

From the Speech of Wm. M. Martin.
For the early dawn,
The funeral, sail prolong,
For life, too quickly sped,
The gifted child of song;

Alas! the rainbow hues,
That arched his early years,
Transformed to clouds, diffuse
In showers of falling tears,

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THE FORTIFICATIONS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

DIFFICULTY OF GETTING A SIGHT AT THEM—HOW THE DIFFICULTY WAS OVERCOME—FULL DESCRIPTION OF TWELVE BATTERIES.

[Special Correspondence of the New York Times.]
CHARLESTON, C. S., March 25, 1861.

Your correspondent has been unwilling to acknowledge that he could be defeated by the South Carolinians in his efforts to see the most important of all the fortifications in the harbor, viz: those on Morris Island.

He has tried every expedient, had been promised over and over again that he should certainly see them, but invariably the promise has been revoked when the appointed time came.

After the avalanche of crinoline that I alluded to in a recent letter, Gen. Beauregard issued the most positive orders that no civilians, under any circumstances, should be permitted to visit either Fort Johnson, Moultrie or Morris.

Notwithstanding this imperial edict, the thing has at last been done, and I have to thank that bundle of charming contradictions, a woman for the modus operandi.

I was coming out of Quartermaster-General Hatch's office, on Meeting street, last Saturday afternoon, when I met a very lovely creature in tears.

She had been to Gen. Beauregard's headquarters, in Secession Hall, but he, she said, was no gentleman, and wasn't an American thus to refuse a lady who had not seen her husband for eight weeks.

She had also been to see Gov. Pickens's headquarters, but could not see him. I returned with her to Mr. Hatch, and plead hard, but the Quartermaster, although made of fine-toned materials, dared not disobey the orders of his superior in rank.

I determined on a coup, and told the lady that if she would come down to Southern wharf at 10 a. m. precisely, Sunday morning, that I would have at her disposal a safe boat with four trusty oarsmen, and we would see if we could not run the gauntlet successfully.

I am thus minute, because a leading merchant here told me only a fortnight since that "if he heard of my going or attempting to go to any of the forts he should notify the Government that I was a spy!"

Yet an extraordinary piece of good luck has enabled me to see the whole network of immensely strong fortifications, covering the whole of Camp Gregg, at Morris Island, six miles long, is called.

Punctual to the moment, the lady arrived, and we sailed down the beautiful bay with the thermometer at 75 deg. When off Sumter, we stopped to observe the effect of that "accidental on-purpose" shot from the columbiad at Stevens' Battery.

I observed that a place full two feet square had been knocked away, and that a very deep indentation had been made, which is now partially filled up. On the same side there are two long rows of holes on two sides of the pentagon, facing respectively Forts Morris and James.

These also answer as ventilators; but owing to the imminent danger of an attack at any moment, the lower range had been sealed up with lead, and the upper one partially so, thus protecting themselves on this side, but adding to the dangers of a long siege by shutting out a free current of pure air.

Instead of sailing direct for the first battery at Cummings' Point, which threw the shell into Sumter, we turned our course for Morris' Island Creek, and made for Col. Gregg's private wharf, about one mile up from the bay.

As we neared the landing, the sentry, a rough up-country soldier, who, like many of his companions, has not seen a woman's face for over a month, stared my beautiful companion completely out of countenance, and evidently was so completely nonplussed that we might have passed without any "permit."

I gave my card, and requested him to send at once to Col. Gregg and inform him that the representative of the New York Times had taken the liberty of visiting the island, and trusted that he would be permitted to see the different batteries, and also to escort a lady who wished to see Lieut. —, of the Richland Rifles.

In fifteen minutes Col. Gregg himself came riding down, eyed me pretty sharply, evidently wondered at the temerity of the "Special," but, nevertheless, invited me to land, and also my companion. While she was escorted to her husband's quarters, I was carefully shown all the batteries on the island, for which I wish here to thank the Commandant of Camp Gregg, and especially Capt. McGowan, the Quartermaster, who extended every possible facility to me.

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DEVOTED to the best interests of the Southern States of the American Union, conservative in Politics and Religion, a disseminator of General Intelligence, and an earnest advocate in the cause of Literature, Art and Agriculture, is published at \$2 a year, in advance.

