

# UNION FLAG.



VOLUME I.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1865.

NUMBER 15.

**J. H. FESSENDEN & CO.**  
"Old King Corner", Opposite Lamar  
House,  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

OFFER, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
DRY GOODS, embracing all the  
best and most fashionable styles; also a full  
line of Gentlemen's wear, HATS, SHOES  
AND BOOTS, of all kind and price. HARD-  
WARE, TINWARE, QUEENSWARE, DYES,  
PAINTS, &c.

In the Grocery line we have several hun-  
dred Sacks of COFFEE, and 20 or 30 lbs.  
of SUGAR.

In short our Stock is large, and I bought  
with particular reference to the wants of the  
people of East Tennessee, as we are satisfied  
with

## SMALL PROFIT

We devote an extensive  
Price, equal to wholesale quantities.  
J. H. F.

## NEW DRUG STORE!

Medicines, Paints, Dye Stuffs,  
PAPER, INK, ENVELOPES,  
ERFUMERY,  
CIGARS, TOBACCO,  
SUGAR, SPICES,  
CANDIES, RAISONS,  
FIGS, COFFEE, TOILET  
AND FANCY ARTICLES.

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES.  
RESPECTFULLY FILLED.  
**W. M. LANDRETH, Druggist.**  
Main Street, opposite Tin Shop, Jonesboro', Tenn.

WM. HARRIS, L. C. BOSS,  
**WM. HARRIS & Co.,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Boots,  
HATS, CAPS, HOSIERY,  
NOTIONS, ETC.

**Gay St., 2 doors North  
of Cumberland,  
Knoxville, Tennessee.**  
PLEASE GIVE US A CALL.  
[J2-4-5]

**A. J. BROWN,**  
Attorney at Law,  
AND  
Collecting Agent,  
JONESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COUNTIES  
of Hawkins, Greene, Washington, Carter,  
Johnson, and Sullivan; also, in the Su-  
preme Court at Knoxville.  
June 2-14.

**FELIX A. REEVE,**  
Attorney AND Solicitor,  
GREENEVILLE, TENN.,  
WILL PRACTICE IN THE STATE COURTS  
in the Counties of Greene, Washington, and  
Coke, and in the Federal and Supreme  
Courts at Knoxville. [J30-14]

**Dr. M. S. MAHONEY,**  
Cherry Grove, Tenn.  
HAVING returned to his old home,  
offers his professional services to his  
former friends and the public generally.  
May 26-6m

**EATING HOUSE AND STORE.**  
BY  
**PETER H. GRISHAM & Co.,**  
- GAY STREET -  
Knoxville, Tennessee.  
[J2-3m]

**Wm. Boond,**  
GROCER, PROVISION DEALER,  
And Commission Merchant,  
Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.  
May 20-6m

**BAR ROOM.**  
BY  
**GRENLEES & LUTTRELL,**  
IN DR. GIBSON'S OLD DRUG STORE  
Opposite the Court House. Keep constantly  
on hand all kinds of Wines, Liquors, Ale,  
Lager Beer, &c. &c. Give us a call. [J23]

**STOVES! STOVES!**  
**JAMES B. HOXSIE,**  
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE,  
SIGN OF THE BIG COFFEE POT.  
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE  
to the people of East Tennessee, that  
the co-partnership between himself and T. G.  
Brownlow, having been dissolved, he is now  
offering a NEW STOCK OF HOUSE FURNISH-  
ING GOODS, at reduced prices. Tin-ware,  
Castings of all descriptions, extra stove  
vessels, Bake Ovens, Skillets, Sad Irons, extra  
Lids, &c. Tin-ware and Castings by the  
Wholesale. JAS. B. HOXSIE.  
[J23]

**LAUREL HILL SCHOOL.**  
NEAR BROOKVILLE, TENNESSEE.  
FALL session opens on Monday, September  
4th 1865.

TUITION PER SESSION.  
PRIMARY CLASS, \$7.00.  
MIDDLE CLASS, (English and Latin), \$10.00.  
HIGHER CLASS, (Science and Classics), \$15.00.  
An incidental fee of fifty cents per scholar.  
Books furnished the school on reasonable  
terms.  
We are thankful for past patronage.  
HENDERSON PRESSNELL.  
aug 18 m6.

