

THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

Volume XXV.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C., SEPTEMBER 17, 1863.

Number 1,267.

MARTYRS OF SOUTHERN FREEDOM.

BY HARRY HALL.

"Friend after friend departs!
Who has not lost a friend?"

THE GUILFORD DIXIE BOYS.

JESSE ANDERSON MONTGOMERY.

Though the mild breeze of patriotic devotion lingers about the humble but proud names of his country, yet the noble martyrdom of Jesse Anderson Montgomery needs no borrowed honors to interweave the laurel chaplet that encircles his youthful brow. He aspired to nothing great,—he only desired to enjoy the consciousness of having discharged his whole duty to the cause of his native section. This he nobly did, but at the cost of his freshly budding life.

This young soldier was born in the county of Orange in this State, on the 21st day of October, 1843. His great grandfather, William Montgomery, was a private soldier at the Regulation battle at Alamance and was said to have fired the last gun at the troops of Gov. Tryon; and his grandfather, John Montgomery, was in the militia service in the Cape Fear country and was in some slight skirmishes with the skulking and marauding Tories.

His father, Mr. Jesse Montgomery, moved, during his boyhood, to the county of Guilford, where Jesse grew up to young manhood. His education was limited. He read very well, could write a fair hand but did not compose with ease and fluency; but had advanced in arithmetic only as far as the single rule of three. He lived with his father and was assisting him in the cultivation of his growing crop when he concluded to enlist in defence of our common country against the arbitrary despotism which was springing up in the Northern wing of the old Republic. He was not eighteen when he became a volunteer-soldier. No doubt, he was prompted by a spirit akin to that of his patriotic ancestors, when he professed to lay his life down as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

There is something painfully sad in seeing one so youthful and with such an expectancy of happiness before him pouring out his life-blood for the cause of his country, yet such is the illusion, which independent liberty requires to secure the riches and assets of her blessings.

His life, as a soldier, was entirely unblemished. He was kind, cheerful, hopeful and exceedingly affectionate in his disposition; and he always did his duty promptly and ungrudgingly. On the field of battle, he was cool and brave. He was never at sick-hospital; but he was at one time sufficiently unwell to have gone home. He preferred to be with his fellow soldiers in their camp. Though he was apparently rather a frail tenement, yet he was stout enough to go all the rounds of his gallant regiment up to the memorable battle of Fredericksburg. There, after a splendid and successful charge by his regiment, on their retreat by the order of the General in command, he received what was thought to be a slight wound in the left part of his palm. He was erysipelas on the 28th of January, 1863.

His mother sent after his remains, and on the 8th day of March they were interred at the church to which he belonged.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew, He sparkled, was exalted, and went to heaven.

Written for the Patriot.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THIS WAR.

North Carolina was the last of the Old Thirteen Colonies to enter the Union, and slow in her action, because wise in her councils, she was the last one to leave it. She seceded at a late hour in the crisis, and so little the good feeling for her on the part of the other Southern States that not a gun was fired nor a bell-roped shaken in honor of that event, or to bid her welcome into the young sisterhood of States. No; the remark was too common: "The old Tar State is sleeping; her people are not the sort to fight—let them slumber on, joined to their idols." But North Carolina did secede, and her children arose at the cry of their old mother, and armed themselves for the struggle. Virginia was the seat of war, and thither they repaired.

On the low marshes of the Peninsula the hated vandals are beginning that course of rapine and plunder which, since they have carried to many of the fairest portions of the Confederacy. Flushed with the hope of an easy victory, they come up from the ill-fated Hampton to thrash out the N. C. rebels with corn-stalks, and force them to seek a hiding place along the banks of the York and in the depths of Cornwallis' cave. Here, for the first time, small arms open in this war for independence, and amid the rattle of musketry, the cowardly Yankees are driven back in terror and confusion. The first vandal who yields up his life on the field of battle, falls at the crack of a N. C. rifle, and Great Bethel makes heroes of that first Regiment of N. C. soldiers. Hal old Rip Van Winkle is awaking, and here is the beginning of her glory,—but where is his halo extending? We shall see!