Every Tuesday Morning in NEWBERRY, S. C., JAMES D. NANCE & CO., PROPRIETORS, JAMES D. NANCE, EDITOR.

Newberry District being one of the richest Cotton Districts in South Carolina, her people are large consumers of every kind of merchandise. The CONSERVATIST, therefore, furnishes one of the best mediums in the State for advertisers, so far as Newberry District is concerned, while it enjoys a fair circulation in the surrounding Districts.

The political character of the paper is of the strongest States Rights stamp. Believing that the Constitution under which the Confederacy of the American States was formed, has been repeatedly and grossly violated, and that "the Plantation States" have been the only sufferers—that the Union of these States is no longer a policy founded on the principles of right and justice, but that the bond of Union is "the cohesive power of public plunder"—the proprietors prefer that their journal shall rather seem to be a Southern Extremist than appear an unconditional advocate of the Union at any price.

TERMS.—The paper will be regularly mailed to subscribers out of the town of Newberry at the following reasonable rates of subscription: One copy, per year, \$2.00; Three copies, - - - - - 5.00; Five copies, - - - - - 8.00; Ten copies, - - - - - 15.00; Twenty copies, - - - - - 25.00.

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THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, MACFARLANE & FERGUSON, Publishers, RICHMOND, VA.

Price, \$3 per Annum, in advance. IN announcing the Thirty-second and Thirty-third volumes of the Messenger, the publishers take pleasure in acknowledging the unabated confidence of the public and the press in a magazine which, during so many years, has obtained the favor of the Southern people.

With respect to its literary merits, the Messenger must speak for itself. Its editorial columns have been illustrated by the genius of Edgar A. Poe and John R. Thompson, and its pages have been adorned by many of the ablest essays, the profoundest criticisms, the most brilliant sketches, the best poetry, and the most popular novels of the age.

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ACTION OF ARKANSAS.

The following is a clause in the Ordinance lately passed by the Convention of Arkansas in relation to the secession of that State.

Sec. 5. Be it further ordained, That if it shall appear, when the result of said election shall be made known to this Convention, that a majority of all the legal votes cast in the State have been cast for "secession," then in that event such vote shall be taken for instructions to this convention to pass an act of immediate secession, and the Convention shall at once pass an ordinance, dissolving the connection existing between the State of Arkansas and the Federal Government, known as "the United States of America;" but if a majority of all the legal votes have been cast for "co-operation," then this Convention shall immediately take such steps as may be deemed proper to further co-operation with the border, unseceded slave States, in efforts to secure a permanent and satisfactory adjustment of the sectional controversies disturbing the country.

The Little Rock True Democrat, of the 21st, says: "In this settlement of an aggravated disagreement, the secessionists lose only in delay. As certain as the first Monday in August next rolls around, the people will vote Arkansas out of the Union and into the Southern Confederacy by an overwhelming majority."

CONSERVATISM.—Nothing affords us more pleasure, whether as a citizen or a public journalist, than to note signs of a returning spirit of conservatism among the people of the Southern States. The tendency to mobocratic rule has been the bane of American Government. In the North more especially—where there has been less conservatism than at the South—Republican Government must soon end in total failure, unless a wise spirit of reform speedily manifests itself.

Above all of the States in America, South Carolina has been conspicuous for her conservative institutions. What inestimable blessings have resulted from her steady adherence to fixed and fundamental principles! It is gratifying to observe that a most wholesome reform in the judiciary system has begun in Georgia. The change does not go far enough—according to Carolina views—but as it is, it is a wise reform.

The idea of the ministers of the law mingling in all the corruption of popular elections for office, is revolting to all sound and conservative principles. One step is here gained. We hope the good work may continue, and that Georgia will soon have her judicial system purged of all its pernicious errors.—Newberry Conservatist.

A minister as much distinguished for his eccentricity as for piety, dined one day with the senior deacon of his church. The deacon, who was in the habit of asking blessings of a wearisome length, was particularly prolix, and paused to gain a new supply of words. The instant he stopped, the minister sat down and commenced rattling his knife and fork. The worthy deacon looking down, exclaimed, "Doctor! Doctor! I'm not through yet; I only hesitated." "Hesitated," replied the Doctor, "its no time to hesitate when the turkey's getting cold."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—We regret to learn that the extensive and valuable steam mill establishment of Mr. John Brown, at Liberty Hill, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last. The property destroyed, together with buildings, &c., is estimated at \$10,000, and not a dollar insured.

