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When Green Leaves Come Again.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

When green leaves come again, my love,
When green leaves come again,—
Why put on such a cloudy face,
When green leaves come again?

"Ah, this spring will be like the last,
Of promise false and vain:
And summer die in winter's arms
Ere green leaves come again.

"So slip the seasons—and our lives:
'Tis idle to complain:
But yet I sigh, I scarce know why,
When green leaves come again."

Nay, lift thy thankful eyes my sweet;
Count equal loss and gain:
Because as long as the world lasts,
Green leaves will come again.

For as sure as earth lives under snow,
And love lives under pain,
'Tis good to sing with everything!
"When green leaves come again."

Extract from an Officers Letter,
BATON ROUGE, La., Apr. 3, 1863.

* * * Oh Slavery, what a crime? Oh, our nation, what a criminal!! Mrs Stowe never told the half, and even Gen. Butler, when he tells of a Judge making a mistress of his own daughter, only begins the great catalogue of outrages committed daily by the slave-owner. I give you one instance, among many, that has come to my notice. Last Sunday I was on picket—Captain of the grand guard—and about two o'clock Monday morning, seven black women, with their babies, a little boy and girl, came to our lines. I took them to a slave hut near by, built a fire and made them as comfortable as possible. I asked them how they came to leave. One gave one reason, another a different; finally, a young, good, smart, intelligent looking woman, partly white, with a babe at her breast, replied, her black eyes at the same time flashing fire, "I came to avoid having any more such children as this,"—at the same time showing her babe. The babe was perfectly white, with straight hair, not a sign of black blood in it. None of these women had ever been married, but had all had children by their master. In the morning this miserable man came and demanded his property. Any way, he said, he must have this young woman and child, showing at the same time some old protection papers given him by Gen. Grover. I quietly told him he could have them, while in my charge, by bringing papers from God Almighty, and from Him only. He then claimed the mule. I told him he could have that by getting an order from Gen. Auger. Thinking he could not convert me to the "Divine institution," he left, and I have not seen him since.

I saw something, however, that interested me very much, the other morning. As I was visiting the guard about daylight, in the capacity of officer of the day, I found one sentinel teaching a negro how to read. It is considered quite an offence for a guard, while on duty as such, to be doing any thing except guard duty. I could but think of that beautiful passage in the story of Le Fevre, where Uncle Toby, out of the tenderness of his heart used an oath,—"The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear on the word and blotted it out forever."

Rank & Fyle on the Bombardment of Dairy-Ann, Capture of the Fin-Gal, &c., &c.

BEAUFORT, South Kerlay, Jewne 26 ninth, '63.

