

MARTYRS OF SOUTHERN FREEDOM.

Written for the Patriot. BY HARRY HALL.

Capt. Jacob Calvin Hedgecock.

"Beatty unadorned, is most adorned." So goodness, generosity, high-mindedness and manliness are most admirable when they are found in a person of simple and unostentatious manners.

He is the son of Abner and Hannah Hedgecock and was born near Abbot's Creek in Davidson county, on the 20th of September, 1827. His parents were plain but highly respectable people.

He was quite grown before he quitted the fields of agriculture and entered the wagon-shop of his brother Joseph Hedgecock. He was over six feet in height, heavy and well developed in physical power.

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Lincoln, having hitherto "kept the word of promise to our ear," now "broke it to our hope;" and, then, he declared boldly for war, open and determined resistance to tyranny and Constitutional usurpation.

Jake Hedgecock,—the name by which his best and most intimate friends loved to call him,—was a noble, high souled, proud-spirited man. Before he entered the Army of the South, his life had been as serene and untroubled as the bosom of a quiet glassy lake at the hour when the sun sets.

The camp has its tedium; the drill, its monotony, the hospital, its hideousness; the field, its sickening and horrifying spectacles; the whirl of the bullet and the roar of the ball, their indescribably stirring, moving effect, which invariably caused a shudder or a grimace in the stoutest man though unconsciously; but still, however thickly his march, there is experienced by the soldier in his rough, uncertain and hazardous life an excitement, a pleasure, a rapture mounting at times almost to that serene and ecstatic enjoyment which the poets ascribe to the mythological Gods themselves.

Midst the sportive, with the learned the plain; Mirch solenn'd wisdom, candor tamper'd mirth; And wit its honey lent, without the sting.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning relates a similar episode in her life as follows: First time he kissed me, he only kissed The fingers of this hand and where I write.

And very stupidly told too, according to our unopinionated. So Lovengood, with whose quaint sayings many of our Tennessee readers are familiar, explains the effect of a similar operation with a good deal more graphic truth, and fully as much poetry, as follows:

"I happened to pass next day; of course I stopped to give a look at the tempter, as who was mighty lovin' to me. She put up her arms round my neck and tuther, wun 'wlar the curdingle goes round a horse, tuck the intum on me with her left foot and gin me a kiss! Says she, Sutt'y, my love, I've got somethin' for you—a new vesation!"

"Alexandor, during his march in Africa came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered to him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Stay with us, says the chief, as long as it pleases thee. During this interview with the Africans, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment.

The Steamer Venus, from Nassau, was run ashore yesterday by the blockaders, about five miles above Fort Fisher. The vessel was burned by the crew, who, we learn, made their escape.

ELQVANT EXTRACT.—Paul Denton, the Texas Missionary, was once holding a camp meeting in the back woods of that State. In order to insure a large crowd, he had previously advertised that there would be on the ground a good barbecue, better liquor, and the sermon, the vast crowd sat down to dinner, when a notorious desperado, who was present, demanded of the minister where the liquor was!

Milton's Character.—Let us glance for a moment, ere we close at what was even finer than Milton's transcendent genius—his character. His life was a great epic itself; Byron's life was a tragedy; Shelley's a wild, mad, stormy farce; Keats's life was a wild, mad, stormy farce, like one of Nat Lee's; Moore's life was a sad, brief, beautiful lyric; Moore's life was a sad, brief, beautiful lyric; Moore's life was a sad, brief, beautiful lyric.

COURTING A WIDOW.—Mrs. B., a pretty good looking widow on the sunny side of forty summers, had often bestowed melting glances on a certain sheriff, who daily passed her house on his official business. One day he stopped—dismounted—tied his horse, and rapped at the door, and was readily admitted to the parlor. After time, the widow made her appearance. The dignified visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage some what her captivating charms. Her cheeks bore the blended tints of the apple blossom—the most beautiful of the artist could prepare. Her lips resembled roses like those we see among French flowers, and her eyes, 'tis impossible to describe them, as they darted loving glances from beneath arched brows the color of India ink!