Manassas! the trial for supremacy—the test of strength between the fresh and untired armies of Lincoln and the Confederacy; and, proud day for the South—it was the testimony of Southern chivalry triumphing over Yankee audacity. There N. C. did her whole duty, and while Georgia gave the generous Bartow, she yielded up the intrepid Fisher, as the first of her offerings on the altar of liberty.

But, shall we speak of the dead? Yes we will.

"Speak of the dead; let their names be heard—
There is a mournful magic in every word;
A holy charm that thrills the heart,
Tho' the sigh will come, and the tear will start."

Then, not Fisher alone—go back to the Peninsula, McClellan with his host is coming on like a billow of the ocean; and, though our little army can make no stand, yet N. C. soldiers can go out and confront him. At Dam No. 1, another name is added to our list of martyrs, and now that soil is tasting the blood of our soldiers. At Williamsburg, what single Regiment, alone and unsupported, drives back, with the fury of a whirlwind, a young host of Philistines? No answer from Richmond,—but read, (and it is not the least of their glories), they extort truth from a liar—McClellan tells it in his dispatches! The fifth N. C., although her gallant Colonel is set aside from promotion, becomes first on the roll of honor.

We stop not with the fifth Regiment—come nearer the Capital. At Seven Pines, the enemy must be checked; his strong

works must be stormed and he must find no resting place, only beyond the Chickahominy. North Carolinians are chosen to this work, and how do they attend to its execution? Let the graves at the brink of those ditches—let the bones whitening in the sun light all over that marshy plain, be the only answer to the question. Now, indeed, has this soil of Virginia taken a deep draught of the blood of Carolina soldiers. It is good blood, and pure—its taste is delicious; and, for the seven terrible days in succession, that soon followed the first battle on the Chickahominy, Virginia drinks down deep of that blood, and has not, even yet, her fill—she gloatingly cries for more.

Ah! how much better for the thousands upon thousands of tender orphans, the disconsolate widows and weeping Rachels, whose wails go up from our valleys and mountains, had God in his mercy spared them, and had those red, swimming goblets, which give life and animation to the battle feast in Virginia, never been tasted.

We will dwell no longer on the fearful scenes of blood and carnage, beginning at Mechanicsville and ending at Malvern Hill, but will go with our army from the Chickahominy to the Rapidan. At Cedar Mountain, North Carolinians again become heroes, and, under the invincible Jackson, move on to new fields of glory. On the Plains of Manassas, blaze again the fires of battle, and where one year before was left Fisher, pierced with the deadly missile, now fights his immortal Old Regiment, with hosts of their brethren, who drove the discomfited enemy like chaff before the wind. The groans of the dying are hushed amid such shouts of victory, and we have no time to think of the dead. On to the Potomac—in the enemy's own country, and with the best blood of the land, North Carolina seals her devotion to our cause on the soil of the stranger.

Back from the Potomac to the Rappahannock, and at Fredericksburg, her name remains untarnished—indeed, additional lustre are added to her glory. At Chancellorsville, where the dead and wounded lie in great heaps through every thicket and on every hillside, while fire and smoke consume them, two-thirds of the slain alone are North Carolinians.

Shall we go again across the border? Must we behold her gallant Regiments swooping on in the mighty charge—see her brave sons meeting death with a calmness which shows only a regret that "they have but one life to give to their country." Must we look on these scenes of horror to prove that the old North State is true to her trust? Must we see among the slain those for whom, not N. C. alone, but the army and the whole Confederacy, must be draped in mourning? Then see the gallant Pender, whose daring and skill has won the day on more fields than one, receive his death wound, and—but stay, cruel hand, spare us that one, the soldier's father, who is now in the hands and dust of all; he, too, is fallen.

