

THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.; AUGUST 6, 1863.

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MARTYRS SOUTHERN FREEDOM.

THE GUILFORD DIXIE BOYS.

THEir Story.

Written for the Patriot.

Friend after friend departed,
Who has not lost a friend?

Of new morn'gs, of wild thyme dew wash'd,
And gales subdu'd, which with cooling breath
Blew from the grey surface.

When all is hush'd in quiet slumbers,
Whispering but death and darkness reigns,
When sleep but bids me call in vain—
Then breaking in the silent stillness,
Comes the thoughts of these.

In this silent holy reverie,
Spirits' tones are of own breathing
In my soul the heart's own music,
Thoughts of one I love so dearly,
And then I pray for these.

I pray that God may shield you dearest,
And that his love may fill your heart,
And that his wondrous power may guide you,
And from you never depart,
Till then I pray for these.

When on the battle field you goeth,
Mid'st deafening sounds of horrid war,
I pray that God may always guide you,
And shield my dearest—ever there,
And thus I pray for these.

I pray that peace that quick restorer,
Whispering peace and happy hours,
May quickly come and bid us welcome,
To scenes of former happiness,
And that I pray for all.

Redeem'd, N. C.

Correspondence of the Patriot.

AFTER A SHORT NIP, OUR CORRESPONDENT WAKES UP AN IMPORTANT FACT.

TAYLORSVILLE, VA., August 4.

Messrs. Editors:—I have not written lately for two of the best reasons in the world—firstly, a total want of time to write, and secondly a total want of something about which to write.

Even now there are no items for me to spread before your readers, more than the fact that Cooke's Brigade is still near Taylorsville on the South Anna River; that the Yankees, since their repulse a few weeks ago (of which I gave you the particulars) have come no more to the breach, and consequently, the bridges (of which there are an endless number) across the North and South Anna, the Little and Pamunkey rivers, are unimpaired; the railroads unobscured, and no one at all uneasy, but everybody perfectly satisfied that at least so long as they remain as they now are nothing serious will occur.

For the past two weeks trains from Staunton have been freighted with those of the wounded in the Gettysburg battles, who escaped before our army was repulsed. An average of 300 have passed down this road every evening for the last two weeks. Many others are being sent to Lynchburg.

When we recollect that these are only the slightly wounded, and that thousands of others were left on the field and in the temporary hospitals around Gettysburg in the hands of the enemy, we are enabled to form some idea of the terrible suffering of our brave troops in those sanguinary battles. Two thirds, if not more, of all the wounded who have passed on this road to Richmond are North Carolinians. From some of these I have learned many touching incidents of the part taken by N. C. soldiers in the Gettysburg battles that I would be glad, had I the time, to mention in this letter. Suffice it to say that they, and many intelligent soldiers from other States with whom I have conversed, are satisfied that the N. C. Troops, not only in the Gettysburg battles, but in fact during the whole war, have been treated with gross and intentional wrong. Said a Louisianian to me day before yesterday, "I have known some of your N. C. Brigades to fight day after day without being relieved, and without any support, to drive the enemy before them, taking thousands of prisoners, the honor of which achievements in the accounts published by the leading papers would be ascribed to troops, who were not in the engagement." An instance of this kind is given in the battles of Seven Pines, where the 9th Virginia Regiment is said to have run like frightened sheep, for which cowardly act, the lamented Pettigrew could hardly restrain his old Regiment, the 22nd North Carolina, from opening on the receding Virginians instead of the Yankees. Yet, in the accounts of this battle published by Richmond papers, Virginians were lauded to the skies, while not a word was said of the North Carolinians who drove the Yankees from a series of the strongest batteries and breastworks, ever charged on by any soldiery, and Gen. Pettigrew was spoken of as a South Carolina General, leaving the inference that his Brigade was from the same State.

