

MARTYRS OF SOUTHERN FREEDOM.

THE GUILFORD DIXIE BOYS.

BY HARRY HALL.

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Gettysburg, Pa. We succeeded in driving them through the town to their fortifications on some heights near it. We gained a complete victory on that day; killed and took a great many prisoners. Our loss was very light. I had five wounded in my company. Serg. Waggoner went through unhurt, carrying the colors as gallantly as ever man did. On the evening of the 2d of that month, while his brigade was lying in line of battle, he requested H. Clay Clapp, his friend and tent mate, to write to his father, should he fall in the engagement which was close at hand. He seemed so full that his final hour was drawing nigh. "As dark was gathering over us," writes Mr. Clapp, "we were ordered forward to charge a battery. Serg. Waggoner was bearing the colors of the regiment, and when near the battery he was struck by a grape-shot below the stomach, which passed through him and took his life instantly. Cool and composed as he always was, he exclaimed: 'SAVE THE FLAG; I AM A DEAD MAN; BUT ALL IS WELL WITH ME!' In falling back, our men were compelled to leave him and never recovered the ground so as to get his body. He fell in a strange land and was buried, if at all, by strangers; but his rest is that of a martyred Christian patriot!

ELLMORE WATSON DOBSON.

Woe cluster, rare are solitary woes!" Another hath come to the immortal Dixies. Every week, that has saddened them, raised the hope in the breast of their friends, that it was the last—that death would spare the remnant of that noble band of young heroes. But he hath entered their ranks again, and Ellmore Watson Dobson is no more!

He was born in the county of Randolph, in this State, on the 20th of July, 1843. He was a smart, spirited, thrifty and energetic boy, and by his labor and trading earned much for the support and comfort of his mother to whom he was strongly attached in filial love. Though quite young when he began to do for himself, yet he managed his business with a judgment and wisdom little to be expected in a mere stripling.

He was not eighteen years old when he volunteered to defend the South. He was brimful of ardor, manliness and patriotic pride, and he gladly set his face toward our distant and insolently invading foes and bravely met them on a number of bloody fields and courageously beat them back. After being in the volunteer service for eight months, he enlisted for the war, determining to fight it out to the last, or to independence. He was rarely ever unwell, and in the hour of expected battle,—"the time that tries men's souls,"—he was temper paratus, always prepared and always for duty. No one ever surpassed him in soldierly bearing and in indomitable courage.

It is sad to know, that such a man, such a soldier came to his grave by the hand of a reckless, profligate midnight assassin. Young Dobson and several of his comrades in arms had been in search of a place where there was to be a ball and, as they were passing a house, a mile distant from their camp, they inquired where the ball was to be. Immediately, upon doing this, they started away, when Ellmore, who was passing the window, was shot instantly dead by a fiend that was mantled with the darkness in the room. Ellmore had said nothing, had done nothing to provoke his wrath or to give the slightest cause for so cruel, so diabolical, so hellish an act. His associates forthwith reported the affair to the commander of the regiment. A party was sent to convey him to camp, and he was neatly buried near the plankroad, leaving from Orange County to Fredericksburg, distant six miles from the former place. An investigation was made to find out who was the perpetrator of this brutal and savage deed; but the crime of perjury concealed the name of the vile creature in his hideous slanders.

Not only was Ellmore a good soldier; but he never forgot his duty to his mother. He learned at one time that she was not receiving what was usually paid the soldier's wife or mother. He immediately wrote me, as a friend, to attend to her claims and see that she was furnished what she needed. I did so promptly and with pleasure and reported to him at an early day, that the agent for the county in her district had assured me she should not want. And it gives me pleasure to say, that she was not neglected afterward. How thoughtful, how considerate for one of his years! He could not bear the thought, that his mother was suffering in the midst of the abundance which surrounded her, nor could he tolerate the narrow-hearted niggardliness which prompted the denial of a sufficiency to her. He did not desert to redress this wrong; but his good sense and patriotism dictated the course which I have just mentioned, and which effected so speedily the desired object. He wrote me several letters on different subjects, and, it is but just to say that, for one of his limited and imperfect education, he wrote a very good epistle. His penmanship was excellent; his subject clearly discussed; and his style was simple and nervous.

