

The Palmetto Herald.

VOLUME 1,
No. 3.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 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.

WHAT THE BLACK MAN THINKS OF THE WAR.

The opinion of the Contraband as to the present war was strikingly presented in a conversation I had with a colored man on Folly Island, a few weeks ago, before headquarters were removed to Hilton Head. Crossing Lighthouse Inlet just as a fearful rain began, I took refuge in the hospitable tent of Captain Moore, then the efficient chief quartermaster in the field; and as the darkness was coming on, I could not resist the invitation, politely extended, to remain for tea and for the night. We were sitting at the broad pine table, Bogert and I, lazily finishing our green-gages and canned cream, while James, the servant, black as Erebus, was listening with all his ears to the conversation, which happened to be upon the occasional intercourse which our pickets held with those of the enemy. "I was down at the

and seven rebels came over in a little boat, and seven of our men went over to the other side. They only staid a few moments, exchanging their papers, getting tobacco for their coffee, and came back as if they never had even dreamed of a war.

"H'm!" ejaculated Jamie, with a pious air; "dey neber come so near like dat to me!"

"Who?" said Bogert, inquisitively.

"Who? why de rebs. I coul'n' bar de rebs near me, sah. I coul'n' bar to hab 'em thirty yard from me, sah, nor fifty yard."

"What would you do?" asked my friend, desiring still further to draw out our sable witness.

"Well sah, if I hab'n' nuffin' to injure 'em wid I's gwine away."

"Would you shoot 'em if you had a chance?" I asked.

"Fore God I would dat."

"What have they ever done to you that you should feel so, Jimmie?"

"Sah? What dey eber done to me? Good Chrise in Heaben! Stop off such words as dem, boss! What dey eber done to me? Why, sah, dey suck my blood eber since I'se been born into de worle."

"Didn't you have a good master?"

"Well, sah, when de war come we was in de estate, sah. We hab'n' no master, den, but dey was gemman what he hab a sort of commission ober we, sah, an' he come down two or tree months in a while to look after we an' see how the crops was comin' in, sah; an' he was a good Christian man. He neber strike de colored man, sah, an' dey do for him eberyting he can say. But my master what is dead an' gone befo' de war, he was a cruel—he was a bery unjust man. When we is sick an' we go fo him

he gib us a hunnerd lash afore he gib us dat physic. Yes, sah; a hunnerd lash! What good dat physic do you den? If we don't lay him knife an' fork jess so by his plate he pick 'em up an' stick 'em in de colored man's head like it was a yam, sah. I's pray—ofen fo' de war I's pray, sah—dat when de war cum it catch him—dat de Yankees catch him; but Chrise carry him off afo' de war."

"Then you're not sorry for the war, after all, are you, Jimmie?"

"Sorry for de war, sah? No sah. I's got a good massa now. Maybe dere's better men dan Cap'n Moore; but I ain't see it yet, sah—I ain't see it yet."

LETTER FROM THE 333D DELAWARE REGIMENT.

[From our Special Correspondent.]
CAMP BLANK, March 14, 1864.

SOFT SOAP TO PLEASE THE EDITORS.

Having been elevated to the exalted position of Special Correspondent of your truly magnificent, highly popular and really inestimable paper, I assure you that words are inadequate to express the sentiments which now agitate my bosom, which start to flow from the point of my pen, and then creep back abashed as they contemplate the prominence they are approaching. I assume my task with distrust in my ability to maintain that high tone which is characteristic of your other departments, and I shall endeavor to wear my honors with meekness.

RIGHT.

You have no idea, readers, of the immense circulation of the paper with which I have the honor to be connected. That it is enormous, you would infer from the meritorious character of the sheet. But when I tell you that the business agent of the paper here has got rich off of two numbers, and has given the business up, with a view to purchasing an estate at Beaufort with his two weeks' profit, you can base your idea on something more tangible. The publishers deserve great credit for their enterprise, and for the exercise of that integrity which is as truly an element of success in business as are industry and shrewdness.

A MODEST WORD FOR MYSELF.

I do not claim any merit whatever for myself, but in justice to the paper which I represent, I feel it to be my duty to state that I am not without reputation as a writer, a reputation which I may say, with honorable pride but without a particle of silly egotism, is not eclipsed by that of any newspaper correspondent, not even Bull Run Russill. I have frequently given my advice to officers high in command, and I think if the President's opinion could be obtained he would freely say that had it been followed, many of the disasters to our army might have been averted. As I said before, I claim no merit for myself, but one thing I can say, and that is that whatever faults I may have I never knew fear, and so, without any particular credit to me, I am always at the front, and thus get all the news. That I am industrious, I think no one who has observed me will deny, and I know that I stand well with the Colonel. I shall send no news that is not officially verified

A LITTLE LATHER FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER.

