

THE FREE SOUTH.

VOLUME II.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA, APRIL 2, 1864.

NUMBER 13.

Our Baby.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GALE.

Did you ever see our baby—
Lullaby! Tell you what,
With her blue eyes sparkling bright,
Luscious cheeks of rose and white,
Mops of glowing ruby light,
She is just the sweetest baby
Of the lot.

You don't think so? You never saw her?
If you could—
Mong her pretty playthings clattering,
While her little tongue was chattering,
And her little feet a patterring,
Think you would
Say with me she was the sweetest,
If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
To her eye (it's not a pity)
Is as bright and fresh and pretty,
Is as cunning and as witty,
As my rose.
Heavenly Father! spare them to us
Till life's close.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE PASTOR'S LIETENANT.

A STORY FOR BUSYBODIES IN GENERAL.

Miss Jellaby rose at six one beautiful August morning, and throwing open her chamber window, sniffed once or twice at the fragrance coming up from the roses in the garden below. Then she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall cottage over the way. A very modest, pretty little house it was, with roses and syringas growing under each window, and woodbine and jessamine climbing over the door; but Miss Jellaby was not admiring its beauty just then. She looked up at a front window, on the second floor, and gave a vicious snort.

"As I expected! She isn't up yet, and here it is six o'clock! And where is he, I wonder?"

Before she had time to answer the question as it was asked—mentally—the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellaby, shrinking behind the curtain, saw a handsome sun-burned man come out, and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was easy to see by the slight roll in his walk that he was a sailor, though for the matter of that, his bearing, handsome face, and frank hearty manner, would have told the tale, if he had never stirred a step. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then as if to say good morning to the fairest, and always removing the cigar from his lips when he did so.

"He couldn't do more if he was speaking to a woman," said the spinster, applying her eye to a hole left purposely in the white curtain. "The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes—and dressed in blue gingham, too! I wonder what her morning gowns cost her a year? And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet—well, there—"

Words failed the worthy spinster. Meanwhile the owner of the slippers—and very pretty little affairs they were—bronzed, laced, and rosetted with a spangle that shone like a dew-drop—tripped down the walk so lightly that the gentleman did not hear her step, and, coming upon him as he bent over a bed of violets, gave him a push that sent him on his face among them. To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through the alleys—to see him kiss her when he prisoned her at last in his strong arms—and to see her pretend to box his ears for it—was a sight for a loving heart to watch—but Miss Jellaby, over opposite, fainted away with horror. She rang her bell violently, and a square-faced sour-looking woman, who had lived with her for years, made her appearance.

"Susan!"

"Well," said the amiable domestic, briefly.

Before Miss Jellaby could speak, the unconscious pair in the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

"Walking up and down in broad daylight, with his arm around her waist—just look at her, Susan! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that man is only her brother?"

"Dear me, me'am—how can I tell? I only know that they look alike, and that they have the same name, Helen and Philip Graham, I was told."

"Humph! It's my opinion that some one ought to speak to Mr. Fullerton."

"The minister? What for?"

"Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see what it all means? They are no more brother and sister than you and I are."

"Well, what are they then?"

"That remains to be told—the wretched! But Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to rights. I shall go and see him after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me."

"Have some peace, I suppose," muttered Susan under her breath, as she followed Miss Jellaby down to the parlor. Breakfast being over, Miss Jellaby sailed forth to the parsonage.

The clergyman was a quiet, peace-loving man, somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments, when she attempted to do so. She stayed nearly half an hour with him; at the expiration of that time people who were on the lookout saw her carrying the unhappy parson in the direction and, at last, through the very gate of Randall Cottage.

A tidy looking old servant admitted them, ushered them into a pleasant nursery-room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was home again. Miss Jellaby strode up and down the room like a dragon, eyeing everything about her, and making observations in an under tone, which, however, he could not help hearing.

"Such extravagance! Look at the carpet, now—all roses and lilies, and straggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with a drugged, as I am?"

She took another turn.