DEER EDITOR:—i surpise that you & the wrest uv the peepel hav wundured what in thunder had kaused mi long kontinuered sylence & whi i hav kept the publick in in ignurense uv mi movemunts—the grate reesun was bekause the safeti uv the Armi & the wellfair uv the Konstitushun maid it imperatif that i wurked in the dark—i use a figgerativ xpressun, i doant meen that i work nites—when i decided tu maik a rekunonsense at Charlis-tun i maid up mi mind tu too pints, 1st if i was suck-sess-full & tuk the plais that i shud announs it tu the wurld that i new i shud do it awl the time—that i had maid up mi mind tu sackreefyse evry man, woman & nigger & the last postage stamp in my milentery chist but what the accused sity shud faul—2ndly i decided on the uther hand that if i got lickd like blasis that i wud announs tu the saim afoursurd wurld that i hed suck-see-ded in awl i entended, whitch wos nearly a reckunonsense in fours—just tu sea whare fourt Sumtur wos situ8ed & so fourth. Konse-quently i enstructed mi konfeedenshal frinds knot tu sai ennything about what i had deeturmured on & for that reesun i forbour ritin tu yu—but i find out that the publick is extremely agetated bekause i doant rite & maney feer that i've pade wun uv mi meny dets—naimly the det of natur. Sum uv mi konfeedenshal pole-it-i-kul frinds hav privy't-lie towld mee that the konstitushunall parti hed spok of mee as the next kanidat for president & that itt wos hygh tyme that i kum out & lett the peepul no uv mi moavemunts or thay wud bee pytchin on sum uther milentery feller, i am tu modist tu speak of what i hev dun in the past phew weaks—as Ginzral Hookem wud sai, histry will keep me—or sumthin tu that effpheet. The bryliant wrades on the Kombayhee whar wae captured sum mules, niggers & uther vallerable live stolk—the bombaird-munt uv Dairy-Ann & seesure uv the skunner 'Pet' wyth a phull load uv king kottun—the kaptur of the wram fyn-gal & so fourth, are wurks that wil phind thare plais on the paig uv histry—i do knot sai that i am entyld tu awl the prays uv the deads apuv resyted but i do dys-tinkly sai that sum buddy planned the heewroick ax and that i am deesurving uv mi part uv the prays—i spose that you as well as uther spekulyatif beeins feal anxus about what mi pollysi ise in wregard tu takin Charleston, i hev wreesolved tu reeduse that reebelyus sity, that hot bed uv treesun bi starvashun—i am goin to kause an ordur to bee printed forbydyng on the panes & penaltys uv purgury enny body mail feemal or utherwyse from sellyng, giving, lending or in enny wai ayding or abeting enny persun that livs in the afoursurd sity enny frutes, meets or uther vegetables or enny kynd uv vittles nv what ever naim or natur. i kant sea whi thys idee wil knot fetch thee sity tu turms, for if a man kant ete that doant wurk how in thunder will the wimmin & childrun stand it. i wud furthur sai that thys idee is ourworiginal it is not layd down in enny wurk or suggisted by enny bodi—it is the offspring of mi own furtile brane, phuture generashuns wil sea that thys is bi no meens the weekest stratygetical man-ufer that has been maid durin thys war—you mai deesydlie announs tu the peepul that the Uniun wil be saved if they wil leve it awl tu me & pai awl mi bills punc-

terly—mi furthur pollysi wil be deevoluped as fast as the safti uv the kuntry wil admit. I am havin an awl-fired swad uv ordurs got out jist tu keap the prynturs tu wurk—the ordurs are uv no akkount onli the pai the wurk kots helps mi frend—the pryntur.

Allers Yurs,

RANK & FYLE.

The Malakoff's at Vicksburg.

The following extract from a private letter of a high naval officer, near Vicksburg, contains information of interest.—It is dated June 3, 1863:—

Vicksburg still holds out, but it is very much like an old horse turned out to die, with the turkey buzzards flying over him, and with just strength enough left to whisk his tail and brush off the flies that are blowing him all over. In that devoted city they are looking anxiously for Joe Johnston to come to their relief, but he got such a thrashing that he can't come to time. I was over the rifle-pits yesterday on Sherman's front, within fifty yards of the enemy's works. There our men lie in groups, waiting for a rebel to show his nose, and the moment he does so he is popped over. By this time I judge they are within ten or fifteen yards, for they have sent for hand grenades, which are being forwarded with all haste.

The firing this evening has been terrific from our side. We have a hundred guns playing on the city behind, and the mortars and gunboats keep up a constant roar in front. We receive no reply whatever to our shots. The guns on the land side have all been silenced, and those near the water have apparently been left to take care of themselves. The gunboats have their range so well that they can drop their shells pretty much where they please. You remember Sebastapol? We thought the Malakoff the devil; well, there are twenty Malakoffs here, and such a country to operate in you never saw—nothing but high hills and deep gullies, and trees felled in every direction to stop our progress. Yet our troops charged over these and chased the rebels into their works.—I don't think there ever was such splendid fighting as we have had here.

Deserters come in every minute. We have had thirty to-day, who came to the gunboats, and they give a sad picture of affairs in Vicksburg. The last twenty-four hours the grub has been reduced to one-quarter pound of beef and a pound of meal per day. This they only get at night, as it is the only time they can move about in safety. There are ten mortars moored as close to the city as they can safely go. They have torn trees up by the roots, and killed numberless cattle, besides keeping the troops in their hiding holes or bombproofs.

