



The New South.

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TO A BIRD.

From the sunny Southern land,
 From the land of vine and palm,
 Leaves by tropic breezes fanned,
 Myrtle bowers and groves of balm,
 Islands of the far off main,
 Thou hast come to us again.

Though as yet the April showers,
 Hardly have awaked the dead;
 Though as yet the sweet May flowers,
 To the sun-shine lift their head;
 I have heard thy song to day,
 Sweet forerunner of the May.

Little prophet of the Spring,
 Whose the hand that led thy flight?
 In thy ceaseless journeying,
 Whose hand guided the aright?
 Over seas and solitudes,
 Back unto thy native woods?

Whose love is ever all,
 He, who hears the raven's cry,
 He, who marks the sparrow's fall:
 And shall we forsaken die?
 Will He be our guide and stay,
 Through the perils of the way?

Let us learn of thee to trust.
 In the darkest, saddest day,
 Looking upward from the dust,
 Looking onward to the May,
 Knowing how the April showers
 Bring the sunshine and the flowers.

[By Telegraph From Fort Pulaski.]

The Tooth-Pick Club.

12 M.—The arrival of the distinguished members of the Tooth-Pick Club is anxiously awaited by all. The arrangements for their reception are complete in every particular. If the sun continues to shed his light, and the great globe does not cease to revolve, this day will ever be remembered as one of the brightest in our history. The ceremonies of the grand *fele* will commence immediately after the steamer bearing the Tooth-pickians shall have reached a point in the river one mile below the Fort.

12.30 P.M.—The man on the look-out reports the appearance of an object far down the river which he says must be the expected steamer. An indiscreet chap having remarked that perhaps the object was not the steamer, was instantly knocked down by the look-out man, which little episode was followed by heavy betting on the part of various persons as to the justification, under the circumstances, of the tipping-over act. The result will be harmonious as the betting is all on one side.

1 P.M.—The steamer is approaching the Fort. Nothing can be seen of the steamer itself in consequence of the profuse display of buntine which covers the

hull, deck and rigging. The captain is jerking the bell in the wildest conceivable manner, and at intervals the whistle shrieks forth in strains ten times more hideous than the howl of a maddened tom-cat. To add to the general uproar the Fort is booming out an everlasting salute of two thousand five-hundred guns, causing the walls to be enveloped in one vast, dense volume of smoke.

1.30.—The steamer has touched the pier. Three Tooth-pickians only—Expecto, Excuso and Expiro, are among the guests. They pledge their sacred honor, which is considered not worth a tinker's hammer, that the three remaining members of the club will be present in season to participate in the evening festivities. The steamer's passenger list, showing the names of fifteen gentlemen and one thousand ladies, causes a terrible flutter among the party at the Fort. The three Tooth-pickians have found shelter under the hospitable wings of the great military birds here assembled. The ladies, all of whom are the choicest flowers of Eden, are so captivating in beauty and grace that one ton of table salt has been ordered to preserve the senses of the gentlemen.

2 P.M.—The Tooth-pickians are engaged wandering around the Fort, observing with minute attention the color, size and artistic appearance of every brick that composes that immense fabric. It is understood in certain circles that Expecto is the special recorder for the club, from the fact that his pockets are loaded with memorandum books, pencils, pens, and pieces of chalk. Excuso exhibits a thorough acquaintance with everything connected with the Fort, a circumstance which disposes many to the belief that he has a military connection with the garrison. Expiro saunters along the parapet with his hands locked behind him, and is remarked to be deeply engrossed in scanning the ordnance, and at times to pick up a fuse, on the merits of which he expatiates at great length. A few minutes ago he became so earnest in his explanation that one of his listeners turned to a friend and said "This blasted fellow, you know, became so excited, you know, in talking about the fuse, that he punched me in the ribs and nearly knocked the wind from me, you know." The Tooth-pickians are descending the parapet for the purpose of preparing for the banquet.

2.15.—The Tooth-pickians crossed the terraplane five minutes ago. They are now in the private quarters of the chief officer busily engaged in arranging their toilet and performing other customary preliminaries consequent upon the banquet. They are ably assisted by one dozen champagne, ten bottles of whisky and two of stomach bitters.

2.30.—The party are beginning to feel good.

3 P.M.—The tooth-pickians with spirits most buoyant are entering the banquet

hall. A band of one hundred and fifteen live musicians stand just without the entrance and are playing on their instruments with such energy that little bits of brass can be seen flying through the air.