The name of Gen. Pender, which, when the true history of this war is written, will figure as conspicuously as that of any officer in the Confederate army, has not received at Richmond the mention that has been given to one of Pickett's Corporals. And yet Gen. Pender, was always at his post, even when so badly wounded that he was warned by Dr. Johnson that mortification might ensue. He was the trusted officer of A. P. Hill, but his achievements stand unmentioned in the record, or, as in many instances the case, have built up a reputation for others who are unable to do anything within themselves are content to wear the laurels that should decorate

him so as to be discoverable. During the time this happened, he had measles, which afterward superinduced fever. He was exceedingly improvident in his diet, and so soon as he would become a little better, he would relapse himself by the indulgence of his appetite. He was naturally a frail temperament, and suffered much from a weak breast. He was sent to Blandy's Hospital, which was situated in the lovely valley above the Bull Run Mountain and was fitted up specially for our regiment. Dr. Shoffner had charge of it, and he was assisted by Miss Kremer and other ladies of Salem, N. C., who came out there as ministering angels to our sick soldiers. He was kindly and faithfully nursed in the large and handsome building which had been appropriated for a hospital, and the face of nature all around wore a gayety and cheerfulness of appearance, which was calculated to inspirit and buoy up the desponding and languishing. These ladies prepared their diet with great taste and furnished poor Doc with every thing his appetite could crave; but it all was of no avail—his constitution gradually gave way to the consuming disease which was upon him. He expired on the 1st day of Nov. 1861, at the hour of 11 o'clock, P. M.

He was a recruit and joined us at Mitchell's Ford. He was unwell from the time he first took the measles in August. He was never in any engagement and was not often fit for duty. His remains were brought home and interred in the soil of Guilford.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

WILSON, ROBERT ADDISON WILSON.

The ways of Providence are often wrapt in mystery and past finding out; nor are they, in any thing, more incomprehensible than in the taking off, in the bloom of life's summer, of such as are most beloved and promise to be most useful. But to His dispensations, it is meet, that we bow without a murmur, though the affliction be deep and poignant. Thus was it with my company when we learned, that Corp. Wilson was no more; for he was greatly endeared to all, and his future was, to all appearance, brightly hopeful.

Robert Addison, who is a son of Mr. William Wilson, was born in Guilford, on the 14th of August, 1839. Even before he could prattle, his infantine gibberish discovered an unusually gentle and teachable disposition; and, like the beauty of the rose, its ambleness increased in its opening under the sunshine of a mother's love. The true elements of goodness were so mixed in him, that he was the gladness of his father and the joy of her that gave him birth. As hath been said of him: "He never disobeyed a parent's command, nor disregarded a parent's wish." Surely, such a boy was a heart-jewel, and a pattern for all children.

He was raised upon the farm of his father and was educated, during the seasons of leisure, at the free and subscription schools in that neighborhood, until he had arrived at manhood's estate. He, afterward, spent some time, in completing his education, at the excellent academy of the late Archbishop C. Lindsay. Mr. Wilson was a toward young man and made a judicious use of his time. He took only the English branches, and, by his persevering and industrious habits, made himself a good scholar in all the duties of an intelligent citizen. Such was his steadiness, such his moral elevation of character, that his fellow-pupils gave him the sobriquet of "father," which, among his intimate associates, clung to him through life. How often was a nick-name the index that pointeth out the way of life along which the wayfarer hath come and the destiny to which he is hastening!

He was a young man who thought for himself,—a rare thing!—and was not swayed and pulled about by the opinions of others, unless he had first considered them and his judgment approved them. He was an enthusiastic friend of the American Union and never ceased to favor its perpetuation, until Mr. Lincoln issued his Proclamation. Then, like Marco Bozzaris, his "cheer" was—"Strike—till the last armed foe expires!"

On the organization of my company, he received, at my hands, the appointment of fourth corporal. Afterward at the time he was taken sick, he was the first of that rank of non-commissioned officers. He filled the position with entire acceptability to myself and my command. As King Charles said of Godolphin, he "was never in the way, and never out of the way." He studied his duty, knew it, and with an energy and heartiness, which always elicited admiration, went forward manfully to the discharge of it.

