

## Miscellaneous Items.

All accounts agree in placing the effective force with which Gen. Lee invaded the loyal States between 75,000 and 100,000 men. The corps that marched through Chambersburg northward were very nearly 75,000; but the cavalry and flanking divisions brought the total up to nearly 100,000. One account gives the number who could be brought into line of battle at 87,000; of whom 17,000 had been killed or wounded; 15,000 (unwounded) taken prisoners, and 5,500 had straggled or deserted when he regained the bank of the Potomac, reducing his effective force to 50,000.

From the reports of the fisherman who have arrived in Boston, it appears a rebel pirate steamer is on our coast committing depredations.—The whaling schooner *Rienzi*, from Princeton, was destroyed by her on the 8th July. Capt. Avery of the *Rienzi* reports that at 6 p. m. he saw a bark-rigged rebel steamer steering for a hermaphrodite brig, which shortly afterward hove to. The pirate in a few minutes came up with her and set her on fire. The rebel steamer then steered for us, when we took to our boats with what effects we could gather, and started for land. When two miles away from our vessel we saw her on fire, and the pirate steaming off, steering E. S. E.

Willie, who is just entering upon his fourth winter, had very attentively watched one of his sisters dressing for an evening party; and as it was winter time, and fashionable, the dress did not come as far on the neck as Willie's ideas of propriety suggested. He went to her wardrobe, and in a moment came back pulling a close fitting basque after him, when the following conversation ensued:

Sister.—What is that for?

Willie.—For you to put on.

Sister.—But I am all dressed now. I look pretty don't I?

Willie.—Yes (giving a modest glance at her shoulders,) but somebody might see you!

At a recent meeting of officers and soldiers of the Second Provisional Regiment of East Missouri Militia, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That we adopt the following as our platform as regards rebellion: Emancipation without deportation; sequestration without litigation; condemnation without mitigation; extermination without procrastination; confiscation without botheration; and damnation without reservation or any hesitation, as the means of bringing a speedy termination to the Southern Confederation."

General Foster has ordered that all soldiers lying in the hospitals of the department of North Carolina shall have the privilege of calling upon any chaplain of whatever religious denomination. In case of the death of soldier, the chaplain is instructed to communicate with his friends and relations by letter, giving each details of his last moments, and expressed wishes, as may tend to assure them that he has been properly cared for, and may afford them comfort in their loss.

The brig *Phantom*, from Cape Breton, saw a confederate steamer in chase of the United States steamer *Ericson*, but the latter was too fast for her, and the confederate gave up the effort and steered towards a sailing vessel, apparently an American brig. The officers of the *Phantom* feel sure that the pirate was the notorious *Alabama*.

The Henderson (Ky.) *News* says that the price of "young and likely negro men" has declined in that county to \$850. Twelve months ago such hands would have brought \$1500.

A special to *The Philadelphia Press* says that it is thought probable that General Hooker will be assigned to the command of the Peninsular force.

General Sickles is much improved, and his surgeon now says there is no doubt of his final recovery.

Admiral Paulding's son, of the 6th United States cavalry, was taken prisoner by the rebels on Thursday.

The total amount of prize money thus far distributed among the officers and men of the navy is \$855,298.

The *Boston Transcript* says, on the authority of an army officer, who is now in Louisiana, that of the negroes who compose the colored regiments, not one in 15 are free from marks of severe lashings, marks of bites from dogs, and other permanent disfigurements inflicted by their brutal masters.

Babies are the tyrants of the world.—The emperor must tread softly; baby sleeps! Mozart must leave his nascent requiem; baby sleep! Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel; baby sleeps! Demosthenes, be dumb; baby sleeps!

TOO FAST FOR THEM.—Early this morning there were added to our company of travellers a pair who looked very much like runaways—the gentleman a tall, raw-boned specimen of the "half horse, half-alligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon, Arkansas, was a solemn looking gentleman who had all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night, I was conversing with the "reverend" individual, when a young man stepped up, and, addressing him, remarked—

"We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate."

"All right, sir," he replied, laughingly.

