UNION FLAG.

VOLUME 4. JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1868. NUMBER 15

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1867. PHILADELPHIA. 1867.

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THE UNION FLAG.

Jonesboro', Tenn., Sept. 11, 1868.

G. E. GRISHAM,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Union Flag will be published every Friday Morning, on the following terms:

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Six months,	1 00
Single copy, 10 cents.	

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Poetry.

THE EDITOR.

The editor works—he's never at rest,
For the world, insatiate with news,
Keeps asking for more, the latest and best,
He cannot—he will not refuse.

Big sermons and speeches, stories and rhymes,
With items both ancient and new,
Suiting the people and suiting the times,
He most faithful and convenient review.

Not only deals he in subjects profound,
His reasons must mingle with fun;
The world will laugh and the joke go round
When the editor scribbles a pun.

An Indictment.

Low-browed women that stole my love!
Fairer than I—base true;
You tempted him first with your silly tongue,
And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You lorded in his, till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Wellaway for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim!
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.

Miscellaneous.

A PATRIOTIC APPEAL.

The Right Kind of Talk.

Seymour and Blair Mean Nullification.

Letter of Chief Justice Pearson.

The following is the letter of Chief Justice R. M. Pearson, of North Carolina, himself a Conservative, to the Conservatives of that State:

To the Conservative party:

I am alarmed at the condition of the country, and fear we are drifting into another civil war. In my opinion, the "war clouds" are as dark now as in the winter of 1860-61. We were then promised "peaceable secession;" we are now to have "peaceable nullification." Under these circumstances, I feel it to be a duty to make known the reasoning by which I have arrived at the conclusion that every man who has an interest at stake, and who wishes to have peace and avoid blood-shed, should vote for Grant and Colfax. Being a member of the Conservative party, and having been elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on the nomination of both parties, by a unanimous vote of the people, it is fair to presume that I have their confidence, and that what I say will be considered calmly, as the advice of a friend who has no motive save the public good. I trust to be held justified, by the emergency, for expressing my opinion, and to be allowed to do so, without being drawn into the vortex of politics; with my views silence would be criminal. God Almighty! forbid a war of races! Violent politicians show their purpose to agitate, turn things upside down, nullify, and bring on another war, rather than submit to let the negroes vote and hold office. But is it not the part of wisdom and patriotism to accept "the situation," and try to make the most of a bad bargain, rather than make bad worse? I cannot, as others seem to be able to do, exclude from my mind the fact that the South attempted a revolution and was subjugated, and our condition is one of the bitter fruits of rebellion! "Let us have peace." This is the point on which my opinion rests.

The New York Convention declares our State government a mere creation of usurpation, and of course not entitled to the allegiance of the people; and it proclaims the Reconstruction acts of Congress "constitutional, revolutionary and void"—omitting the word null, lest it might call up unpleasant recollections of the days of nullification, when the strong will of Jackson prevented war. If the Reconstruction acts are void so are the reconstruction measures of President Johnson, and the negroes are still slaves. This leads to war. But, it is said, "slavery and secession" are dead issues. Why, or how? Admit, however, that the only object is to deprive the freedmen of political rights. How can that be effected? Some say "it is to be done by the ballot and not by the bayonet." How? That is the question. The freedmen are now in possession of the right to vote; of course, if they vote, the constitution cannot be amended, so the only mode is to carry out practically the doctrine that the Reconstruction acts are void, and our constitution is of no effect. This is nullification, and, disguise it as they may, it must result in war. History furnishes no instances of four millions of people, backed as they are, in our State, by a clear majority of 20,000 votes, being deprived of political rights which they have enjoyed for years. It cannot be done without civil war. It is against the order of nature.

My countrymen! it is time to pause, and refuse longer to follow the lead of violent politicians. We should discard prejudice and passion and act on our own judgment, as to what should be done under the circumstances by which we find ourselves surrounded.

