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THE NEW SOUTH.

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My Sword-Song.

Day in, day out, through the long campaign,
I march in my place in the ranks;
And whether it shine, or whether it rain,
My good sword cheerily clanks.
It clanks and clangs in a lordly way,
Like the ring of an armed heel;
And this is the song which, day by day,
It sings with its lips of steel.

"O, friend from whom, an hundred times,
I have felt the steadfast grip
Of the all re-nouncing love, that climbs
The heights of fellowship—

Are you tired with treading the weary miles?
Are you faint with your bleeding limbs?
Do you hunger back for the olden smiles,
And the sound of the olden hymns?

"Has your heart grown weak since the radiant
hour,

When you leaped; with a single bound,
From your dreaming ease to the sovereign power,
Of a living soul world-crowned?

Behold! the aloes of sacrifice

Are better than any wine;
And the bloody sweat of a cause like this,
Is an agony divine.

"Under the wail of the trampled world,

A-moaning for its dead sons;

Over the bellowing thunders hurled
From the throats of wrathful guns;

Above the roar of the plunging line,
That rocks with the fury of Hell—

Runs the Absolute Voice—"O, Earth of mine,
Be patient, for all is well."

Thus sings my sword to my soul; and I—

Albeit the way is long,

And black clouds thicken athwart the sky—
Still keep my spirit strong.

For whether I live, or whether I lie,

On the red field ghastly and stark,

Beyond the carnage I shall descry

God shining across the dark.

EX-ORDERLY, 88th Ill. Vol.

Siege Operations Against Fort Wagner.

The siege of Fort Wagner, considering the character of the ground over which the approaches were made, marshy on one side and subject to be overflowed by high tides; the narrow front for the development of the parallels and zigzags; and the heavy fire to which the besiegers were subjected without being able to reply to it by counter batteries, forms a memorable epoch in the engineer's art, and presents a lesson fruitful in results.

Morris Island, the site of Forts Wagner and Gregg, is but a narrow ridge of sand, formed by successive accumulations from the beach, running along the entrance to Charleston Harbor. This ridge slopes from the shore inwards, terminating in the salt-water marshes, intersected by narrow creeks, which lie to the west of it. The width of the portion disposable for the trenches in no point exceeds 225 yards, whilst in others it narrows to 25 yards at high tide.

The plan of attack, it is now known, proposed by General GILLMORE, was: To effect a lodgement on the south side of Morris Island, which it was known that the enemy was then strongly fortifying. 2d. To besiege and reduce Fort Wagner, by which all the works on Cummings Point would necessarily fall. 3d. From the positions thus gained, to reduce Fort Sumter. 4th.

The vessels of war to remove the obstructions at the entrance of the harbor and reach the city by running by the works on Sullivan's Island.

The first point was effected by the diversion made on the Stono, which drew off half the enemy's forces from Morris Island, and rendered its capture by surprise comparatively bloodless. This was done July 10th.

It is known that two assaults on Fort Wagner were unsuccessful, though the troops making it were on the brink of effecting the object. These failures led to a modification of General GILLMORE's plan, which was to effect the reduction or demolition of Fort Sumter, from which an annoying fire was kept up on his trenches over Fort Wagner, before advancing on the latter work, the fire of which he expected to keep down from destructive effects by his mortar batteries and the iron-clads of the Navy.

Having effected this important object, the approaches and other works against Fort Wagner were more easily pushed forward. Armed with seventeen heavy guns, well flanked, with a wet ditch, a bomb-proof for its garrison that resisted the heaviest shells, approachable only in front over the narrow sand ridge which narrows down to 25 yards in width just in front of the work, guarded on the east by the sea and on the west by Vincent's Creek and the marsh from surprise, seen in reverse by Battery Gregg and thirty guns on Sullivan's Island, in flank by the batteries on James' Island; whilst all the ground in advance of it is swept at one point or another by all its guns, a more difficult problem has seldom, if ever, been presented for the solution of the engineer than its reduction; certainly none in modern times.

In spite of these obstacles; in spite of the shifting sand under him, over which the tide swept more than once during his advances; in spite of the succor and relief of the garrison from Charleston, with which their communications were free, General GILLMORE addressed himself to his task with that preparedness for every eventuality and that tenacity which are characteristic traits of his character.

The first parallel and the batteries in it were ready on July 18th, and the fire was opened at 1,350 yards several hours prior to the assault on that day. The second parallel was opened by the flying sap on the 23d July at 750 yards from the Fort, was made the principal defensive line, was well secured from sorties, and contained the breaching batteries afterwards used against Sumter. The third parallel, at 450 yards, was made by the flying sap also, on August 9th, and beyond this point the trenches were sometimes pushed forward by the flying sap, sometimes by the full sap, as opportunity demanded. The fourth parallel, at about 300 yards, was made on the 22d and 23d August. The fifth parallel, at 200 yards, on a ridge wrested from the enemy, August 26th. Beyond this point the approaches were simply zigzags, making very acute angles with each other, as there was not front enough for a parallel.