Then no one shall doubt the fealty of North Carolina to the cause of the Confederacy, for who mistrusts her soldiers in the hour of danger? We do not claim that she has achieved more honor than her sisters—that would be ungenerous; but, we do claim that North Carolinians in this war for independence, have won a name that shines like letters of gold on the roll of fame, and, though they may have scars and revolvers, yet they are not prepared to blot out that name by a single act of dishonor, nor do they believe that the State which it is their proud boast to represent, will ever be guilty of an act that will cause them to hang their heads with shame and disown their old mother. And may we not also claim that when the MONUMENT to the UNKNOWN shall have been erected, that as pure marble as builds that structure, and as proud a shaft as rears itself aloft, shall be to the memory of the dead from North Carolina.

From the London Times.

LETTER FROM COL. MAURY.

So far from the prospect of the South looking "blue," they were never brighter. I think you will also so consider them if you will for a moment occupy with me the only standpoint from which a correct view may be had of the American struggle.

In the first place, what, let us inquire, is the object of the belligerents in this war? The North is fighting for conquest, and makes the attack. The South is fighting to be let alone, and it acts on the defensive. The South therefore cannot stop the war; but the North can.

It is generally conceded by military men and admitted by most persons who are familiar with Trans-Atlantic affairs, that the North cannot overcome and subdue the South. All the world knows that it is no part of the programme of the South to attempt to subjugate the North. This it neither would, should nor can do.

Again, almost all the statesmen, either of England or of the continent, who have watched the progress of events since the war began, admit that the Union, the bond of which was voluntary fraternization, cannot be restored by force of arms.

Since, then, the Union is gone, and neither party can subjugate the other, it follows that the war is not to be ended by the sword.

Other agents have to be called in play. What are they? Let us inquire. They are, divisions in the camp of the enemy, dissensions among the people of the North. There is already a peace party there. All the embarrassments with which that party can surround Mr. Lincoln, and all the difficulties that it can throw in the way of the war party in the North, operate directly as so much aid and comfort to the South.

As an offset, then, against the tide of military reverses which in the first weeks of July ran so strong against the South, and from which our friends in England seem not to have recovered, let us look to those agencies that are to end the war, and inquire what progress has been made on this road to peace, and, consequently in our favor, notwithstanding these military reverses.

Notwithstanding these, the war is becoming more and more unpopular in the North. In proof of this I point to the conduct of the Pennsylvania during Lee's invasion of that State, to the riots in N. Y.,

to the organized resistance to the war in Iowa, and to other circumstances with which the English public has been made acquainted by the newspaper press.

New York is threatening armed resistance to the Federal Government. New York is becoming the champion of States' rights the North and to that extent is taking Southern ground. Mr. Lincoln has not only judged it expedient to unuzzle the press in New and deemed it prudent to give vent to free speech there, but he is evidently afraid to enforce the conscription in the "Empire State." The Conscription Act, moreover, seems to be so abortive throughout Yankee land generally that he cannot now muster forces enough to follow up his July successes. Grant has become afraid of Johnston's decoy, which aimed to entice him off to the swamps and canebrakes of the Mississippi. He has, therefore, given up the so-called pursuit and taken to his darling gunboats.

Banks has left Port Hudson, to be routed, it is said by the Mississippi by Taylor, with severe loss.

Rosecrans has not sufficiently recovered from the blow that Bragg gave him last Christmas in Murfreesboro' to follow up that retiring Confederate, while Bragg has forces in the Federal General's rear.

In the attack upon Charleston the enemy is losing ground. He is evidently giving way. He has been driven from James Island, and we are planting batteries there which will sweep Morris Island, which is nothing but sand beach. So Charleston may be considered safe.

As for Meade, he simply stands at bay behind Lee.

Thus the military tide which set in with so much Federal promise on the young flood in July, and which has so dampened the spirits of our English friends and depressed Southern securities, and appears suddenly to have slackened, and to be on the point of again turning in our favor, and that, too, under auspices which seem more propitious than ever.

