# UNION FLAG.

VOLUME 4. JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1868. NUMBER 8



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Feb. 23, 1y.*

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Feb 23, 1y

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1868jan10tf

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1867nov29tf

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His Excellency W. G. Brownlow,
Hon. Horace Maynard,
Maj. Gen. Joseph A. Cooper,
Col. John B. Brownlow,
Capt. Geo. Edgar Grisham,
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dec. 6] Knoxville Tenn



THE UNION FLAG.

Jonesboro', Tenn., July 24, 1868.

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

Terms.

The UNION FLAG will be published every Friday Morning, on the following terms:

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|---|---|
| One copy, per year, | $2 00 |
| Six months, | 2 00 |
| Single copy, 10 cents. | |

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| To a Club of Five subscribers, each, | $2 75 |
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## Poetry.

### OUR STANDARD-BEARERS.

AN ACROSTIC.

U p, freemen, in your might and glory,
L ittle child and old man hoary,
Y outh matured and man of prime,
S tand to duty—now's the time.
S how the nation how you hate
E very enemy of State.
S hall we yield to despots vile?

S hall recusants, black with guile,

G reat in nothing, without name,
R obbed of Senatorial fame,
A sert again the cause that perished?
N ot while heroes live who cherished
T ruth and honor more than life,

A nd bared their bosoms in the strife.
N o, the nation now will rise,
D enounce the recreants and despise,

S ince Grant, the soldier and the man,
C onsents to head our glorious van.
H ang out your banners on the wall,
U nfurl your guidons, one and all!
Y ou never have joined in any fight
L ike this. The sacred cause of right,
E stablished once on battle-field,
R emains to us; we cannot yield.

C ome from the mountains and the plains
O f all the land, join your refrains,
L end all your strength the nation calls
F or volunteers to line her walls.
A n army springs from near and far—
X erxes ne'er led such ranks to war.

### THEODORE WINTHORP.

**Killed at Great Bethel, June 10th, 1861.**

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

How often in the strange old days,
Before the war's sharp summons blew,
We strolled through all these woodland ways,
While loud the blue bird sang and flew!

How gayly of a thousand things
We talked; and rustling through the leaves,
We sang the songs of other springs,
And dreamed the dreams of other eves!

To this bold hight our footsteps came,
Our eyes beheld that distant sea;
To-day I sit and call his name,
And know he will not answer me.

O friend, beyond this voice of mine,
Beyond these eyes, this baffled hand,
Immortal in a youth divine,
I see thy gracious figure stand.

We do not count each other lost,
Divided though our ways may be;
Two ships by different breezes tost,
Still sailing the familiar sea.

No cloud of death can long obscure,
Nor touch with any doubt or fear,
The love that keeps the old faith pure,
Contented whether there or here.

## Miscellaneous.

### Blair's Policy.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says in regard to Blair's policy:

The President must first declare the measures of Congress unconstitutional, then destroy the governments organized under them, then employ the army to disfranchise the negroes, (a standing army for the South, you perceive!) and after that the deluge!

### THE REBEL PROGRAMME!

**The Revolutionary Letter of Frank P. Blair!**

[From the Chattanooga Republican.]

It is remarkable with what unanimity the rebel press of the South endorse Gen. Blair and his revolutionary letter to the late convention. The Mobile *Register*, one of the leading Democratic journals of the South, says the South can possibly have no objection to the position which he assumed, "as it makes the overthrow of the reconstruction acts and the restoration of the Southern States to their constitutional rights, the real and only issue in this contest."

Since the sorehead convention, in the selection of their candidates, have failed to make finances an issue of any importance, as the Pendleton faction would have done if it had succeeded, it is necessary that something—they are not particular what—must be urged against the Republican party. The first and only object is to defeat the Republican party, and the most effective means, however dishonorable to themselves and calamitous to the country, will certainly be employed. It seems that the blood and thunder policy of Blair since the nominations were made, is most acceptable, and is most generally being adopted and endorsed by the Democracy of the country. Foreseeing the fearful mistake made in the selection of standard bearers, and driven to desperation by the certainty of defeat, the most violent and unreasonable assaults, and the most unfounded and rediculous charges will be made upon the Republican party and its leaders. True to their life long policy of rule or ruin, and seeing that there is no hope of ruling, the country cannot now comprehend the desperation and madness to which office hungry and sore defeated Democracy may be driven. Already the revolutionary utterances of the second man on the Democratic ticket should be a warning to every patriot in the land. They show the true meaning and policy of the Democratic party, and if freedmen and friends of the Union, who pride in our nationality and the glory of our free institutions, would preserve them to their posterity, and enjoy their blessings in their own generation, the coming contest is the time for them to strike the blow that will bury forever in infamy and disgrace the fogies of the age, the enemies of progress, and the foes to peace and prosperity.

