

Conjugal Poetry.

"Our friend, David Barker, Esq.," says an eastern paper, "who has produced some of the best poetry ever written by a Maine bard, pleased at a little incident that happened in his family, (the first occurrence of the kind) gives vent to his feelings in the following imaginative piece:"

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.
One night as old St. Peter slept
He left the door of Heaven ajar.
When through a little angel crept
And came down with a falling star.
One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.
God grant but this—I ask no more,
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find the door of Heaven again.

Whereupon some fellow of the practical sort, and without any imagination, and not possessing the "divine afflatus," attempts to destroy the little illusion of David, as follows:

ST. PETER'S REPLY.
Full eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my gate securely tyed.
There was no "little angel" strayed,
Nor one been missing all the while.
I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar,
Nor has a "little angel" left
And gone down with a falling star.
Go ask that "blushing bride," and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it by the good old way.
God grant but this—I ask no more,
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

Gillmore's "Marsh Angel," near Charleston.

(From the London Telegraph, Sept. 9th.)

"The Marsh Angel," as the federals call the big gun of Gen Gillmore, has surely belled loud enough at Fort Sumter to wake up some of our critics at home to what is a fact in despite of them. They have criticised the American struggle throughout as if it had been a hole and corner intrigue of half a dozen politicians, instead of a grand and convulsive atonement to Nemesis for a national mistake committed three generations ago. As they have underestimated the civil contest, so they have overlooked the Titanic character of the military duel—peddling and muddling over strategies on the map, and blind meanwhile to the revolution which these giant combatants are accomplishing in the art of warfare. The same small critical faculty which sneers at the passion of a people, and mistakes it for the intrigue of a back parlor, will, we dare say, chatter about the fate of Sumter, and ignore the stupendous circumstances of its fall. If the Americans are ruin of being "big," why not do them the justice of confessing that they attain that adjective in their contentions, their sufferings, and their engines and methods of warfare? Twice in the course of this two years' struggle they have altered the complexion of the science of destruction—once on the water and once by land. The Monitor and Merrimac confessedly initiated a new era in Naval tactics. The plates of both are hardly rusted yet by the salt water into which they went down so soon; but already every country that pretends to keep the sea armed is fitting out vessels after their kind—ponderous Goliaths in iron, descended lineally from that memorable fight in Hampton water. Now it is a revolution in the art of attack by battery and defence by battlements which these energetic fighters have developed.

Sumter is down—breached and shattered into such a ruin that hardly one stone stands upon another of the fort which first flew the flag of secession. And this, after repeated failure with such artillery as could be made to float on board ship, has been accomplished by enormous cannon, fixed on a land battery, discharging a bolt of 200 pounds weight at a range of 4,400 yards.

Sir William Armstrong could not have done this so soon, but he could have done it; and Mr. Whitworth would, no doubt, make short work of even such a place as Sumter. But neither of them has yet shown us anything like the range and accuracy, combined with sheer ruinous force, of Gillmore and Dahlgren, for the reason that their monster guns have generally committed temporary suicide at the few initiatory discharges. These American officers have first in their profession laid, leveled, and kept at work throughout three days siege guns the like of which for weight were last used when Mahomet besieged Constantinople; and there can hardly be a more important question for a country spending £12,000,000 sterling in fortifications than "Can any ship carry and work this sort of artillery?"

Pending the facts and details, which can alone enable us, as regards this splendid passage of scientific warfare, to do more than wonder and wait, one fact, already known, is well worth signaling. Four hundred yards away from Gillmore's forwardst sap were the embrasures of another fort—"Battery Wagner"—while Sumter, as we have said, was two or three miles off. The same ponderous guns