Vallandigham waits and watches over the border, pledged—if elected Governor of the State of Ohio—to air it against Lincoln and war, and go for peace. What the result of the election there will be I cannot tell; but the canvass is going on, and we know that opposition to Lincoln and his war party is growing more and more popular every day, and throughout the whole North. Witness Burnside's decree, putting in violation of all legal right and constitutional power, the State of Kentucky under martial law, and that, too, just as the elections are coming off in that State. He orders the commissioners of elections to let none vote but friends of Lincoln and the Union; and the last steamer brings the announcement, in the jubilant rhetoric of the Yankee press, "The Union ticket has been elected in Kentucky by a large majority." Well it might; there was no other party in his Cabinet, and of a proposition there to revoke the emancipation proclamation and propose terms to the South.—The leading newspapers of the North mention this, and not with disapprobation.

Nor are these all the agencies that time and events are bringing into play on the side of peace and the South.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson was, according to those who were stirring the North-western people up to war, to open the way to the market for them. Every English house in the Americap trade knows that the breadstuffs of Ohio and the Northwest had, for years before the war, nearly ceased to pass by New Orleans on the way to markets abroad. They went to Boston and New York for exportation to foreign countries. Can any one in the trade pretend that England would have taken a shipment more of American flour had the Mississippi been open all the way? Chicago, and not New Orleans, has for years been the grand grain market of the West, and, except London, it is the greatest in the world.

There was on the lower Mississippi a large trade in breadstuffs and provisions from the States above. This trade was chiefly with the planters of the South.—But they have been despoiled, their plantations laid waste, their stock taken away, their houses burnt and they themselves banished. In short, those fighting farmers of the Upper Mississippi are likely soon to find out that it is Lincoln and his lieutenants and nobody else who have killed their goose of the golden eggs. Those "cute "Buckeyes," "Suckers" and "Hoosiers," as the denizens of Ohio and her sister States are called, are bound before long to discover this. And will the discovery be more likely to incline their hearts to peace or to revive in them the war fever? Not the latter, certainly.

This disappointment will come upon these farmers with redoubled force by reason of the financial bearings there of the abundant harvest here. This is a point of view upon which I wish you would dwell with me for a moment.

Before this war the South sent annually to England some 12,000 or 15,000 shipments of stuff, consisting chiefly as is well known, of cotton, rice, tobacco, naval stores and the like. The war put a stop to all this. But since the war the crops have been short until now—so short as to give employment to nearly the whole fleet of ships in bringing meat and bread here to your people from the Northern States.—Notwithstanding the withdrawal from its regular business of the immense amount of shipping which was required annually to get the Southern crops to market, and not-

withstanding the loss to commerce of that trade, neither the custom-house receipts of the nation, nor its dock revenues, show any corresponding falling off in its great business of fetching and carrying by sea. The receipts from the Liverpool docks, from the Bristol docks, and from all the docks on the island, I believe, show larger figures this year than ever before, and that in despite of the very considerable reduction in the rate of charges.

Now, this shows plainly enough that while the trade of the South has disappeared it has been made up from other quarters and that more ships have been ordered in Liverpool and other British ports since they lost the Southern trade than ever before. And it is to be accounted for in this way. By a rather singular coincidence it so happened that as the markets in the South were shut off from the world, the harvests of Cotton and England fell short, and the cotton ships were required to fetch bread from the North. As a cotton freighter from the South the same vessel could not carry more than two cargoes a year, but as a provision ship from the North, she could make five or six trips. Thus deck receipts were increased. Moreover, ham and eggs, butter and cheese, meat and bread, paid more duties than cotton, and thus custom-house receipts were also enlarged. Thus, notwithstanding the shutting up of the Mississippi, which the North-western farmer did not use for sending his grain to sea, your short crops opened a market for him in which he did get something for his grain, and by reason of which the North had wherewithal to pay for importations. Hence the Yankees, profiting by scarcity here, have not felt the war as grievously as they are about to do.

The full harvest here, in Ireland and in France, and the like of which has not been known for many years, will mightily reduce this corn trade of the North. It is already a losing business, and the grain which is to come will be in the category of coals to New Castle.