The Tooth-pickians are seated at the table. They occupy a position three yards and two inches from the door, and about the same distance from the side-table. They handle the knife and fork with facility, and the way the roast beef is disappearing causes the sable attendants to heave a sigh. They positively refuse to drink anything stronger than water. Everything goes on as "merry as a marriage bell."

4 P.M.—By invitation the party are at one of the batteries to witness the gunners bring down a squirrel eight miles distant with a 100-pounder shot. The gunners have accomplished the feat. The party retire.

5 P.M.—Supper is announced. The Tooth-pickians are pitching into the viands with a vengeance.

7 P.M.—Expono, Existo and Expungo have just arrived at the pier. They are greeted at the Fort with yells of delight. They are surrounded by the multitude who bear them on their shoulders to the hall of state. They are suffering from an attack of the nightmare which visited them while on the steamer.

8 P.M.—The Tooth-pickians are at the Theatre. Existo, who is in the gallery, wants to know of those in the pit if they have paid their toll. If the question is repeated a knock-down fight is inevitable. Expiro shows signs of indisposition. Expecto is full of—of—wonder and amazement.

8.30.—Expiro has been conducted to a couch. He is growing weaker, and fears are felt that he is really unwell. Expecto has discovered a new bomb-proof containing shells of liquid fire which he frequently visits.

10 P.M.—In a hall illumined with millions of tapers, and reflecting from its walls costly decorations in unsurpassed magnificence, are assembled beautiful women and brave men. The musicians rend the air with their inspiring notes, and the dancers twirl and skip with rapidity and grace. In the vast assemblage can be seen the gallant Expungo lost to every thing save the unbounded enjoyment which encircles him.

10.30.—Expiro sleeps. He dreams—he starts!—he cries for a fuse!—another fuse!—he falls back—he sleeps again. Expecto enters the sick chamber and with a pitying look commiserates the helpless condition of him who lies so uncomfortably low.

10.45.—"To be or not to be. Shall Expiro live to excite the admiration of multitudes with his eloquent dissertations on the fuse, or must he then throw off this "mortal coil" and abandon green seal forever? Expecto remains near the bedside. Expiro opens languidly his eyes and calls for beer. It is hand-

ed him, and he yields once more to somnific rest.

11 P.M.—He sleeps well. Expecto fears too well. Expecto has taken in hand his note book and faithfully records the different symptoms as they chase each other in rapid succession. The record is put down in Greek characters as that ancient style accords more fitly with the deep solemnity of the occasion.

11.30.—Expiro still breathes and his face is flushed with fever heat.

Midnight.—Expiro looks pale. Expecto, his watchful guardian, stands over him with six lighted candles in each hand, and occasionally smooths the furrowed cheek of the poor Tooth-pickian with globules of melted grease. The minds of all are filled with painful suspense. The kind Expecto now proceeds to jerk a little Latin eulogy, of which the following is a translation:

"O angelic creature!
 Why did you thus lie down?
 Did your peepers deceive you when
 You quaffed the beer,
 Or did the beer deceive you when
 You winked your peepers?
 You have been a gallus boy in times past,
 And I will see that all your money
 And valuables are appropriated,
 After the most approved manner."

12.15.—Expiro springs from the couch. Astonishment siezes all. He grasps the hand of Expecto, and with eyes flaming with tears, exclaims, "Pile on your Latin, but spare me my valuables."

12.30.—All danger is past. Expiro is rapidly recovering.

2 A.M.—The Tooth-pickians will all be up to time before daylight.

4 A.M.—They have all left the Fort and are on the way to Hilton Head. *O Tempores! O Mores!*

—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is expected to visit this country next May.

—Why should a convent be the most holy place in the world? Because it contains novice, and they will have none (nun)!

—What tonic beverage agrees best with a young lady? Kissing'er probably.

—The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

—The country has ill-fitting doors that requires list to keep the draft out.

—The rebel Confederacy can never be straightened up, but it will soon be straightened out.

—Mr. Thackeray's house, in London, is to be sold. An advertisement in the papers has caused many hundreds of people to visit the house of the great humorist. It is said that a sale will be held of the books, furniture and curiosities, in the course of this month.

—If the color of Jeff. Davis's skin, says Prentice, were to strike in, his soul would be white. If the color of his soul were to strike out, his skin would be black.

—It is said that Aaron Burr died in the house of a person named Hamilton, on Staten Island. The house in which General Alexander Hamilton breathed his last is still standing at the northwest corner of Eighth Avenue and Eighteenth street.