Her country hath lost much in the death of this patriotic and gallant young soldier. But her loss is irreparably great and her sorrow only deepened and intensified by the manner in which he lost his noble life. The sympathetic heart of the entire community where her son was known condole with her in her painful bereavement! Alex. poor Dobson! "The herds of the valley graze the turf that lies upon thy bosom!" But the Dixies and thy friends "will preserve thy memory in the urn of their hearts."

FROM THE SALISBURY WATCHMAN. CAN THE SOUTH BE JUSTIFIED IN WAGING THIS WAR?

Mr. Editor:—For more than two years the North has invaded the South with fire and sword. For more than two years the South has resisted the invasion with an energy and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of time. Has the South no justification in this resistance? Has her treasure been squandered in vain? Has the best blood of her noblest sons been freely shed in an unjust cause—a causeless war against the "best government the world ever saw"? It would seem so, judging from the spirit and drift of an article that lately appeared in the Standard over the signature of "Davidson." The whole article is full of pendency and blind partisan hatred, and emanates from a mind incapable of rising above its little prejudices, and taking a patriotic view of the grandest contest in which men can engage—the struggle for rightful independence. The writer labors to put the South in the wrong—to show that her martyred heroes have died in an unjust cause. No one who has read history impartially; no one who believes it wrong to invade an unoffending people with fire and sword; no one who believes it right to resist unconstitutional coercion could have written such an article.

He attempts to fill the heart of the Southern patriot with gloom, by cutting him off from the bright examples of Swiss gallantry successfully contending against Austrian despotism, and the heroic example of our forefathers triumphantly resisting British tyranny; by charging Southern people with being the sole cause of war; by keeping in the back ground the wickedness of abolition agitation; by indirectly justifying Lincoln; by suggesting doubts of our victories; by implying that we are wasting our blood and treasure for a mere punctilio; and lastly, by trying to delude the unthinking and ignorant by the cry of peace—peace when there is no peace, and can be none, without our independence.

To follow "Davidson" through all his labored attempts to convict the South of beginning a wicked and unjust war, would require too much time and space, but let us glance at them as we pass. He asserts that there is no "analogy" between our struggle and that of our forefathers. To the Southern patriot in arms against the principles and acts of despotism, it would seem that there is not only a strong analogy, but where the analogy fails it is much more strongly in our favor. If the Colonies owing allegiance to the British Crown were justified in their resistance, then are the thirteen Sovereign States, who never acknowledged allegiance to the Northern despotism, justified in their resistance to the open violation of their written compact, the bold robbery of their property, the avowed destruction of their vital interests. Our forefathers "took up arms" to redress their grievances." The Southern States instead of taking up arms "to redress their grievances, quietly and peacefully withdrew from a Union assumed their 'defeated powers'—instead of the sword, they offered the free navigation of the Mississippi—instead of the clash of arms, they offered an equitable division of the public property. Is there no analogy between the "narrow-minded monarch" and "his bigoted ministry" who acted against the advice of the ablest statesmen of the age—Chatham, Camden, Fox and others," and the "narrow-minded" Lincoln and his fanatical Cabinet, who attempted to coerce the South against the advice of the ablest statesmen of the land—of Douglas, of Gilmor, of Bell and others? Is there no analogy between the cruelties of British mercenaries, and the barbarities of Lincoln's hirelings? Is there no analogy in the heroism of our leaders, the courage and endurance of our soldiers, and the cheering, self-sacrificing patriotism of our fair daughters? The eye blinded by partisan hate cannot see it.