**GLOBE SALOON.**  
BY DANIELS & HUDDLESTON,  
No. 5, Cox's Row,  
JONESBORO', TENN.

KEEP ALL KINDS OF WINES, LIQUORS, BEER,  
DYES, &c., of all descriptions. Would respectfully  
solicit the Patronage of the community of Jonesboro'  
and surrounding country.  
aug 18 m6.

**THE UNION FLAG.**  
JONESBOROUGH, TENN.,  
Friday, August 25, 1865.

**G. E. GRISHAM,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms.  
The Union FLAG will be published  
every Friday Morning, on the following  
terms:  
One copy, per year, \$3 00  
Six months, 2 00  
Single copy, 10 cents.

No attention will be paid to orders for the  
paper, unless accompanied by the Cash.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged \$1 50  
per square, (10 lines or less) for the first  
insertion, and 10 cents for each subsequent  
insertion. A discount will be made to yearly  
advertisers.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES—For County  
offices, \$5 00; State, \$10 00.  
Job-PRINTING, of all descriptions, neatly  
executed.

All communications tending to personal  
aggrandizement or emolument will be  
charged the same as advertisements.

## A DAY IN FEMALE APPAREL.

BY A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing."  
"But you must. My happiness depends on  
it. Here, put on your thingumbobs; and  
what's his name?"

And my friend Bob Styles held up before  
my hesitant gaze a whole suit of feminine ap-  
parel.

His idea was that I should personate his  
lady love for one day, to prevent anybody  
from suspecting the truth—namely, that she  
had joined him in a runaway marriage party—  
until it should be too late for interference;  
that is until the minister should have tied  
the knot between them that nothing but a  
special grant of the Legislature could untie  
them.

The scheme was not so actually absurd as  
it appeared at first. Maggie Lee was a tall  
queerly woman, with an almost masculine  
air, and at that time, I had a very slight form  
—almost effeminate, so that, in fact, there was  
really but little difference in that particular.  
I had light hair, parted in the middle, and  
put a bonnet on my head, and few persons  
would suspect that I was not of the softer  
sex. The accessories also gave me quite a  
decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especial-  
ly when as in this case the disguise was her  
own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway  
match was an auspicious one. Maggie's pa-  
per was to drive her to D—, a small village  
near where she lived, and there she was to  
join a sailing party down D— river. I  
had to go three miles below, from which the  
party was to return in the evening in ex-  
changes.

Our plan was, that I should be waiting in  
the village, and should go on the boat with  
the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving  
her father, should slip off with Bob Styles  
across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented my-  
self before Maggie, blushing a great deal, I  
believe, feeling very much pinched about the  
waist, and with an uncomfortable conscious-  
ness that my—my shirt sleeves were too short  
or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet,  
Bob Styles took me into his light wagon and  
drove me to D—, by a secluded route,  
and left me at the hotel, where the sailing  
party was to assemble. Several of the pick-  
nickers were already there, and greeted my  
cavalier with cordiality, (everybody knew  
Bob Styles,) asking him if he was going with  
them. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagements, you know,  
and all that sort of thing. Duced sorry I  
can't go, though. I had just time to bring  
Miss Lee over. Miss Withergill, Miss Lee,"  
and he rattled off a long string of brief intro-  
ductions, which convinced me that but few  
of the company were acquainted with the  
young lady whom I was personating for the  
preservation of my feminine disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal man, with a hood-  
nose, and eye glass and pully hair, seemed to  
be prepossessed with my person, and I  
overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he  
went out—  
"Nice looking young lady, that Miss  
Lee?"

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous  
glance, "she is a nice girl, though a little  
go ahead sometimes. Keep a good look out  
for her, will you?"—then lowering his voice  
said—"not a bad match for you, old fellow,  
she is rich."

"Is she?" said Bimby, his interest deep-  
ening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty  
thousand dollars in her own right. Good  
day?" and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, artful creature as she was, had  
told her father that the sailing party was to  
assemble at another hotel, and thither he had  
taken her. Having business in D—, he  
left her there merely saying he would send  
the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She  
like a dutiful daughter, kissed him and bade  
him good bye, and before he had got a hun-  
dred yards got into Bob Styles' light wagon,  
which had been driven up to the back door,  
as Mr. Lee had drove from the front, and the  
old story of head strong love and prejudiced  
age was enacted over again.