Hence I infer that, notwithstanding the opening of the Mississippi, Northwestern people will find a poorer market than ever for their corn. With the falling off of this trade the New York merchants will be no longer able to pay off their British creditors in grain; they will, therefore, have to part with their gold; it will go up, and greenbacks will come down, and so raise a voice from the lower levels of society that will be trumpet-tongued for peace. To smother that voice, even now, Mr. Lincoln has to keep an armed force, not only in New York and Kentucky, but in Ohio, Indiana, and other States. He is even now marching one up into Iowa, to put down there a cry for peace. He is likely to have occupation for all the recruits his conscription will give in keeping down his own people.

Never were the prospects of the South and strike whenever there is an opportunity for a good stroke, either with the sword or with the pen.

F. M. MAURY.
Bowden, Cheshire, Aug. 17th.

Written for the Patriot.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—when I was but a boy,
There was a brilliant glow in my pearls of joy;
There was music sweet, on the zephyr's wing,
In strains with which wild birds did sing;
There was music sweet, on the zephyr's wing,
Unruffled and bright as an evening dream;
And o'er my thoughts sweet visions did float,
Like the melody of a spring-bird's note.

Ten years ago—bright hopes had I then,
I'd fain to muse on the future unseen,
Fancying many pictures of pleasures to come,
Dreaming only that sweet flowers would bloom,
To strew a road my pathway through life,
And make pain and pleasure both sweet alike;
The autumn breeze and the winter's snow,
Were joyous to me—ten years ago.

But since then a wild cry has been made—
A cry from enemies—our country to invade,
So away with the past—let mine to forget,
The hopes, the fond hopes that in darkness have set,
My country is bleeding, my fellow-men are slain,
While fighting for rights, our freedom to maintain,
Oh! may the time come soon when war will be over,
So I may realize the hopes of ten years ago.

But that time has gone by and I rally again,
As a warrior in battle whose brave sons are slain—
To strike around my pathway through life,
May it be known there is a hand to shield the brave,
Yet though destruction sweeps o'er our plains,
Rise, fellow-men, our country remains!
By that dear name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die.

REYNOLDS, N. C.

Mrs. Clem White, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, recently presented a Confederate jack to the gunboat Huntsville, at Mobile.

It is a strange fact that nearly, if not all of Mrs. Lincoln's relatives, are heart and soul for the cause of Southern independence. Two of her brothers have fallen in defense of the South, and another was taken prisoner at Vicksburg, where, at the head of his company, he did effective service against the Yankees sent by his brother-in-law to enslave us.

[Atlanta Intelligencer.

Somebody says: There is one perception that a horse possesses, but little attention has been paid to, and that is its power to scent. With some horses it is as acute as a dog's, and for the benefit of those who have to drive nights, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles on dark nights; and in consideration of this power check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safe. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen, and recovered mainly by the track made by his mate, and after he had been absent six or eight hours.

Lieut. Col. J. C. Nixon, of Scott's cavalry (formerly editor of the N. O. Crescent), was cut off in the late expedition into Kentucky, while attempting to cross Dix River, by a superior force, and, after a stubborn resistance, forced to yield, with about 200 men and officers, as prisoners.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.
A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, A number of public meetings have recently been held in various portions of the State, in some of which threats have been made of combined resistance to the execution of the laws of Congress, in regard to conscription and the collection of taxes, thereby endangering the public peace and tranquillity as well as the common cause of independence, which we have so solemnly engaged to defend: And whereas, it is my sworn duty to see all the laws of the land faithfully executed, and quiet and order maintained within our borders,

Now, therefore, I, ZEBULON B. VANCE, Governor of the State of North Carolina, do issue this my Proclamation, commanding all such persons to renounce such evil intentions, and warning them to beware of the criminal and fatal consequences of carrying such threats into execution.

