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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.

JOB PRINTING.

Having just received a large assortment of new type, borders, rules, etc., we are now ready to execute orders for OFFICIAL BLANKS of every description. Also all kinds of mercantile printing, such as BILL HEADS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS, INVOICES, etc. Our facilities are such that we are able to fill orders upon the shortest notice.

The Black Boy.

The following verses were written about a hundred years ago by William Blake—the name of whom Gail Hamilton gave a brief account under the heading, "Picture Legends," in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but on my soul is white;
Which an angel in the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sun burnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"When our souls have learned the heat to bear,
Our hands will reach, we shall hear his voice,
And come out from the grave my love and care,
To sing my golden text like lambs rejoice."

My mother said and kissed me;
And I say to a little English boy—
"Come from black and be from white cloud free,
And round the great of God like lambs we joy.

But shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then the sword and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me."
(New York Evening Post.)

Dogs.

What a picture the Ettrick Shepherd draws of him. "It's a gude sign o' a dowg, sirs, when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowerin' up in his master's e'en, to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without the word or wave o' comman', to be aff to execute the wall o' his silent thoct, whether it be wear sheep or rag doon deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he deed, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, he used to take my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he asked me neist day what I thoct o' the sermon, for he saw me wonderin'ly attentive among a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied me another sic a look, and I was feared Mr. Panten wad hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspecting auld man—a very Nathaniel without a guile, and jaloused naething; though bairn Hector and me was like to split, and the dowg, after lauching in his sleeve for mair nor a hundred yards, could stan't nae langer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potato field, pretending to hae scented patriegs."

Homer, in his *Odyssey*, introduces but one dog, and that dog but on one occasion. "But then," as De Quincy has beautifully said, "is there in the whole range of real or fictitious history (the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament always excepted) an incident so simple and so sublimely pathetic? When the sea-soul-sick wanderer had reached home at last, with face and form, though both still majestic, so bedimmed by winds and waves as to escape even the faintest recognition by those human eyes and human hearts that yet loved their Ulysses well—when the old household-nurse who had attended him, as the bright boy bounded out of the palace-gates of old, knew not that he who stood there in beggar's weeds was in truth the long-lost and long-longed-for deliverer—then the poor, old, worn-out, faithful, and unforgotten dumb creature remembered its glorious master, and, in a passion of joy, crawled towards him, and died at his feet."

Josh Billings' Martial Dictionary.

'On'nee the dogs of war—but muzzle the darn kitters; if you doant, somebody will get hurt.

'War of Mterminashun'—this phrase belongs holey to the Kommissara Department.

'Advance Gard'—this iz a gard tha have tu buy in hour arnee to keep our fellers pitchin in tu the enema frantwards.

'Rere Gard'—tha have this gard tu keep hour fellows when they are surrounded, from pitchin in tu the enema backwards.

'Awl quiet on the Potermuck'—this shows what perieck subjecshun our fellers air under.

'A rucksassful rade'—cutting oph a turnpike within the enema's lines, and bringing in a blind mule and 2 niggers tu board.

'Reserved Korps'—this i take it, means our ophisers, who die at tavern stands, and air stuffed and sent home tu berry.

'Bace of Supphize'—Uncle Sam's pocket book.

'Pickitts'—these are surplus chaps who are cent out to berry turbacker, and tu see if the kussed rebels have got any pass.

'An Armistice'—givin the rebels tu chances tu lick us instead ov 1.

'Militara Stratagee'—trying to reduce a swamp buy ketchen the b'lyous fever out ov it.

'Rekrutin Ophisers'—individuals who are cent into the rural districts, on a furlong to rekrute—themselves.

'Army Rashuns'—back pay and preserved beef.

'Quartering on the enema'—this fraze is defunkled, becoz it is contraree to Hoyle.

'Corte Marshall'—whar tha tri the misdemeners out ov an ophiser, so that he'll du to promont.

'Militara Necessita'—ten ophisers and a gallon ov whiski to evry 3 privates.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming women were discussing, one day, what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful members whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up—the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

STRIKING RHYME.—Not feeling very well the other day, we turned our attention to poetry and Petersburg, and here is the result:

Says U. S. Grant to R. E. Lee—
"Surrender Petersburg to me."
Says R. E. Lee to U. S. Grant—
"Give Petersburg? Ah, no you shant."
"I shant," said Grant, "Oh, very well—
You say I shant, I say I shant!" *(Exchange.)*

COPPERHEAD DOCTRINE.—The *Hartford Press* says that the following remarks occurred in a conversation between a republican and a "democrat," in that city lately:

REPUBLICAN.—"Any man that would go for returning those poor slaves into bondage again, I would not give much for his christianity, or his hopes of heaven."

DEMOCRAT.—"Oh, well—christianity's a good deal of a humbug, any way."

Who would not be a smoker, and have all his senses titillated as below described.

"The Nicotian Leaf,
The true Nopentine balaia for every grief,
While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives ecstasie pleasure,
You feel the radiance of the glowing bowl,
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey dew,
Taste the strong pungency the palate through,
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome—
Impisoned skies up-flooting to their home."

Bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar houses and stinging the negroes.

FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.—When I had finished my dinner, we would sit side by side, and I would look at my face in her eyes, the only mirror which I possessed. One day Ananga reproached me with being artificial. What made me wear so many clothes? she asked, with inexpressible scorn. I replied that it was on account of the foolish fashions of my country. And was it a fashion of my country, she asked, to wear the hair of a wild beast on my head, and to paint my face white? On replying that Njambi had thought fit to create me with three deformities, she uttered a cry of derision, and taking hold of my hair, pulled it severely. When it did not come out, her eyes dilated and she looked at me in stupefaction. Then, wetting her finger, she rubbed my cheek with it, and fled in terror to my interpreters. They laughed at her uproariously, and she came back in a shame-faced manner, and sat beside me without speaking. One day I put my hands in my pockets. The sudden disappearance of two important members filled her with dismay; but, when I explained the phenomenon, she went into convulsions of delight. Nothing would now content her but diving her hands all day long into those wonderful "holes," as she called them; and she used to hold soirees, to which her numerous sisters were invited. I was made to put my hands in my pockets at least fifty times an evening; and my hands themselves were passed from one, to the other, and examined by these young philosophers as if they were new discovered fossils.—*Club-wan in Africa.*

(For the Free South.)

An Enigma.

My complexion's dull and dark,
Yet I have a lovely sire,
I am wingless; but the lark
Through the skies ascends not higher.
Griefless tears I cause the fair;
And at my birth dissolve in air.

ANSWER.

Upon my word 'tis quite a joke
That six such lines should end in smoke.

THE TWO KEYS.—An intelligent contraband makes the following sagacious statement:

"Well, you see, honey, de Lord has two great keys in his hand; one is de *Darkey*; with that he has unlocked the Union, so all de niggers, as you call 'em, will come out free; de other is de *Yan-key*, and with that de good Lord will lock de Union up again."

A PULL BACK.—A man brought before the justice of the peace in Vermont, charged with some petty offence, pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, Judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful pull back to a man."

EXTENSIVE DITCHING.—A letter from Atlanta describing Sherman's campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, says: "One hundred and twenty-five days constant fighting—one hundred and twenty-five days that the sound of musketry and cannon is not hushed for an hour, day or night. You might travel from here to Chattanooga in ditches. Were they stretched out straight they would reach from here to Pittsburgh."

The *Leader* wants to know if it was Winslow's Soothing Syrup that put the Alabama to rest?

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, a celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens. "Can you tell me what that is sir?" Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites. "What sir?" in a voice of thunder. "Iron pyrites." "Iron pyrites, and what's that?" "That's what it is, said the chemist, putting a lot on a shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared; "dross." "And what's iron pyrites worth?" "Nothing." "Nothing? Why there's a woman in our town owns a whole hill of that—and I've married her!"

FEEDING THE HUNGERY.—A western presiding elder, boasting of the ample provisions made for preachers in this district, said he had left the parsonage of A— while a donation was going on, where he saw one thousand seven hundred feet of sausages, which had been brought in, and it was coming, when he left.

REBEL SONG OF THE FUTURE.—My No. Land.

Miscellaneous Items.

A substitute teacher in Doughkeepsie got rightly served, a few days since. In trying to get a commutation, at he took too much interest, and was outbid by the individual whom he hoped to sell. He did not find out his mistake until the next morning.

Muskatoes love beef blood better than they do any other down in the veins of human kind. Put a couple of pieces on plates near your bed at night and you will sleep undisturbed by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with beef blood, and the meat sucked dry.

It may not be too much to say that Maine will furnish to the market this year from half a million to a million bushels of potatoes more than usual.

A Glasgow paper says, the continued draft of seamen to man the large fleet of blockade runners constantly leaving, has greatly reduced the number of men at Greenock for navigating the usual outward bound vessels.

The only men at the North who opposed the employment of negroes to relieve our soldiers from hardships, and save their lives in digging ditches, are Democrats.

A turner and carver, had for a sign, "All sorts of twisting and turning done here." A good and truthful motto for Gen. McClellan to place over the entrance to his private office.

What woman is mentioned in Scripture before Eve? Jenny Sis.

The Governor General of India is obliged to eke out a miserable existence on the meagre pittance of \$200,000 per annum.

The reports of our recent great victories have produced in England an impression decidedly favorable to the Union cause.

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent bean is dangerous.—[Prentiss.]

MEDICAL QUERY.—When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

Adah Isaac Menkin, wife of Orpheus C. Kerr, has run away from him. We wonder whether he will run after her. The ancient Orpheus went to hell after his wife. Perhaps the modern Orpheus thinks he might catch hell if he were to overtake his.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes to an exchange as follows: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature." Mothers often do—with an old shoe—to the boy's benefit.

Why is Asia like a negro's mouth? Because it abounds in gum and ivory.

A pretty toule artist can draw the men equally with a brush and a blush.

The best way to catch musquitoes is to angle for them: they'll always bite.

If you meet a young lady who isn't at all shy, you had better be a little shy yourself.

Every man who drinks a glass of Richmond whiskey has to pay two dollars and a headache.

Let those who wish to see bright stars in the darkest night look at the American flag.

Our distinguished fellow-citizen, General Tom Thayer, (Charles S. Stratton,) has purchased property on Fairfield Avenue Bridgeport, on which he intends building a mansion "Iranstun," where he and his blooming bride may retire to spend the evening of their life in the midst of nature's beauties and little Thumbs.

Last Sunday, in an Eastern village, when the pate was being passed in a church, a newly appointed editor said to the collector: "Go on; I'm a dead head—I've got a pass."

Sidney Smith compares the whistle of a locomotive to the squeal of a lawyer when Satan gets him.

Some women cry and tattle. It is hard to say which is the most leaky, their eyes or their lips.