"And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt; or Italians; and the rest follows as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these people are heathens!"

"Hardly, I think, or they never would have come to church last Sunday."

"Oh, you don't know; perhaps they had some private end to gain by it," said Miss Jellaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure. She saw him laughing, and grew indignant.

"Let these books that you have in Fullerton; I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled."

"Not I," said the minister, with a rueful look.

"A crucifix, as I am a sinner," she murmured a moment afterwards. "There Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! hanging on the wall here in broad daylight—Shall I pull it down?"

"Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellaby?" said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and laughter in the garden prevented her giving him what she called "a piece of her mind." There was a race up the broad path, that sobered into a walk when the young people reared the windows, followed by the old servant who had been in the grounds to call them.

They entered the room together, flushed with their frolic, but looking happy and pleased to meet the clergyman.

"Sin wears a different face from that," he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney-piece, and stood eyeing them with sour disdain.

"Your neighbor, Miss Jellaby," said Mr. Fullerton; adding in a low whisper to her, as they sought about the room for easy chairs, "It's all a mistake, my good creature—there's nothing wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with the matter. Say nothing, and let this pass as a morning call."

"Say nothing, indeed! Mr. Fullerton, I am astonished at you!" was her reply, too audibly made, however, for Mr. Graham heard it, though he was too courteous to look surprised.

"Pray take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton," said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the strange behaviour of her guests.

"No, my child," said the clergyman kindly. "Sometime I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow at having been persuaded against my better judgment to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you."

"My dear sir, forgive me if I do not quite understand!" exclaimed the Captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

"I will tell you at another time," said Mr. Fullerton, nervously. "I will only

say, in explanation of this intrusion, that it has been caused by a most ridiculous mistake. Miss Jellaby, will you allow me to accompany you home?"

Miss Jellaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—
"No!"

"Is she mad?" whispered Helen to the clergyman. "What does it all mean?"

Miss Jellaby heard her.

"It means this, madam, this and nothing more, that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of his duty, I am not."

"Was there ever such an unfortunate piece of business! Miss Jellaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, as to insult these poor creatures. I command you, as your minister, not to speak."

"I take the orders from a man who shrinks from duty," said the spinster, loftily.

"My dear sir, (turning to the Captain), it seems I cannot spare you this infliction, but may as well tell you what this good lady means. She lives opposite you, as you already know—"

"And she has seen you time and again, when you thought yourself quite alone; remember that!" chimed in the sharp voice of the spinster.

"Do be quiet, my dear Miss Jellaby. As she says, she has often seen you—"

"Kissing!" exploded from her lips.

"Miss Jellaby, either you or I must be silent. From these things she has drawn her own conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that, for a brief space, she persuaded me into believing them. I must not add that, from the instant you entered this room, my suspicions vanished, and I would really stake my life this moment upon your perfect integrity."

"But, my dear sir," said Captain Graham, smiling, "of what does this lady suspect us?"

"Tell them, Miss Jellaby, I will not."

"Pretty behaviour, I am sure, to leave the worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton. However, no one shall say I shrunk back from my duty!"

"We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed," said the Captain around the taper waist of the indignant and wondering Helen.

"Before my very eyes, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you will kiss her next."

"Well now you mention it—I think I will."

"And he did! Miss Jellaby nearly fainted away with horror."

"Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there so quietly and watch this shameless conduct? As for you, sir," she added, turning to the good-humored captain, "you need not think every one will tolerate your audacious—"

"Take breath, my dear Miss Jellaby."

"It is infamous," shouted the enraged spinster. "Brother and sister, indeed! You are no more her brother than you are mine, Captain Graham."

"I know it—I never said I was!"

Mrs. Fullerton looked rather puzzled. Miss Jellaby was triumphant.

"Well, you are brazen about it, I must say. This town will soon be too hot to hold you, depend upon it."

"I never knew that it was a crime not to be a woman's brother, before," said the Captain, quietly. "However, there is a relation between us, if it will please you any better."

"What is it?"

"I am her cousin—the ward of her father, and I have always lived with her family in England."