The most violent members of any party, provided that they can get members enough at the start to make a respectable showing, always carry their point, for reason is put aside, vituperation and abuse are hurled at all who hesitate. "He is not a friend of the South, he is a traitor to his race and color," &c. The women and children (creatures of feeling) join in the clamor, and so it goes. You and I were opposed to secession, the bulk of the people opposed it, yet we were hurried into it. After the ordinances, like true men, we adhered to our State, and rendered faithful allegiance to the Confederacy up to the surrender. What did we gain by it? I should rather ask, who can estimate what we lost by it?

I will specify instances where bad was made worse by violent politicians.

1. We labored under the supposed inconvenience in not being allowed to carry slaves into the Territories, and owing to the prejudices against slavery, a fugitive slave could not be reclaimed under the act of Congress, without more cost than his raise. To remedy this the South seceded. We lost all our slaves!

2. At the Fortress Monroe Conference it was in our power to be restored to all the rights of a State, provided we would submit to gradual emancipation, that is, every negro, born after a day to be fixed, should be free at the age of twenty-one. But the cry was, "independence or nothing," "fight it out," when it was known we could not open the spring campaign without a reinforcement of 100,000 negro soldiers; which was impossible, or if possible, fatal to our cause. The result was—a surrender without terms, followed by instant emancipation with four millions of freedmen in our midst! So bad was again made worse!

3. What was to be done with the freedmen? The idea of four millions of people, not slaves, existing in our midst without some political right, was out of the question. Such a condition of things never has, within the memory of man, and never will exist. It is against the eternal laws of nature! At that time we had it in our power to put all things right by submitting to qualified negro suffrage, that is, let every freedman who could read and write, or owned, say $100 worth of property, have the right to vote. Not much harm would have come of this, for the negro vote would have been scattered and neutralized. But no!! "This is a white man's government." Prejudice excluded reason. How did it result? The State is reduced to "a military district, with a provisional government, subject to the order of the General Commanding." The freedmen are entitled to full suffrage and the right to hold office. These terms imposed by the General Government have been submitted to and acted upon. A clear majority of 20,000 votes has fixed the matter. So bad was again made worse.

Let me ask, why did General Lee surrender? Because he could not help it. For the same reason we must submit to the political, not the social (for that is a thing under our own control) equality of the freedmen. This is "the situation"—the question is, shall we go on and make bad worse, or shall we try to make the best of it?

What is the reason that the negro vote, instead of being scattered, is concentrated with the full force of a solid column? It is carried by the violent opposition made to the will of General Government in regard to reconstruction.

The freedmen have still an undefined impression that there is still a wish to reduce them to slavery. They certainly have a well-founded belief that there is a determination to deprive them of political equality.

This makes them "pull together;" remove the pressure and their vote will be neutralized, and unless I mistake the power and effect of the superiority of the white man, aided as he is by education and the possession of the wealth of the country, in a few years they will vote as before 1835. In the Borough of Newbern, Gaston, Hillsboro', Nash, Halifax, Daniel, Salisbury, McKay, Edenton, Johnston, Wilmington and Heares, it was then a subject of remark: "The free niggers always vote for the most respectable men." How is this pressure to be removed? By giving them assurance that we "acquiesce," and are content to allow them political equality. How is that assurance to be given? By electing Grant and Colfax. Then we shall have peace and the country will have repose, which is so much needed. But elect the candidates of the other party. This certifies the freedmen that we are not content to let things stand as they are; it is an open declaration of war, and they will stand firm in solid column against us, supported by what has been called in derision, "The mean white men," but supported by enough to give them a majority of 20,000 voters. What is to be the result? Agitation of course; but there is a reason to fear worse may come of it. Has it ever been known that four millions of people, after enjoying political rights for years, could be reduced to servitude without a civil war? and such a civil war! The mind revolts at its contemplation. The war we have just passed through is as nothing compared to it. Some suggest, "How can our condition be made worse? We have a Legislature composed of men who pay no taxes, but have unlimited power to tax us. We have incompetent Judges, clerks, &c. Our ancient mode of judicial proceeding is turn up by the roots, and many who are strangers to it are put to high places." So much of this is true to be regretted. We must accept the situation and make the most of it. Divine inspiration teaches us "it is hard to kick against the pricks." Are we not, my friends, in some measure to blame for this condition of things? And we as an earlier day come out openly for reconstruction, according to the General Government, is it not fair to presume that the Conservative element would have entered more largely into the composition of the convention and Legislature, and of the high places of trust and confidence?