In this emergency new means and redoubled efforts were called for, and General GILLMORE was equal to it. He moved to the front all his light mortars, enlarged the positions for his sharpshooters, obtained the cooperation of the *Ironclads* by day, used powerful calcium lights to blind the enemy by night, opened fire with as many heavy guns to his rear as he could without danger to his men in the trenches, thus essaying to keep the garrison confined to their bomb-proof, and to breach this through a breach in the work. These measures were inaugurated on the morning of September 5th, and for forty-two hours one who was present writes: "The spectacle was magnificently grand, even sublime." The Fort was silent. The garrison were immured in their bomb-proof, and the work went on in safety except from the batteries on James' Island. The men moved about in the trenches, even sat on their parapets, and hunted torpedoes, at which they had become as skillful as rat-catchers at scenting out rat-holes. The counterscarp of the work was crowned on the night of September 6th, and some formidable obstructions in the ditch removed. All being now ready for an assault, the order for it was given; but seeing the hopelessness of their position, the enemy evacuated just in time to avoid the result.

This is a triumph of American military science and skill of which the nation may well be proud, and General GILLMORE, in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, the demolition of Sumter, and the capture of Wagner, has fairly earned the title of *Polioretes*.—*Army & Navy Journal*.

REBEL VICTORIES AND FEDERAL SUCCESSSES.—In a leading article on the American Campaign the *London Army and Navy Gazette* says:

"It is one of the characteristics of the war in America that the Confederates win nearly all the battles, and the Federals all the substantial successes. Take the campaign in the Southwest; Sidney Johnston, and Beauregard won half battle at Shiloh, but the next day they were forced to relinquish the same ground, and a few weeks afterwards Beauregard had to evacuate Corinth. Bragg, outmarching Buell, penetrated into Kentucky, but being outmarched and headed, he had to fight at Perryville. He claimed the victory, and what were the fruits? The evacuation of Kentucky by the Confederates. Bragg reappeared at Murfreesboro. Rosecrans assailed him there, and beat him by mere obstinacy. The Confederates claimed a victory because they captured guns, but Bragg, victorious, fell back behind the Duck river. Rosecrans advanced this summer, and by adroit manœuvring turned first one flank and then the other of the strongest positions. Bragg took up and fortified for months Tullahoma and Chattanooga. When Rosecrans was across the Tennessee, Bragg, reinforced from the four winds—from Lee and Johnston—turns and fights, and wins a rough-and-tumble fight in the Georgian Highlands. He catches Rosecrans shifting his fine army from his right hand to his left, and inflicts a deep wound upon this army, and hurls it back towards the Tennessee. Four days pass away, and Rosecrans is not dislodged from Chattanooga, the real bone of contention. Bragg had made a supreme effort. The telegrams supplied to the Richmond papers furnish ample proof that some of the best men and even the best generals from Lee's army—even Longstreet, Hood, Hill—were with him. He had won two combats, yet four days elapsed and he had done nothing. So far as appears he might have moved upon Bridgeport and compelled Rosecrans to cross the river and hasten to place himself between Bragg and Nashville. He might have so placed his army as to cut off Burnside, or compel him to cross the Tennessee and hasten back to Kentucky. He might have tried another battle. The stake was immense and would have justified risk, for if the Federals receive reinforcements they will hold Chattanooga forever. But up to the 25th of September Bragg seems to have done nothing at all. Was it that he was hit hard himself, or that he hesitated between the projects submitted to him, or that he was waiting the effect of some cavalry demonstration in the rear of the Federal army? Whatever the cause, it is clear that there was inactivity in the Confederate camp, when success and the interests of the Confederacy required vigor.

LO THE POOR REBEL.—When we talk of the high prices of every article of common consumption in the northern states, we of course speak comparatively. But in order to understand what high prices really are, let us place the rates we are paying alongside of those paid by our "southern brethren": Corn meal scarce at ten dollars per bushel; pork goes for two dollars and twenty cents per pound; brown sugar for two dollars and eighty cents, and New Orleans molasses for fifteen dollars a gallon; coffee sells for from seven to nine dollars per pound, butter for four dollars, and salt for sixty cents.

—Confederate money having become practically worthless, a nameless South Carolina statesman proposes to dispense with money altogether. This plan is very simple, and seems to be about the only alternative left to the Confederacy, if it means to exist much longer. He would have the Confederate government take possession of all the provisions and supplies in the South, keep what it wants for its armies, and distribute the balance among the people.