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[From the New York Atlas.

Dream of the Student Soldier.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

He roams of the heroes gone,
As he sat his books among;
And he dreamed that Fame
Might trumpet his name
Like theirs, and wed it to song.

He dreamed as the soldier dreams
When he scents the strife afar,
Of the tented field,
And the sword and shield,
And the alarm peal to war.

And forth as the soldier goes,
He went at the bugle blast,
At the head of his band,
To strike for his land—
Strike home, and strike to the last.

He fought, as the hero fights
When he leads the bravest on,
With his face to the foe
And his heart aglow
At thought of victory won.

He fell as the hero falls,
With his good sword at his side,
As he led the way,
And the thick of the fray,
In all a warrior's pride.

He died, as the hero dies,
On the field his sword had won,
'Mid the cannon's flame
And the shot that came
Like hail from the deadly gun.

He sleeps as the hero sleeps,
His career of glory run;
He hath fought the fight,
And the halo of light
Encircled his setting sun.

And his be the hero's fame!
It shall ring o'er the land and sea!
Like the hills that rise
In his native skies,
Evergreen his name shall be!

HOW GEN. GRANT STARTED ON HIS PRESENT CAMPAIGN.—The Chicago *Tribune* learns from a gentleman who participated in the recent campaign of General Grant, up to the time the enemy crossed the Big Black in the retreat towards Vicksburg, that in starting on the movement the General disencumbered himself of everything, setting an example to his officers and men. He took neither a horse nor a servant, overcoat nor blanket, nor tent, nor camp chest, not even a clean shirt. His only baggage consisted of a tooth brush. He shared all the hardships of the private soldier, sleeping in the front and in the open air, and eating hard tack and salt pork. He wore no sword, had on a low crowned citizen's hat, and the only thing about him to mark him as a military man was his two stars on his undress military coat. On the battle field he was omnipresent, riding everywhere, generally alone, into the very thickest of the fight, inspiring the troops by his imperturbable coolness and bravery.

—A statute in honor of Stonewall Jackson is to be erected in Richmond at a cost of from sixty to eighty thousand dollars in Confederate money.

ABOUT CERTAIN STATISTICIANS.—In looking over our exchanges for miscellaneous matter to serve as "outside copy" for the *NEW SOUTH*, we frequently find paragraphs something after the following style: "In the recent great speech of Hon. M. C. Stamp, occupying seven columns, the article 'the' occurred just 697 times as we are informed by a gentleman who took the trouble to ascertain by actual count."

Or like the following: "In the city of London, during the years 1860—1, according to an accurate computation recently made, there were 1111 fractures of great-toe joints on the right foot."

Now what object people can have in view in going to such trouble and expense to ascertain and give to the world facts which are neither useful, nor entertaining in the slightest degree, we cannot conceive. When we read such a paragraph it always occurs to us that the computer's achievement would have been a great deal more praiseworthy, had he devoted himself, instead, to a practical computation of the number of shovelfuls of dirt he used in filling a dump cart; or an approximate estimate, after actual trial, of the amount of sweat that exuded from his skin, in working off an edition of ten thousand papers on a hand press, in a hot day. It might interest the public to know how large the circulation of the *NEW SOUTH* is, the number of persons engaged on it, and the aggregate weekly cost of its publication; but who cares how many nail-heads are visible in the *NEW SOUTH* Office floor? It might be interesting to be posted on the precise number of troops in this Department; but does any one have the slightest anxiety to be informed of the exact number of right arms which are distinguished by strawberry marks! Statistical societies are a good thing for the world, but some of their amateur hanger's-on might be cut off, like dry exchanges, with advantage.

—The thieves and roughs had a good time of it on Fashion Course, New York, during the race between "Patchen" and "Butler." The report says that there were about 200 of them. Whichever way one turned, they had possession of the track, and the sight of a man with diamonds, jewelry or money, was a signal for a rush, and deliberately approaching him they took from him all his valuables, and gave him a beating for demurring. One man was deliberately garroed and robbed of a diamond pin worth \$1000. Another was assailed by three or four of these fellows, and his money demanded; he refused to comply with this order, when they seized him, drew his pockets out and stole \$1000 in greenbacks from him. Several carriages and barouches were overhauled and their occupants compelled to dismount, and get to the city as best they could, while these respectable "highwayman" rode into the city.

