UNION FLAG.

VOLUME 2. JONESBOROUGH, TENN. FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1866. NUMBER 6.

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June1. C. W. WEBB Secretary.

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THE UNION FLAG.

Jonesborough, June 22, 1866

G. E. GRISHAM,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

From the Knoxville Whig, February 1864.

I Talked with an Angel Last Night.

At midnight the camp-fires burned dimly—
The sound of the bugle had ceased—
'T was quiet, and silence hovered o'er us,
While my soul had a joyous feast;
For, just then, the clear, silver moonbeams
Broke through the dark clouds full and bright,
Disclosing my heart's dearest treasure—
—I talked with an angel last night!

An angel! yes! 't was the same lovely figure,
With sweet winning smile and arched brow,
That charmed me while yet in youth's spring-time
And warms me with love, even now.
She stood in her robe of enchantment,
And pressed my cold hand with delight;
We talked of our joys—long buried—
—I talked with an angel last night!

She pressed her rose-lips to my forehead,
And whispered, "Be faithful and firm—
For the Being who feedeth the sparrow
Will lead us, in peace, to our home."
Then she kissed me and bade me remember
That her heart's altar-fires burn bright—
"Adieu! dearest!" (words that still linger,)—
—I talked with an angel last night!

* * * * * * *

The days and the weeks drag their burden,
And the months seem as years in their train—
And Nature herself, once so smiling,
Brings but saddest reflections and pain;
Yet, still, round my lone heart entwining
Are the arms of that phantom of light,
And evermore sweetly I'm dreaming
—I talked with an angel last night!

CAMP NEAR KNOXVILLE, Tenn., G. E. G.

THE WIDOW FITZ ALLEN.

BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Some months since, I chanced to be riding in a chaise on the road from N, a shire town, of some importance. This mode of travelling I always adopt whenever practicable. It is far better to my taste, than to be whirled through the country pent up in a close car, at a rate which precludes sightseeing. In addition to this a railroad is generally located in the most unattractive portions of towns through which it passes.

For these reasons, unless particularly hurried. I usually eschew railroads and railroad cars, and cling to the old-fashioned method of travelling.

So much by way of introduction and explanation.

The scenery on either side of the road over which I was passing being of a very attractive character, I checked my horse to a walk.

In front of us, at some little distance, I perceived a woman respectably dressed, who was walking slowly along, and turning an occasional glance back upon us as if she had something to say.

She gradually slackened her pace as I approached, and when fairly within hearing, inquired whether I had any objection to take her in the chaise with me.

Being naturally gallant, I could do no otherwise than comply with a request from such a source. Of course I informed her that nothing would afford me greater satisfaction. In a trice I was rolling over the highway with an unknown lady at my side.

I had an opportunity to scan her features, which I did futively.

She was what would be called rather pretty, neatly not richly dressed, while from her neck suspended by a guard hung a gold watch. She took it out at once to learn the time, which gave me an opportunity to remark that it was of costly workmanship.

"You must think," said she after a pause, "that I have made rather a singular request of a gentleman with whom I am totally unacquainted."

"Not in the least, madam," said I, politely.

"Nevertheless I feel bound to give some explanation of this step in my jurisdiction. My name is Mrs. Fitz Allen."

An aristocratic name, thought I. "I wonder whether she's a widow."

"I am something of an invalid, in consequence, as my physician tells, me, of my taking too little exercise. He has therefore directed me to walk three hours a day. In conformity with direction I set out this morning with the design of walking to N, but I found after a while that I had miscalculated my strength, and resolved to throw myself upon the generosity and kindness of the first passer by whom I thought I could confide in; I am sure from your appearance, sir, that I am not mistaken in judging you to be of that character."

I felt exceedingly flattered at what I rightly judged she intended as a compliment, and began to esteem myself in luck at having encountered the fair lady who had placed herself under my protection.

We kept up an animated conversation, which however, was now and then interrupted by Mrs. Fitz Allen bending forward and looking over the side of the chaise.

Supposing that she was desirous of seeing more of the country than could be obtained from a covered carriage, I offered to let down the chaise top, but she remonstrated so earnestly against this proceeding, that I was fain to let things remain as they were. Meanwhile I became more and more pleased with my companion, and began to consider more and more earnestly whether she was likely to be a widow.

For the purpose of ascertaining this, I resorted to a very ingenious fabrication as follows:

"It would be very singular," remarked I, carelessly, "if it should chance that your husband and I are old acquaintances. I used to know a Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, who was, if I remember rightly, a—a lawyer."