might have been turned upon Wagner at two hundred yards less space than ordinary breaching distance in past wars. But because Battery Wagner is an earthwork, Gillmore is sapping up to its face to take it by storm, while his great cannons are resting idle after their triumph, because all they could do would be to knock the trim slopes and glacis of the work into a "cocked hat" of scattered sand—as serviceable for defences as before. Is not this one fact trumpet-tongued as to the method of resisting such artillery? The sand heaps that an army can throw up for itself defy the tumbling masses of iron, and even the volcano-like exploding shells; masonry and brickwork, upon which we are spending so much precious money, go down before them. Of course there are spots—and Sumter's ruined foundations stood on one of them—where a garrison must live as well as fight, and where a permanent work is indicated. But if Battery Wagner falls by storm, amid the silence of those tremendous pieces that swept rebellious Sumter from the face of its artificial island, we shall assuredly ask again whether the rage for trim bricklayers' and masons' work has not made our departments and the government a little oblivious of what earth and sand can do with casemates and stout hearts behind them.

Andrew Johnson on Slavery.

We find in the Nashville Union the following sketch of a speech made by that sterling patriot, Governor Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, on Saturday, the 29th ult., to the large impromptu outpouring of the loyal citizens, which assembled at the capitol to rejoice over the fall of Fort Sumter:

Governor Johnson said that the hearts of the masses of the people beat strongly for freedom; that negro slavery had proved baleful to the nation, by arraying itself against the institutions and interests of the people, and that the time had clearly come when means should be devised for its total eradication from Tennessee. Slavery was a cancer on our society, and the scalpel of the statesman should be used not simply to pare away the exterior and leave the roots to propagate the disease anew, but to remove it altogether. Let us destroy the cause of our domestic dissensions and this bloody civil war. It is neither wise nor just to compromise with an evil so gigantic.

He avowed himself unequivocally for the removal of slavery, the sooner it can be effected the better. Some inconvenience might, most likely would, follow, temporarily, but these would be more than compensated by the grand impulse given to all our interests by the substitution of free for slave labor. He was for immediate emancipation, if he could get it; if this could not be obtained, he was for gradual emancipation; but emancipation at all events. He thought that the benefits of gradual emancipation were a good deal like the benefits conferred on the dog in the fable, whose tail was cut off an inch at a time by a humane surgeon, whose kindness of heart would not permit him to remove it at one stroke. He believed slavery was a curse and he wanted to see it wiped out without delay. We would be stronger, richer, happier, and more prosperous as soon as this was done.

He invoked the people to cast off the slavish fear which had hitherto sealed their lips on this question, and speak and act henceforth as freemen should. The slave aristocracy had long held its foot upon their necks, and exacted heavy tribute from them, even to robbing them of free speech. Let the era of freedom be henceforth proclaimed to the non-slaveholders of Tennessee!

The speech of the Governor, of which the above is, of course, a very imperfect sketch, was enthusiastically applauded from time to time by the very large crowd assembled on the occasion.

An officer, who was inspecting his company in the Army of the — one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer Honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches," was the literal rejoinder.

Why is Charleston like a peanut? Because it must be shelled before taken. The correspondent who laboriously manufactured this profound conundrum, is hard at work upon another, in which the "Greek fire," about which so little has been said, is to explode, and which he guarantees shall be more obvious and more easily guessed.

The young lady who declared that "she never did," has finally concluded that she will—just once.

Death of Captain Woodruff.

It will be seen by the following from the officers of the 39th Illinois Regiment, that this officer, lately deceased, was highly esteemed by them. His body was embalmed and sent to his bereaved friends by the Arago, at the expense of the officers of the 39th, which is but another expression of the high appreciation they cherished for him:

HEADQUARTERS 39TH ILL. VOL., Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 25th, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 63.—With profound sorrow the Lieut.-Col. Commanding announces to the regiment the decease of Capt. Joseph Woodruff of Co. C, 39th Ill. Regt., who died in regimental hospital, Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 23d, 1863, a few hours after he received a fatal wound from the enemy's gun.