My conclusion is, we must concede to the freedmen political equality, if we can only satisfy them, we do so in good faith by voting for Grant and Colfax. Then there will be an end of the strife. The contemplation of war and bloodshed will be put far from us. The freedmen will become satisfied that it is for their good interest to allow us to have the guidance of public affairs, and the innate power and vigor of the white man will convince the world that we are able to carry a weight of four millions imposed on us by the unaccountable decrees of Providence, and still work out our destiny as the grandest republic that has ever been known among the nations.

It is said by some, "The political equality of the freedmen is a fixed fact," but it is necessary to agitate and bluster about nullification and war, in order to restore the Constitution and States' rights, and to turn the Radicals out of office."

In regard to restoring the Constitution and State rights, no one pretends that the reconstruction measures of the President, or of the General Government (for an act passed over the veto, is an act of the government) are in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. It is also clear that they are not unconstitutional, but extra constitutional; that is, acts done to meet an emergency, not forbidden by the framers of that instrument. Such is the decision of our Supreme Court, by the concurring opinion of the three Judges, Battle, Reade and Pearson, in two cases—*Ex parte* Hughes; Cook vs. Cook; Phillips' Reports. So the suggestion of restoring the Constitution is a pretext, and the notion that, as the State has never been out of the Union, she instantly, after the surrender, was entitled to all the rights of a State, as if nothing had happened, is a fallacy. Your son rebels; he is still your son, but he is entitled to the rights and privileges of a child, until he stones and is reconciled to his parents? So, restoring State rights is out of the question.

In regard to turning the Radicals out of power, it is strange that men can be so carried away by party prejudice as to be willing to put the lives and fortunes of the people on a venture, in order to obtain an object so insignificant, compared with the fearful consequences by which it may be attended. We agitated and blustered about secession and war, when not one in ten expected it would come to that. Shall we now agitate and bluster about nullification and war and be surprised at a similar result? Should we not take a lesson from experience? Such agitation and bluster for party purposes is not only deceitful, but, it seems to me, wicked, as it may lead to such awful consequences.

It is inevitable that the Conservatives must split into two parties. The peace Conservatives and the war Conservatives, or, to avoid inconsistency, the nullifiers. The difference is so vital that they cannot act together as one party. The nullifiers act with the Democrats. There can be no reason why the Conservatives, without identifying themselves with the Republicans, but keeping up their organization as a party, and leaving the nullifiers to go to themselves, may not act with the Republican party, and vote for Grant as the man for the occasion, who, like Jackson, will put a stop to nullification, in the new shape in which it now raises its hydra head.

When the storm is over, the Conservative party, representing, as it does, the property and intelligence of a State, will take the guidance of affairs, and all will be well.

R. M. PEARSON.

RICHMOND HILL, N. C., July 20, 1868.

Lincoln on Grant.

President Lincoln was General Grant's earnest friend and adviser.—The following incident is one of his many tributes to the Republican candidate for President:

Just before the Baltimore Convention, a few delegates called upon him, pursuant to appointment, and we found him free and communicative as well as hopeful and agreeable.—One of our party asked his opinion on the military situation. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "Grant now has entire control, and I can only relate a conversation I had with him the other day. He said his plan was to hold Lee and his army in the vicinity of Richmond, while he sent Sherman through to destroy the Confederacy. "I said to him," and the sunbeams played over the Presidents homely face, making it appear positively handsome, "Grant, I dont know much about the technicalities of your profession, but as near as I do understand you, *you* propose to hold the leg,' while Sherman 'takes off the skin' 'Yes,' replied Grant, 'that is just what I mean.' With what an iron grasp Grant held the leg, and how brilliantly Sherman stripped the hide from the rebellion, has now passed into the domain of history.