"No, I don't think it could have been the one. My husband died some years since.—Besides, his name was Robert, and he was a merchant."

I had gained the information I desired. I need not say that Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, the lawyer, whom I had mentioned, was quite an apocryphal personage.

I began to consider whether it wouldn't be worth while to follow up the acquaintance, when the widow afterwards inquired with visible agitation whether I wouldn't drive a little faster. To this I had not the least objection. 'I therefore laid on the whip, and the horse bounded forward at a rapid pace.'

"I like to ride fast," said my companion, in explanation of her request, "it is so exhilerating. I think there is no enjoyment like that of riding rapidly."

"I agree with you perfectly," said I.

"It is a favorite recreation of mine."

At this moment I heard the sound of wheels behind us.

"Couldn't you drive a little faster?" asked Mrs. Fitz Allen anxiously.

I was about to apply the whip once more, when I heard a shout to stop from behind.

"No, don't stop," said my companion.

"He don't want anything with you."

I was puzzled, and was about to follow her advice, when the words were repeated in a more authoritative tone.

"Stop I command you in the name of the law."

The instant afterwards, a constable drove up.

"What do you want with me?" I asked in astonishment.

"Nothing with you, but I have something to do with Miss Saunders who is with you."

"I know nothing of Miss Saunders," said I. "This lady is Mrs. Fitz Allen, and is under my protection."

"Mrs. Fitz Allen!" retorted the constable, bursting into a loud laugh. "Well, she was Miss Saunders only this morning. Howsomever, whatever her name is, she must come with me."

"With you—what for?" asked I bewildered.

"On a charge of stealing a gold watch and a dozen spoons. Just hand 'em over."

With a great deal of reluctance the lady took off the watch, and drew the spoons out of her pocket, and consigned them with herself, to the charge of the constable.

Advising me to beware of keeping bad company, he drove off; and I have'nt seen the fascinating widow since. I was told, however, that she was sentenced to six months confinement. I am still a bachelor.

A Thrilling Incident.

Returning from a visit to New Orleans we were fortunate enough to secure a passage in a steamboat with but few passengers. Among the ladies one especially interested us. She was the widow of a wealthy planter, and was returning with an only child to her father's home. Her devotion to the child was very touching, and the eyes of her black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her." We passed through the canal at Louisville, and stopped for a few minutes at the wharf, when the nurse wishing to see the city, walked out on the guard at the back of the boat, where, by a sudden effort, the child sprung from her arms into the turbulent current that swept towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was in the front part of the boat quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off the child in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under. In an instant the dog leaped into the rushing water and soon disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some person on shore, supposing the dog was lost, as well as the child, procured a boat and started off in search of the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves; but it was evident that his strength was fast failing, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that he had saved the child, and it was still alive. They were brought to the shore—the dog and the child. Giving a glance to satisfy herself that the child was living, the young mother rushed forward, and sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved, and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to the owner and said—"Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich take all I have, every thing, but give me my child's preserver!" The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog's head, said—"I am very glad he has been of service to you; but nothing could induce me to part with him."

An Hour With General Grant--His Views Upon Men and Measures.

The editor of the Lewistown Falls Journal, now at Washington, recently spent an hour in the studio of the Maine artist Simmons, in conversation with General Grant, and gives an interesting statement of the opinions expressed by him upon "men and measures." Some people would doubt whether General Grant would unbosom himself so fully to a stranger when he is so reticent; but we give the story as we find it. The writer says:

"The General, who was dressed in a plain, black, civilian suit, had hardly removed his hat from his head before he took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and began to puff out wreaths of smoke. "I am breaking off from smoking,' remarked Grant. 'When I was in the field I smoked eighteen or twenty cigars a day, but now I only smoke nine or ten!

"The conversation turned to the Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865. 'I notice,' remarked General Grant, 'that Mr. Swinton has published a history of the campaigns in the Old Dominion, in which he takes the ground that I gained nothing, but on the contrary, lost many valuable lives uselessly by moving my army from the Rapidan direct toward Richmond, rather than taking it round by water, to the Peninsula, as M'Clellan did.—This, observed the General, is a revival of the exploded theory (referring to the McClellan policy) of subduing the rebellion by peace measures. A half a million of troops might have been kept within sight of Washington until doome-day, and the rebellion would have flourished more and more vigorously day by day. Fighting, hard knocks only, could have accomplished the work. The rebellion must be overcome, if overcome at all, by force; its resources destroyed, its fighting material obliterated, before peace can be obtained.'

