

[COMMUNICATED.]
To Mrs. Knox.

BY A SICK SOLDIER OF THE 43D REGIMENT ALA. VOL.

Within these walls I once lay ill,
With wearied limbs and fevered brow—
A soldier far from home;
With aching heart and parched tongue,
I prayed that some kind angel hand
Would to my bedside come;
And ah! poor soldier, always pray,
For soon I heard the angel say
“God bless the soldier boy.”
A matron kind, with anxious care,
With dainties oft would come
To cheer the soldier in despair,
And drive away his gloom.

Now God has blessed the matron's care,
Restored my health again;
And to the field I'll soon repair,
Our freedom to regain.

No tyrant flag shall ever wave
O'er the matron's lovely home;
Nor claim her for his conquered slave
And fill her heart with gloom.

No, never, while the crimson flood
Of life shall course these veins;
Shall the matron's hands so kind and good,
Be bound in slavery's chains.

When peace reigns o'er our land again
And age has hoared my locks,
Oft will I think of the kindly deeds
Of the generous Mrs. Knox.

GEN. HOSPITAL, MONTGOMERY, July 9, 1862.