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THE NEW SOUTH.

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POETRY.

A Tribute To Gen. Mitchell.

The following lines were recited by Park Benjamin, Esq., at the conclusion of his new poetical lecture on "The War," recently delivered in New York:

My song is sung, and ended my refrain—
Something of pleasure, something more of pain,
Imparted may have been to those who hear
My earnest words—I close them with a tear;
A tear for him who lies in coldness now,
Death's solemn shadow resting on his brow;
Dead ere his noble race on earth was run;
For whom his country cries—My Son! My Son!
Alas; that thou art shrouded from my sight,
Who wast my pride, my honor, my delight!
My learned astronomer, my soldier brave,
Sunk like the setting day-star, to thy grave.

And hidden, as if of heavenly light—
No more his rapt and ardent gaze shall trace
The journeyings of the stars from place to place,
And never more his sensual vision scan
The comet's wild career, the solar plan;
But those fond eyes, touched by his Saviour's hand,
No longer blind, o'er Paradise expand,
And, face to face, in ecstacy explore
The now unhidden beauty of that shore,
Of which he chanted with so wise a tongue,
That even in Heaven such music may be sung.
Green, ever green, the haunts that entwine,
Departed chief, that sacred head of thine;
For not alone to Science dear thy name,
But love of Liberty embalms thy fame;
Sad was thy loss, though light pervades the gloom,
Which, like a pall, hangs o'er thy patriot tomb;
For MITCHELL'S monument, like one divine,
Shall be a freedom-consecrated shrine.

A Week in the Confederacy.

The Rev. S. C. Logan, a Presbyterian clergyman residing at Valparaiso, Indiana, recently spent several days in Georgia, in search of an invalid sister, having first secured from the Confederate military authorities the privilege of entering and returning from their lines. During his sojourn in the dominions of Jeff Davis, Mr. Logan was at all times upon his parole not to reveal anything of a military character which met his eye; yet, having traveled through the entire State of Georgia, and having imparted to the people of that benighted land much interesting information respecting the condition, the prospects, and the feeling of the North, he considers himself perfectly at liberty to speak of the rebels as individuals, just as he found them.

Mr. Logan left New-York on the 16th ult., arriving at Hilton Head on the 22d, and soon after departing for the Confederate lines by a flag of truce from Fort Pulaski. He was received by J. Pembroke Jones, commander of the ram *Georgia*, now lying in the Savannah River, and after a detention of several hours was taken before Gen. Mercer at Savannah. To the latter he told his errand, and after a brief parley the privilege he sought was granted, and Mr. Logan repaired to the

Pulaski House and registered his name. He was soon sought out by a committee of citizens, who from the texture of his garments had no difficulty in recognizing him, and was subjected to a system of questioning and pumping which resulted by no means satisfactorily to his interrogators. Such was the indignation excited in the breasts of the latter by the appearance of a professed Unionist among them that they immediately demanded of Gen. Mercer that he should be retained within the city as a prisoner of war; but their request was of no avail. Indeed, to the courteous treatment of both the naval and military authorities Mr. Logan cheerfully bears witness; but the people everywhere eyed him with suspicion, and among the women he seemed to be an especial object of hate.

Our adventurous clergyman found the people whom he met putting up with privations far more severe than he had expected to witness. They suffer for food, for clothing, and for the plainest necessaries of life. Flour, when it is to be had, commands \$50 a barrel; salt cannot be had for less than 45 cents per pound; tea in Savannah costs from \$12 to \$16 a pound. Coal oil, soap and candles are not to be had save at most fabulous prices; and, in the interior, dwellings are lighted by blazing lightwood, borne in the hands of a "thousand dollar candlestick," as the sable torch-