The inalienable and invaluable right of the people to assemble together and consult for the common good, together with its necessary concomitants, the freedom of speech and the press, are secured to you, my countrymen, by the most sacred compacts. They shall never find a disturber in me. Yet you will remember that the same instruments which guarantee these great rights, also limit you to the exercise of them, within the bounds of law, and impose upon me the solemn duty of seeing that these bounds be not transgressed. The Constitution of the Confederate States, and all laws passed in pursuance thereof, are the supreme law of the land; resistance to them by combination is treason, and without combination, is a high crime against the laws of your country. Let no one be deceived. So long as these laws remain upon the statute book they shall be executed. Surely, my countrymen, you would not seek to cure the evils of one revolution by plunging the country into another. You will not knowingly, to the present desolating war with the common enemy, add the horrors of internal strife and entire subversion of law and civil authority: You must not forget the enviable character which you have always maintained, as a sober, conservative and law-abiding people; nor would I have you to forget the plain, easy and constitutional method of redressing your grievances. Meet and denounce any existing laws if you think proper—your have that right—and instruct your representatives in Congress or the State Legislature, as the case may be, to repeal them. Your own chosen servants made those obnoxious laws—they can repeal them, if such are your instructions. If you regard them as unconstitutional, our Supreme Court sits ready to decide upon all cases properly brought before it. Its Executive to enforce any law. There is no grievance to redress and no proposition to be made, but can be most beneficially effected in the way our fathers marked out by the ballot box, and the other constitutionally appointed means. In times of great public sensibility like the present, any departure from this legal channel is revolutionary and dangerous, and tends to the division and distraction of our people.

It is my great desire, and I hope, that of all good citizens, that our people should remain united, befall us what may. Should we triumph in the great struggle for independence let no feelings of revenge, no bitterness mar the rejoicing of that glorious day. Should we fall, and come short of that object for which we have struggled so long and bled so freely, let not our strifes and domestic feuds add to the bitterness of defeat.

Attempts suddenly to change the existing order of things would only result in bloodshed and ruin. I therefore implore you, my countrymen, of all shades of political opinion, to abstain from assembling together for the purpose of denouncing each other, whether at home or in the army, and to avoid seeking any remedy for the evils of the times by other than legal means and through the properly constituted authorities. We are embarked in the holiest of all causes which can stir the hearts of patriots—the cause of liberty and independence. We are committed to it by every tie that can bind an honorable people. Multitudes of our bravest and best have already sealed it with their blood, whilst others, giving up all worldly possessions, are either languishing in dungeons or are homeless wanderers through the land, and all have felt, in a greater or less degree, the iron hand of war. A great and glorious nation is struggling to be born and wondering kingdoms and distant empires are stirred with longing hope and admiration, watching this greatest of human events. Let them not, I pray you be shocked with the spectacle of domestic strife and petty malignant feuds. Let not our enemy be rejoiced to behold our strong arms and stronger devotion, which have often upon him tremble, turned against ourselves. Let us rather show that the God of Liberty is in His Holy Temple—the hearts of freemen—and bid all the petty bickerings of earth keep silence before Him.

Instead of engaging in this unholly and unpatriotic strife and threatening to resist the laws of the land and endangering the peace of society, let us prepare diligently and with hopeful hearts for the hardships and sufferings of the coming winter.—Heaven has blessed us with abundant crops, but thousands of the poor are unable to purchase. Let us begin in time and use every effort to provide for them and secure to them against suffering. And let us exert ourselves to the utmost to return to duty the many brave but misguided men who have left their country's flag in the hour of danger, and God will yet bless us and our children, and our children's children will thank us for not despairing of the Republic in its darkest hours of disaster, and still more, for adhering to and preserving, and the very trials of war, conservative sentiments and the rights and civil liberties of the young Confederacy.

In witness whereof, Zebulon B. Vance, our Governor, Captain General and Commander-in-Chief, hath signed these presents and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed.

Done at the city of Raleigh, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1863, and in the year of American Independence the sixth.

Z. B. VANCE.
By the Governor: K. H. BATTLE, JR.,
Private Secretary.

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