

The Palmetto Herald.

VOLUME I.
No. 9.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1864.

PRICE
Five Cents.

THE PALMETTO HERALD

IS PUBLISHED BY

S. W. MASON & CO.,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT PORT ROYAL, S. C.

Office Next South of the New Theatre Building.

Terms:

Single Copy.....Five Cents.
One Hundred Copies.....\$3 50
Per Annum to any Address.....\$2 00

Payment invariably in Advance.

A limited number of ADVERTISEMENTS received at Twenty-five Cents per Line. JOB PRINTING executed neatly and promptly.

TO LIEUTENANT GEN. GRANT.

You've got a good position, now,

Lieutenant General Grant;

And, like a good physician, now,

We hope you'll purge Secession, now,

And stop all Southern rant,

Lieutenant General Grant!

Do you know what won this glory, sir,

Lieutenant General Grant?

When Vicksburg quailed before ye, sir,

Like an Eastern starbeam o'er ye, sir,

It shone—no idle vaunt,

Lieutenant General Grant.

And now you've won it, like a star,

Lieutenant General Grant,

It must lead along this bloody war,

And bring a near what seemed so far;

This, this is what we want,

Lieutenant General Grant.

For honors are like riches, sir,

Lieutenant General Grant;

Keep on! take strong new stitches, sir,

Ere they fly away like witches, sir,

And leave us lean and gaunt,

Lieutenant General Grant!

So, quick! astound the nation, now,

Lieutenant General Grant,

Give Lee and Hill "tarnation," now,

And bring our land salvation, now,

'Tis this for which we pant,

Lieutenant General Grant.

We want all traitors throttled, now,

Lieutenant General Grant!

All poisonous treason bottled, now,

With which is daily mottled, now,

The Copperhead's low cant,

Lieutenant General Grant.

And then up higher and higher, sir,

Lieutenant General Grant,

Like sunbeams on a spire, sir,

In a never-dying fire, sir,

Our country's proudest vaunt

Shall be, her General Grant!

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, April 15th, 1864.

You know, Messrs. Editors of the P.H., I left you weeping on the strand, I mean the pier at Hilton Head, on the 9th inst., as you saw me shake the yellow sand out of my shoes, and go aboard the new steamship Western Metropolis. It was only six days ago, yet here have I been luxuriating half a week already among the steep, precipitous-priced luxuries—I will not say necessities, though sugar is 25 cents per pound, and first-class butter 64 cents in New York City.

It is fair to-day, but they tell me that for two weeks past the weather has been horrid. The photographers (many of whom I have had occasion to call upon in order to secure a large variety of the newest styles of Albums and pictures for my store in your shady burg) are really profane on the subject, for in clear skies their profit lies, and drops of rain that grow the grain, give them but pain. [See Shakespeare, 1st fly-leaf.]

The Metropolitan Fair is the gigantic topic with the other sex in this village at present, and the gold market and prices

current, the vortices which suck in the souls of the men.

Provisions are ramping, and, in fact, the prices of all descriptions of goods are rearing up most fearfully. Boarding-house ladies are greatly exercised in ranging around after cheap stores; but bunions suffer in vain, for "cheap Johns" are *non est inventus*. Many articles can be bought cheaper in Hilton Head than here. At the rate that the markets are advancing, it is safer to hold on to goods than to sell. Indeed, I would advise any man who has money to invest, to put it into merchandise. Rents are raising of course. A room in Broad, near Wall street, in this city, which I paid \$300 for last year, now commands \$2,000. An old, three story, ill-arranged, narrow stair-cased little building at a corner, together with the land it covers, sold for \$100,000 a few weeks ago. Real estate, remote from business, has not yet "rized" much, but will jump up by and by like the rest, I doubt not. The accursed copperheads speculating in gold, and depreciating the credit of Uncle Sam, are accountable for this condition of things. I wish that every mother's son of them might be dragged through 5,781 feet of hose pipe, and there be doomed to wear a shirt full of fleas through the remainder of his natural life. I am thus bitter against traitorous copperheads.

The furloughed half of the 4th N. H. V. were in New York to-day. I saw them in the Park, just about to start for Washington. I fancied I saw in the countenance of the gallant and good Col. Bell a shade of disappointment; the other half and a majority of its best officers being still in Beaufort, S. C. He gave me his old cordial grasp of the hand however, and wished me to remember him to his former associates and friends in Major General Gillmore's Department.

There is a feverish excitement in monetary circles, and it extends more or less to all classes of business men. The impression it makes upon the stranger is exceedingly uncomfortable, and makes him wish (if he has the common wealth at all at heart) that we were safe through it.

The bulletin boards make the most of the bad news of the capture of Fort Pillow and Paducah, and there are many lugubrious faces at the corners. The poor negroes seem to have been slaughtered like sheep in that disaster. May God grant the survivors a terrible retribution.

It is said that Gen. Grant is massing 250,000 men to take Richmond and clear out Virginia.

On dit, The Seventh Regiment and other volunteer corps of this city have been ordered to Washington, to relieve the veteran defenders of the Capital, who are to march with the Great Column into Virginia. S.