The guns are going it this morning, and this being a cool day the rebels will get fits. An intelligent contraband has just come in. He says it is perfect hell in the town, between the mortars, gunboats and artillery. Every one lives in a cave, which, however, does not protect them from the mortars. These interesting projectiles go through twenty feet of earth.

Mr. Montgomery, recently editor of the Vicksburg Whig, tells a good story of the landlord of a hotel at Holly Springs, Mississippi. It was a large, fashionable hotel, and the landlord was a pompous man, with a huge corporosity and a ruffled shirt bosom. Printed bills of fare were provided, yet the landlord stood at the head of the table, at dinner, and in a loud voice, read off the list of articles in a rhyming way: "Here's boiled ham and raspberry jam; baked potatoes, and cooked tomatoes, turnips smashed, and squashes squashed," and so on. Mr. M. asked him afterward, why he read it aloud when printed copies were on the table. "Force of habit," replied the landlord; "got so used to it I can't help it." You see I commenced business down there in Jackson (the capital of Mississippi) and most all the Legislature boarded with me. There wasn't a man of 'em could read, so I had to read the bill of fare to 'em."

"Look here, printer, you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Well, sir, I am not a pointer—I'm a setter."

Rebel Evidence of the Worthlessness of Rebel Money.

When the rebel steamer Calypso was captured by the U. S. steamer Florida, while on her way from Nassau to a port in North Carolina, a rebel mail was found on board, from which the following curious letters were taken:

NASSAU, June 7.

DEAR BROTHER: * * * If I am not mistaken some the blockade runners will lose a pile of money as confederate money is becoming at such a discount they cannot get price enough on the goods to pay the difference of exchange, as all goods have to be paid in gold or sterling exchange, and all freights prepaid, and then take all chances of getting them through, besides paying duties on them at Charleston. Some of the blockade men here think the next steamer from Dixie will bring bad news, and there will be a much greater discount on confederate money—say seven or eight hundred dollars for one hundred in gold, and my opinion is it will soon be worthless.

Yesterday I bought here (Nassau) \$500 in confederate money at four cents on the dollar, and some was sold here for even a greater discount. So you can see what the people here think of Dixie money, and in fact, no one here will take it at any price for goods or for freight money; and if I had a million of gold dollars; I would not invest \$1 here and take the chances of getting through and take confederate money.

If you have any confederate money on hand when you receive this, get clear of it on the best terms you possibly can, and in the future do not take any more confederate money, only at what you can sell it for gold, and turn it into gold as soon as you receive it. The best investment of confederate money is good sterling exchange, the next is gold or silver, and the next is cotton; for sooner or later, I am confident, confederate money will not be worth the paper it is made on, although I may be mistaken. * * * * *

Yours truly,

J. B. JAQUES.

Messrs. J. B. JAQUES & BRO., Columbus, Ga.

This is the testimony of a rebel merchant, whose exodus from the South seems to have opened his eyes to the hopelessness of the rebellion. According to his statements confederate money is already at such a fearful discount that the English merchants of Nassau, favorable as they are to the rebels, refuse to have anything to do with it; while, according to the following letter, confederate bonds are still more unsavory in their nostrils:

NASSAU, June 3, 1863.

WM. E. SIMONS, Richmond, Va.

Dear Friend: * * * I have not been able to find sale of the bonds, though there has been sales heretofore, but now no one seems ready to buy. I could sell at forty-five cents, but am not willing to sell at that figure. I have concluded to deposit them in a house here to be disposed of at a fair price, and proceed myself to New York, as we talked of before my departure from Richmond. Until my return I shall not be able to make any shipment to you. [Probably intends to buy goods in New York.]

The feeling here by residents seems to be in favor of the South, but I do not think it exists any further than dollars and cents are concerned. They are all making money out of the war, and do not care, in my opinion, how long it may last. As to England herself, from what I can see and hear, she is in favor of the South, on account of the gallantry shown by southern soldiers, and would be willing to recognize her, providing she would emancipate her slaves, which can never be done.

Yours very truly,

HENRY WOODWARD.

Mr. Henry Woodward proposes to visit New York, and Marshal Murray will probably keep an eye on him.

Who is a Quartermaster? The man who give the poor soldiers one quarter, and keeps the rest himself.