

THE NEW SOUTH.



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THE NEW SOUTH.

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POETRY.

[Written for *The New South*.]

A Leaf from Beaufort, S. C.

A teacher of the "contrabands" at Beaufort, S. C., wrote thus to me in August, 1862:—"I send you a leaf which I plucked from the grave of Daniel S. Legrow, a young man aged only twenty-two, who was in the 'Eighth Maine.' He is buried in a quiet, beautiful spot, a short distance from town. Some friend or comrade has placed a board at the head of the grave, bearing his name and age, and adds 'He was shot on his post, July 5th, 1862.'" Hence the following lines:

I look upon this simple leaf
And high thoughts stir my soul;
Whence hath it power, this leaflet small,
My spirit to control?
A thousand leaves my daily paths,
As Autumn's trophies, strew,
Why should this lonely, welcome leaf
Speak to my spirit so?

It grew above a soldier's form,
It decked a martyr's grave,
Who nobly died upon his post,
His country's life to save.
Through years to come I'll cherish it,
Memento of that shore,
Where Freedom's champion sleepeth now
To wake on earth no more.

God bless, if, in far, loyal Maine,
His mother often weeps,
At thought of that quiet, lovely spot,
Where her beloved sleeps.
God bless each mourning, lonely friend
Who waits for him in vain,
And bid them trust, with childlike faith,
To meet him once again—

Where, crowned with everlasting life,
Earth's troubles all o'erpast,
Long severed friends, to part no more,
In bliss unite at last.
Watch, angels! o'er his lowly grave,
Guard well the patriot dust!
While mourning friends, submissive, learn,
God's chast'ning love to trust.

MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

BEVERLY, MASS., Oct. 3, 1862.

The following "lines" were picked up on the fore-castle of the *Wabash*. They, evidently, are the production of a Jack Tar, whose abstinence from the diurnal "tot" has made him childish, taking his mind back to the days of Maternal Goose:

"Jack lost his Gill
So said to Bill—
'I know I hadn't oughter,
But at seven bells
I cuss the Welles
That give us nought but water.'"

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7TH, 1862.

The great event, in this city, of the past and present week, is the Triennial meeting of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. It would seem as if Bishop McCrosky of Michigan, who preached the opening sermon, had given tone to the proceedings ever since. He characterized the Rebellion as "Revolution." The convention had only been in session a few hours when Mr. Brunot, a lay delegate from Pittsburg, Pa., who had come almost direct from the bloody field of Antietam to occupy his place in the House of Deputies, introduced a resolution requesting the House of Bishops to make a form of special prayer in behalf of our Union and the success of the Union Armies. Believe it! but he amazed, the delegation from Massachusetts to a man protested against the introduction of such a proposition, stigmatizing it as "Politics! Politics!" The delegations from New York and Pennsylvania were divided on the subject, but noble men with noble hearts from both these States took the floor and did manly battle for the cause of the Union and our Armies. Let me name among the champions of the Union cause:—the Rev. Dr. Vinton of Trinity Church; the Hon. Murray Hoffman, of this city; the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, president of the Pennsylvania University; Mr. Brunot, of Pittsburg; the Rev. Dr. Clarkson of Chicago, and others—a very few. Among the men who think it political for the church to offer prayers for our country are:—the Hon. S. B. Ruggles, the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the Rev. Dr. Higbee and others, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Mead, of Conn.; the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Judge Redfield, Prof. Shattuck and Dr. Edson, of Mass.; the Rev. Mr. Doane, of N. J.; Judge Chambers of Maryland, and the members of the Kentucky Delegation. I ought to mention Washington Hunt as one of the Anti-Unionists, from Western New York. The names I mention are of course those of men who make a show in the convention. I would be charitable, but, with honored exceptions, I must say that a more avowedly timid and ungodly gathering of men professing to have the safety of a great body of Christian Churches in their hands I have never seen assembled. They stigmatize a man as "violent" who dares to say that rebels are "Rebels." Meantime the Bishops have ordained that a special service shall take place in Trinity Church to-morrow in behalf of the Government and Union. On Thursday a special committee of nine will report on the State of the Country when the "Banquo" that will not down shall again make his appearance in a long discussion. New York and Pennsylvania will stand by (that is their best and ablest men in the convention) the good cause. We wait till then.

