

Comp. W. C. ...

THE NEW



SOUTH

Vol. 2, No. 30.

Port Royal, S. C., Saturday, April 2, 1864.

Whole No. 82.

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.

Written for The New South.

SAND.

(Suggestive of the Scenery at Hilton Head, S. C.)

Sand, sand, sand,
Yellow and limitless sand!
Superfluous notes of creation piled
On the Ocean's desolate strand!
Feldspar and mica and quartz,
And millions on millions of shells,
Turned over and over for years and years,
In the ocean's fathomless cells;
Then rolled with the rolling of tides,
And tossed by the surf on the land,
Then baked by the sun and dried by the wind,
And this is the limitless sand.

The traveller wearily plods,
Through its toilsome depths, to find
A place for his foot, but the yielding sand,
Leaves never a trace behind;
And the sun pours down his heat,
On the wearied traveller's head,
But the sun above is never so hot,
As the sand beneath his feet,
and perchance 'tis a windy day,
When the sand, so sluggish before,
Flies high in the air, in a many cloud,
Blows into the eyes of the meek and the proud
And the ears of the rich and the poor.
To all it is ever the same,—
No respecter of persons, the sand;
'Tis alike to the soldier pledged to obey,
And the officer hired to command,
Sand, sand, sand,
Yellow and limitless sand!
The lessons you teach in a moral way,
Are curious, wonderful, grand.

R. F. D., Jr.

THE TOOTH-PICK CLUB.

"Ah!" sighed the noble Expono, "I fear something ill has befallen our lively Existo, for he prides himself on punctuality, and the midnight hour has already tolled itself away on the good ship *Fulton*, yet he is not with us."

"I have often," gravely discoursed the solemn Expro, "reminded him of the brevity of human existence and his tendency to make it more brief by prodigal indulgence in those frivolities which ultimately cause their victim to founder on the sea of life like a ship cast upon the rocks amid the violence of a tumultuous storm."

"I conjure you," said the pelating Exuso, "not to judge too harshly of the conduct of our absent companion. We are all frail by nature, and Existo is wont more than any of us to participate in scenes of mirth and gaiety."

"If the joyous Existo," remarked the doubtful Expongo, "has come to an untimely end through his own indiscretion, we must trace from our parchment a name that was once cherished by every member of the order; if the besom of

foul cruelty has swept across his path let us drop a tear to his memory in the ever-open urn of sympathy."

"The old adage live while you live," broke in Expecto, "has been his guiding star from the period of prattling childhood; let us avoid dwelling on the gloomy reverse of what may have happened and anticipate the bright obverse of a happy —"

"—jovial, splendid, brilliant entertainment," exclaimed Existo who at this junction bounded into the room with the agility of a catamount, but no sooner had he reached the centre of the apartment than he was surrounded by his gladsome friends who straightway congratulated him on his personal safety from harm. Indeed it was full five minutes before he could release himself from their hearty embrace, when at length free he was so exhausted by the endearing pressure that he could hardly find strength to utter a few syllables in astonishment at the unusual manifestations of delight caused by his presence.

The noble Expono, disregarding the amazement of Existo, after joining the party in three rounds of vociferous cheers as a token of their gratification, asked the new and sudden arrival to explain what terrible ordeal he had been subjected to, also to give the names in full of each persecutor implicated in the heinous act that it might be followed by a just and speedy retribution.

Existo quickly assured the party there was no occasion to knock anybody over; he had simply accepted an invitation to meet with a few blithsome sons of Neptune at Quarter—"never mind the hour," interrupted Expono, "you are not in condition to take note of time. It is a duty you owe the fraternity to state explicitly the influences that have enveloped you during the past and to us extremely anxious evening."

Existo replied by expressing his intention to bet a heavy sum on a white horse that had lost his tail near Fort Gregg, and then he commenced to dance a jig in imitation of a real hopper that had been with him that evening. He was willing, he said, to favor the worthy club with anything they might desire in the way of a speech, song, or dance, for he had been indulging in a whirlwind of ecstasy that night and must give vent to his surplus elasticity of feeling. With this brief and unexpected introduction, he, to the surprise of all, struck up the familiar melody of Watts commencing

"The sun came peeping o'er the hill,"

with such a degree of enthusiasm that the very building quivered in its frame. Not content with a single air, he insisted upon repeating a song that had a robin mixed up in it, on account of its having been frequently rendered with fine effect by a right good fellow. The exciting manner in which he described his night's enjoyment completely capsize the sedateness of Expono and the

others, so that with one accord they went to a table and touched, tasted and handled a goodly glass of nectar. This simple act had such an effect on the hilarious Existo that he was induced to offer the inexplicable sentiment—