We stepped into the ladies' cabin, when, sure enough, the couple stood waiting. There had been several "kissing games" and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed that this was merely a continuation of the sport; and so thought the preacher, who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood up before him—a good deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock marriage, I thought—and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, announced them "husband and wife." There was a good deal of fun afterward, and when it was over, I left the cabin, and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks enjoying themselves, and took a great deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun, but he did not understand why they selected him to act the preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his state-room, which was next to mine. When I returned, the door was open, and the "preacher" stood just inside with his coat and vest off, and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked:

"Well, if that's the case, it is a good joke, for they are in dead earnest, and have gone to the same state-room."

The old gentleman raised both hands as he exclaimed—

"Good heavens! you don't tell us so!" and rushing just as he was, boot in hand, to the state-room indicated, commenced an assault on the door, as if he would break it down, exclaiming at each lick—

"For heaven's sake, don't. I ain't a preacher."

The whole cabin was aroused, every state-room flying open with a slam, when the door opened, and the "Arkansas traveller," poking out his head, coolly remarked—

"Old hoss, you're too late!"

WHAT'S IN A KISS?—Really, when people come and reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part, and the job is done. There is a kiss in the abstract! View it in the abstract!—take it as it stands!—look at it philosophically! What is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet, when you look at the thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country you will, you are perfectly sure to find kissing! There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss, after all.

A PILGRIM CRAFT WASHED UP.—One of the most interesting relics of the time of the Pilgrims has been recently uncovered by the evermoving ocean, on the eastern shore of Orleans, Cape Cod. It is the hull of a small vessel which was wrecked in that harbor in 1627, of which a particular account is given in Bradford and Morton, under that year. A portion of it was to be seen about eighty years ago; but it has since been entirely covered by the sand and salt meadow most of the time, twenty feet deep. Amos Otis, Esq., of Yarmouth Port, well known for his researches into the early history of Cape Cod, is having a drawing of this vessel made, which, if finished, he will exhibit at the meeting of the New England Historical Society, and give a description of it.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is recorded of the famous Mr. Mytton that, having leaped over a fence into a gravel-pit some thirty feet deep, he lay there with his broken leg perfectly quiet, in hope that he might have company.—Presently a farmer came down, horse and man, with grievous damage and almost on the top of him.

"Why did you not halloo while there was yet time?"

"Hush, hush, you fool," replied Mytton; "if you will only hold your noise, we shall soon have the pit full of them!"

## The Armies Fraternizing.

It is very evident that the besiegers and the besieged have learned a lesson of mutual respect in the course of the protracted struggle now over so happily. On former occasions a disposition toward friendliness has been exhibited by men who a few minutes earlier or later were seeking one another's lives. To-day both armies seem to have discarded every feeling of personal bitterness, and to have recognized the quarrel in which they have been fighting as a purely public one, that ought not to interfere with friendly personal relations. Wherever you turn in the streets of Vicksburg, and on whatever transport you go, you will find Union officers and soldiers treating rebel officers and soldiers to the best eatables and driaks our army can afford, as if they were old friends just met after a long separation. Cordiality and good feeling prevail throughout the city.

On every hand you hear expressions of pleased surprise from the rebels at what they term the gentlemanly character of their captors, and they seek opportunities to reciprocate the courtesies extended to them with an avidity showing that they do not desire to be outdone in politeness. There is no jeering or tormenting from our men. I am confident that there has not been to-day a single instance where any officer or soldier of our army has indulged in any unseemly exultation over the fallen foemen. We have even refrained from cheering, and nothing—absolutely nothing—has been done to add humiliation to the cup of sorrows which the rebels have been compelled to drink. Of course this universal prevalence of good feeling has tempted the men of both armies to resort to moral suasion and argument for vindication of their respective positions as belligerents.