Reconstruction.

The New York Freeman declares that:

The experiment of reconstructing the South on the white vote only would not promise any better results when tried a second time than when tried the first. Then it tended directly to restore slavery, to produce negro massacres and a war of races, to place rebels in power, and to dissolve the Union. There is nothing so attractive in that mode of reconstruction that the country pants to get back to it.

General N. B. Forrest, the aristocratic negro-trader of Tennessee, thus speaks of the Union men of the South:

"I am ashamed to own it that they were nurtured on this soil. They are too low for me to speak about, and I have no words to express my contempt for them."

The butcher of Fort Pillow and ex-gangdriver of Shelby county is becoming fastidious.

The Copperheads claim the right to rule the Democratic party; and the Democratic party lacks the courage and the spirit to resent their pretentions and spurn their presence. Nothing, therefore, remains for the Democratic party but another great defeat.

Stick to One Pursuit.

Those doctors who abandon there profession to dabble in newspapers, and others who have no definite aim in life, will find a world of advice in the annexed short article which we find afloat on the sea of literature:

"Many men fail because they have no definite aim. Their energies are scattered over so wide a surface that they are dissipated and lost. They are not concentrated sufficiently on any one point to make themselves felt. Hence universal geniuses are almost always universal failures and the promises of early life are not redeemed in the achievements of mature age. A man sets out in life with talents enough to command success in any field of enterprise, tries the whole round of pursuits and everywhere fails. The simple cause of his failure is because he has tried the whole round, instead of adopting one as his life-work, and concentrate all his energies upon it.

"Singleness of aim needs also to be reinforced by tenacity of purpose, that quality of mind expressed by the Yankee word stick-to-it-iveness.—Nothing has such power to overcome obstacles and wring success from the unwilling hands of adverse fortune than this. The man who, ten times defeated, can renew the battles of life, with nothing of heart or hope abated, determined to fight it out on this line, will be sure to achieve success in the end. Of this we have numerous examples—men who have spent the vigor of early life in buffeting the winds and storms of adversity, but have at last, by the force of an unconquerable will, succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition. We would therefore say, especially to every young man, would you succeed in life, have one definite object of pursuit and follow that out to the end."

(From the Press.)

"Let us Have Peace."

From hallow'd ground,
From martyr's mound,
From widow's breast,
From grief oppress'd
From sire-bereft,
In sorrow left,
From every sod,
The slain have trod;
From every flood,
Once tinged with blood,
From plentily bless'd,
From toil oppress'd
From hill and dale,
From every vale,
From rock-girt Maine,
To Western Plain,
The prayers increase
"Let us have Peace."

John H. Reagan, of Texas, late Postmaster General of the Rebel Confederacy, made a speech at Galveston, a few days since, in which he gave the following advice: "The duty of the Southerners is to obey the laws, accept the situation with regard to suffrage as it now stands, and like true and honest men to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony between the sections."

"Frank Blair a Samson."

A Copperhead stumpspeaker in Ohio, the other night, pronounced Frank Blair, "a Samson in argument." The Toledo *Blade* adds that he attacks his opponent with the self same weapon—the jaw bone of an ass.

It is asserted by usually well-informed diplomatists in Washington, that our Government has determined to assist Juarez in quelling the turbulent factions in Mexico, and in return the United States expects a gift of a portion of the northern territory of that country. Gen. Rosecrans's instructions are made to conform to the above line of policy.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

We find the following unique marriage notice in the Cincinnati *Gazette.*

Young—Martin and others—In Salt Lake City, on the 16th ult., in the presence of the Saints, Brigham Young to Mrs. J. B. Martin, Miss Emily P. Martin, Miss L. M. Pendergrast, Mrs. R. M. Jenickson, Miss Susie P. Cleaveland, all of the County of Berks, England. No cards.

The Drunkard.

A drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures that God has made. As indeed there is no character that appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than that of a drunkard.—Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment. It makes vanity insupportable, and displays every spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Small Things.

If small streams are not able to bear great ships or yield great treasures, they may at least water some drooping flower; if not by the side of home, by the wayside in life's pathway.

Man's Extremity.

A modern philosopher has appropriated man's full extreme as follows:

7 years in childhood's sport and play,	7
7 years in a school from day to day,	14
7 years at a trade, or college life,	21
7 years to find a place and wife,	28
7 years to pleasure's follies given,	35
7 years to business hardly driven,	42
7 years for fame, a wild goose chase,	49
7 years for wealth, a hopeless race,	56
7 years for treasing for your heir,	63
7 years in sickness spent, and care,	70

Then die and go—you *should* know where!

A Wedding Night Shirt.

It wasn't hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They could not have helped it to save their lives. I'll tell you how it was.

Joe was about the most fairly dressed buck in town—over-nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manners, always putting on airs, and more dainty and modest than a girl. Well, when his wedding day came, he was dressed trunk empty, and his pants, especially, fitted him as candle moulds, and his legs candles run into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than half a dozen peacocks.

"Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two boys who were to be groomsmen, and we that he threw himself away after the most approved manner.

"Stunning! Gorgeous!" replied Tom Bennett. "Never saw anything equal to them. But, I say, Joe, aren't they the least bit too tight? It strikes me that you will have some difficulty in bending, won't you?"

'Pshaw, no; they are as easy as an old glove. See!'

To prove the matter, he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when, crack! crack! followed like twin reports of a revolver.

'Thunder!' exclaimed Joe, as he put his hand behind and found a rent in the cassimere from stern to stern. 'Thunder, the pants have burst and what shall I do?'

'I should rather think they had,' answered Tom, getting purple in the face as he endeavored to control his laughter; 'but there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to the standing up time, and we have got a mile to go—carriage waiting, too."

"What shall I do, oh! what shall I do?"

'I tell you what, if mine would fit you, you shall have them and welcome, but they are about a mile too big; they would set like a shirt on a bean pole. I see no way but you have them mended.'

'Who can I get to do it, Tom?'

'Well, I am something of a tailor, and can fix them so they won't show. Hold on a minute, and I'll get a needle and thread.'

'Can you? May heaven bless you!'

'Off with your coat,' commanded Tom, as he came back.

'Now lay yourself over on the bed and I'll fix you in short order.'

The command was obeyed; the pants mended; the coat tails carefully pinned over, so as to conceal the "distress for rent," and all went merry as the marriage bell until Joe followed the bride to the nuptial couch.

There was only a dim light in the room, but it enabled Joe, as he glanced bashfully around, to see the sweetest face in the world, the rosy cheeks and bright lips, the lovely and loving blue eyes, and the golden curls just peeping from out the snowy sheets, and he extinguished it altogether and hastened to disrobe himself. Off came coat, vest, fancy necktie and collar, boots and socks in a hurry, but somehow the pants stuck. The more he tried the more they wouldn't come, and he tugged vainly for half an hour.

'Thunder!' muttered Joe.

'What's the matter, dear?' came in the softest accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering if he was ever coming: and forgetting his accustomed bashfulness, he blurted out:

'Moll, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt and undershirt all together.'

'It is too bad! Wait a moment my dear.'

A little stockingless foot peeped out first, then a ruffled night dress, the lamp was lighted, a pair of scissors found, Joe released; and although he denies it, Tom Bennett swears that his wedding shirt was of the shortest possible extent, reasoning *a pateris.*

It is one of the singular facts that does not often occur, that potatoes are worth more than corn, cabbages are worth more than wheat, and a barrel of onions will purchase a barrel of flour.

If the "harmonious Democracy" do not explode, it will not be for want of explosive material.

An exchange finds it an amusing sight to see a row of young ladies all eating roasting ears as they would perform upon a flute.

The Democratic platform means no new greenbacks and early specie payments.