We reproduce Mr. Blair's letter this morning, and commend it to the careful perusal of all who love peace and dread the ravages of revolution.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1868.

*Col. James O. Broadhead:*,

DEAR COLONEL: In reply to your inquiries, I beg leave to say that I leave to you to determine, on consultation with my friends from Missouri, whether my name shall be presented to the Democratic Convention, and to submit the following as what I consider the real policy and only issue in this contest.

The reconstruction policy of the Radicals will be complete before the next election; the States so long excluded will have been admitted, negro suffrage established, and the carpet-baggers installed in their seats in both branches of Congress. There is no possibility of changing the political character of the Senate, even if the Democrats should elect their President and a majority of the popular branch of Congress. We cannot therefore, undo the Radical plan of reconstruction by Congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its repeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? It can be only overthrown by the authority of the Executive, who is sworn to maintain the Constitution, and who will fail to do his duty if he allows the Constitution to perish under a series of Congressional enactments which are in palpable violation of its fundamental principles.

If the President elected by the Democracy enforces or permits others to enforce these reconstruction acts, the Radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives, will control both branches of Congress, and his Administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. Johnson.

There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, and allow the white people to reorganize their own governments and elect Senators and Representatives. The House of Representatives will contain a majority of the Democrats from the North, and they will admit the Representatives elected by the white people of the South, and with the co-operation of the President it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution. It will not be able to withstand the public judgment, if distinctly invoked and clearly expressed, on this fundamental issue, and it is the sure way to avoid all future strife to put this issue plainly before the country.

I repeat that this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us. Shall we submit to the usurpations by which the Government has been overthrown, or shall we exert ourselves for its full and complete restoration? It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold, the public faith and the public credit. What can a Democratic President do in regard to any of these with a Congress in both branches controlled by carpet baggers and their allies? He will be powerless to stop the supplies by which idle negroes are organized into political clubs—by which an army is maintained to protect these vagabonds in their outrages upon the ballot. These and things like these, eat up the revenues and resources of the Government and destroy its credit—make the difference between gold and greenbacks. We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into the dust the usurpations of Congress known as the reconstruction acts. I wish to stand before the convention upon this issue, as it is one which embraces everything else that is of value in its large and comprehensive results. It is the one thing that includes all that is worth a contest, and without it there is nothing that gives dignity, honor, or value to the struggle.

Your friend,

FRANK P. BLAIR.

### Killing of Ashby by Camp.

[From the Knoxville Whig.]

On Friday last, Henry M. Ashby was shot down upon Main street, by E. C. Camp, of this city. We propose to state briefly to the public who Ashby was and who Camp is, and the circumstances that led to the rencounter which resulted in the death of Ashby. Ashby was a rebel Colonel, who fought through the war in command of a regiment of cavalry. It was his command that captured the 42d Union men attempting to cross into Kentucky, in the summer of 1862, and drove them into Knoxville under circumstances of cruelty and beastly tyranny. Famishing for water, they were refused the privilege of drinking out of creeks and ponds. Other acts of oppression and wanton barbarity, we might give in detail, but the facts are known to the country, and especially to the people of East Tennessee.

At the close of the war Ashby returned to Knoxville, seemingly with a view to settle down there permanently, and found existing against him indictments in different counties for treason, larceny, robbery, murder &c. As these indictments were disposed of one by one, until but a portion of them remained against him, he became more insolent and violent, and really seems to have been fixed upon, by common consent as the bully of the party.

E. C. Camp is an attorney at law, a quiet and peaceable man, courteous toward everybody, but an outspoken Union man, and committed the unpardonable sin of having served in a Federal regiment, and was unfortunately, as some think, born north of the Ohio river. In the discharge of his duties as an attorney, he assisted in the prosecution of Ashby for treason against the State of Tennessee, in the Circuit Court of Knox county. In consequence of Camp's quiet manner, he was agreed upon, in the elegant language of Ashby, as "a d——d yankee coward," and the purpose of the Kuklux Democracy was to disgrace him and drive him and other northern men out of the State. In order to do this, about three or four weeks ago, Ashby went into Camp's office, cursed and denounced him with his hand on his pistol, while Camp was unarmed, and as a matter of course submitted to his abuse.

