



The New South.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
J. H. SEARS, Editor and Proprietor.

PRICE:
ONE COPY,..... Five Cents.
PER HUNDRED,..... \$3 50.
THREE MONTHS,..... 0 50.

TERMS CASH.
Advertisements Twenty-Five Cents per line for each insertion.

Office, Phoenix Building, Union Square adjoining Post Office.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE SOUTH.

A Massachusetts Chaplain's Narrative.

Rev. J. H. Fowler, Chaplain of the Thirty-third United States colored infantry, released after nearly a year's imprisonment at the South, writes to the Boston Journal as follows:

"I had many free conversations with intelligent Southern men. They were unanimous in their determination to fight for independence even to extermination. They were looking forward to the next Presidential election, hoping for a change of administration in their favor. They depend a great deal upon the final success of the opposition party at the North—not that they desired any kind of reunion, or would accept anything short of complete independence. The exceptions were among men of little or no influence, men of no opinions, and merely sick of the hardships of the war.

THE PRISONERS IN CHARLESTON.

"After two weeks at Pocotaligo, I was taken to Charleston. Marching through the burnt portion of the city, the corporal in charge pointed to the ruins of the hall where the first declaration of secession had been signed by traitors, where the sentence of desolation and ruin for that city and our country had been passed. 'There,' said he, 'is a spot of earth sacred to every South Carolinian, a spot of which every man and woman in the Confederacy is proud.' We were kept in Charleston jail six weeks, with blankets and with a starving allowance of food.—But through the kindness of some friends I was provided with a small amount of money and some additional clothing. Two Masonic bodies gave me twenty-five dollars each. Other prisoners came in with money, and we suffered comparatively little.

PROCURING SUPPLIES—HOW PRISONERS ARE TREATED.

"When we had money of our own we could always buy what we wanted. We had blankets, some furnished by the rebs, some borrowed, some bought, some sent over by our Government. Of wood we drew a little and bought the rest. We found the best way to procure money was to have sent us bills of exchange payable to our order. These we could negotiate with a banker getting something near an equivalent. Next in value to foreign exchange to send a prisoner gold, but in no case greenbacks. The privates in Columbia occupied barracks in the jail yard, and fared much worse than the officers, having fewer blankets, none furnished by the rebs, and being very poorly clad, some of them nearly naked and without money, except such as the officers gave them or paid them for work. There was plenty of good water in a small back yard, to which we were all admitted three times each day. A very kind and gentlemanly surgeon came around once a day, and when any one became very sick he was taken to the hospital and well cared for. Several wounded men brought into

the barracks from the hospitals suffered considerably for the want of blankets and proper clothing. In December some seventy-five privates, mostly barefooted, some hatless, coatless, shirtless, and without pants even, were forwarded to Belle Isle, expecting an immediate exchange. They must have suffered intensely during the winter. In the spring, while the prisoners of Belle Isle were being removed to Andersonville, several who had escaped from the cars and were recaptured were brought into our prison living skeletons; the pictures they gave of their suffering from cold and hunger during the winter was terrible to contemplate; and from reports brought back from Andersonville by rebel guards from our prison who had been there with prisoners, their condition was in no wise improved there. They were turned into a shelterless yard, exposed to sun and rain. Their food was beer and corn-bread, better in itself than they had been accustomed to, but with their reduced systems, change of water and climate, it produced a diarrhoea which carried them off at the rate of fifty to seventy-five out of ten thousand per day. Probably the largest half of the prisoners confined on Belle Isle last winter are now dead.

"At the present time there are at Andersonville about thirty thousand Union prisoners, confined in a yard less than five hundred yards square. I doubt if they suffer much for want of sufficient quantity of food, but their clothing and shelter is as near to nothing as civilized man can endure. Their mortality is about one hundred per day. They can put suffer severely. I learn that the officers who were confined at Macon have all been taken to Charleston and Savannah. At Charleston they are said to be under fire, but they are as safe from injury by our shells as are the people of Boston. Every prison in the Confederacy would rejoice to be 'put under fire at Charleston,' believing he would then have some prospect of exchange. All persons writing or sending packages to prisoners south of Richmond, should send by way of Charleston, as the mail arrangements south of Richmond have been so broken up since May that a letter through Richmond seldom reaches its destiny, and packages do not go over the roads even for private citizens of the South. All letters go through their post lines should contain their stamp, ten cents or the money. General Jones, commanding at Charleston, seems disposed to do all in his power for the accommodation of prisoners, and would doubtless forward faithfully and promptly anything that might come into his department for them.

NEGRO PRISONERS.

"The officers of negro regiments, after being captured, are treated the same as other officers, with few individual exceptions. The privates fare worse, especially during the excitement of battle. All, white and black, are plundered of everything, but the negroes, wounded or well, are brutally murdered before being taken. Those who succeeded in getting to the rear of their lines at the great Petersburg slaughter, after being marched through the city with all the officers captured, and scoffed at, pelted with bricks, and spit upon, were sent back to the crater of the exploded fort to rebuild the rebel works under our fire.

