

Kingdom Coming.

A NEW NEGRO MELODY.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstah on his face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin'
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke 'way up de ribber,
Where de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat an' lef beery sudden,
An' I spec he's run away!

CHORUS.

De massa run! ha! ha!
De darkey stay! ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year of jubilo!

He six foot one way, tree foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it wont go half way round,
He drif so much dey call him Cap'n,
An' he get so drestful tanned,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankeeos,
For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus—De massa run, etc.

De darkeys feel so lonesome libing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone,
Dars wine an' elder in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I suppose dey'll all be confiscated
When de Linkum sogers come.

Chorus—De massa run, etc.

De oberseer he make us t'rouble,
An' he drive us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well,
De whip is lost, de han' cuff broken,
Bat de massa'll hab his pay,
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better
Dan to went an' run away.

Chorus—De massa run, etc.

Death and Sleep.

Translated from the German.

With the intimacy of brothers, walked through the earth the angel of sleep and the angel of death. Evening drew near; they laid down upon a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy stillness reigned around: even the vesper-bell sounded not in the distant village. Still and silent as was their manner, both these beneficent spirits were locked in cordial embrace, and now it was night. Then arose the angel of sleep from his mossy couch, and scattered, with his left hand, the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind bore them to the quiet dwellings of the weary peasant. Now, sweet sleep encircled the inhabitants of the rural cottages, from the old man who walks with a staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot his pain, the mourner his sorrow, the poor their care. All eyes were closed. Now, after finishing his business, the beneficent angel of sleep laid down again with his more serious brother. When the morning light appeared, he cried out with joyous innocence, "Then will men commend me as their friend and benefactor. O, what joy to do good unseen and privately! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How beautiful our silent vocation!" Thus spoke the joyous angel of sleep. Upon him the angel of death looked with silent sadness, and a tear, such as the immortal weep, entered his large, dark eye: "Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like you, rejoice with joyful thanks. The earth calls me her enemy, and the destroyer of her joy." "O, my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "will not the good, upon awakening, recognise in thee a friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brothers and messengers of one Father? This he spoke, when the eye of the death-angel glistened, and the fraternal spirits tenderly embraced each other.

"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old; she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Do they?" said the farmer; "well write again, and say, and if my wife marries again I will give and bequeath unto her the sum of two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why, it's double the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Ay," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

In a shop window in a rather obscure street in Gotham you may see a placard which announces, somewhat ungrammatically, that "All sorts of women stays here!" Whether there is a blundering omission of an "s" after the word "women," or a superfluous one at the close of the next word, we know not.

The Sources of the Nile.

The reported discovery by Captains Speke and Grant of the sources of the Nile, if true, settles one of the most famous geographical problems. The question required only this final step of solution, for previous investigations had pushed the river very near its source; and in Professor Beke's work upon the Nile and its exploration, published last year, a compact manual of the most interesting information, the probable course of the river is laid down as the recent discoveries have proved it to be.

Thus within a few years two more of the secrets of the globe have been exposed by human patience and heroism. Nothing seems easier than to find the source of a river. The simple direction would appear to be, go to it. But the fabulous dragons with which the old geographers covered the *terra incognita* upon the maps were truly symbolical of the many and various dangers which threatened explorers. Thus of this last expedition of seventy persons which left Zanzibar upon the Arabian Gulf, to strike inland to the probable course of the river and descend its current to Khartoum, seventeen only are reported as composing the final party.—The climate, the savage tribes, the deserts, the marshes, the beasts, starvation, fever, exposure, fatigue—these are some of the enemies with which the explorer has to contend.

One of the most interesting accounts of a journey to discover the source of the Nile is that of Frederick Werne, a German, who went with an expedition sent by Mehemet Ali, the great Pacha of Egypt. But the Pacha's object was less scientific than political and commercial. The expedition reached the river Sorat and then returned. More recently Dr. Knoblecher, Romish Vicar-General at Khartoum, projected a voyage which was bold but not successful. Richard F. Burton, a traveler of fame, who has some remarkable qualities as an explorer, and who has written a compendious book upon the Mormons and their life, undertook the Nile exploration in company, we think, with Speke or Grant, but fell ill and contented himself with sneering at his companion's discoveries. But none of all the explorers, except the last and Burton's expedition, took the African shore of the Arabian Gulf as their base of operations. Yet by Dr. Beke's map of four years ago this was clearly the true point of departure.