"Oh!"

There was a world of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

"Also, I have the honor to be—"

"Her husband!"

Mr. Fullerton uttered a most unceremonious hurrah, and shook hands with the young couple over and over again.

"Her—husband!" faltered the old maid. "I—I never thought of that!"

"Allow me to hope, madam, that you will have your wits about you before you try to create another scandal," said the Captain suavely. "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

He held the door open as he spoke—she could but take the hint, and rushed out of the house, and into her own, in a state verging upon distraction. Staying to be laughed at and sympathized with, was what she could not endure—the cottage was shut up next day, and she and Susan were far away. Miss Jellaby had found

her match, and the village has known peace since her departure—for the first time.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF IRKA.

At the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, in St. Louis, Gen. Rosecrans made a brief speech, in the course of which occurs the following:—
At the battle of Iuka I was charged with getting in the rear of the enemy. By some accident I happened, unfortunately, to be the only body who fought. Our expectation was that the enemy would be attacked from another direction before we arrived, that would be able to occupy their rear, and that we would effect the operation of which we have often heard, but seldom seen performed—that is, *back them*. (Laughter.) We came upon the enemy in what we call "back of the enemy," and it was the only time I ever saw a chance of it. It happened that the enemy was not attacked, and it happened that we had to bear the brunt of the fight from half-past four till half-past seven. I was at first in the rear, and when I came to the front, where I knew a sharp fight was going on, I found Boomer and his men of the 26th pouring in grape and canister tolerably warm. At half-past seven I rode over to the left of our line, right close in the rear, and suddenly the most terrific musketry fire I ever heard broke out. It was a perfect sheet of flame from one end of the line to the other. "Hallo! Hallo! There's a perfect sheet of flame on there." I fainted, and on it roared for fifteen minutes. I rode up to the point, but it was so dark I could not see them. I could hear the bullets whistling around us, but it was too dark to see. Presently I heard our men cheer, and I knew the fight was over.

It was the sharpest firing I have ever heard in this war. Shortly after came along the 11th Missouri, Colonel Mower. I found most of his brigade had separated from him. He came storming along, and says he, "Where's General Rosecrans?" It was all dark; nobody could see. "Oh," says some one, "he's just gone that way. What do you want of him?" "None of your kind, Adjutant-General," says the right. I want some ammunition. The wagons have not come up. Somebody stopped my brigade, and I have had to fight alone." I heard him, and says I, "What's the matter?" Says he, "I am out of ammunition. D—n this pop-firing, give me my brigade, and if I can take the bayonet I can run the d—d gats out of them." It was these Missouri troops that saved the fight.

Down came a brigade upon them, but they were repulsed, not without difficulty. Then a second fresh brigade came upon them, when it was so dark they could not see—so close that the Colonel of the 37th Mississippi called out, "Jump from the next lines, and, for God's sake, don't fire on your friends!" "37th Mississippi, is it? Whoop!" says Mower, and then they fought hand to hand; but the enemy were rolled back—and thus two regiments of Missouri troops saved the day. (Cheers.)

A HUMANE CONDUCTOR.

On one of the rural railroads in New Jersey, the other day, a train happened to be behind time somewhat. As they neared one of the stations, a director who lived in that neighborhood, happened to be in waiting, and hailed the conductor with the query:—
"What made you so late? What kept you?" The conductor, not recognizing the dignitary, answered:—"Oh, nothing! We only stopped to let the cow-catcher have a call." The director went home to ponder over the matter at his leisure.

One of the ways in the Potomac Army of punishing a man found intoxicated is to bury him all but his head, and label him thus, changing the name to suit each case, of course: "Here lies the body of George Mars, who fell dead (drunk) November 17, 1863."

A paper asks very innocently, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages. Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from eighteen to twenty five, it puts down as extra hazardous.

A Philadelphia clergyman was somewhat astonished to find in a printed report of his Thanksgiving discourse an allusion to the rebel colors as "That damned and bloody flag." He said daring.