"If my father was a hen,"

and then apologized by saying he believed something was faulty in the construction. No further attempt was made at giving sentiments, but they all appreciated an effort at music by Existo who took from his vest pocket a little bit of metal which he applied to his lips and gently breathed upon, causing a thread of steel to vibrate five-hundred times a second, and producing the sweetest and most melodious sounds. When he had finished he fairly trembled from the emotion caused by his own success. The Tooth-Pickers applauded vociferously and avowed they had never before heard him perform with such admirable skill. Expono suggested that it was a befitting occasion to practically illustrate the brief message reputed to have been sent by a certain governor to his near neighbor who occupied a similar position, whereupon the worthy party once again disposed themselves around the table, filled the glasses, winked twice with each eye, and bade good-bye to the contents.

"Your experience my jocund Existo," said Expono, "has been of a gay and frolicsome character, and we will waive the dignity which attaches to the Club for the sake of becoming further enlightened." This intimation was immediately acted upon by Existo, who dragged three of his companions into the centre of the room and insisted upon their dancing with himself a very peculiar original reel—the *fac-simile* of the one he had witnessed that evening. In the absence of flute, guitar and banjo, it was arranged that the two remaining members should snap their tooth-picks at regular intervals. The reel having been finished, the party stepped toward the table and were just a single moment in performing one of the most brilliant feats, combining dexter, labial, dental and guttural accomplishments that has ever been executed. While thus engaged it was the opinion of Existo that he could not convey a more accurate impression of his night's experience than by repeating the feat which combined so many accomplishments several times in rapid succession. But on the last round it was evident that Existo could not again come up to time. He vainly endeavored to describe a banquet scene at which somebody insulted the host by renewing to him his distinguished considerations, and at which a pussy individual returned thanks for favors received and various other things were said and done by those present. At length it was advised by Expono, so feeble had Existo become, to conduct him with all honor to his couch and carefully cover him with the fleecy web. As three of the party were in the act of silently

tucking him in, one, Expecto, motioned to Expono that the feeble toothpickian was muttering in his sleep. Expono bent his ear forward and thought he caught the words—"the ship for rolling." An interval of half a moment elapsed and then the renowned Existo in half audible accents breathed forth the touching lines—

"Be a-a, Be c-c, Be i-i, Be o-o,
And Bing—(hic) Bingo was his name."
and then sunk quietly into a deep slumber.

Correspondence of the New South:

THE FLORIDA EXPEDITION.

PILATKA, Fla. March 22, 1864.

There is little of interest to report from here, which is now the Advance Post in Florida, COL. BARTON'S troops occupy their old position; making occasional reconnaissances towards the enemy's lines. Rumor says the Confederate forces have fallen back, not only from our front here, but also from near Jacksonville. A citizen living on the river, midway between here and Jacksonville, started last week for Savannah. He got only to Baldwin, where he was stopped and compelled to return. He says that a portion of Finnegan's forces, about five thousand, have gone back to Charleston. This statement is also corroborated from other sources.

The Naval Expedition up the river to Lake George, have succeeded in capturing another steamer, the *Hattie Brock*. She was laid up in one of the creeks or lagoons of the St. John's river. She is a fine steamer, and formerly run between this place and Jacksonville. The Naval Expedition also succeeded in capturing over one hundred bales of cotton; also a quantity of rosin and turpentine. Citizens here say that large amounts of cotton, rice, rosin, tobacco and turpentine are secreted along the creeks and lagoons of the St. John's. Probably we shall find it before many days. Great credit is due CAPT. BALCH, of the *Paumot*, for ferreting out these Confederate stores.

The troops here are in excellent health and are much pleased with this locality. Pilatka is really a pleasant town, and our forces give it a lively and business-like aspect. More anon. TUBAL-CAIN.

"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, when I'm away," said a brave volunteer. "Never fear, my dear; the longer you are away in your country's service the better I shall like you." Ambiguous, rather.

—An Indian and a white man were passing along Broadway, New York, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who stood in the doorway, said: "Um—him great man—big brave—take many scalps."

—"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "Oh! yes; I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

—An Irishman caught a hornet in his hand, but dropped it and exclaimed, "Be jabbers! what kind of teeth do your birds have in Ameriky?"