As for us of the pick-nick excursion we  
had a delightful sail down the Grove, but  
somehow I could not enjoy it as I ought to  
have done. When I walked on board of the  
boat I felt awkward, as if everybody was  
looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had  
suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty  
in Blackstone and his own opinion. He in-  
sisted on paying my fare (the boat was a  
regular excursion packet) and purchasing  
enough of oranges, pears and candies, to set  
up a street stand. Four or five times I was  
on the point of swearing at his impudent offi-  
ciousness, but bit my tongue just in time to  
prevent my exposure. But it was not with  
him alone that I found my role the hardest  
to play.

No, the young ladies were the difficult ones  
to deceive. For instance there was one  
among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen,  
just returned from boarding school, who had  
not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of

course she was delighted to see me, when  
she found that I was Maggie Lee, which, by  
the way did not occur till after we had start-  
ed. She threw herself into my arms, pulled  
my vest aside and kissed me half a dozen  
times in a manner that made my finger ends  
tingle an hour. It was all very nice, but  
I was "getting goods under false pretences,"  
and lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for  
my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole lot of crinoline then surrounded  
me on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter  
and instant disgust of Mr. Bimby and  
all of the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet,  
only talking in monosyllables, in a falsetto  
voice, to the others. Lord bless you, how  
they looked at me! Under a strict promise of  
secrecy, as to the boarding school incident, who  
had kissed me so affectionately, retailed all  
her lusciousness and also became very un-  
pleasantly confidential about other matters—  
incontinent enough in themselves, but not cus-  
tomarily talked of between ladies and gen-  
tlemen.

I was terrible embarrassed, but it would  
not do to give up then. As soon as my  
trick should become known Bob Styles' trick  
would come out, and as news of that kind  
travels fast in that country he and his lady  
love would be telegraphed, and followed, be-  
fore they could reach Philadelphia where  
Styles' lived, and where the knot was to be  
tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we  
sat, and I noticed that several of the young  
ladies were glancing very uneasily at me.—  
I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie,  
my little friend from the boarding school, laid  
her face very close to mine, and softly whis-  
pered:

"My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing  
terrible high—your ankles will be town talk  
with the gentlemen!"

Now, I was conscientious of having a very  
small foot for a man, and had done a pair  
of open worked stockings, which came up  
nearly to my waist, with a pair of garters  
borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which  
toggery my "running gear" looked quite  
feminine and respectable; but the idea of  
the gentlemen talking about my ankles and  
of this being told by a young lady, who  
would have been frightened to death if I had  
told her the same, yesterday, was too much  
for me. I burst into a roar of strangled laugh,  
which I could only check by swallowing half  
of my flagree lace edged handkerchief. The  
young ladies all looked at me in apparent  
astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted  
to laugh all the more. Fortunately, Mr. Bim-  
by came to my rescue at the very moment  
and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a  
low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in my high  
falsetto.

"Ah, thank you!" said Bimby, with a  
lascivious look which suggested his escap-  
ing from one man to another; "you areas kind  
as you are fascinating."

"You flatter me."  
"I'll not, indeed; praise of you cannot be  
flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, you really are a very naughty  
man!" I said in the most feminine tone I  
could command.

He cast a languishing look at me through  
the black lace veil, and I fairly began to tear  
for his feelings.

We soon arrived at the Grove, and found  
our hand—engaged before hand—waiting us.  
Of course dancing was our first amusement,  
and lawyer Bimby led me out for a short time.  
It was hard at first to take a lady's part in  
the dance, but I soon got accustomed to it—  
A waltz was proposed, and I resolved to have  
a little amusement at the expense of the un-  
fortunate lawyer, Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by  
dancing with two other young fellows, one of  
whom I knew in my own character, but who  
never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The  
young man was a perfect woman killer—a  
sort of easy devil—may-care rascal, who made  
the ladies run after him, by his alternate  
wrath of action, and coolness of protestation.  
I selected him to play off against my legal  
admirer, I allowed him to hold me very closely,  
and occasionally looked at him with half  
fascinated expression. When we stopped  
dancing, he led me to my seat keeping his  
arm tight around my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to wrathful  
rears of valor, I looked one of the gentlemen  
to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bim-  
by came immediately.

"Ah—Miss Lee, shall I have the honor  
of—tracing a waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we  
commenced.