and every one dresses in homespun, in the manufacture of which great emulation exists among the ladies. Handcards, of the kind which we use in combing horses' manes and tails, but which are the only available implements in the Confederacy for carding wool and cotton, are readily sold at \$25 a pair; while a common dresscoat, made of homespun, with sole-leather buttons, cannot be got up for less than \$100. Women have long discarded crinoline, as calico is too costly to be wasted in covering a wide expanse of hoops. Prints that could be bought when the war commenced for eight cents a yard have risen to the value of \$1.50. Shoes are made of leather dressed but not tanned, and the ladies are shod generally in the cast-off bootlegs of the sterner sex. For his hat Mr. Logan was offered the sum of \$50, while his boots were coveted by an envious gentleman, who sought to possess them for \$40. These prices are in Confederate money of course; but it is all the money the people have, and in the majority of cases it is extremely hard to get. Among the wealthiest it is not over-plenty; while with the poor it is painfully scarce—so scarce that a bale of cotton is accepted as currency in payment for six pairs of shoes.

The army is, as a general thing without uniform, though for the necessaries of life the soldiers suffer less than the civilians. The inexorable authorities have decreed that they must be fed and clothed, after a fashion, and whatever can be discovered by quartermasters or commissaries finds its way to the troops.

It is of no use to deceive ourselves with the idea of a Union sentiment in the South. There are, to be sure, isolated instances where men still hope that the rebellion will fail; but they are compelled to conceal their feelings. Notwithstanding the fact that they live under a despotism as rigorous and as terrible as ever existed, the people all seem cordially to hate and utterly to despise the people with whom they are at war. They are in real earnest, and will fight us while a single ray of hope lasts. When submission is forced upon them,

when the truth shall enlighten them, when the purposes of our Government are correctly revealed to them, we may hope for a reaction; but never, till then, may we look for a Union party in the Confederacy.

Mr. Logan found his sister-in-law, Miss Loring, in Florida, and returned with her at once to Savannah. There they were joined by six other ladies who had secured the privilege of going North, and who were sent with them to our lines by a flag of truce on the 8th instant. They all took passage for New York in the *Star of the South*, which sailed from Hilton Head on Sunday last.

WRITE TO THE SOLDIERS.—If the friends of our soldiers but knew what joy is imparted by a single letter from home, there would be no necessity for this paragraph, nor for the injunction with which it is headed. The importance of a constant and frequent correspondence with the members of the army cannot be too forcibly impressed upon those who still remain by the firesides and hearthstones of home. We have known soldiers who for months have been without tidings of those who should be the first to remember them and make them glad with cheering words. We have seen them as the mail arrived, with the most intense anxiety awaiting its distribution, and with the keenest disappointment among the pile of letters not one for them. Such dereliction on the part of friends at home not only disappoints the men; it exasperates them, alienates their affections, and breeds among them all sorts of demoralization. Send frequent letters, warm-hearted, savoring of home, and you will do much to alleviate the privations of a soldiers' life.

THE YACHT AMERICA IN COMMISSION.—On the 24th ult., at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, the celebrated yacht *America* was formally put in commission, in compliance with orders from the Navy Department. She has been completely metamorphosed, the old rotten masts and spars having been replaced by new ones. After winning the famous yacht-race at Cowes, this little craft was purchased by a British nobleman, who ultimately disposed of her to blockade runners. She was fitted out in England and loaded with supplies, with which she managed to break the blockade. The rebels subsequently sunk her in St. John's River, where she was discovered and raised by the cruisers of Admiral Dupont's squadron. For many weeks she lay in this port, attracting by her beautiful model as well as by her eventful history the admiration and interest of all who saw her. She is by this time at sea.

—The Lynchburg Republican of the 1st instant states that a body of 5,000 Union cavalry, composed of one Pennsylvania regiment and others unknown, have destroyed nine miles of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, burning the important bridges over the Holston and Watawga Rivers, and capturing 200 rebel cavalry who were guarding the former. The *Republican* says it will take several weeks to repair the damages, at a time when the road is taxed to its utmost capacity. It characterizes the Yankee raid of nearly a hundred miles as one of unexpected daring and activity.

—The Navy has suffered a serious loss by the sinking of the famous *Monitor*, south of Cape Hatteras. She was coming south, in tow of the steamer *Rhode Island*, when foul weather came on, the *Monitor* sprung a leak early on New Year's morning, and went down in a few hours. Two officers and nine men are missing, probably lost. Several men are also missing from the *Rhode Island*.