On Thursday week last, as Camp was quietly walking by the Post Office, on Gay street, Ashby stepped in front, met him, slapped him in the face, and struck him with a small whalebone stick, whereupon Camp broke his umbrella over him, after which they clinched and were separated by Sheriff Bearden, Ashby notifying Camp that "he intended to slap his jaws every time he met him until he compelled him to leave town."

On the next day, Friday last, he stated to one of the police officers, half an hour before the difficulty, that he intended to cane and cowhide him. Accordingly, he entered Camp's law office, remarking, as he entered it, to Mr. Cain, that "there was a d——d scoundrel in there with whom he had had a difficulty the day before, and that he was going in to settle it." Camp announced his readiness to settle it, and proposed walking out on the pavement together, where no one else would become involved. Upon getting out on the pavement, some little distance from the office, Ashby slapped Camp on the shoulder with one hand, flourishing his pistol with the other, whereupon Camp drew his revolver and shot him through the breast. At the first shot he fell, and as he fell he shot him again, hitting him between the eyes, and after he fell he shot him a third time. Ashby died instantly, and in fact any of the shots would have proved fatal. Camp acted with great coolness and deliberation, and took no advantage whatever. He was perfectly justifiable in what he did, and no grand jury of honest, unprejudiced men will ever find a true bill of indictment against him.

However much all such occurrences are to be deplored, we say to such men that the true Radical Union men of East Tennessee don't intend to be run over this summer; and as for being driven out of the State by a set of vile traitors and assassins, such as have backed up Ashby, they have fled to Kentucky for the first time. Nor will they be run over in this town. For every Union man assassinated in Knoxville, it will require the lives of two traitors to atone for it. Camp was supposed to have no friends, but is that the Ashby-Kuklux Klan are reckoning without their hosts. Camp has done precisely what he ought to have done; and he should feel no more remorse of conscience than if, in self-defence, he had taken the life of a highway robber or an assassin. Had Ashby behaved himself, and settled down quietly according to the terms of his parole, no one would have disturbed him in this community, notwithstanding the many outrages he committed in East Tennessee and his villainous career as a rebel officer.

The Klan will, of course, designate one or two other bullies to bring on street fights, and the drunken, lying, cowardly bankrupts who conduct their filthy paper, will encourage the inauguration of mob law. We say to them, one and all, that they had better cease their violence and their insults, or take the consequences of their conduct. The Governor will feel it his duty, to arm and equip the loyal men at the expense of the State, and see that such riots and mobs are put down and their guilty authors punished as they deserve to be punished. The cry of tyrant, despot and bloody-minded wretch, raised against him, will not deter him from the discharge of what he believes to be his duty.

### Anecdotes of General Grant---His Habits.

A woman writes to the Philadelphia *Press*, from Ashland, Pa., the following stories about Gen. Grant:

"During the first three years of the war I was actively identified with the western branch of the Sanitary Commission, and had abundant opportunity of judging for myself in regard to the character and ability of our generals. During the entire campaign of the opening of the Mississippi it was my privilege to aid in caring for our noble patriots, both in hospital and camps, and I have been for weeks together where I saw Gen. Grant frequently, heard his name constantly, and never did I hear intemperance mentioned in connection with it. Facts are stubborn things. I will relate a few of the many that came directly to my knowledge: In the winter of 1862-3, when the army arrived at Memphis, after long, weary marching, and trials that sicken the heart to think of, two-thirds of the officers and soldiers were in hospitals. Gen. Grant was lying sick at the Cayoso House. One morning, Mrs. Grant came into the ladies' parlor, very much depressed, and said the medical director had just been to see Mr. Grant, and thought he would not be able to go any further if he did not stimulate. Said she, 'And I cannot persuade him to do so; he says he will not die, and he will not touch a drop upon any consideration.' In less than a week he was on board the advance boat on the way to Vicksburg.