In the letter announcing the discovery upon the authority of Captain Speke himself, Sir Roderick J. Murchison says: "The discovery of Speke and Grant, by which the southernmost limit of the basin of the Nile is determined to be four degrees south of the equator, is the most remarkable geographical feat of our age; and is, indeed, an achievement of which all our countrymen may well be proud."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Pilkington, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was lately drafted. His wife, though she possesses a small stock of general information, is one of the best of conjugal partners, and was much distressed at the thought of parting with her husband. The other day, as she was scrubbing off the doorsteps, a rough looking stranger came up and thus addressed her: "I hear, marm, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, he is," answered Mrs. P.

"Well, marm, I've come to offer myself a substitute for him."

"A what!" asked Mrs. P., with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond," cried Mrs. P., as she discharged the dirty soapsuds into the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

A singular dog race lately took place at Verona, in Austrian Italy. The competitors numbered about fifty, and were held in leash while their masters walked up to the winning post, calling the dogs to them. When the masters had arrived the signal for the start was given and the dogs were released. Those most attached to their masters had the best chance of becoming the winners, as the course had been strewn with sweetmeats, sausages and other pleasant obstacles, not easy for even the best fed dog to pass by. It must be declared that few of the competitors allowed themselves to be stopped by these attractions. The hero of the day was a small dog belonging to Count Stadion.

"I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly; your angelic smiles would shed—would shed—" "Never mind the wood shed just now," said Ellen, "go on with that pretty talk."

Rendition of Accounts of the Quartermaster's Department.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, JUNE 5, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 165.—Under the law of 17th July, 1862, and Regulations of the Treasury Department in conformity therewith, the following rules for the rendition of accounts of the Quartermaster's Department are established, and all regulations inconsistent therewith are revoked.

1. All officers of the Quartermaster's Department who receive public money which they are not authorized to retain as salary, pay, or emolument, shall render their money accounts monthly, mailing or forwarding them addressed direct to the Third Auditor of the Treasury at Washington, within ten days after the expiration of each successive month. The accounts and vouchers to be thus rendered are: Forms Nos. 10 to 22 inclusive, and Nos. 48 to 50 of the Revised Regulations of the Army. These accounts and vouchers are to be made up in duplicate; one copy of each to be retained by the officer for his own protection, the other copy to be forwarded, as above required, direct to the Third Auditor, and not to the Quartermaster-General.

2. Whenever an officer ceases, from any reason, to be a disbursing officer, he will immediately render his final accounts, with vouchers, to the Third Auditor.

3. Monthly reports and property returns will be forwarded, not to the Treasury, but direct to the Quartermaster-General. They will all be rendered monthly instead of quarterly, and will be mailed or otherwise forwarded within ten days after the expiration of each successive month.

The returns to be thus rendered are: Forms Nos. 1 to 9, Nos. 23 to 46, and Nos. 51 to 52, Revised Regulations. The returns, Forms Nos. 23 and 51, should always be made out in triplicate; all the other papers in duplicate only. One complete set of these returns, with vouchers, should be retained by the officer for his own protection, the rest to be sent to the Quartermaster-General.

It will be observed that two copies of the returns, Forms Nos. 23 and 51, will thus be forwarded to the Quartermaster-General, of which one only will be accompanied by abstracts and vouchers.

4. Officers who are not doing duty as Quartermasters, who are not disbursing money, but who are responsible for public property received from the Quartermaster's Department, such as horses, clothing, camp and garrison equipment, &c., will only forward to the Quartermaster-General the monthly returns of the property for which they are accountable, accompanied by vouchers. This includes company commanders, who shall hereafter transmit their returns of clothing and other Quartermaster's property to the Quartermaster-General monthly, instead of quarterly.