"There were two failures in the Virginia campaign of 1864 which ought to have been successes," said Grant, "and those were the failure to capture Petersburg when we crossed the James, and afterwards at the mine explosion. 'But', added Grant, 'it was all for the best that we failed in these two instances, for had we succeeded at either time, Lee would have been at once obliged to abandon Richmond, and would have been able to secure a safe retreat into the interior of the South, where he would have prolonged the contest for years. Our failures then and the determination of the rebels to hold on to their Capital, gave us time to extend our left Southward, to bring up Sherman from Georgia, and thereby made it impossible for Lee to escape.

"In reply to questions as to whether he was not surprised at the suddenness of the collapse of the rebellion, Grant said that he was, although he had always supposed that when it broke down it would go all at once. 'I thought, however,' he remarked, 'that it would hold out another season, and I am not sure,' he added, 'but that it would have been better for the country if it had. There were some parts of the country where our armies had never trod, particularly Texas, which needed to feel the blighting effects of war to bring their people to a realizing sense of the enormity of their crime, and the necessity of a thorough repentance. 'I find,' said he, 'that those parts of the South which have been within our lines, and have therefore escaped the rebel conscription and taxes, are much less disposed to accept the situation in good faith than those positions which have been literally overrun with fire and sword.'

"Referring to the temper of the Southern people, he remarked that they are much less disposed now to bring themselves to the proper frame of mind than they were a year since. 'A year ago' said he, 'they were willing to do any 'hing, now they regard themselves as masters of the situation.' 'Some of the rebel generals,' he added, 'are behaving nobly and doing all they can to induce the people to throw aside their old prejudices and to conform their course to the changed condition of things. Johnson and Dick Taylor, particularly, are exercising good influence; but,' he added, 'Lee is behaving badly. He is conducting very differently from what I had reason from what he said at the time of the surrender to suppose he would. No man at the South is capable of exercising the tenth part of the influence for good that he is, but instead of using it he is setting an example of forced acquiescence so grudging and pernicious in its effects as to be hardly realized.

'The men who were in the rebel armies,' said Grant, 'acquiesce in the result much better than those who staid at home. The women are particularly bitter against the Union and Union men. Of course,' he added, 'there is some bitterness of feeling among all classes, but I am satisfied it would soon die out if their leading men had not somehow got the idea that treason after all, was not very bad, and that the Southern cause, as they phrase it, will yet triumph, not in war, but in politics. In my judgment,' said Grant, 'the tone of certain men and certain papers at the North is such as to do incalculable mischief in making the late rebels believe that they are just as much entitled to rule as ever, and that if they will only stand by what they are pleased to term their rights, they will have help from the North. This, significantly added Grant, is only playing over again the incipient stages of the rebellion.' He was confident that the large majority of the Southern people would smother their resentments and become good citizens, if these mischief-makers at the North (the Copperheads) would only let them alone. For himself, if he had the power, the first thing he would do would be to seize the New York News and kindred sheets, which are giving the South so dangerous an idea of their own positions and trusts.

"Troops,' said General Grant, 'must be kept in all the principal points in the South for some time to come. This will be necessary to repress the turbulence of a class of the South very dangerous to all well disposed persons, and also to protect the rights of freedmen, who are looked upon with deep hatred by a very large proportion of the people. I am in favor' however,' he added, of not retaining our volunteers for this duty, because they very naturally think that they fulfilled their duty one year since.

"Grant spoke in high terms of Sherman, Sheridan, Howard and other generals, and referred to our Mexican difficulties, forcibly adding that he believed the French invasion of Mexico a part of the rebellion, and he would have been glad to have seen a detachment of our army sent there one year since. He would engage that Sheridan, with plenty of arms, and 2000 American troops and a goodly number of American officers, would, with the aid of the Mexicans, clean Maximillian out of Mexico in six months."

Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush, that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone; it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes mountains, lakes and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessings of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of charity, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequences of crime.

Its effects cannot be eradicated—it can only be forgiven.

WONDERFUL YARN.—The "local" of the Wheeling *Register* gets off the following:

As a gentleman was passing along Fourth street yesterday, he passed a place where a number of boys were playing marbles. One of them, in shooting his marble, cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and stumbled against a lady, also passing, precipitating her along with himself, upon a large hog, who was examining the gutter geographically for *debris*. The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off and ran between the legs of another gentleman, who in falling, frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley. A man who was in a carpenter shop near by was about to light a cigar, and upon starting up to see what was the matter, dropped his lighted match among the shavings, and a fire came near being originated. Thus ended this budget of accidents for the day.

The military authorities of the freedmen's Bureau are extending aid to the sufferers in the flooded portion of Louisiana.