. Meade is master of the position. No matter what Lee may design, Meade's head is always clear, and his heart earnest in the cause.

Officers and men are in good spirits, and the only thing talked of is the capture or destruction of Lee's entire army. He is in a high command.

Gen. Meade has greatly distinguished himself in the masterly management of this most terrible battle. The Army of the Potomac was fought as an army, and has won a victory with fruits commensurate with its labors.

All things are in readiness, and Meade and his army are ready in a condition to fight, and because of rain will not retreat, but rather advance. With the swelling Potomac in his front, Couch and French on his flanks, and Meade's victorious army in his rear, Lee has the alternative of having his army annihilated as an army, or of surrendering to the national forces. Meade will give him but little time to deliberate.

Letter from a Tennessee Traveller in the North.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia—Great Opening of the People—Battle of Gettysburg—Pennsylvania and Tennessee Side by Side—Contrast—Intelligent Cooperation.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, PHILA., July 4, 1863.

Editor of the Nashville Union:

Six—One of the dreams of my life has been realized this day. I have been in Independence Hall the 4th day of July—have sat in the same chair John Hancock did 87 years ago, as President of that Congress, that made the immortal Declaration of Independence. I have looked to-day on the portraits of the immortal men who signed that declaration.

Of course it is not precisely the same Hall, for it has some appearance of more modern architecture, but it is on the same spot, and, perhaps, has been altered as little as is consistent with its preservation.

Philadelphia is now in the wildest state of excitement. Troops by hundreds and thousands are rushing to the battle-field. The trains were filled with them all the way from Western Pennsylvania and that part of New York State through which I passed to this place. I have no doubt but that I have seen more than ten thousand "starry flags" to-day. The houses, streets, and shipping present a perfect wilderness of them. They are of all sizes, from the tiny one, as large as your hand, to those of fifty feet in length. Business houses were all closed to-day, and this afternoon and evening the people, men, women and children, all seem to be on the streets. Chestnut street is a perfect jam from one end to the other, and all kinds of fireworks are being let off.

A terrible battle was fought yesterday near Gettysburg, in which Gen. Meade says he repulsed the enemy on all parts of the field. If Gen. Lee does get away in a short time, his army will be destroyed, in my opinion. His invasion has united the people up here, and they are flying to arms by thousands, and tens of thousands. I reached here last evening, and have not made a solitary acquaintance nor seen a single face I ever remember to have seen before. Indeed I made several speeches in the western part of the State, and am suffering of hoarseness on that account. I passed through the iron and coal regions of Pa., and also some of the finest improved farm lands I ever saw. I had no idea of the vast improvements in this country till I saw them. Our poor deluded south is five hundred years behind this land of free labor, in all the arts and improvements that make a country. I have seen no soil yet equal to ours of Middle Tennessee, and yet such crops of wheat and grass and oats I never saw grown. There are vast regions of Tennessee whose undeveloped mineral wealth is equal to any land, and it has unsurpassed water power.

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of, will not sleep much longer. The poor people whom they deluded, it would seem, had suffered nearly enough, and that the real authors of so much distress and misery would meet their just fate.

I have seen but two copperheads yet. One of them is an Irish watchman at this house; the other was an ignorant fellow I met on the cars the other day, who told me that Stonewall Jackson was a son of Andrew Jackson, whom he said was once President. Of course this was news to me, and did not give me a very exalted opinion of copperhead intelligence.

MORRISON.

The Third Brigade.

A Tallahassee correspondent complains that no notice has been taken of the hard fighting done at Liberty Gap on the 24th of June by the 3d Brigade of the 2d Division. He says:

At about half past 3 or 4 o'clock, P. M., the 3d Brigade was ordered to the front, or more especially the 6th Indiana and Louisville Legion, and were immediately deployed as skirmishers, and that, under a heavy fire from the rebel infantry and artillery, which were posted in a strong position under cover of woods.

The lines were formed quickly without the least trouble, and steadily forward our men pressed, giving and receiving a sharp fire. Thus we drove them until daylight, at which time our Brigade alone had gained near two miles since 4, P. M. We killed 4, wounded 5 and took 30 prisoners.

For the Nashville Union.

Editor of the Nashville Union:

Finding the remarks I made in the State Convention so incorrectly reported in the Press of the 7th inst., as to be injustice to myself and others, I called at the Press and requested to be allowed to correct some of the errors. I was denied this right, but for what reasons I am at a loss to determine.

By making a wrong connection of my language, with persons who were immediately named, I thought I had said more to say things which I did not say. I did not say "that I heard persons now figuring largely in this body, say they would like to hang all the Union Abolitionists." I distinctly called the names of those in the convention against whom I brought charges, but the persons who threatened at the table to hang, cut throat, &c., I spoke of, in a different connection, and they were not at the convention.