Captain Woodruff was among the many brave men, who after the first repulse of our inexperienced army at Bull Run, rushed forth with martial spirit to support the flag of our troubled country, and vindicate the majesty of her laws, by rebels ignored. Leaving a lucrative business, a large circle of firm friends and a young and confiding family, he collected around his country's standard a company of patriots, and led them from his native village, Marsailles, LaSelle county, Ill., to camp Mather, in Chicago, where he linked his fustian with the 39th Ill. Regt. The long and winding war-path over which he has gallantly led his company, the severe hardships and stern privations he has patiently endured, and the unaffected bravery and deep seated patriotism he has ever evinced, form a part of our regimental history, and hence need not here be enumerated.

He entered upon the operations before Charleston with quiet, yet commendable enthusiasm, and from the day his regiment broke ground for the first fort on Folly Island, to the evening the missile of death met him in Fort Gregg, he exhibited a determination of purpose, remarked by many and surpassed by none.

The ranking officer in the line, he was frequently called to command the regiment, and his official ability was such, that his fellow officers looked anxiously forward to the time when promotion should be granted him as a meritorious reward, but in this, they are only too sadly disappointed. On the evening of the 23d inst., just as he was transmitting his instructions to the officer who relieved him of his command in Fort Gregg, a shell from Fort Moultrie burst among his men, killing several and so wounding him in the side, that he soon died. He was conscious to the last and apparently resigned to his sad fate.

As an officer Capt. Woodruff had an enviable reputation; ever ready for duty, he was never known to murmur, or question the propriety of an order however laborious or dangerous the duty it demanded. Socially, he was a man admired by all who knew him, and in his friendship he was honest and sincere. He has fallen in the mid-day of his manhood, and in the very fort from which was fired the first rebel gun at Fort Sumter, the vibrations of which so thrilled with energy the great northern heart. He has fallen, but he fell in the defence of a principle deeply enshrined in every loyal breast, and for the unity and perpetuity of a country that shall gladly honor her gallant dead.

Let the virtues of the deceased be emulated by his bereaved comrades who survive him, and by whom his memory will doubtless be perpetuated with a pleasing sadness. As a token of respect to the fallen brave, it is hereby ordered that the usual badge of mourning be worn by the officers of this regiment for a period of thirty days.

By order of O. L. MANN,

Lt.-Col. Commanding Regt.

SIMON S. BRUKER, Lieut. and A. Adjt.

At a meeting of the officers of the 39th Ill. Regiment, Sept. 24th, 1863, called for the purpose of expressing the deep regret felt in the loss of a brother officer and friend, the following resolutions were approved and adopted:

Whereas, On the night of Sept. 23d, 1863, Captain Joseph Woodruff, of Co. K, 39th Ill. Volunteers, while on duty as officer in command at Fort Gregg, and when about to be relieved from said duty, was wounded by a shell from Fort Moultrie which carried away a large portion of his right side, causing his death in less than two hours after the receipt of the injury, therefore Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of God in all things, we can but mourn the loss of our brother officer, and one of our country's noble defenders; and, while we so deeply regret the violent death that snatched from us, one whose every act endeared him to all whose loyalty, patriotism and bravery proclaimed him a true man and soldier, we cannot but feel that our loss is his gain, and that he has left a world of suffering and gone to join that band of noble patriots, that have fallen before him in their country's defence.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the family and friends in this their sad bereavement of a kind husband, father, and generous companion, and trust that he fell while at his post and in the discharge of his duty, and that in dying, he evinced, while sensible, the spirit of resignation which bespeaks the faith of a christian.

Capt. S. D. Baker.

At a meeting of the officers of the 9th Maine Volunteer Infantry, called upon the occasion of the death of Capt. Scollay D. Baker, Co. I, the following resolutions were passed.

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to take from our number one in the midst of usefulness, we his brothers in arms, make this tribute to his memory:

Resolved, That in the death of Scollay D. Baker, our regiment has sustained an irreparable loss, and a brave vice lost one of its brightest ornaments, whose action, cool in times of danger, his life was devoted to deeds of daring; and in his death, a noble soldier.

Resolved, That while as comrades we would tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved wife and family of the deceased whose lasting grief will be tempered by knowing that he is

Freedom's now, and Fame's That were not born to die.