When you would expect from so astute an historian as "Davidson" a philosophical reason for so mighty a revolution, he tells you that it had its origin in party—party tricks, mere party schemes, could uproot from their affections and shatter the mighty pillars of the nation. He must dabble on the surface and fish among the scum that floats in the dirty pools of slang-whang politics, to find no greater cause of this vast Revolution than a forgery, and that forgery without a reason. Why did he not go beneath the surface and see that it found its causes in the deep irrepressible antipathies of two different antagonistic people? Why did he not tell you that his antagonism was brought about by personal liberty bills, by underground railroads, by incitements to insurrection, by John Brown raids? That this antipathy had been fostered by the poison of their school books, the atheism of their pulpits, and the fiendish teachings of a long list of infamous names from Beecher to Lincoln? Why did he not tell you that the South had offered "resistance in a constitutional way" to these teachings, remonstrances, and repeated warnings, till forbearance ceased to be a virtue?

Who in the South wanted the war to begin? Who among the wisest expected it would reach its present magnitude? I doubt if Davidson, with all his prescience, had any conception of the vastness to which it would grow. Why then charge upon a portion of the citizens of the South the causes of the war when they belong to the stupendous wickedness of the North? Lincoln intended to restore the Union by the point of the bayonet. "Resistance was made the pretext for oppressions more unjust still." He threatens to hang our seamen as pirates and hand-out our soldiers as felons; he proposes gradual emancipation, then proclaims universal freedom to the negro, and invites him to murder and rape, and guarantees to protect his black cut-throats in their fiendish work; he shaves the heads of our greatest heroes and puts them in penitentiaries when they fall into his hands, and then makes universal confiscation of Southern property the law of his dominions. Who, but "Davidson" could be found, in all the South, to apologize for such a monster, on the plea that he was sworn to protect the Constitution; that he "disclaimed any other than

constitutional means in the accomplishment of his objects!"

Who but he could be found to doubt that our gallant defenders had gained glorious victories over our brutal foes and had won immortal fame? "They profess to have gained victories," are his words. Who but he would suggest that we are pouring out our blood and treasure for no greater cause than a mere "punctilio." "Are we to pay in blood and treasure of the people for punctilio?" he asks. Why not address that question to Lincoln? He is the party that "disclaims to negotiate." He is the party that stands upon the punctilio, "no terms with rebels." Are North Carolinians fighting for a "punctilio" when they see a brutal foe invade their soil, burn their houses, destroy their crops, insult their wives and sisters, and steal the very jewels from their fingers? Did the glorious hero Jackson, the great Johnston, the accomplished Pettigrew, the gallant Pender, and the long line of heroes who have crimsoned their native soil with patriotic gore, sacrificed themselves for a punctilio? But this patriotic writer, after disparaging our cause, apologizing for Lincoln, sneering at our victories, drawing an imaginary picture of our desperate condition, and confessing that he, at least, is ready for submission—says that "peace, speedy peace, is the remedy." Some "may perhaps prefer that the independence of the South be acknowledged—but if independence cannot be obtained, then they are for terms that are—honorable." I leave the reader to reflect upon the honor that is without its basis, independence.

Though not claiming to be an "able statesman," nor indeed a statesman at all, but a plain man, once devoted to the "Union," now seeking "reconstruction," I beg leave to make a few suggestions. Let those who "chime in with the spirit of 'Davidson,'" cease their complaints against "secession," which cannot be undone now, and cease their forebodings of a "central despotism at Richmond" and put forth all their energies against the "central despotism" at Washington, which seeks to enslave them and their children. Let them discourage speculation on *liquor, cotton yarn, and other "necessaries"*—frown upon profligate demagogues and raise the soldiers—put down the currency, support Governor Vance, fight the Yankees wherever they can meet them, and we will have peace—among ourselves at least. To my countrymen, would say—Let it be the sacred duty of public men, of every private citizen, to do no act, to utter no word that will weaken the position taken by North Carolina in solemn Convention. Let us inspire cheerfulness in the gloomy, and hopefulness in the timid—let us be united against our foes, then Lincoln, with all his hosts, cannot overcome us. Then in the good providence of God, peace, a solid enduring peace, will come to bless us, and our Confederacy, young in days, but full grown in power, in honor, in imperishable renown, will take her place among the independent nations of the earth. LEXINGTON.

