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THE NEW SOUTH.

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POETRY.

[Written for *The New South*.]

DISTRUST.

The night was dark, the wind was high,
When rose the sentry's solemn cry,
Qui vive!—a moment ended,—
A shot, a groan,
A stifled moan,
A soul to Heaven ascended!

At dawn all bloody was the ground,
Where, near the castle-gate, they found—
Good God! a gentle being;
Whose cross and dove,
Her mission prove,—
Meek child of the All-seeing!

When, round the portals of the mind
Pale shadows hover, ill-defined,
Qui vive! *Suspicion* calleth,
Mid passion's storm
Some angel form
Thus, oft, his victim falleth!

G. M.

COLUMBIA'S INVOCATION!

BY CHARLES A. BARRY.

Columbia, washing out with tears
And hero-blood, her only shame,—
Turns to her flag of eighty years,
Immortal in its stars and flame:
O beauteous gift of God, she cries!
Gleam out on every hill and plain!
Wave o'er my people as they rise
To win me back my fame again.

Her Eagle from his loftiest peak
The pride of all his nature shows,—
Screams wildly—with a clashing beak—
Defiance to her gathering foes.
Aloft, he swoops on tireless wings,
Not him can cannon-crash appal!
Through fire and smoke his anger rings
Accordant to her clarion call.

Then rouse ye freemen, sound a blast
From all your trumpets, loud and long!
Let not th' avenging time go past,
Be swift, and terrible, and strong!
Uplift the flag; let not a star
Be sundered from its field of blue!
With fond lips kiss each sacred bar
That runs our deathless emblem through!

And God be with you! Hasten on!
With martial peans rend the sky!
Let bayonets glisten in the sun,
And all your battle banners fly!
And smite to kill! See! Freedom bleeds!
She calls you with her stifled breath:
Rebellion to her Temple speeds—
March on, to Victory or Death!

[Written for *The New South*.]

In Quarantine.

On board the U. S. Steamboat *Delaware* }
St. Helena Sound, S. C., September 6, '62. }

The word Quarantine has a musical, an agreeable sound, yet is the condition it specifies an undesirable one. Subject to it, you become a sanitary Pariah, one of a community of temporary Robinson Crusoes, cut off from intercourse with your fellow-man, condemned for a limited time to a maritime purgatory. Nay, more, you are involuntarily forced into the position of an enemy of your species, suspected of being an incarnate infection, a promenading pestilence, an anticipatory ghoul, an Ancient Mariner with the albatross of disease constantly slung round his neck. In the imagination of shore-going mortals, you pace the deck arm in arm with Yellow Jack, impatient to introduce him to your fellow-creatures.

All of which is, happily, not the case on board the *Delaware*. Subsequent to her departure from Key West on the fourteenth of last month, one of our passengers, Dr. Cornick, medical director of the post, was taken sick of what at first appeared as a bilious fever but presently developed into a yellow one. Thanks to the unremitting attentions of a non-medical friend, he had become entirely convalescent some days before our arrival off Hilton Head; so much so, indeed, that he is now on his way back to his post and duty, according to Gen. Hunter's order. That is the only case of yellow-fever we have experienced. In truth, the blustering, squally weather which kept us imprisoned at St. Augustine, and accompanied us in our voyage northwards, would have dispersed any possible infection. Nevertheless, we recognize the wisdom of using all necessary precautions and bow to Gen. Hunter's authority. And our probationary term has nearly elapsed.

Our prospect is not a diversified one. As the tide changes, we swing round, gradually and gracefully, presenting our larboard or starboard side to the low, sandy, sedgy shore of Otter Island or the more distant wooded one of St. Helena, and *vice versa*. There is, anchored not far from us, the war-frigate *Shepherd Knapp*, and also, an unlucky bark, in similar plight with us, which we all remember as sending a modest request to us to tow her out of the harbor of St. Augustine. When all day long the bar was a sea of tossing, tumbling foam which, at night, roared like Niagara! We bumped twice in getting over it.

We read a good deal, write long letters to friends (who wouldn't get 'em under other circumstances,) smoke, loaf, intelligently or the reverse, and sometimes go out gunning and boating. A few days ago we went ashore on a melancholy occasion: I will tell you about it.

We have had two deaths on board, one that of private Almos N. Woods, of the 7th New Hampshire, of dysentery, of which he had been sick for the past five months. We brought him from the Tortugas, with other invalid companions. Our second loss was that of a clergyman, the Rev. Alfred A. Miller, on his way north with his family from St. Augustine, where he had resided for some years in the hope of convalescence. As his relatives design removing his body subsequently, it was temporarily interred in the deserted rebel fort on Otter Island, most of us attending the funeral, last Sunday afternoon.

Like most unpremeditated solemnities, it was touching and effective. With Capt. Etting of the

Shepherd Knapp and some of his officers, we formed a little procession, headed by a dozen sailors from the frigate, in their blue collars and trousers and trim white shirts, half of their number bearing the coffin, wrapped in the American flag. Arrived within the limits of the little stockaded fort, and ascending to its parapet, we grouped ourselves round the grave, while Gen. Terry read the beautiful Episcopal service for the burial of the dead. That done, the sand was heaped over the body. With the lonely landscape, the abandoned fort, its banks all over-grown with rushes, the wide reach of water and adjacent ocean, with the great wet-looking clouds moving upwards from the west, the scene was at once picturesque and solemn. The rain descended heavily as we departed.

The poor soldier rests in the little burial-ground on the island, amid other victims of the war. He was but seventeen. Both his grave and that of the clergyman is decorated with a neatly-painted head-board, the work of private Richard Schofield of the 47th New York.

"They their earthly task have done
Home are gone and ta'en their wages."

TRIBUNE.

The Union and Slavery.

Mr. Horace Greeley addressed a letter to President Lincoln, through the columns of the *N. Y. Tribune*, of Aug. 20, complaining in an indictment of eight counts, that he had failed to execute the laws of Congress and to prosecute the war according to the views of the "twenty millions" of the North; and that a great proportion of those who triumphed in his election were sorely disappointed and deeply pained by the policy he had pursued with regard to the slaves of rebels;—in short the burden and refrain of these formal accusations was that the war appeared to have been conducted in the interest of Slavery rather than of Freedom. To Mr. Greeley's complaints Mr. Lincoln made the following answer:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 22, 1862. }

Hon. Horace Greeley:

DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save Slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy Slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors: and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free. Yours,

A. LINCOLN.