THE DANES.—A Sondenburg (A. on Island) correspondent of the Paris Siecle writes: "It is not to this place that I would recommend persons who are fond of comfort and good living to come. People are obliged to put up with what accommodation they can find, and eat where and how they can. The Danish officers are heroes; they not only await with remarkable courage for the moment when they shall measure swords with an

er, my four times their strength, but what is still more formidable, they eat without a murmur rye bread as black as crime and fatal as destiny. The beer, it is true, is good, and drinkable wine may be found under the name of chateau nœgoux. That, however, is a trifling matter to the Danes, many of whom dine without drinking either wine, beer, or rye. Glasses are, therefore, never put on the table, and if any one wishes to drink they ask for a glass of wine, beer, or barley brandy. No one ever takes water, doubtless because it is not wholesome. Only very few foreigners are here, with the exception of some Swedish and Norwegian officers. A Danish officer has taken on himself the mission of studying the deviations, according to distance, of the rifles of the Prussian. He goes every day to the advanced posts, provided with a glass, and makes a memorandum of observations. The day before yesterday, a German rifleman perceived this officer on the lookout, at a distance of about 600 metres. The soldier, instinctively obedient to military discipline, respectfully made the salute, and then proceeded to attempt to lodge a ball in the officer's body. The latter rejoiced at this opportunity of making a fresh observation, and while the soldier placed himself against a tree, in order to take a steadier aim, the officer raised his glass to watch his movements. "That is all right," said he, "the muzzle is just on a line with my breast—we shall see!" The trigger was pulled, and the Dane quietly wrote down, "at the distance of about 600 yards the deviation of a ball from a rifle musket is about one metre."

In a recent Spirit of the Fair, the little daily paper published for the New York Sanitary Fair, appears a contribution by R. H. Dana, jun., from which we make the following extract:—

At tea, at the Athenæum Club, Landseer introduced me to a gentleman by the name of Robinson, who had a singular passion for Nelson. A man of means and of education, of some literary claims, a bachelor, he has devoted much of his time and property to the collection of memorials and relics of his favorite hero. Landseer told him I was a lover of the sea, and would sympathize with his enthusiasm, so he took me up warmly. It ended in his urging me to visit him in his bachelor quarters in Cork-street, where he kept his private Nelson museum. I was to leave town the next day, and could not. Oh, but I must, and he would light it up for me. It had never been lighted, and there was no gas in it, but he could get candles, and I must come. I saw he really desired it; that it would gratify him, and accepted. He would go directly home and get his ship ready, his deck cleared, and would see me in an hour.

At the end of an hour I knocked at his door in Cork-street. An old sailor, in loose duck trousers, blue jacket, open collar, loose neckerchief, in the truest possible man-of-war rig, opened the door, and rolled along the entry and up stairs, and let me into a large room, occupying the whole of the second floor, with a skylight above. A few candles were placed about the room, and my host sat on an old mahogany table that had been one of Nelson's cabin tables, with a capstan that came from one of Nelson's ships. He received me with great cordiality, and began to show me his strange museum. Ranged round the room, and scattered over it, were all imaginable memorials and relics, everything illustrating Nelson's life which love, entreaty, or money had enabled him to command.

There was a painting of every battle Nelson had fought, and of every leading event of his life from his fight with a Polar bear on the ice, when a midship-

man in the Sea Horse, to his death in the cockpit of the Victory, in the arms of Hardy. There were large models of every ship in which he had sailed; the Sea Horse, the Vanguard, the Agamemnon, the Victory, and all, with pieces of their masts or keels, and some cannon, muskets, pistols, and swords taken from them. Then there were relics of a more personal character; an admiral's coat, with its tarnished buttons and orders and worn-out cloth, a cocked hat and sword, all of which Nelson had worn; a bound volume of original letters, and letters from Lady Hamilton; and one starting thing; opening suddenly a door, there stood before me the figure of Nelson himself—that pale, thoughtful, melancholy countenance, the drooping lid, the one eye closed, the vacant sleeve pinned to the coat, the very clothes he had worn in life, coat, hat, shoes—all, his straight, thin, light hair falling over his brow, to the life; it seemed as if I had trodden within the circle of witchcraft, and the hero had been called up to comfort me. This figure had been made in wax, by a young lady, niece of the artist who painted the best portrait of him. The artist asked Nelson's permission to allow his niece to take it while he was sitting for the portrait, and the tradition is, that when it was done, Nelson said, "I was never taken larboard and starboard at the same time before." It was very well done, and produced none of the painful effect of wax figures generally, the pale yellow hue of the wax, at least as seen by candle-light, suiting well with the known complexion of the man. Having exhausted the curiosities, I told my host an anecdote of a relative of mine, in command of a ship in the Mediterranean, at night making a

light, then another, then another, then seeing them dancing all about him, then a gun, then a hoarse hail from a huge line-of-battle ship, rolling up her sides and showing dim lanterns through her portholes—how he went on board, was taken in a boat through the fleet to the flagship, and down into the cabin, where sat Nelson at a table covered by a chart, under the dim swinging lamp of the cabin, and how he told him that he had seen the French fleet in the morning before, and how Nelson took from him his courses and distances since, and the bearing and course of the fleet and the wind at the time, and traced them on his chart, thanked him, offered him the usual glass of grog, and sent him back in his own boat to his ship, through the mysterious black hulks, rolling, hailing and showing their lights.

This anecdote interested him mightily, and he said he would look up Nelson's log to see if there was a note of it. I rose to go. "No," said he, "Nelson always invited his visitors to take a glass of grog before they left his cabin, and this is my cabin, so grog it must be. Tom!" Tom rolled in, hitching up his trousers. "Grog, Tom!" So Tom steered out, and navigated back among the relics, bringing two glass tumblers of genuine navy grog, which he set on the capstan.

My host seemed as delighted as surprised, that I, an American, should enter so heartily into his Nelson humor. After some further pleasant talk I took my departure, leaving Tom and his master to put out the lights and close up the curious, odd old room. It was singular; a gentleman of property and education, never at sea himself, giving his house, the best part of it, and spending so much of his time and money on this enthusiasm.

GEN. GEORGE W. BICKLEY claims in his diary to have been the father of the rebellion. We hear nothing about its mother. In truth it never was worth a dam.—Prentice.

The Union prisoners in Richmond have been restricted in their correspondence to one letter of six lines per week.