Others.—The *Standard* has been published against receiving any of the Old Issues of the Farmers' Bank of North Carolina, especially any notes that are at all mutilated or that have been passed.

HOW TO KNOW THE OLD ISSUES. All the new issues of this Bank have "GREENSBORO," printed in large letters on the face and are signed by Cyrus P. Mendenhall, President, and W. A. Caldwell, Cashier, and all other notes of the Farmers' Bank of N. C. not so signed and printed are old issues and should be received with caution, as most of the genuine notes of the old issue have been retained and are still in circulation. On the 4th of August, 1863, we learn, a Regiment from Pennsylvania took forcibly from the vault in Elizabeth City, a large amount of the old issues of said Bank which had been cancelled and which doubtless they will attempt to pass. The notes were cancelled by a punch by perforating each note a number of holes one fourth of an inch in diameter which is obvious to the most casual observer, where the notes have not been further mutilated or parted.

All \$1 and \$2 certificates of this Bank should be rejected, the genuine having been redeemed and cancelled, and some of the genuine impressions having been stolen with the cancelled notes, spurious signatures no doubt will be attached to them. Persons having of the old issue not cancelled will please present it and receive new issue for it or the notes of other Banks as they may prefer. By order of the Board of Directors at Greensboro, N. C. 22 Sept. 1863. CYRUS P. MENDENHALL, President. W. A. CALDWELL, Secretary. 65-3m

Great Attraction! THE GREATEST SALE YET ADVERTISED! On Saturday the 10th day of October, 1863, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., we will offer at our store room in Greensboro, the most attractive sale that has yet taken place in this town. We make up the following catalogue, embracing a part of the articles, to wit: 1 PIANO, rosewood, extra finish, and of superior tone, in perfect order. 1 Mahogany TEA SET. 1 do HAT-ROCK. 1 do CHAIRS—fine. 1 PARLOR TABLE—marble top. 1 BUGGY and HORSE. AND A large assortment of GOODS of various kinds, embracing a GENERAL VARIETY. J. & F. GARRETT & CO. W. E. EDWARDS, Auctioneer. 68-3w

Runaway—\$100 Reward.—Runaway from the subscriber on the night of the 9th Sept. 1863, my boy CHARLES. Said boy is a Blacksmith by trade and is about 23 years old; is 5 feet 11 inches high, with light brown hair, and a full set of teeth and is of a dark complexion, had long beard on his face when he left, and is rather slow spoken. Charles has formerly been hired at High Point and Jamestown, Guilford county, N. C., in the employ of Mendenhall, Jones & Gardner, in the manufacture of guns. It is very likely that he will make his way to the said places for the purpose of taking the train or following the railroad in the direction of Raleigh as he has expressed his purpose to go to the enemy. I will pay the above reward of \$100, if delivered to me at my house 12 miles South of Medford, in Rockingham, N. C. or \$50 for his confinement in any jail within the State so that I can get him. Address ALBERT LOMAX, Greensboro, N. C. 68-4w

Office County Agent, Greensboro, Sept. 21st, 1863. To the Citizens of Guilford, that I am now ready to receive Greensboro, Jamestown and McLeansville their "Tax in Kind" due the "Confederate States," consisting of Wheat, Oats, Rye, Hay, Fodder, Peas, Beans, Sweet and Irish Potatoes, and Wood. Grain sacks, well finished and repaired, and all other articles, will be paid for hauling their "crops" for all distances over eight miles. A. P. EKEL, Agent for Guilford County. 68-3w

Written for the Patriot. THE WELL REMEMBERED VOICE.

When night's deep hush is round me, And silence reigns supreme, And the twinkling stars look on me With feeble, flickering gleam— I hear a seraph music, Which hushes me rejoice, Oh! well I love the whisper Of that well remembered voice!

When slumber from my eyelids Has taken its sure flight, And dreams come not to cheer me With their images of light— Thy well remembered voice Is whispering in my ear, And I feel that, though unseen, A spirit hovers near.