5. All officers doing duty in the Quartermaster's Department are also required to make out and forward to the Quartermaster-General, on the first day of each month, a personal report, giving their post office address and a statement of the duty upon which they have been employed since their last report.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

A private in one of the regiment at Chancellorville crier out during the hottest part of the action:

"Och, murder, I'm kilt entirely!"

"Are you wounded?" inquired an officer near him.

"Wounded is it, yer honor?" replied the gallant Emerald, "by jabers, I'm worse than kilt out and out; wasn't I waiting for a pull at Jim Murphy's pipe, and there, now, it's shot out of his mouth by the bloody ribs."

During the rebel raid into Western Virginia one of Gen. Jenkins' men stole a lady's hoop skirt, which so enraged the general that he ordered the fellow to wear it a whole month. So he was obliged to go with it around his neck, amid the jeers of his comrades; and to see him holding it up when riding his horse is said to have been ludicrous in the extreme.

The western river men talk about Vicksburg in this fashion: "You see, they look at their hands, and Grant orders them up. Then Mr. Pemberton sees he can't make anything, and offers to give him a point. Old U. S. is four already and that would carry him out, but they are playing laps and slams, so he can't see it, but goes in for a march and one on the next game."

Why does a lard-oil manufacturer necessarily wax great? Because he goes round getting fat.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore.

Life in Richmond Described by Rebel Pens.

The Richmond *Whig* of the 14th inst., in an article exhibiting the prevalence of vice in that city, reproduces the following from a correspondent of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Commonwealth*:

Richmond is, I suppose, at this time, one of the most undesirable places in the Confederacy. The old inhabitants of the place, most of them, are either away or keep themselves within doors. The off-scourings of creation are assembled here for the vilest purposes. It is really dangerous for one to walk the streets, in some parts of the city, after night. Burglaries, thefts and robberies are of nightly occurrence, and not unfrequently the papers of the morning record murders committed the night previous.

Here, too, the miserable, thieving gamblers can be counted by the hundreds. Main street, as you may know, is the most fashionable street of the city, and in this street, between Seventh and Fourteenth, are the most valuable houses. Whilst the lower stories of these buildings are devoted to lawful purposes, the upper are dens of iniquity and shame. The gambling tables are spread and the cards dealt out nightly, and thousands are won and lost. Frequently, to make the unsuspecting stake his last dollar, he is given poisonous whiskey. To cap the climax of their wickedness, it is not unfrequently the case that common women of the town have apartments hard by the gambler's table. How degenerate! How many men, in an evil hour, have been fleeced of their all by these practical swindlers? How many families, in an hour or a day, have been reduced to penury and wretchedness? Truly, war is a great calamity. For the time it seems that principle yields to passion, honesty to avarice, vice to virtue. Reason herself, amid the mighty tempest, loses her empire. It may be asked, why is all this allowed? Why do not the authorities prevent it? This I can't answer. Some think they connive at it; some think they are guilty of the grossest criminal negligence, and others think that such are merely evils of the times that cannot well be put down. The wickedness of this city, and its contaminating influences are certainly greatly to be deplored.

That the "off-scouring of creation are assembled in Richmond for the vilest purposes," no one who remembers that the confederate congress and government have there a seat, will venture to deny.

FINANCIAL PROSPERITY.—In an article on the present financial condition of the country, the New York *Economist* says:

"It was just thus with England during her great wars at the beginning of this century. Her paper money system was enormously extended; the value of gold advanced; a general range of high prices was established; the cry of inflation and ruin was raised by alarmists, who failed to comprehend the situation; but it remains an historic fact that, during this very period of seeming inflation, the foundation of England's wealth was laid; it was then that she amassed her enormous manufacturing capital, and attained and consolidated a commercial supremacy that has since remained unapproached. The remarkably steady and extensive progress of our own national interests, under conditions in many respects similar to those of England, is a strong indication that our own manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial interests are undergoing a similar process of expansion and consolidation to that of Great Britain during her period of costly wars."

A gentleman at a ladies fair, lately, being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the sum asked for it, \$180. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She rather had you," said the friend; "to my certain knowledge she only paid \$3 for the whole wig."

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