

# THE FREE SOUTH.

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## THE FREE SOUTH.

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TERMS—Two DOLLARS per annum, in advance. The postage on the FREE SOUTH is twenty cents a year, payable quarterly in advance—and may be paid at this office. Advertisements will be inserted at twenty cents a line for each insertion.

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### ADVENTURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

A singular adventure once befel me on the wild coast of the north of Ireland, where the Atlantic heaves its billows against that giant barrier of black rock, which seems in stern defiance to say to the invader: "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It brings a shudder to my heart to reflect in calmness on the only time in which I saw the threatening coast. I was a total stranger in that part of the world, and wanted to get to Scotland. I was told that a Glasgow steamer called at a small town or village on the coast; and I took an Irish car and set off on a journey of about twenty miles to meet the said steamer. I am not going to record any witty sayings of my droll Irish driver; they say wretchedness in Ireland has greatly passed away, and somehow it appears to me that Irish wit and humor have greatly passed away with it. Years ago, when the road I was travelling over was very bad, and the Irish miles were nearly half as long again as they are made now to measure, an Englishman, borne on the same singular kind of conveyance as I was, complained to the driver most bitterly concerning the state of the roads and the length of the miles in his unfortunate country. "Ah! sure then, your honor, that's the very reason the miles be so long," was the answer, "because they're bad, we give you good measure." But now the roads are made better, and the miles shortened, so that travellers do not so much require to be kept in good humor.

Arrived at a poor-looking small town, lying flat on the sea shore, my driver announced the object of my arrival to a man, who at once informed me I must "go round the corner," in a boat, to get to the steamer. Seeing a white wall in the direction he pointed, I concluded that wall concealed the steamer from sight, and only took the precaution of bargaining for the sum to be paid for putting me on board of it. That, indeed, was speedily settled; it was not a great sum. An autumn afternoon was drawing on, and I had no inclination to check the hurried departure which the man seemed anxious to make. Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me, to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two rather young men, and an old widow; they were all Scotch and strangers like myself.

When we got "round the corner," the aspect of things began to look strange. There was no steamer to be seen; but on went the boat out into the open sea; on and on it went; whither bound I knew not; nor do I believe the man himself did. The wind had been high all day, though the sun was bright; it rose higher and higher; the black wall of rock was

seen at a distance, dashed by the white surge that tossed against it. The waves lifted up our fragile skiff, and from their summit we looked into gulfs from which it seemed impossible we could re-ascend. Seriously alarmed, I called to the boatman, entreating him to put back. I pointed landward—perhaps toward the rocks and the breakers—and begged him to land us over there. His answer was, "We will keep her afloat as long as we can." But his perplexed look, his wandering, anxious eye frightened me more than his words. The storm increased—land disappeared—the autumn afternoon drew on. No sign of a steamer in sight. Terror took hold of our souls; the men were white with fear. Beside me was the little old Scotch woman, her widow's cap closely circling her small face, her hands placed on her bosom, her eyes looking neither at the sea nor sky, but immovably directed straight before her; her lips incessantly repeating, in a clear steady voice, heard distinctly amid the roar of wind and waters, an accumulation of texts which it seems surprising that her mind could at once collect on the same subject. "The voice of the Lord is on the deep; the voice of the Lord is on many waters." Such words came calmly sounding out amid the roar of the elements with a wonderful power, at least on my own troubled mind. When our heaving boat rode on the crest of a mighty mighty billow, and the valley of the shadow of death seemed to open to us from below it, that calm, devout voice brought me that sense of relief which one feels when knowing that you are not in danger of meeting death in the midst of godless companions. "He holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand: Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

There is something in the retrospect of a storm at sea so terribly magnificent, that those who have ever witnessed such can imagine what a strange sublimity was added, by such a visible commentary, to words in themselves so sublime. Never did I at all fully conceive the weight of these expressions until, while our mortal life seemed almost the plaything of the raging ocean, I heard that quiet old widow, saying: "Fearful in praises; doing wonders. He holdeth our soul in life. He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, be still."

That our strange boatman was now thoroughly terrified, and, indeed, at his wits end (which, I believe, it was not very hard to reach,) became quite evident; and his exclamation, after another survey of the dark horizon, gave an additional cause of fear, as we gathered from it his own apprehension that the steamer he had so madly come out to look for might have already passed on her way. A murmur of horror, and, from the two male passengers, of rage, against him, broke forth as the fearful doubt arose; but, on my part, it was somewhat quieted by the voice beside me: "He maketh a path in the waters. He rideth on the wings of the wind. His footsteps are not known."

There was a short interval of deep silence. Evening was fast closing in; the sky was darkening and darkening. My old comforter was, perhaps, silently praying; for I could still see the hands clasped on her black dress. The eyes were now closed; but, after some minutes of such silence—whether it was the conclusion or not of her prayer, I do not know—she uttered the words, "For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever

and ever, Amen." How energetic, how real, seemed such an ascription of praise, such an acknowledgment of Divine power! But singular, almost simultaneously, at least before they were well ended, there was a cry from the boatman, "There she is! Praised be the Lord!"