"Again, a few months after, I was on board the headquarters boat at Milliken's Bend, where quite a lively gathering of officers and ladies had assembled. Cards and music were the order of the evening. Gen. Grant sat in the ladies' cabin, leaning upon a table covered with innumerable maps and routes to Vicksburg, wholly absorbed in contemplation of the great matter before him. He paid no attention whatever to what was going on around him, neither did any one dare to interrupt him. For hours, he sat thus, until the loved and lamented McPherson stepped up to him with a glass of liquor in his hand, and said: 'General, this won't do, you are injuring yourself, join with us in a few toasts, and throw this burden off your mind.' Looking up and smiling, he replied: 'Mac, you know your whisky won't help me to think. Give me a dozen of the best cigars you can find, and, if the ladies will excuse me for smoking, I think by the time I have finished them I shall have this job pretty nearly planned.' Thus he sat; and when the company retired, we left him there, still smoking and thinking, not having touched one drop of liquor.

"When the army lay around Vicksburg during that long seige, the time that tried men's souls, I watched every movement it was possible for me to do, feeling almost certain that he would eventually succumb to the custom, alas! too universal among the officers. I was in company with a gentleman from Chicago, who, while calling upon the General, remarked: 'I have some very fine brandy on the boat, and if you will send an orderly with me to the river, I will send you a case or two.' 'I am greatly obliged,' replied the General, 'but I do not use the article. I have a big job on hand, and, though I know I shall win, I know I must do it with a cool head. Send all the liquor you intend for me to my hospital in the rear; I don't think a little will hurt the poor fellows down there.'

"At a celebration on the 22d of February before the surrender of Vicksburg, while all around were drinking toasts in sparkling champagne, I saw Gen. Grant push aside a glass of wine, and taking up a glass of Mississippi water, remarked, "This suits the matter in hand," drink to the toast, "God gave us Lincoln and Liberty; let us fight for both.'"

### The Wild Woman of Texas.

The Liberty (Texas) *Gazette* publishes the following marvelous story:

"In the Grand Cane neighborhood in this county, a short time ago, a gentleman in the depths of a forest suddenly came upon a woman as wild and as fleet as an untamed deer. After a brisk chase of some distance the gentleman on horseback overtook the wonderful creature, when she halted, and he found her to be a medium sized middle-aged, well formed woman, with long dark hair, and clear blue eyes. She was in a state of nudity save a girdle of grey moss about her loins. Her body and limbs were covered with a beautiful coat of hair about four inches in length. She was much frightened and seemed unable to talk, but must have comprehended signs, as in reply to motions of the gentleman by which he sought to induce her to accompany him out of the woods, she constantly pointed to her own forest home. Finally the gentleman endeavored to compel her to go the way he desired by getting before her and by threatening gestures with his gun, and she became enraged, seized a club, and turned upon him with the fury of a demon, and it was only by the speed imparted to his steed by the liberal use of the spurs, that he kept out of her way. After driving off her pursuer, she resumed the direction she had so constantly pointed to, and was soon out of sight.

"The gentleman followed, and after going some distance came upon her home. Three trees standing near each other in a triangular form, with the spaces between them walled up with brush and moss, made her moss bed between them secure from the pitiless rain. The stores that were discovered were a few nuts and some four or five bushels of acorns.

"Very wild stories of this wild woman have been rife in the upper part of the county for some time, but she was believed to be a myth by all except those who have had a glimpse of her. Now, however, her existence, description, and the vicinity at least of her whereabouts, are established beyond controversy. Her early capture may be regarded as within the range of probability, as a concentrated effort is being made to that end.

### Grant the Victor.

The Memphis *Bulletin* says: "The observant politicians, who understand matters too well to be misled by the professions of political managers, say the result of the New York Convention is a triumph for Grant. The Democrats have made no advance—they stick in the mud—they are not up to the issues of the day—the world moves and they do not move with it—they are fossilized, old fogy, dead, defunct—the grave in which they buried the Whigs, yawns for them. The New York *Herald* gives them the following:"

The Democratic party has decided that Grant shall be our next President. It had a splendid opportunity to create defection in the Republican camp by nominating Chase, but party jugglers had a different game to play. The old fable of mountain in labor is repeated, and the mouse is exceedingly ridiculous. The Pendleton men displayed a frank, open and manly course, and were humbugged and outwitted by New York trickesters.

The great railway over Mount Cenis, between France and Italy, has been completed, and cars now pass over that picturesque and celebrated route in about five hours. The speed is between twelve and thirteen miles an hour—quite enough for such a highway.—*Exchange paper.*

"The Salt Lake *Vedette* has the following: "Correction—instead of 'people all very lousy,' in a letter from Crystal Park the other day, read 'people all very busy.'"

Iowa has three lady editors named respectively Money, Read, and Hartshorn—wealthy, literary, pungent.