"From what I have seen and heard I know that there is no cruelty or indignity within the capacity of the rebels which they do not perpetrate upon our colored soldiers when they dare meet them and can overcome them; but I have reason to doubt if they have in a single instance committed a colored soldier to slavery. I know of several cases where the master has been present and claimed

the negro, and the negro has acknowledged himself to be his slave, and declared his willingness to go with him, but he was not for several months given up. I know well what they threaten, and have seen those who say they have seen the threats put into execution, but on closely questioning it did not appear that the negroes had been soldiers. That they slaughter them on the field, and even after battle, is certain, and were I a negro I would not be taken by them."

Fitz-Greene Halleck on Literary Style.

An Andover correspondent of the Independent writes as follows:

"Among the pleasures of a short residence in Guilford, Ct., was an acquaintance I formed with Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of 'Marco Bozaris.'

"Meeting him one day in the street, he stopped me and said: 'I learn that you are going to be a minister. I want you to call upon me. I wish to read you a sermon, that I deem a model for men of your profession.'

"I promised to call, and the next morning I went to the poet's house, and was shown into the sitting room, where the poet bade me welcome. He beckoned me to a chair, and then took down from a shelf a volume, and began to read in that sonorous, dreamy, undulatory tone of voice so peculiar to him. The volume was 'Charter's Sermons,' Charter was a Scotch preacher, located at Wilton, Scotland.

"The poet read from a sermon on the text 'I would not live alway.' He read until the tears gathered in his eyes and coursed down his cheeks. He finished the sermon, laid down the book, and asked, 'How do you like it?' 'Very much,' was my reply. Said he, 'That sermon is what I call a perfect poem.' I then ventured to remark, 'Its greatest charm, in my opinion, is in its simplicity. Many of the sentences, I remark, are composed wholly of monosyllables.'

"'I think so,' said Halleck, 'and that reminds me of an incident that came under my observation while in New York. While there a letter fell into my hands which a Scotch servant-girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable; I wondered how, in her circumstances in life, she could have so elegant and perfect a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve the mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked her how it was that in her humble circumstances in life, she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could but admire it.' 'Sir,' she said, 'I came to this country four years ago. Then I did not know how to read or write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not yet learned how to spell; so, always when I sit down to write a letter, I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them.' There was the whole secret. The reply of this simple-minded Scotch girl condemns a world of rhetoric into a nut shell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power.

"I would that every man could read this anecdote. How many words, how much bombast, would this principle, here inculcated, eliminate from ambitions sermons and addresses."

The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears.

A Patriotic Letter from Gen. Sickles.

General Sickles, who in other times was one of the foremost of the democratic leaders in this city, has written the following letter, which will, no doubt, cause the McClellan and Pendleton men to denounce him, as they did Gen. Logan lately, as an "abolitionist":

"NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1864.

"Dear Sir: Your inquiry made on behalf of several members of the Union Congressional Convention for the Ninth District, whether I would accept a nomination for Congress, has received the respectful attention due to the patriotic source from which the suggestion emanated. In declining the use of my name as a candidate for the high trust, I only adhere to a resolution formed when I entered the military service, to retire altogether from politics while holding a commission in the army. This determination with other considerations, has already constrained me, during the present canvass, to decline a similar request made by a number of my old and esteemed constituents in the Fourth district, who desired to present my name to the Democratic Convention. I yield to no citizen or soldier in my solicitude for the honorable termination of the war. The war was deliberately begun by the rebels and is persistently waged by them to divide and conquer the Union. It is not so strange that our enemies should find allies among European antagonists of free institutions but it will never cease to be a matter of humiliation and wonder that our own people could be seriously divided upon the question of submission or resistance. Let who will be for submission, I am for resistance as long as we have a battalion and a battle-field left.

"Until the constitution and laws are vindicated in their supremacy throughout the land, the government should be confided to no hands that will hesitate to employ all the powers of the nation to put down the rebellion. The resources of the insurgents are already so far exhausted that they will give up the struggle as soon as a majority of the people at the ballot-box, seconding the martial summons of Farragut and Grant, demand the unconditional surrender of the enemy.

"Peace so won, through the noble aspirations of the people, will exalt the national character and challenge the homage of all who honor patriotism and valor. Peace imposed on us by an audacious and arrogant foe, who would owe his triumph not to the superiority of his arms, but to a degenerate population, unworthy of their lineage and forgetful of their traditions, could only last until until the contempt of mankind evoked from our shame enough manhood to renew the struggle.

"Very respectfully,

"DANIEL E. SICKLES, Maj. Gen.

"Homer Franklin, Esq."

A single snow-flake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snow-flakes, obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountains to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you, keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.