The rebel soldiers, instead of lying close in their trenches, are roaming about the city unarmed, in unrestrained but amicable intercourse with those of our own army who have been permitted to enter the town. Gay uniforms of gray cloth, richly bedizened with gold lace, and profusely decked with stars and bright trimmings, are in close juxtaposition with the holiday attire of our own shoulder-strap friends—a strange morning sight for Vicksburg. The women and children have had a quiet night's rest in their beds at home—a thing which has not occurred before for forty-eight hours. Guards in blue uniforms are stationed at the entrance of the stores and other places where goods of any kind are deposited. Near a hundred steamboats are lying at the wharf—a sight which the people here rejoice at more than any other. Where, yesterday morning, starvation was staring men and women in the face, plenty now reigns. The poor conscripts in dirt-colored clothes, are making themselves exceedingly happy over real coffee, which has found its way to them from our commissary stores. Many of them have not seen anything of the kind before for twelve months. "What great changes worked in a single day!" is the exclamation upon every lip.

I have listened attentively to many discussions of the cause of the war, had on the street corners and everywhere, expecting them to result in high words of defiance and recrimination. But, to my surprise, I have never elsewhere heard these conversational controversies about the war and its causes and ends so calmly and mildly conducted since the commencement of our national troubles. No one who has witnessed this extraordinary meeting of the two armies can fail to have seen thus friendly spirit manifested. It is a subject of remark throughout our army. My belief in the irreconcilable character of the feud between the North and the South has been greatly undermined thereby. Men who can meet each other in the spirit I have seen manifested here to-day, who can forego and repress all the promptings of revenge and personal hatred, under such exciting circumstances as are here presented, could certainly live together in peace and harmony under a Government guaranteeing freedom and equality to all loyal citizens. The distorted conceptions of one another's characterers have been corrected by the stern conflict and shock of battle, and a great obstacle to a permanent peace has therefore been removed.

## DISPOSITION OF THE PRISONERS.

Gen. Grant has determined to parole the entire rebel army, give them four or five days rations, and let them march off to a camp for paroled prisoners. Whether this is done in compliance with the articles of capitulation, or on the score of expediency I am not prepared to say.—Some disappointment was expressed to-day in our army when it became known that the entire rebel force was to be paroled. A moment's reflection must satisfy any one, however, that nothing bet-

ter could be done, whether it was stipulated for by the rebels or not. To transport at least 25000 men to City Point, Va., would necessarily cost the government an immense sum; to subsist them for an indefinite period would double this expenditure. To take them up the Mississippi river even, would seriously embarrass Gen. Grant, and tax his transportation facilities to the utmost. And besides all this, it is morally certain that wherever these defenders of Vicksburg may go in their own country, they will spread demoralization and disaffection among their friends and thus contribute to the overthrow of the rebellion; so that it is really a fine stroke of policy to turn them loose at once, from whatever point of view the matter may be considered.

The rebel troops in departing "for their own country," in the language of the paroles, retain their personal effects. The mounted commissioned officers are also permitted to take with them one horse each and their side-arms, Thirty wagons are allowed them for transportation purposes.

*Harpers Weekly* has a highly suggestive cut, designed upon Poe's poem, "The Raven." A slaveholder is sitting in his parlor at midnight, contemplating a spectral raven with a negro's head, reposing on the breast of Horace Greely, "just above the chamber door." A stanza of the poem is parodied as follows:

And the nigger never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the horrid bust of Horace  
Just above my chamber door;  
And his lips, they have the snigger  
Of a worthless, freeborn nigger,  
And he swells his somber figger,  
When I ask him, with a roar,  
"Will you blacks again be cattle,  
As you used to be before?"  
Cries the chattie, "Nevermore!"

Miss Lovely says that males are no account from the time ladies stop kissing them as infants, till they kiss them again as lovers.

The woodman who "spared the tree" has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was. He now "axes" a donation from the gentleman at whose request his destructiveness was starved.

A certain preacher at Appleton, Wis., in a sermon, made the following comparison in dissecting a miser—"The soul of a miser is so shrivelled that it would have more room to play in a grain of mustard seed, than a bull frog would in Lake Michigan."

## MOTTO FOR A "BRIDEGROOM."

Veni! Vidi!! Vici!!!  
I've been! and gone!! and done it!!!  
—Punch.

Are "spirit-rappings" provided by "tap-sters"?

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