The fire is supposed to have been accidental.—Camden Journal.

The Augusta papers state that Col. Rudler, of filibuster notoriety, has been liberated, and arrived in New York on Wednesday.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The Savannah Republican of Friday thus clears up the mystery of the schooner which was fired into by our batteries: "Since copying the article from the Charleston Courier, the vessel fired into from the forts on Morris' Island, has arrived in our port, and we are enabled to give full particulars of the affair.

The schooner is R. H. Shannon, Captain Marts, of Boston, and she was bound for this city with a cargo of ice, consigned to A. Haywood. On Wednesday she was shrouded for many hours in a dense fog, during which she drifted through mistake over Charleston Bar. Soon after the fog lifted, the captain, not knowing his whereabouts, found himself nearly abreast of the fort on Morris' Island, and while cogitating over his latitude, he was greeted with a salute from the fort.

He immediately ran up his colors—the stars and stripes—but that demonstration seemed an unsatisfactory answer to that summons. Several shots (thirty-two) were fired into his rigging, one of which passed through his mainsail and another through his topsail. In the midst of his dilemma, not knowing where he was nor the object of this hostile demonstration, a boat from fort Sumter came to his relief, and being made acquainted with the facts, he lost no time in putting to sea.

The schooner suffered no material damage from the shots, though one of them came uncomfortably near the head of one the crew. Captain Marts thinks there is no mistake about the Morris' Island boys being excellent marksmen."

GEN. BEAUREGARD.—The following complimentary resolution, introduced by Mr. Hancock, has been unanimously adopted by the Convention: "Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are hereby respectfully tendered to Gen. Beauregard, and to the officers acting under him, for the very delightful and highly interesting visit to the fortifications in Charleston harbor, on Saturday last, afforded to this Convention by their courtesy."

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.—The biennial convention of the Baptists of the Southern States will meet at Savannah, on the 10th of May next. It has charge of the Board of Missions, foreign and domestic, and also of the Bible Board. From all the slaveholding States it will bring together some of the leading men of the denomination. Its sessions usually embrace about four days, including a Sabbath. Dr. Richard Fuller, of Baltimore, is the President.

General Lane, just previous to leaving New York for the Pacific, wrote to a friend in Washington: "I am out of politics, but I shall continue to stand by the right. I will urge the Democracy of Oregon to adopt the Constitution of the Confederate States as their platform."

Ex-Senator Wigfall, of Texas, was serenaded by a number of citizens of Charleston, at the Mills House, on Thursday evening last, and delivered an eloquent speech.

PORT MORRIS BATTERY.

This is commanded by Captain Green. Here there are three Columbiads and four mortars, which can be used either for Fort Sumter or for the channel, being en barbette.

All of the above guns can be brought to bear directly on Sumter, and each one of them can throw a shell every five minutes. Fourthly, we have GREEN'S BATTERY.

This is also commanded by Capt. Green. Here there are four Columbiads, and two forty-two pounders en barbette, which will sweep the whole island. Capt. Green is a wealthy planter, and has in his company five high privates who are each worth \$200,000.

They were lounging in their rough barracks when I passed, a regular Hudson River Railroad looking Irish shanty!

COL. MACREARY'S BATTERY. This is commanded by three forty-twos, and one thirty-two pounder, all en barbette, which sweep the island. Sixthly, the CHANNEL BATTERY.

This is commanded by Capt. J. G. King. Here there are three twenty-four pounders, en barbette. Seventhly, the notorious STAR OF THE WEST BATTERY.

Capt. Green holds this point, with four twenty-four pounders and one forty-two pounder. At the north-east point of the Island where the channel turns, we come to the Eighth, the DAILYGREN BATTERY.

This is commanded by Lieut. Warley, late of the United States Steamship Richmond. There are two swivel guns, of 10 inch; they command the whole channel up and down. We come now to the narrow part of Morris Island, where it is only one hundred yards across. This is called the VINEGAR HILL BATTERY.