It is with me in the morning When the day begins to break, And the birds within the forest boughs The sleeping echoes wake— "Mid all the varied beauty, Increasing all my joys, It comes to me in melody, That well remembered voice!"

And at the sultry morning When the blazing sun is high, And not a single fleecy cloud Floats in the azure sky— And at the quiet evening When the sun is getting low And rosy golden shadows Are moving to and fro— That well remembered voice Is talking with my soul, And o'er my happy being Bright waves of rapture roll!

THE WATCHMAN AND HARBINGER, a Religious and Family Newspaper is published Weekly, at Greensboro, N. C.—Price \$5 in advance. The Watchman and Harbinger is devoted to the interests of the Methodist Protestant Church, but will be conducted in a spirit of kindness and liberality toward all other branches of the Christian Church, endeavoring to bring the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. As such it proposes to give its influence to the spreading of Scriptural holiness over our land, by an earnest advocacy of Bible Christianity. In addition to its decidedly Religious character, its aim will be to carry to the fire-sides of its readers whatever may be found entertaining and useful in a moral and literary sense, diverting the youthful mind from the paths of error, and attracting it to the ways of Righteousness and Peace. To the telling of purity and love, pointing him to the dewy fields and perpetual sunshine of our Father's shade. There being no other paper in the Confederate States devoted to the interests of the Methodist Protestant Church, the Watchman and Harbinger is destined to have a wide circulation, and it will of necessity, therefore, be an excellent advertising medium for Book-Publishers, Schools, Colleges, and for whatever else may be designed for readers in the more remote portions of the Confederacy. The attention of the benevolent everywhere is invited to our paper, as being well adapted to the wants of our soldiers in camp and field, and liberal donations are solicited to aid in furnishing the paper to soldiers in large quantities. J. L. MICHAUX, Editor pro tem, Greensboro, N. C. C. F. HARRIS, J. L. MICHAUX, L. W. BATCHELOR, Committee.

FOR SALE. 100 SHARES OF IRON COMPANY STOCK. The Magnetic Iron Company will sell 100 Shares of its Capital Stock, of \$100 each, and 100 Shares in full, certificates will be issued in due form, conditioned to pay the holder and owner thereof 300 pounds of iron in the months of September and October of each year, and no further payment or assurance will hereafter be required, nor liability incurred or debt contracted against said stock. This Company has a clear title to about 410 acres of good land in 2 tracts of about 220 acres each, one of which is near Friendship, in Guilford county, on which a forge with 4 furnaces is in operation, and with a steam engine and saw mill in operation, near to the vein and deposit of iron ore, which are rich and abundant, with rights to mine and take the ore on several plantations for 4 or 5 miles north-east and south-west of the forge. This ore is first class for making good wrought iron,—about 100 tons have been raised, and the prospect for an inexhaustible supply is certain. The other tract embraces water-power abundant for Rolling Mills and manufacturing purposes. The charter is granted for 60 years, and its provisions are adapted fully to the wants of its shareholders. Application made to meet Greensboro's shareholders, or any information desired by applicants, will be cheerfully attended to. JOHN SLOAN, President. 48-4t

Miners.—Wanted at Eagle Falls Coal Mines, in Rockingham county, N. C., SIX GOOD MINERS, to work in the said mines. GOOD WAGES will be paid to study men. Cornish miners preferred. Apply to Jones or Neal, Danville Va., or to the undersigned, Agent, at the mines. 68-3w

Read This.—Those who have purchased my Florida Balm are requested to return to me the EMPTY VIALS, for which I will pay TWENTY-FIVE CENTS each. During my absence from town, the vials will be received at the post office. My room is over the post office. 65-3m G. H. LIVINGSTON.

REPORTED TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE CONFEDERACY.

Under the above captions, in large, bold face type, the Washington correspondent of the Herald furnishes that paper with the following: In November last Mr. Slidell, the representative of the Southern Confederacy in France, communicated to his government the important information that Louis Napoleon had consented to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Southern Confederacy, and to contribute, as the material aid required for the establishment of its independence, his navy and three hundred thousand men, provided that the Confederacy would yield to France all the cotton growing territory west of the Mississippi, embracing Texas, half of Louisiana and Arkansas.