A boarder was seen to pick something out of a sausage he was eating.

"What is it, Ben," asked another sitting opposite.

"A little piece of bark, I believe," replied Ben.

"Well, old fellow, it's my opinion you'd better not hunt any longer, or you might find a gravel."

Deaths.

- Sept. 14th, Private Herbert Bond, F. 1st Battalion.
Oct. 1, Private John Borthers, 1. N.
Sept. 29, Private Walter Banks,
Sept. 16, Private Danner H. Cheay, A. 6th
Sept. 21, Private Charles Clifford, E. 3d N. H. Vols.
Sept. 22, Sergt. John J. Carpenter, A. 3d R. I. Art.
Sept. 20, Private S. Chadborne, H. 9th Maine Vols.
Sept. 20, Private S. H. Day, D. 9th Maine Vols.
Sept. 28, Private Stephen Foley, C. 3d N. H. Vols.
Oct. 6th, Private Henry Fritz, A. 103d N. Y. Vols.
Sept. 14, Private Isaac Gaglia, G. 3d U. S. colored Infantry.
Oct. 1, Private Wm. S. Gupatill, H. 9th Maine Vols.
Oct. 2, Private Samuel Hill, H. 1st S. C. Vols.
Sept. 24, Private Charles Holmes, C. 1st S. C. Vols.
Sept. 29, Private Josephus Hunt, F. 8th Pa. Vols.
Sept. 17, Corporal Charles H. Johnson, E. 34th Mass. Vols.
Sept. 1, Private Sanford Jackson, A. 34th Mass.
Oct. 2, Private Robert Michan, C. 104th N. Y. Vols.
Oct. 1, Private M. P. Quimby, K. 4th Mass. Vols.
Sept. 37, Private Joseph Rarey, 34th N. H. Vols.
Sept. 28, Private S. S. Reed, F. 7th N. H. Vols.
Oct. 5, Sergt. Geo. L. Ring, E. 18th Ind. Vols.
Sept. 19, Corporal Charles O. Smith, E. 117th N. Y. Vols.
Sept. 29, Private
Oct. 6, Musician
Oct. 3, Frank Waters, Q. M., 112th N. Y. Vols.
Sept. 20, Sergt. Samuel Wersing, H. 5th Pa. Vols.

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New Advertisements.

List of Letters remaining in the Post OFFICE at Beaufort, S. C., on the week ending, Oct. 8th, 1863.

- Bennard, James
Fields, Jack
Fields, Miss Maria
Green, Jonas
Gibbs, Amelia
Hayward, Mrs. Grace
Jenkins, Mrs. Isabella
Kromer, George
King, James J.
Lathrop Capt. Henry A.
Lafelle, James
Miller, Mrs. Samuel
Palken, John Jr.
Powell, Christiana J.
Richardson, Henry K.
Richardson, Endora
Richardson, Miss E.
Simmons Mrs. Lucy
Trucker, J. B.
Valloon, Peter
Williams, Benj.
Williams, Nancy
Wilson, Peggy
Young, Col. Lewis

Persons inquiring for any of the above will ask for ADVERTISED LETTERS. JOHN C. ALEXANDER, P. M.

ROBBINS' CARD TO THE LADIES. Ladies HATS and BONNETS together with the necessary trimmings in great abundance received. SONTAGS, and woolen goods of similar kinds with unpronounceable names in all shapes and variety.

Dress-Making and Millinery. Orders for Mrs. Slattery, who has just opened her house for DRESS-MAKING and MILLINERY corner of Gillmore and Carter streets, may be left with us and attended to promptly. C. G. ROBBINS.

Ice! Ice!! Ice!!! Edward L. Lloyd, is now ready to furnish vessels, steamers, hotels, and private persons with Ice in any quantities. Orders left at the Ice House, or through the Post Office, will receive prompt attention. Ice house open from 6 to 8 a. m., and 6 to 7 p. m. In Magnolia street, near of Robbins Store. n34f EDWARD L. LLOYD.