THE FIRST KISS.—There are several ways to tell a story. Some genius's attempt to describe the effect of the speech—it was overwhelming. The desperado tried to skulk away behind the crowd, while the audience stood electrified before the speaker.

CARE OF MILK COWS.—Every one who owns a milk cow should know that they require fully as much care and attention as the horse. Few persons think of keeping a horse, whether blooded or not, without a shelter of some kind from the weather.

SOMETHING TO TOUCH THE HEART.—Coleridge somewhere relates a story to this effect: "Alexandor, during his march in Africa came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered to him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Stay with us, says the chief, as long as it pleases thee. During this interview with the Africans, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.—The family of Napoleon says Allison, though noble had not been distinguished, and had suffered severely from misfortune. The mother of the great captain, who was marked by great beauty, and so common firmness and intrepidity of mind, shared in the fatigue and dangers of her husband at a period of great trial and was engaged with him in some expeditions on horse back.

THE PRESIDENT KISSED.—A friend remarked to us yesterday that there never was a great occasion without something ridiculous to spoil it and related the following: A lady intent on seeing the President, awaited his arrival most anxiously at the depot, and upon seeing him, rushed frantically to where he was reclining in patriarchal strains.

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Written for the Patriot. LINES TO J. O. BATTLE. When far away from those he loves, O, God, watch over him; Be thou the shielding power above; And guard him safely.

When on the battle field he goes, To meet the invading foe, O, give him strength to do thy will, And guard him safely.

When death that dark and oft feared foe Takes him from all that love; Wilt thou O, God, forevermore Guard him safely?

Then to thy righteous care O, Lord! Take him I love so dear; Teach him to love thy holy word, And guard him safely.

Give me once more my wild energy back, Give me the hopes that illumined life's track, Give me the faith that I wasted on you, Give me the love that I squandered there; You cannot,—too lightly you cast them aside, And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead, Though the light from my spirit forever hath fled, Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted in you, As my standard and type of the real and true, O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine, If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

Written for the Patriot. ACROSTIC. THE UNKNOWN FUTURE. At the future beam bright, Unfolding scenes of new delight; Rise my drooping spirits high; E rise my heart and cheer my eye; Looking onward as I go, I there bliss for me or— A life of happiness or woe? Even here the wisest sage, O'f the future cannot tell, Whether it be ill or well; More than this we cannot know— A no human mind below; N ought but heavenly light can show.

VALLANDIGHAM TO HIS OHIO FRIENDS.—The following is Hon. C. L. Vallandigham's address to his friends in Ohio since the election: Democrats of Ohio: You have been beaten; by what means it is idle now to inquire. It is enough that while tens of thousands of soldiers were sent or kept within your State, or held in active camp elsewhere to vote against you, the Confederate enemy were marching upon the capital of your country.

Constitutional liberty, and free, popular Government, never was fought by any people. And your unconquerable firmness and courage, even in the midst of armed military force, secured you these first of freedom's rights—free speech and a free ballot. The conspiracy of the 5th of May fell before you. Be not discouraged; despair not of the Republic; maintain your rights; stand firm to your position; never yield by your principles or your organization; listen not to any one who would have you lower your standard in the hour of danger.

No mellowing of your opinions upon any question, even of policy, will avail anything to conciliate your political foes. They demand nothing less than an absolute surrender of your principles and your organization. Moreover, if there be any hope for the Constitution or liberty, it is in the Democratic party alone, and you, fellow-citizens, in a little while longer will see it. Time and events will force it upon all, except those who profit by the calamities of their country.

I thank you, one and all, for your sympathies and your suffrages. Be assured that, though in exile for no offence but my political opinions, and the free expression of them to you in peacable public assembly, you will find me ever steadfast in those opinions, and true to the Constitution and to the State and country of my birth. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM. Windsor, C. W., 14, 1863.

THE YANKEE GOVERNMENT DEBT.—It is stated, sufficiently, that the Yankee Government enters upon the third year of the war with a debt of twelve hundred and twenty-two millions, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Raleigh Progress that another accident occurred on Friday last at the Powder Mills of Waterhouse & Bowes near Raleigh.—The "incorporating house" was blown up, inflicting a loss of about \$12,000. No bodily injury was sustained.