During the prevalence of sickness in our regiment, Corp. Wilson's health was, for the most of the time, quite good. This was a great blessing to my men, for he was a most kind, never-tiring and attentive nurse. His own brother sickened among the first. He watched him and waited upon him with the tenderness of a devoted mother and nursed him in good health. Nor was he satisfied with attending him only,—he was active and busy wherever he could do ought to relieve, suffering. My attentions to my men could not be confined to particular ones; they were necessarily general; but I always assigned a certain number to attend and nurse the sick. Corp. Wilson, it is pleasant to state, was always at the point of sickness, no matter whether he was assigned or not. So constantly was he up and going, day and by night, that I, at different times, admonished him, that he would break himself down, if he did not take rest and sleep. Truly, he was the good Samaritan of the Dixies!

After a portion of the regiment went to Centerville, in the latter part of summer, so onerous was the picket duty, and so quiet and long continued the exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, that Corp. Wilson soon became unwell. I endeavored to obtain permission to send him to Broad Run Station, where the convalescents were, but the Surgeon would not give his consent. Consequently, he had to remain here. So soon as the two fragments of the regiment were united, his brother James re-appeared the nursing which he had received from his devoted brother in his own sickness. Every thing that was done for him which could be in that exposed situation,—we being in tents and the nights severely cold. Frequently, we suggested to him, that he had, perhaps, better go to hospital; but for a time, he would not get his own consent to do so. In the last of November, he concluded he had better go,—that he could not get well there. So the Surgeon, who would not send him without his consent, had him conveyed by ambulance to Manassas. His brother James went with him that far and saw him on the train. By Dr. Williams' direction, he was carried to Richmond. No intelligence of him was received by any of us, until we were informed by letter, that he died, at one of the hospitals in that city, of pneumonia, on the 8th day of December, 1861. His father, who reached there after his death, disinterred his remains and conveyed them to the county of his nativity where they now lie buried.

Never was there a purer heart offered up on the

altar of human liberty; unselfish, full of generous emotions, unsurpassed by the noble Florence Nightingale in compassionate regard for the afflicted, inspired with a comfortable hope in Christ, after having acted out a pure Christian life, he hath been called to put his armor off, and rest—in Heaven!

From the Richmond Whig.

Robertson's Cavalry Brigade.