Poor fellow! he was an Irishman, and half-witted as he must have been to have brought himself and us into such imminent peril, he uttered a thanksgiving not so often heard from more enlightened men among those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men started up. In the twilight was seen a trail of smoke, then a white chimney, then the great dark hulk; and soon the stamping paddles, walking through the clashing billows, in which for six hours we had been tossing, still spared, while still almost ready to perish. Now, all our fear was that we should not be seen, be hidden in the trough of the sea just as our live-preserver passed us by. The men held red handkerchiefs aloft, and the boatmen shouted. But the roar of the wind was louder than their shouts; and, as the means of safety approached, so did the torments of fear and suspense increase in intensity. I recollect holding up a white handkerchief, that was soon rent from my feeble hand, and borne swiftly away on the wings of the wind; and as I uttered a cry that had not escaped me before, the old Scotch woman murmured, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom, then, shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

On comes the great steamer; her noise is heard, her paddles are seen; but can she see us? Shout—shout louder still! We who cannot shout, cry to those who can. The shouts are not heard, the cries are borne away with the howling wind; the waves appear to roll over and bury them. But mercy is around us. We are seen. The steamer stops: and amid and above the roar of wind and wave, comes the deep toned voice of the captain's speaking trumpet, in sailor fashion, demanding, with the usual expletive, "Who the devil are you, and what are you doing there?"

Our boat nears the vessel, that looks a leviathan beside it; and a storm of furious abjurations is showered by the captain on our luckless boatman. A rope-ladder is hastily let down; the bulwarks are lined by all on board, full of wonder and compassion; up jump our two male companions, and are the first eagerly to ascend the ladder of safety, leaving the two women to follow if they please. I determined to follow the Scotch widow; though she was not the first to rise, I made her go before me. The pitching of the boat alongside of the steamer was frightful. But lo! the calm, steadfast heart of the old widow fails at the final moment; she has crept about half way up the ladder, and there she sticks flat against the side of the tossing steamer. In vain the captain commands, the mate entreats, the sailors encourage; there she sticks, as if fastened to the ship's side. Her hands have grasped, with a sort of death clutch, to a step of the ladder of rope, and nothing can unclasp them, nor can she be moved up or down. In vain I urged her to let me save myself. There I am in the pitching boat, the unhappy boatman from below, and the sailors urging her from above. The men were wise to save themselves first; they are looking down on us now, perhaps, and thinking what foolish, helpless creatures women are.

At last the words, "haul up the lad-

der," are pronounced by the captain; comfortable for me to hear, without knowing if it will ever be lowered again. The smiling, good-natured sailors repeat the order, and up goes the rope ladder. "Lay it flat on the deck," is the word, and the ladder and clinging Scotch woman are laid prostrate there, she on her face with hands closed in that death-clasp round the rope, senseless and cold as if life had indeed departed. If they cut that step of the ladder away to which she clung, or found some other means of extricating it from her grasp, I know not, but just as I was believing myself abandoned, I heard a sailor's cheery voice, "another woman in the boat!" "Lower the ladder; and as soon as she puts a foot on it, haul up and lay it on deck," says the mate. Now, I had a small basket and an umbrella in the boat, and I wished to save them with myself; so, when the hope of doing so revived, I took up my basket and umbrella, and before I got well on the ladder, I let the mate who gave these orders see that I had them in charge, and then said, "Will you be so good as to let me go up by myself, if you please?"

They did so; and the captain himself gave me his hand and drew me up on deck, saying "you are a brave woman; your life is worth saving."

Ah, captain, you ought to be a good judge; but not half so brave am I as that good Scotch woman whom you have just hauled up and laid on your deck, clinging to a morsel of rope.

I did not say these words; undeserved praise perhaps overcame me, for I burst into tears, and showed the stout captain I was anything but a brave woman or a good sailor, or, indeed, at all worth saving, though I could climb up a ladder of rope by a steamer rolling heavily in the billows of the Atlantic.

### Sherman and Thomas.

A short time ago, while a regiment was moving by Sherman's headquarters—a tent fly and a fence corner near Kenesaw mountains—one of the soldiers observed a major general lying asleep by the roadside. He spoke very loudly to his comrades, saying: "There's the way we are commanded—offered by major generals who get drunk and lie in fence corners." Sherman heard him and sprang to his feet. "Not drunk, boys," he said quietly, "but I've been up all night, and I am very tired and sleepy." He got on his horse, and, followed by his staff, rode away. I am forcibly reminded by this incident of seeing General Thomas lying in a fence corner near John Ross's house, at Rosville, on the night our forces retired from Chickamauga to Rosville, his features handsome in their repose, but looking old from the weariness of two days' sleepless fighting, aglow with the light of a great fire which had been built near by. "General, lie down on my blanket," Major F. H. Gross had said to him: "you must be weary." "I am tired," said the old man, lying down and falling asleep in a few moments. For two days and three nights he had not slept; but during that sleepless labor he had saved a great army and won undying renown as the hero of Chickamauga, and he had doubly earned his right to sleep.

A few weeks since, an officer attached to the engineer bureau, who at one time served in the British army, was in Quebec, Canada, visiting some of his former companions in the British army, and one day in a reading room, an English officer asked him if it was true that northern troops would run. Before our officer could reply, a person at the opposite end of the room arose and exclaimed, "Whoever says that northern soldiers will run is a d—d liar." The Englishman was immediately on his feet, and running towards the man, exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" To which he replied, "I have been a Major in the Confederate service, but was discharged on account of being wounded, and whatever is said against the courage of the northern troops is falsified by my own experience."