Now I am an old stager at waltzing. I can  
keep up longer than any non-professional  
dancer, male or female, whom I ever met—  
As long as the Cachuca or Schonnhebrunn  
rings in my ears I can go on, if it is a month  
or year.

Not so with Bimby. He pleaded want of  
practice, and said he soon got dizzy.

"Ah, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you  
a turn, then."

But I only smiled, and said that I should  
probably get tired first.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "Of course I  
can waltz as long as any one lady, but not  
more."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did  
well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at  
the expiration of that time began to grow  
warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's  
breath came harder and harder. On he went,  
however, and I scorned to notice his slacken-  
ing up at every round, when we passed any  
seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the  
wretched man gasped out between his steps:

"Ah, a—a—are you not—get-  
ting tired?"

"Oh, no, I burst forth as coolly as if we  
were riding around the room. "Oh no, I  
feel as if I could dance all night."

The look of despair which he gave was  
terrible to see.

I was bound to see him through, however,  
and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and  
made wild steps in all directions. His shirt  
collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw  
hung down, and although, I saw he could  
not hold out much longer.

"Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—  
puff—very—puff—ah—puff—very—delight-  
ful," he gasped.

"Don't you think it ought to go a little  
faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in great ag-  
ony.

"Ah, puff—puff—I don't—ah—puff—don't  
know."

So when we came near the musicians, I  
said:

"Faster, if you please—faster, and they  
played a whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet ad out like a fast  
pacer, and revolved after the manner of a  
trotter which was nearly run down. At  
last he staggered a step backward, and spin-  
ning essentially away from me, pitched  
headlong to the midst of a bevy of young  
ladies in the corner. I turned round coolly,  
walked to my seat, and sent the young wo-  
man-killer after a glass of ice water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his consi-  
deration in time to secure thank kisses for the  
water.

I got some idea from this of the fun young  
ladies have in tormenting us poor devils of  
the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby  
could apologise for his accident, little Jen-  
nie came running into the pavilion which  
served for a ball-room. As we came near, I  
discovered her hands clutched tightly as she  
whispered to me:—

"Oh, Maggie, come and help me fix my  
skirts, they are all coming down."

What should I do? I was in agony. A  
cold perspiration broke out upon my fore-  
head. I wished myself a thousand miles  
away, and anathematized Bob Styles' mas-  
querading project inwardly, with fearful mal-  
edictions.

I said I was tired out; could not somebody  
else go?

No, nothing would do but I must accom-  
pany her to the house of the gentleman who  
owned the grove, and assist her to arrange  
her clothing.

So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove  
the greater part of her raiment? What if she  
should tell me to do some sewing? What,  
if in the midst of the embarrassment of be-  
ing closeted with a beautiful girl of seven-  
teen, in a state of comparative freedom from  
discrepancy may real sex should undoubtedly be  
discovered?

However, I nerved myself for the task and  
accompanied Jennie to the house designated.  
As she did so—pignon my bushes—a petti-  
coat fell to the floor. She was about to  
proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and  
vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, forgetting my  
falsetto; "don't undress for God's sake!"

She opened her great brown eyes to their  
widest extent.

"And why not?"

"Because I am—am—a—can you keep a  
secret?"

"Why, yes, how frightened you look. Why,  
what is the matter, Maggie? you—why—oh,  
oh, oh!"

And she gave three screams.

"I have no secret, and I am not undress-  
ing, putting my hand over my mouth. I  
swear I mean no harm; if I had I would not  
have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all in a tremble, poor thing, but  
she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man;  
but what does it all mean? Why did you  
dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible,  
after exacting from her a promise of most sac-  
red secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited  
till she had arranged her dress, when she  
when she called me again. She had heard  
of me from Maggie and others, and she wanted  
me to hear the particulars; so I sat down  
by her and we had a long talk, which ended  
in mutual feelings of friendship and old ac-  
quaintanceship, quite wonderful for people  
meeting for the first time. Just as I started  
to go back to the pavilion, I said I must  
relieve my mind of just one more burden.

"And what's that?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Mag-  
gie Lee, or you would not have given them—  
They were sweet, but I suppose I must give  
them back."

And I did.

I was spread out in a free and easy posi-  
tion, my bonnet off, and my hair somewhat  
tousled up. One foot on the ground, and  
the other on a rock about level with my head,  
(regardless of ankles this time,) and there I  
sat puffing away in a very unlady like man-  
ner.