Of the large Brigade raised and organized by Gen. Robertson in North Carolina, but two Regiments were brought to Virginia. These have been doing good service in the late campaign, and well sustaining the reputation of North Carolinians as good fighting troops. It has been the lot of this small Brigade to do the heaviest duty of the Cavalry Division, from the beginning of the advance to the present time, till but few are "left to tell the tale." Its first engagement was on the evening of the 17th ultimo, when, learning that the enemy's Cavalry was at Middleburg, it charged into that place, and found the enemy had left at the first sound of their horses' feet. Detachments were sent in every direction, and it was soon found that they had made a stand half a mile from town, in a dense wood, on a road leading to the right. Then ensued a fight, the result of which was a perfect rout of the enemy and the entire extermination of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry. Our severest casualty on this occasion was a severe wound received by Major McNeill, of 63d North Carolina troops—a most valuable officer. The Yankees returned next morning in large force, drove in our pickets which were beyond the town, and renewed the fight. The engagement of the 18th was almost entirely confined to sharpshooters, without much advantage to either side. On the 19th the fight was renewed at an early hour, and quite a brisk artillery fire was kept up all day, with few intermissions and slight loss to us. On the 20th, the enemy yet more strongly reinforced both in Cavalry and Artillery, commenced a brisk skirmishing and artillery fire, till about mid-day, when they charged our skirmishers and were driven back with the loss of many prisoners, and several killed and wounded. Our loss this day was almost entirely confined to the sharpshooters, which were cut off by the enemy's charge. On the next day, the 21st, at an early hour, the enemy, by a general advance in three columns, commenced pressing us heavily. Gen. Stuart's Division could make little resistance to such a force. Gen. Jones' Brigade was sent to the left to flank them from that direction. We fell back slowly—our Artillery doing execution from every position of advantage, and the Cavalry charging when opportunity offered. As we approached Upperville, they pressed us closely. Here we had some desperate fighting, with severe loss on both sides. Beyond Upperville, Robertson's Brigade, a squadron at a time, made several desperate charges which checked the enemy in their advance. Two field officers were here lost to the brigade in rapid succession—both captured and one of them, Col. P. G. Evans, most seriously wounded. The fighting was concluded as we approached Ashby's Gap about dark. Our loss was great, on this, the fifth successive day that this brigade was engaged. On the 22d, having been reinforced by some of Longstreet's infantry, we advanced from the Gap and moved toward the enemy. They retired so rapidly before us that we ceased the pursuit upon reaching Middleburg again. A day or two after this, by direction of General Stuart, General Robertson moved across Ashby's Gap and joined by General Jones. With two brigades, he moved through Milwood, Smithfield and Martinsburg towards Williamsport where he crossed the Potomac, following in the rear of General Lee's army. From Williamsport, General Robertson moved directly towards Greencastle, Pa., and thence to Chambersburg. On the 3d July a part of General Jones' Brigade, which was in advance, engaged the 6th U. S. Cavalry at Fairfield and routed them before Robertson's brigade reached the ground. This was the last day on which General Lee engaged the enemy at Gettysburg. The next morning his long wagon train commenced passing. General Robertson sent a squadron to be deployed on Jackson's Mountain, over which there was an approach to Fairfield which exposed the left of the wagon train; he also picketed other approaches. In the afternoon, a squadron of the enemy had made a dashing charge up and over the mountain. They met a warm reception; the captain was wounded and made a prisoner with several others, the rest were repulsed and driven back to the regiment beyond the mountain. They made no other effort. The same afternoon General Jones moved toward the head of the wagon train, (for which no guard seems to have been provided) learning an attack was threatened there. Colonel Ferebee's regiment, of Robertson's brigade, (through a mistake in the delivery of an order by a courier,) moved also in the same direction. The attack was made at Monterey at night in a large force and was repulsed, but not without severe loss to Ferebee's regiment which General Jones attached to his brigade during the engagement. In the confusion many were taken prisoners and horses and men wounded. It was a mere accident that Ferebee's regiment was engaged on this occasion.

The next engagement was on the 6th July, at Hagerstown. As Robertson's Brigade approached the town it was announced that the enemy were holding the place. Soon their skirmishers were seen on our left. Brig. Gen. Iverson was about to enter the town on his way to Williamsport with a part of Gen. Lee's wagon train (which had been attacked the night of the 4th), and one or two hundred infantry, Gen. Robertson, (the ranking officer,) immediately took command, sent the wagons to the rear, and deployed Iverson's infantry as sharpshooters. The Brigade at this time was represented only by about three hundred men. Soon W. H. F. Lee's Brigade of about two hundred men and a piece of artillery commanded by Col. Chambliss, came up. The piece of artillery was put in position and opened on the enemy's sharpshooters. About this time, a large party was observed moving around to our left,