To this the conservative representatives of the South objected: first, because they were opposed to any foreign alliance; and second, because they preferred the government of the United States, administered upon constitutional principles, with the constitutional recognition of State rights, to any government, which the world has yet known. Hence Mr. Stephens, after a consultation with his friends and the rebel authorities, undertook his mission. Authorized by others less hopeful than himself and less anxious for a restoration of the Union that it would be impossible to obtain an interview with the Union authorities upon the direct subject that he had in view, and that it was extremely doubtful whether he would be permitted to hold audience with the President or his Secretary of State, he determined to adopt the strategic question which he presented in his official communications—namely, consultation upon the treatment and exchange of prisoners of war.

He entertained the confident hope that no serious obstacle would be interposed to his proceeding to Washington and there consulting with President Lincoln, and Secretary Seward as to whether some mutually satisfactory terms of compromise might not be arranged, so that the rebel Confederacy might be saved the disgrace of inviting in foreign aid, at such an immense sacrifice of its honor and of the territory over which it claimed jurisdiction. Disappointed in this hope, he returned to Richmond, and yielded to the general sentiment and determination to form an alliance, to submit to any conditions imposed by a foreign ally, rather than yield to the Government of the United States. It has been resolved, therefore, to consent to an alliance with France, and concede Texas to that Power, in return for the aid of its navy and army in securing the Confederate independence. This accounts for the confident tone of Mr. Stephens' speech at Charlotte, North Carolina, in which he assumed that the prospects of the Confederacy were not discouraging, and that there was a certainty of success. It has been rumored that Mr. Stephens has gone to Europe. There is reason to believe that he is now in France—that he is vested with authority to close negotiations with the French government—that Louis Napoleon has already formed an alliance with the Confederate States, and that his entire navy and three hundred thousand soldiers into the service of the Southern Confederacy, if necessary, to secure its independence.

The knowledge that a bearer of despatches to the Confederate Government has recently arrived from Europe bringing information that the alliance between France and the Southern Confederacy has been fully perfected; may have induced Governor Vance, of North Carolina to issue his extraordinary proclamation, published a day or two since, invoking the people of that State to stand by the Confederacy. There is, without doubt, an important representative in Richmond from Gen. Forey, commanding the French forces in Mexico, whose mission is to ascertain from the Confederate Government at what points French troops are desired for the service of the Southern Confederacy.

FINE DRESSING.—Fine clothes worn now is a mark of flunkeyism. At no time is it becoming to dress in any other style than a plain neat dress for street walking, and if we make the higher class of England our example, it will be found that they wear the plainest of dresses, except at balls and dinner parties, or public assemblies. It is a want of patriotism now to expend large sums for fine dressing. The surplus so disposed of might be more profitably used in adding to the comfort of those who are perishing in the homes for the public welfare. Many who complain of high prices for provisions are the ones who stint their bellies to clothe their backs in fine garments. This is folly.

WASNT MICHU ACQUAINTED WITH HER HUSBAND—Kansas City is a gay place, and they have queer specimens of humanity down there. The following is from the Journal, about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before a Yankee Provost-Marshal: "She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the 10th Illinois regiment. 'When did your husband go to Illinois?' 'About three years ago.' 'That was before the war, was it not?' 'Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man. I wasn't much acquainted with him.' 'You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?' 'Yes I do. I had only been married to him about a year, and I wasn't going to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about.' 'What could he do but discharge her?'

DISPENSING VERBIS ON CURS.—Take flaxseed, a pound, oil and salt, rub the harboring parts thoroughly to the skin, and the vermin will swell up, die, and drop off. It is very safe and sure.

REMEDY FOR WORMS IN HORSES.—Feed the horse for two or three days, in succession on good bright corn stalks, green or dry, and in the meantime give him nothing else to eat. THE FLOPPERS.—When last heard from, this terror of the yankees was off the British coast.