Jennie was sitting close beside me with  
her head on my shoulder and her small waist  
encircled by my arm. Just as the party  
came along above, I laughed out in a loud  
imaginary voice—

"Just think of poor what's his name there,  
Bimby! Suppose he knew that he had been  
kissed by a man?"

"Oh, oh!" said Jennie. "Look, there he is—  
—that's the man! I think there is the whole  
company!"

"Yes, we are fairly caught." It was no  
use for me to clasp my bonnet and assume  
myself again;—they had all seen too  
much for that; besides by this time Bob  
Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one  
flesh," and my disguise was of no further im-  
portance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed  
to kill me and square off; but the rest of the  
party laughed at him so unmercifully, and  
suggested that we should wait it out togeth-  
er, that he finally cooled, and slunk away to  
take some private conveyance to D—.

Bob Styles and I are living in a double  
house together. He often says he owes his  
wife to my masquerading, but doesn't feel  
under obligations to me, for I owe my wife to  
the same thing.

N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie.

## Looking for Sunbeams in Cucumbers.

Some of the English capitalists, misled  
by their prejudices and estimates,  
of the military strength of the United  
States, invested freely in confederate  
bonds. They calculated on fat div-  
idends and profitable cotton relations  
with the rebel government, when peace  
should follow the recognition of its  
independence. The prospect of that  
day coming in their time has faded  
out, but some of them still cherish  
great expectations of dividends, and  
one of them writes to the London  
Herald as follows:

"SIR—Can any of your numerous  
readers inform the bondholders of the  
confederate loan if any funds exist in  
this country to pay the next dividend,  
due last of September, and also, the  
half-yearly redemption of the bonds?  
Messrs. Schroder & Co., the agents,  
perhaps, would have no objection to  
state what funds they have on hand,  
as it is no conceal from the present  
holders what their real condition is—  
It certainly can not make it much  
worse than what it is at present. A  
meeting might do some good.

Your obedient servant,  
"A Bondholder."

The simplicity of this bondholder  
surpasses credulity. The idea that  
any fund exists to pay the September  
dividend and the half-yearly redemp-  
tion of the principal is so absurd that  
neither satire nor caricature could add  
to its ridiculousness. When English  
bondholders recover a farthing of the  
pounds, shillings and pence sunk in  
the confederate bond speculation, we  
may look for eighteen carat gold in a  
Peter Funk watch and the redemp-  
tion, in coin, of the issues of a wild-cat  
bank.

ORIGIN OF A FIGHT.—Tom—"I wish  
I had all the pasture in the world."  
Bob—"I wish I had all the cattle in  
the world."

Tom—"What would you do with  
them?"  
Bob—"I'd turn them in your pas-  
ture."

Tom—"No, you wouldn't."  
Bob—"Yes I would."  
Tom—"No, you wouldn't."  
Bob—"Yes, I would."

And then the fight commenced.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.  
New York, Aug. 19.—An abstract  
of the report of the officers of the  
Telegraph Cable expedition is publish-  
ed showing the following facts: The  
breaking occurred about 12-30 o'clock  
p. m., at a point where the water was  
2,000 yards deep, and when over 1,200  
miles of cable had been paid out, in  
consequence of its becoming injured  
by chafing on the stern of the ship  
while rehauling a portion of it on  
board the Great Eastern to remove  
another defect in insulation which had  
been discovered. After losing it, it  
was grappled three times, being on one  
of the occasions brought to within  
1200 yards of the water's surface, but  
the weight was too much for the grap-  
pling rope which each time broke and  
dropped the cable. The last attempt  
to raise it was on the 17th inst., when,  
not meeting with success, a buoy was  
placed over the spot where it was lost,  
and the Great Eastern sailed for En-  
gland, and her consort, the Terrible  
and Galatia, for St. Johns, where the  
latter vessels arrived on last Tuesday  
evening as heretofore announced.

AGRICULTURAL BUREAU.—T. Glo-  
ver, Esq., has been appointed an agent  
to represent the Agricultural Bureau  
in the Entomological Exhibition to be  
held in Paris on the 15th proximo.—  
He will carry with him engravings of  
different American insects, and will no  
doubt return with many valuable  
acquisitions for the Bureau.