evidently with the design of making a flank movement. At this time three more pieces of artillery, (of Col. Chambliss' command,) came up, were put in position and opened on the enemy's flanking party. This had the effect of driving back both the sharpshooters and larger force. Just then, a large squadron of the enemy charged up the main street of the town. As they came by Iverson's shooters, they received a round which stopped many and caused their surrender. The rest came on till a bend in the road brought them in sight of our cavalry drawn up in the road in column of fours. A platoon advanced to meet them at a charge. The result was, that none of the squadron returned—a few being killed and the rest taken prisoners. This was a part of the 1st Vermont Cavalry. In the meantime the artillery drove back the advance on our left, and we moved through the town. We found the enemy had commenced a retreat. At this time Gen. Stuart came up with a reinforcement; and we pursued the retreating enemy. Occasionally they halted a squadron in rear and met us with a charge—at the same time raking the road with artillery. Some of these were warm engagements, and Robertson's Brigade which was in advance, had many wounded severely. We ran them to Williamsport, when they turned off on the Sharpsburg road and night ended the pursuit. During this engagement, a part of Ferebee's Regiment partly sustained and assisted in repelling an attack on the train at Williamsport. The remains of the Brigade returned to Hagerstown that night and the next day—(17th) when these corps of Lee's army moved towards Hagerstown and on to Williamsport, where the head of his column was to form the right of a new line of battle. Gen. Robertson moved on the Cavetown road and established a line of pickets in that direction. The Brigade was now picketing on the extreme left—watching the movements and in much danger of being cut off in case of an advance from any other direction. The advance was made on 12th July, and the brigade narrowly escaped—one squadron cut its way through—a few being taken prisoners. According to previous orders, the cavalry was then all massed on the left of General Lee's line of battle, to the west of Hagerstown. Lee's right was then three miles below "Falling Waters." With this line of battle, we awaited the enemy's attack for two days. Orders were given to retire during the night of 13th, the cavalry leaving pickets on the line, and not crossing the river till next morning. The other cavalry brigades were drawn off in the afternoon, and Robertson's left to keep up the line of sharpshooters till dark and then leave pickets. About sunset, when all the reserve (other brigades) had been drawn off, two squadrons of the 1st Vermont (the same who had met us at Hagerstown) charged towards the woods, which had served as our cover during the day, but our dismounted sharpshooters kept their ground and received the squadrons with a deadly fire. But one company came up to the charge, of which the captain, (who had been in command of the squadrons,) was taken prisoner, with many others. Many must have been wounded. None of the troops of the brigade have been engaged since. It re-crossed the Potomac next day. We are now holding Ashby's Gap to prevent any movements to our flank or rear from the east side of the Blue Ridge. An idea of the condition of the brigade now, as compared with what it was at the commencement of the advance, may be briefly stated in numbers as follows: Before the first battle of Middleburg, there were seventy four officers and twelve hundred and twenty men for duty—mounted. To-day there are for duty, in all—including dismounted men—but forty one officers and four hundred and fifty enlisted men.

From the Louisville Democrat.

How Morgan Got Three Hundred Horses.

John Morgan is as good at playing a joke sometimes as he is at horse-stealing, and the following incident will prove that on this occasion he did a little of both at the same time: During his celebrated tour through Indiana he, with about three hundred and fifty guerrillas, took occasion to pay a visit to a little town hard by while the main body were "marching on." Dashing suddenly into the little "burg," he found about three hundred horse guards, each having a good horse tied to the fences—the men standing about in groups awaiting orders from their aged captains, who looked as if he had seen the shade side of some sixty years. The Hoosier boys looked at the men with astonishment, while the captain went up to one of the party and asked:

"Whose company is this?"

"Wolford's cavalry," said the reb.

"What, Kentucky boys! We're glad to see you, boys. What's Wolford?"

"There he sits, said a ragged, rough rebel, pointing to Morgan who was sitting sideways upon his horse.

The captain walked up to Wolford (as he and all thought) and saluted him:

"Captain, how are you?"

"Bully! How are you? What are you going to do with all these men and horses?" Morgan looked about.

"Well you see that damned horse thief John Morgan is in this part of country with a parcel of cut throats and thieves, and between you and I, if he comes up this way captain, we'll give him the best we've got in the shop."

"He's hard to catch, we've been after him for fourteen days and can't see him at all," said Morgan good humoredly.

"If our horses would stand fire we'd be all right."

"Won't they stand?"

"No, Captain Wolford; spose while you're restin' you and your company put your saddles on our horses and go through a little evolution or two, by way of a lesson to our boys. I am told you are a boss on the drill."

