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On Susan Vesta's Bloody Field.

By CHAS. HENRY PETERSEN.

On Susan Vesta's bloody field,
A soldier dying lay,
His thoughts were of his mountain home,
Some thousand miles away.
He called his comrade to his side,
For such he had to say.
In battle times to those who were
Some thousand miles away.
My father, comrade, you will tell,
About this bloody fray—
My country's standard, say to him,
Was with me to-day.
I made a pillow of my head,
On which to lay my head,
A winding sheet you'll make of it,
When I am with the dead.
I know 'twill grieve his honest soul,
To think that never more,
To rest with him beneath the oak,
That shades his cottage door,
But that his bones will rot,
In some cold, distant spot,
Where the winds will blow,
And the sun will never show.
My mother's form is with me now,
Her smile is in my ear,
And drop by drop, as flows my blood,
So drops from her the tear.
Thou, old man, when you shall tell to her,
The tidings of this day,
Speak softly, comrade, softly speak,
What you may have to say.
Speak not to her in hurried words,
The blighting news you bear,
The chords of life might snap too soon,
So comrade, have a care.
I am but only, cherished child,
But tell her that I died,
Rejoicing that she taught me young
To take my country's side.
But, comrade, there is one, I fear,
One man you will not see,
One man you will not see,
One man you will not see.
The laws, when I shall never more,
In spring time's pleasant hours,
Go forth with her in merry mood,
To gather wood and flowers.
Tell her, when death was on my brow,
And life receding fast,
Her voice, her form, her parting words,
Were with me to the last.
On Susan Vesta's bloody field,
Tell her I dying lay,
And that I knew she thought of me,
Some thousand miles away.

On the Guilt of the Patriot.

Guilted Superior Court.

On Monday, no court, no business, was held, except to organize the court. In his official charge to the Grand Jury he called particular attention to the condition of the public roads, and charged strong on the duties of overseers.
On Tuesday Spencer S. Reeves was indicted for the murder of his sister, Harriet A. Reeves. The murder was committed on the 13th of January last, in the county of Orange, whence the trial had been removed to Randolph, and again from Randolph to Guilford. The unnatural and atrocious atrocity of the act charged upon a prisoner, scarcely has a parallel, except in the first fratricidal deed which marks the bloody annals of our race. The court-room was crowded with spectators, who listened all day, with almost breathless interest, to the details of the witness, the eloquent and ingenious arguments of the counsel, and the clear, impartial charge of the Judge.
The Solicitor Jones and Mr. Waddell appeared as counsel for the State; Messrs. Harwood, Norwood and Nash for the prisoner.
The evidence was circumstantial, but carried the mind to inevitable conviction of the prisoner's guilt. We give the main facts disclosed on the examination of the witnesses.
Spencer S. Reeves, the prisoner, and his sister, Harriet A. Reeves, the deceased, lived with their mother, Sarah Durham, in three adjoining houses on the entire white side of the hill. The black family consisted of two men, a woman, and a girl about 12 years old. It was proved that on the afternoon when the murder was perpetrated, one of the negro men, Simon, was at work on the new ground about a mile from the house, where he usually took with him his pocket and dinner and staid all day.—The other negro man, Jesse, was sick, and had been for some time, and was proved by Mrs. Durham to have been in the house from the time the murder was accomplished at the stable.
The prisoner had been at Hillsborough the early part of the week, he afterwards said, he had volunteered, or entered. It was proved that he stopped at three several places in the neighborhood of his mother's, as he returned home, on Wednesday the 13th January, that he wore certain overcoat, which was found next day hanging up in the dining-room adjoining the stable where the dead body was found; and that he had with him a black bottle with a cork-stick, supposed which was also found next day in a barrel in the dining room. He stopped at Mr. Andrews' some three quarters of a mile from his mother's, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and left in about half an hour.

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These two lines, that look so solemn,
Were just put here to fill the column.