I did not say, "Gov. Johnson said it was too much responsibility for him to assume," but that he wished others to get their part, and not leave any thing for him to do, and have appear as if he wished to be a dog.

I did not say "to attack vice in the abstract is safe fighting but it is fighting with shadows," and now say that an army of "shadow" fighters, made up of many recent galvanized into Union men, are just such material as Jeff Davis, wants and can do more for his cause than a dozen who have the courage to go with a musket into the rebel ranks.

J. W. DOBBAK.

DEED.

At his residence on North College street, after a long and painful illness, Mr. REVERLY H. CHERRY, a man of unusual talents, a kind-hearted, good soldier, a faithful, industrious mechanic, and an honest man.

His funeral will take place this evening at 8 o'clock, from his residence on North College street, and is invited to attend, service may be expected Nashville, July 14.

Tuesday, July 14, 1863.

EXTRA AUCTION SALE.

WE WILL SELL AT AUCTION ON TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1863, at 9 o'clock, a large and varied assortment of fancy dress goods, such as Dress Silks, White Goods, Tissues, Trimmings, Ribbons, Shawls, Hosiery, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large quantity of Household Goods, such as Bedsteads, Tables, &c., &c., &c. The sale will continue all day.

Auction and Commission, Merchants' and Public Squares.

ENTIRE NEW STOCK.

A. D. BERRY

Has just received and is now opening, at the Book Store of W. T. Berry & Co.,

DRY GOODS

Latest Styles and Importations, Comprising an Assortment of Choice

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

COLORED ALPACAS, a new article, and in great favor.

Broche Barege Grenadines, New and very beautiful BAREGE ANGLAIS, FOULARD CHALLIES, MOZAMBIQUES, in great variety. &c., &c.

With TRIMMINGS and BELLS to match.

PRINTS

A Great Variety of the Latest Styles, Beautiful Designs

W. MULLAN & GATES,

Wholesale Dealers

Sutlers' Stationery

AND NOTIONS,

143 WALNUT STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

TO SUTLERS.

Just Received

100,000 Envelopes, assorted. 500 Reams of Note Paper. 25 Gross of Portfolios. 5000 Stationery Packages. 25 Gross Blank Books, assorted. 25 Rubber Pencils. 25 Zinc Mirrors. 25 Pocket Books. 25 Fancy Soap. 3000 Soldiers' Certificates.

A general assortment of Stationery Notices. For sale very low to Dealers, Sutlers and Soldiers.

I. N. RHODES & CO., 32 Union Street, Nashville. July 10-3m.

TO THE SOLDIERS!

We have published a beautiful SOLDIER'S CERTIFICATE, For the use of Soldiers.

It is printed in four colors, representing Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery, marching in countless numbers into Dixie, with drums beating, colors flying, etc. A blank line is left for the name of the Soldier, Company, Regiment, Officers' size 13x17. The certificate is enclosed in a pasteboard tube, and can be sent to any part of the country without injury; and the soldier, after filling up the blank lines, can put it back in the tube and re-mail it to his friends, and they will get it framed and preserve it as a remembrance.

Price 50 cents. Sent by mail, prepaid. I. N. RHODES & CO., 32 Union Street, Nashville. Agents wanted to sell the above. July 10-3m.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ASSOCIATED WITH HIM the late Wm. Wilson, and James Wilson, and has formed a partnership with them, under the name and style of J. W. WILSON & CO., of the Old Stand, No. 17, College street, Nashville, Tenn. J. W. WILSON.

J. W. WILSON, JAMES WILSON, W. W. BUCKNER, J. W. WILSON & CO., 17 College Street, Nashville, Tenn.

FOR SALE, At the Lowest Rates,

20 barrels best Cotton Oil, by the barrel or gallon. 1000 assorted Lumps, some also patinas. 25 c. Patina. 20 doz. No. 10, 14, and 18. 10 doz. assorted Frying Pans. 25 gross knives and cut-throats. 50 gross Pins. 50 gross Forks and Counter Sinks. 25 doz. assorted Knives. 25 doz. White Wash Brushes. 25 doz. Broomsticks. 35 gross 1/4" Iron Table and Tea Spoons. 1 dozen Cash and Iron Boxes. 10 c. Patent Churns. 20 c. Glass Fruit Jars, 1 and 2 quart. 10 c. Billigan's Patent Sewing Machine. 100 best Iron Cooking Stoves, all sizes. 100 best Iron Traps. 100 best Family Corn Mills. 1 dozen Wood Saw. 1 dozen Wood Axes. 1 c. Master's Ice Cream Freezer, assorted sizes.

J. W. WILSON & CO., 17 College street. July 10-1w.

NEW AUCTION

AND Commission House!