And the only man that Morgan is afraid of Wolford as it were, alighted and ordered, "his boys" to dismount, as he wanted to show the Hoosier boys how to give Morgan a warm reception should he chance to pay them a visit. This delighted the hoosier boys, so they went to work and assisted the men to tie their old weary, worn out bones to the fences, and place their saddles upon the backs of their fresh horses, which was soon done, and the men were in

their saddles drawn up in line and ready for the work. The boys were highly elated at the idea of having their "pet horses," trained for them by Wolford and his men, and more so to think that they would stand fire ever afterwards.

The old captain advanced, and walking up to Wolford, (as he thought,) said: "Captain, are you all right now?" Wolford rode up one side of the column and down the other, when he moved to the front took off his hat, paused and said, "Now, captain, I am ready; if you and your gallant men wish to witness any evolution which you perhaps have never seen form a line on each side of the road, and watch us closely as we pass." The captain did as he was directed. A lot of ladies were present on occasion, and all was silent as a maiden's sigh.

"Are you ready?"

"All right, Wolford," shouted the captain.

"Forward!" shouted Morgan, as the whole column rushed through the crowd with lightning speed, amid the shouts and huzzas of every one present—some leading a horse or two as they went, leaving their frail tenements of horse flesh tied to the fences, to be provided for by the citizens. It soon became whispered about that it was John Morgan and his gang, and there is not a man in the town who will own up, that he was gulled out of a horse. The company disbanded that night, though the captain holds the horses as prisoners of war, and awaits an exchange.

A Gem from Bishop Heber.

The following beautiful and forcible illustration occurs in a sermon of Bishop Heber, delivered on the eve of his departure for India, to his parishoners at Hodnet:

"Life bears on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first glides gently down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border—The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent—We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us, we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

"And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his mercies?"

For the Patriot.

Republicanism.

Messrs. Editors: While many appear and others assert that they are tired of a Republican form of Government, and are sighing for a limited monarchy like that of England, every day's experience proves the farther the Government is removed from the direct control of the people, the worse it becomes and the more hopeless our cause.

Had our Senators in the old Government been elected alternatively every two years by a direct vote of the people as were representatives of the different States, I think it is susceptible of plenary proof that the Government never could have been subverted and overturned by small sectional factions as has been the case.

When Nathaniel Macon, the president of the Convention called to amend the Constitution of the State in 1835, voted against the Constitution as amended by the Convention, he assigned as a reason for so doing that it did away with annual elections. What we do away, said he, with annual elections, we have taken one great step toward monarchy. Now that our people for some time past have been virtually excluded from the ballot-box, who is so blind as not to see and feel the force of the remarks of this old republican sage?

VOX POPULI.

George Allen, Greensborough, N. C.

Offers for Sale.

1000 yds Brown Shirting.
200 yds Colored Duff for Negro Clothing.
500 yds Cassinere and Country Plaids.
200 yds Grey Cassinere.
200 Bunches Cotton Yarn No. 7 to 14.
300 lbs Coppers.
500 lbs Sugar.

And an assortment of notions 60-65c.

Spent Carriage for Sale.—A splendid two-horse family carriage, in good condition is offered at a bargain. Apply at the Patriot office.

Wanted.—To rent or purchase a HOUSE AND LOT situated within a mile of town, containing from one to ten acres. Address this office.

Wanted.—TWENTY NEGROES, and TEN CARPENTERS, to work on the Manassas Gap railroad Shops in Greensborough. Address HUGH RICE, British House.

Lost.—On the 9th instant my pocket book containing one five dollar N. C. Bill, and all papers. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to me.

JAMES W. HOLDER.

Written for the Patriot.

To—

Gently on the wings of evening,
When the solemn day is closing,
When the sun is throwing shadows
And the night is in its embrace,
Tis then I think of thee.

When in the crowded hall of pleasure,
When in the mourner's bower,
When seeking after earthly treasure,
Of hovering o'er some lonely flower,
Tis then I think of thee.

