



September 9, 1862 - Union refugees arrive in Nashville

The Exodus.

Yesterday morning we saw a train of wagons filled with women and children and a few articles of household goods. These people are native Tennesseans, driven by guerrillas from their farms and shops on account of their loyalty. They have sacrificed the honest accumulations of years of hard labor on the altar of loyalty, and are now winding their way to a land where the rebel flag is not tolerated. The story related by these unhappy people is most lamentable. They tell of respectable, law-abiding men being tied up and whipped until they are streaming with blood; of houses plundered and sacked; of crops destroyed, and of every species of outrage. Companies of outlaws belonging to neither side, taking advantage of the anarchy which prevails in the country, roam about for the sole purpose of plunder. These bandits prey on secessionists and loyalists alike. A man named Anderson, we are told, leads one of these parties in Bedford county. When he plunders the house of a Confederate, and the inmates plead that they are for the Southern Confederacy, he replies, "Damn the Southern Confederacy!" Unless the people come as one man into the Federal ranks, and utterly destroy these land-corsairs, an awful future awaits this afflicted commonwealth. The friends of the Confederacy will be certain to find the "ingredients of their poisoned chalice" of rebellion commended to their own lips by the very men whom they now encourage in robbery and lawlessness. Justice is often slow, but she is "even handed," and her blows will fall with fearful effect at last upon obdurate offenders.

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