HARD ON THE LEGISLATURE.—Story of a Mississippi landlord: Printed bills of fare were provided, yet the landlord stood at the head of the table, at dinner, and in a loud voice read off the list of articles in a rhyming way: "Here's boiled ham and raspberry jam; baked potatoes and cooked tomatoes; turnips smashed and squashes squashed, and so on. A stranger afterwards asked him why he read it aloud when printed copies were on the table. 'Force of habit,' replied the landlord; 'got so used to it I can't help it. You see I commenced business down here at Jackson, (the capital of Mississippi) and most all the legislature boarded with me. There wasn't a man of 'em could read, so I had to read the bill of fare to 'em.'

—True politeness is as far from affecting gravity in the company of the merry, as from laughing in the presence of the serious.

ORPHEUS C. KERR ON "SOCIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON."—Social life at our National Capital, my boy, as far as the native element is concerned, has not been refined by the war; and even at the White House it is scarcely possible to collect an assemblage of persons sufficiently genteel by education to speak familiarly of European noblemen of their acquaintance. At the last dinner given by the Secretary of State, there were actually three Western persons of much cheek-bones, who dissented from the very proper idea that Earl Russell's Carlton-house sherry is superior to anything we have in this country; and my disgust intensified to hopeless scorn, when an Eastern chap in a nankeen vest was brazen enough to confess that he could not tell how many pieces the Emperor of the French had in the wash on the last week of Lent. At other social gatherings in Washington I have noticed the same evidence of growing vulgarity; and I greatly fear, my boy—I greatly fear, that a knowledge of Europe will yet be more prevalent amongst Europeans than Americans. O, my country, my native land! has it indeed come to this at last? In thy loftiest social circles shall we no more behold that beautiful flesh-colored being in lavender gloves and dress whose etherealized individuality broke rapturously forth in the thrilling words, "When I was in Paris last summer"? Are we no more to palpitate with ecstasy at the tones of that voice which was wont to thrill forth in liquid music from a curl-tressed fountain of white shoulders, saying: "Don't you remember, Mr. Thompson, how the Duke of Leeds jarfed that day, at the reception, when I told him that we American ladies thought it was vulgar to say 'garters' out loud?" Alas! my boy, our aristocracy is fading away like an abused exotic, and it is not oftener than once in a season that the frequenter of our Republican Court witnesses one incident to make him recognize the polished people he once knew. About two months ago, at an evening party given by Mrs. Senator—, I did witness a social incident, showing that there is still hope for the Republic. An interesting young mother, of not more than sixty-two summers, attired in a baby-waist and graduated flounces, was standing near one of the doors of the music-room conversing with me upon the moral character of her dearest female friend, when her gushing daughter, a nymph not more than six pianos old, came pressing to her fan:

"Mamma cheri, may I dounce with young Waddle?"

The maternal girl smiled grimly at the fragile suppliant, and asked:

"How much is his celery, *ma petite*?"

"Nine hundred, mamma, in the Third Auditor's!"

"Then tell him, *mon ange* you are engaged for the next set, and wait until the thousand-dollar clerks come in. You know, *ma petite*?" what the Count Pistachie said to you at Avignon about giving encouragement to anything less than four figures."

I could not avoid overhearing this conversation, my boy, for it was not held in whispers, and I thought to myself, as I eyed the fashionable pair: "The Republic still lives."

A DOG RACE.—In Italy it is not unusual to make novel displays for the gratification of titled sportsmen, and the amusement of commoner people. Quite recently a dog race was gotten up in Verona, at which some fifty animals were entered. The owners of the dogs left the canines in charge of their servants, who held them, while the master deliberately walked towards the other end of the course, strewing the ground with choice dog meat, to tempt the racing curs from running straight to their masters. As soon as the owners of the dogs had reached the upper end of the course, the animals were unloosed. The hungry ones loitered around the dainties, but the nobler dogs, heeding the calls of their masters dashed away at full speed, making short time, and earning the caresses of their owners. The victor in this novel race was a pretty little dog belonging to Count Studion, who carried off the \$80, which he declared his intention of spending for the benefit of his affectionate animal. We do not learn that the hungry dogs got thrashed for their gluttony.