When in stillness I remember
Naught on earth save my own thoughts,
Tis sweet to think of thee my dearest;
And at that hour I often whisper,
Tis sure I think of thee.

When all is hushed in quiet slumbers,
Whispering but death and darkness reigns,
When sleep but bids me call in vain—
Then breaking in the silent stillness,
Comes the thoughts of thee.

In this silent holy reverie,
Spirits' tones are of own breathing
In my soul the heart's own music,
Thoughts of one I love so dearly,
And then I pray for thee.

I pray that God may shield you dearest,
And that his love may fill your heart,
And that his wondrous power may guide you,
And from you never depart,
Till then I pray for thee.

When on the battle field you goeth,
Mid'st deafening sounds of horrid war,
I pray that God may always guide you,
And shield my dearest—ever there,
And thus I pray for thee.

I pray that peace that quick restorer,
Whispering peace and happy hours,
May quickly come and bid us welcome,
To scenes of former happiness,
And that I pray for all.

L. MINNIE.

Correspondence of the Patriot.

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TAYLORSVILLE, VA., August 4.

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Even now there are no items for me to spread before your readers, more than the fact that Cooke's Brigade is still near Taylorsville on the South Anna River; that the Yankees, since their repulse a few weeks ago (of which I gave you the particulars) have come no more to the breach, and consequently, the bridges (of which there are an endless number) across the North and South Anna, the Little and Pamunkey rivers, are unimpaired; the railroads unobscured, and no one at all uneasy, but everybody perfectly satisfied that at least so long as they remain as they now are nothing serious will occur.

For the past two weeks trains from Staunton have been freighted with those of the wounded in the Gettysburg battles, who escaped before our army was repulsed. An average of 300 have passed down this road every evening for the last two weeks. Many others are being sent to Lynchburg.

When we recollect that these are only the slightly wounded, and that thousands of others were left on the field and in the temporary hospitals around Gettysburg in the hands of the enemy, we are enabled to form some idea of the terrible suffering of our brave troops in those sanguinary battles. Two thirds, if not more, of all the wounded who have passed on this road to Richmond are North Carolinians. From some of these I have learned many touching incidents of the part taken by N. C. soldiers in the Gettysburg battles that I would be glad, had I the time, to mention in this letter. Suffice it to say that they, and many intelligent soldiers from other States with whom I have conversed, are satisfied that the N. C. Troops, not only in the Gettysburg battles, but in fact during the whole war, have been treated with gross and intentional wrong. Said a Louisianian to me day before yesterday, "I have known some of your N. C. Brigades to fight day after day without being relieved, and without any support, to drive the enemy before them, taking thousands of prisoners, the honor of which achievements in the accounts published by the leading papers would be ascribed to troops, who were not in the engagement." An instance of this kind is given in the battles of Seven Pines, where the 9th Virginia Regiment is said to have run like frightened sheep, for which cowardly act, the lamented Pettigrew could hardly restrain his old Regiment, the 22nd North Carolina, from opening on the receding Virginians instead of the Yankees. Yet, in the accounts of this battle published by Richmond papers, Virginians were lauded to the skies, while not a word was said of the North Carolinians who drove the Yankees from a series of the strongest batteries and breastworks, ever charged on by any soldiery, and Gen. Pettigrew was spoken of as a South Carolina General, leaving the inference that his Brigade was from the same State.

The name of Gen. Pender, which, when the true history of this war is written, will figure as conspicuously as that of any officer in the Confederate army, has not received at Richmond the mention that has been given to one of Pickett's Corporals. And yet Gen. Pender, was always at his post, even when so badly wounded that he was warned by Dr. Johnson that mortification might ensue. He was the trusted officer of A. P. Hill, but his achievements stand unmentioned in the record, or, as in many instances the case, have built up a reputation for others who are unable to do anything within themselves are content to wear the laurels that should decorate