I have already used my space, but I can not close without a word about the impending crisis in this State. The two candidates for gubernatorial honors are General James S. Wadsworth and Horatio Seymour. General Wadsworth had given himself up to his country but at the request of the Union men of this State he has accepted the nomination for the loftiest seat in the State. There are few soldiers who do not know something of the bravery of Wadsworth. As Major, he served at Bull Run and was the recipient of a rich compliment in General McDowell's Report. On the other hand Horatio Seymour, although wealthy, has never yet given the first dollar to aid the Government to suppress the rebellion. We do not doubt that Wadsworth will be our next Governor. They who vote for Seymour will be deemed as voting for treason, and this, simply because he in his candidacy represents the sympathizers with the rebellion. Fernando Wood and the Brookses of the *Express* are Seymour's supporters.

We begin to hear good cheer from the West. General Grant sends us victory from Corinth.

The President's Proclamation is hailed by loyal men everywhere. Not a man who finds fault with it but is suspected of disloyalty.

As time rolls on our cause becomes purer, and loftier, and holier—our arms, with the prestige of such a cause, justice and "righteousness which exalteth a Nation," march on to victory.

OLD NORTH.

The Demon-Possessed South.

"A wail for the noble dead,
A woe for the murderer's head!"

When the brief announcement reaches us, as it does by almost every mail steamer now-a-days, of the fall of some well-known officer or well-loved friend, a thrill of horror moves us, and a quiver of unwonted feeling stirs the blood. We impulsively ask, who is to blame for all this? Where is there any cause, for such dread desolation? Has the race of man become infatuated, that each other's blood must be so shed? Or hath a demon been sent up especially to urge us on to war, because we had become too prosperous and happy?

The answer is too sad. A devil has sprung up, to which it is wholly owing. The spirit of Secession; this it is which has perfectly possessed and fully filled the hearts of the South. That is to say, the late rulers of that once fair and happy land—now temporarily wrenched from under the protecting power of the Federal Government, and given over to a despotism blacker and more fierce and unrelenting than any at this age of the world exercised in Austrian or in Turkish lands. The RULERS OF THE SOUTH "waxed fat," in their self-sufficient greatness, and kicked against all laws and all restraints alike, whether human or Divine.

They grew wise in their own conceit—wiser than their fathers, who had passed through the fiery ordeal of a surging and bloody war—and they ignored all true and healthful legislation. The experience of our 80 years' national existence, so brilliant as to be a wondrous and dazzling light in the eyes of the whole human race, was nothing to them! Truly, a demon only could have inspired the thought to rend asunder the bonds of fellowship, which so lately bound us!

Oh, woe unto you, oligarchists and aristocrats, overgrown with fatness even unto bursting; woe to the cankered hearts and fevered brains that could conceive so black and foul a plot! a treason to so fair a State! To you, late RULERS OF THE SOUTH, is due the throwing wide Erebus' gates, and diffusing abroad over the land the subtle vapors of death, like a hot and penetrating poison, through the very air. Oh, woe unto you, insanity-stricken followers of your prime Lucifer, Jeff. Davis! Woe unto you, late lord-like rulers in too fair a guise! You have partaken of the betel, the hashish, the insane root, and "not all the poppy nor the mandragora" can set you right again. You have chosen the shade of the upas; you are dancing, might and main, the tarentula! You would not have wealth and independence; that horrid word INDEPENDENCE! No! Slavery and War, rather. Not Peace, with wealth and independence. You'd have no more of it! nor anything so tame. So mote it be!

CANNON OF LARGE CALIBRE.—Many people suppose cannon of large calibre are comparatively of recent origin. This is an error. The 32-inch gun (of Constantinople), and also the 28 inch ones of the Dardanelles, were made many years ago. The GREAT GUN of the Kremlin, in Moscow, is a trifle larger than either of them, being of 36 inch calibre, 18 feet long, and weighing 97,500 pounds. An inscription on this small pistol shows it was made at Moscow, by Andrew Tchoff, in the year 7,094, which corresponds with the year 1586 of the Christian era. Here is a gun weighing almost five tons, and made 276 years ago! Verily, there is "nothing new under the sun."

—Mrs. Partington says that Ike has got a horse so spirituous it always goes off in a decanter.