I should be totally and entirely untrue to every principle of justice and humanity, did I omit to make honorable mention of our noble and heroic commander, Colonel Gotorear does not need any introduction to your readers, most of whom have had occasion to esteem the man, and admire the officer. In the camp he is a father to his men—in the field he is a lion in strength, a tiger in agility, a strategist unexcelled, manœuvring his men with all the subtle ability of a Napoleon or a Wellington, and holding them by the power of his will as successfully as Æolus did his subjects. On the battlefield as fierce as a bull, he relaxes his sternness the moment the engagement is through, and weeps like an infant over his dead and wounded children. We all love him, and he deserves our adoration. I have these facts from Col. Gotorear's own mouth, and you can rely on them.

THE 333D THE BEST REGIMENT IN THE COMMAND.

I do not wish to make any invidious comparisons, but I think my statement will be undisputed when I say that the 333d is the best regiment in the Department. Our Brigade commander, as I have learned from very good authority, says that it is the best regiment in his brigade, by all odds. The statement that he made any such remark about the 111th or the 222d, or any other regiment,

I stamp as a falsehood, for I know our Brigadier well, and am sure he would not deliberately tell a lie. This brigade formerly consisted of three regiments; two have been sent away, but the General says if the 333d is taken from him he shall resign his commission.

IMPORTANCE OF THIS POST.

I am truly honored in being placed in the important position of sole correspondent at this post. Its strategic importance is great, and it is a position requiring a constant watchfulness and strict discipline, for if Hilton Head and Florida should be recaptured, the enemy are liable to come down on us at any time.

NO NEWS AT PRESENT.

I cannot send you any news for this issue, not that there is nothing of an interesting—I might say startling—character; but I should be an ungrateful wretch did I violate the confidence which has been reposed in me.

BRILLIANT PROMISES FOR THE FUTURE.

It is not improper for me to remark, however, that you may be on the watch for news very soon, and it will be intelligence of a movement which will strike a blow at the very heart of the rebellion. Shall I say that Rich—— no, I will not, for the sentence might be construed as contraband, and I will not finish it.

I shall send you the full particulars of the movement as soon as they are developed. They will probably appear in next week's paper, and certainly by the next one, but everybody had better buy for both weeks, so as to make sure of it.

SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE WEATHER, TO EXTEND MY LETTER AND INTRODUCE A SPECIMEN OF MY FINE WRITING.

Like a superseded General has Winter disappeared, with old Boreas and all his staff, and we are now under the mild rule

of Spring—Spring, gladsome, joyous, lovely Spring, with her balmy air, her soft breezes to heighten pleasure and lighten toil, her budding flowers, her expanding foliage, and her sweet melodies, chirped by a thousand little songsters. Welcome to Spring and the happiness and comfort she always brings us. And may we make the most of her before Summer comes to breathe her hot breath upon us, and parch our lips, and wilt our flowers, and make us sigh for the coolness of our Northern homes.

HAVING RODE MY PEGASUS AS HIGH AS I DARE, AND BEING DOUBTFUL ABOUT HIS PERFORMANCE, I END BY SAYING

I am obliged to close this letter in great haste, for the Colonel's orderly is waiting to take it to the mail, which is now held open only for me. PAREGORIC.

[PRIVATE NOTE ENCLOSED TO THE EDITORS.]

Messrs. Editors:—I hope you will be able to print the whole of this. The paper takes first rate, and the editorials are much praised. Please send me a classical dictionary and poetical dictionary to get illustrations and quotations out of. If you can call attention to my letter, and speak of me as a well-known literary man, I think it would be a good thing for the paper. My full name is W. Shakespeare Sapped. Please be sure and not get it W. S. Sapped. Insert sub-heads in my letter to suit yourselves. The paper takes first-rate, and the editorials are splendid. Remember the middle name is to be spelled out. Yours

W. S. S.

[PRIVATE NOTE TO PUBLISHERS.]

Messrs. Publishers:—The paper takes first-rate. The Colonel likes it, and I think he will subscribe, when the Paymaster gets around. I shall only charge you \$10 per letter. I can get \$20 from another quarter, but somehow like to work for you. I think the paragraph about important news will make the next two numbers sell well. You may send pay for ten letters if you see fit. The paper takes first-rate.

W. SHAKESPEARE SAPPED.

[RESPONSE OF THE FIRM.]

W. Shakespeare Sapped—Sir:—We have published your letter, with sub-heads to suit ourselves, as you suggested, as a curiosity, and enclose \$10 for it. We do not care for any more. In our reply to your application for the position of regular correspondent at Camp Blank, we promised to remunerate you liberally for any interesting and well-authenticated news you might send us, and we shall be ready to do so at all times.

Respectfully yours, &c.

CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER MATTIE.—The rebel schooner Mattie, from Nassau for Savannah, ran aground on Tybee Island on the morning of the 4th instant, and was made a prize by Capt. Churchill, of the 3d Rhode Island Artillery. The Mattie is a small vessel of only forty tons, and was laden with a cargo of liquors and spices. Her captain was formerly in the Quartermaster's employ in this Department, and is now confined in the Provost-Guard House, with a ball and Chain attached to his leg. He is to be tried for his offence, the penalty for which, according to the articles of war, is death. His name is John Wicks.