

Arrival of the 54<sup>th</sup> Mass. Col. at Beaufort S.C.

# THE NEW SOUTH.

Vol. 1, No. 39.

PORT ROYAL S. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

Price Five Cents.

## THE NEW SOUTH.

Published every *Saturday Morning* by  
**JOS. H. SEARS, Editor and Proprietor.**

PRICE: FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Advertisements, fifty cents a line, each insertion.

Terms: invariably cash.

OFFICE: Post Office Building, Union Square.

### DRIFTING.

My soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay:  
My winged boat,  
A bird aloft,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote!—  
Round purple peaks  
It sails and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.  
Far, vague and dim,  
The mountains swim;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.  
Here Iechis smiles  
O'er liquid miles!  
And yonder, bluest of the lakes,  
Calm Capri waits  
Her sapphire gates  
Reguiling to her bright estates.  
I hear not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Flout swift or slow from cliff to cliff;  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.  
Under the walls  
Where sea and falls  
The Bay's deep breaths at intervals,  
At peace lies,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.  
The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.  
Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Guides down my drowsy indolence.  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where Summer's rays and never dies,—  
O'erlooked with vines  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.  
Her children, hid  
Through the amid,  
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With happy calls  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.  
The father's child  
With dress wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips,  
Such as she slips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.  
Yon deep back goes  
Where traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows;  
This happier one,  
For cause is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
The worldly shore,  
Upbraids me with the loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

From the *Richmond Whig*, May 29d.  
VICKSBURG.

**THE REBEL LEADERS PREPARING FOR A DEFEAT.**  
—Suppose Vicksburg has fallen, the army inside of the fortifications captured or destroyed, Port Hudson reduced or abandoned, the Mississippi in its whole length controlled by the enemy, and the confederacy temporarily or even for the remainder of the war cut in twain; suppose further this really great success to the foe, and cruel disaster to ourselves is attended with consequences as certain as they are deplorable—increased enthusiasm at the North, the triumphant vindication of the tyranny at Washington, conscription enforced even in the Northwest without opposition, perhaps a revival of the spirit of volunteering, peace parties crushed forever, men and money to an endless sum obtained, and Europe, busy with its own troubles, awed into permanent silence—suppose all this, for it becomes us now to consider the worst possible aspect of the news, what then? Our duty will then be precisely what it has always been—to maintain unflinchingly, and to exhibit a spirit more indomitable and persistent than that of the enemy. Nothing is to be gained by despondency. All that has been lost may be regained by fortitude and perseverance.

Should Pemberton and his whole army be captured there will be left in the Southwest material for a very large army under Johnston. Pemberton's men will soon be returned to duty by exchange, the balance now being greatly in our favor. Besides Johnston's army there will be others as large, or larger, under Lee, Beauregard and Bragg. The combined forces of Kirby Smith, Magruder and Price, make an army nearly equal to either of the above. So long as these great leaders and great armies are left to us, so long as even one of them remains uncrushed, the cause is safe.

**COLONEL STRAIGHT'S RAID INTO GEORGIA.**—The Murfreesboro correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, quoting the *Chattanooga Rebel's* account of the capture of Colonel Straight's command in Georgia, adds to it the following important intelligence:

"Thus ends the rebel account of this to-be-famous expedition. Colonel Straight and ten men were indeed captured; but rebel troubles in Alabama and Georgia are not yet over, for the same paper has the following:

#### "ALARMING NEWS!"

"The express messengers and others from Rome, Georgia, last evening report another raid into North Alabama and Georgia by Yankees 3,500 strong. The 50th Georgia regiment, returning to Bridgeport, was stopped and ordered back to Rome, mounted on captured horses, and led to meet the invaders. It was believed the Yankees were at Talladega, Alabama, eighty miles south of Rome. Captain Forrest, brother of the General, was mortally wounded in the fight near Rome.

The rebels say our force burned every grain of corn they could find between Courtland and Tusculumbia, and destroyed all the provisions. They also burned the military college at Lagrange. The Union troops have evacuated Tusculumbia.

—A Western editor is responsible for the following illustration of juvenile piety:—"Pray God bless father and mother, and Anna, and by jinks I must scabble quick to get in bed before Mary does."

A New Orleans paper says, "a true Union woman is like the sugar we sometimes get—a combination of sweetness and grit."

**THE POLISH SCYTHIEMEN.**—A letter from Cracow thus describes the dreaded scythemen of the Polish army:

"I believe the soldiers of Russia have the credit of being able to stand a bayonet charge as well or better than those of any other nation except one, which need not be particularized for the benefit of English readers. But at close quarters, the Russian shrinks from the Polish scythe as from death itself; and whenever it has been found possible to get the Kossanieri—in however small number—within something like reach of the enemy, the latter has turned and fled. This, after all, is not to be wondered at. The Russian soldier, who is only a Russian peasant, shaven, shorn, and half choked in a tight military suit, is a creature of habit; he had learned that to be skewered on a bayonet, is the sort of thing he has to expect, and to which the men in his regiment have, in a collective sense, long been accustomed. But to be slashed in the face by people who turn their reaping hooks into two-edged swords, is more than he ever bargained for, and he won't stand it.

"On the other hand, the scythemen are said to have become quite unmanageable when they were exposed for any length of time to the fire of the Russians, to which they were, of course, unable to reply. Accordingly, as a general rule, they have been kept out of sight—either in ambush or behind ordinary infantry—until the moment arrived for them to rush forward, and strike terror into the ranks of the Muscovites. All the victories gained by the insurgents under the command of Langiewicz (and I cannot think of one instance in which they were really beaten) have been decided by the scythemen, or the Zouaves, or the scythemen and Zouaves in combination, and generally by the scythemen alone. At Skala, Langiewicz not only led the scythemen in person, but himself carried a scythe, which he took up at the last moment before giving the order to charge."

**NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CHARACTERISTICS.**—In the recent battle the rebels fought, as usual, in masses, coming on with demoniac yells, while our men stood firmly in line and, save in one instance, received the shock without flinching. The Southern soldiers seek courage and confidence in numbers and the inspiration of whisky, while our Northern troops exhibit the calm heroism which springs from moral as well as physical courage. With all their impulsive dash, the Southern men exhibit a low cunning which is often more than a match for Yankee cuteness. They are more cautious and secretive than our men. We can learn but little from prisoners, while many of ours taken prisoners by them, tell all they know. Our men must have camp fires and coffee, and recklessly set the woods on fire, thus unwisely revealing their position and making themselves the targets of the enemy's shells. The enemy use great caution about camp fires. Our men are curious and climb trees to see what is to be spied out in the enemy's land and are more seen than seeing. The enemy, serpent-like, crawl along the ground and keep out of sight as much as they possibly can. Their manner of fighting, their stealthy movements, their surprises and war-whoops are more in the Indian style of fighting than in that of civilized soldiers, and the wooded and uneven surface of the southern country favors and perhaps compels this style of warfare. It is certain that in too many instances our troops have fought too much in the style of Braddock, while the rebels have played the part of the French and Indians who defeated him.

—A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife of which the following is a copy: "If my wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead just two weeks. Nothing is possible mit de Almighty. As de trees falls so must it stand."

—What is the difference between an old ship and an old maid? One misstays and the other stays Miss.

—Very bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the English beer vender, who wrote over his shop-door, "Bear sold here." Tom Hood who saw it, said it was spelled right, because the fluid he sold was his own brain!