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THE SCHOOL FOR IDLERS.

BY SIMON PURE.

On the arrival of the Southern mail, the chair ordered a special meeting to listen to the reading of another letter from the correspondent of the School, Bro. Penn. It read as follows:

ON BOARD STEAMER "DIOGENES TUR,"

March 16.

DEAR BRETHREN—After having been on the mighty deep, four continuous and successive days, you may imagine I was glad to catch a glimpse of what the Captain could see, but I couldn't, the lofty mountain peaks of the Sea-Islands. I took the glass and directed it as the captain did, but could see nothing. He suggested that I was looking too high, so I lowered the instrument, and sure enough I descried something, but I am not so sure that it wasn't the bulwarks of the steamer. I kept my eyes open and by and by along came a big steamer right at us. She had guns aboard, so the captain said, and I, too, thought I could see something of the sort in the rigging. Captain said he supposed they wanted him to stop, but he wouldn't till they hailed him. I was terrified. I supposed he was going to wait till they hailed bullets at him, and you can judge of my terror, when bang went a big gun right at us. I crawled to the stubborn side of a tarred rope, quicker 'n lightning, (you see I have been at sea so long that I have picked up some sea phrases.) Captain told me not to be scared, as they fired nothing but a bank cartilage, or something of that sort. He said he reckoned they'd make him heave two. "Heave what?" I asked, a little startled. "Heave two," he replied. "Two what," I wondered. Had the captain got rebels on board, and were they after them, and had he got to heave two overboard? I was wrong, I saw it in a moment, and I suggested to the captain, that there was a man in the cabin who was sick and could give him some valuable assistance, for if he should bring him on deck, I knew he would heave too. I didn't say anything about the young lady I fell in love with, but I wanted to. Bang! went another gun, and a shot skipped along before us. I was brave. It was an awful poor shot, and didn't come within five rods of us. The captain hove to, so he said afterwards, though I didn't see him do it, and an officer came on board from the gunboat, took a drink with the captain, and went off again. We went on our way rejoicing, and I asked the captain who the strangers were. He said they belonged to the blockhead. "What blockhead," says I. "Uncle Sam's blockhead," he replied, and I was content, supposing, of course, he meant some sleepy man at Washington. Presently the cap-

tain said we were on the shoals. The water looked very green, and, perhaps, I did, for I supposed we were going to the bottom surely. I wrote my will, and enclosed it with a letter to you, in a bottle and threw it overboard. As I did it the captain threw his lead, and when he hauled it up, there was a piece of soap and some sand on the end of it. I asked him if he had struck a soap-mine, but he laughed and told the pilot to steer E. N. W., or something of that sort, and I concluded we were all right.

We are now in the sight of land, but I must preserve and digest my reflections till another time. I must tell you however how a very disagreeable man on board has been completely squelched. His name is McFuddle, and so disgustingly free from sea-sickness is he, that he can smoke from morning till night. In the upper berth of the stateroom with him, lies a man who has been terribly sick the whole voyage, and this inveterate smoker persists in lying in his own berth, and puffing his odious smoke till the little room is full to suffocation. Of course the sick man can't stand it, and finds refuge upon deck, where he reads us a poem he had written while lying on his back on the berth. After the reading, McFuddle was nowhere. Nobody knew him, and at dinner all the plates and dishes were surely cleared before they reached him. I saw him try to eat some fish with melted butter, but the butter was adulterated so freely with kerosene, that he left it in disgust and resumed his pipe. Here is the song or poem entitled

McFUDDE'S PIPE.

Mr. McFuddle was fond of his pipe,

And he filled it up to the brim,
For he knew the joys of the flowing bowl,
And the pipe was the bowl for him.

At morning he sat in his cottage door,
And whiffed at his fragrant weed;
'Twas his solace at dusk and his joy at dawn,
And his strength in the time of need.

He smoked and pondered the way to wealth,
And planned him a road to renown;
And he fancied he saw in the smoke that arose
Himself, the pride of the town.

But castles in smoke are like smoke in the air,
And they vanish like clouds of the morn;
For the child of the pipe like its wreath of fume
Must perish as soon as 'tis born.

So Mr. McFuddle was never renowned,
Never married the girl of his dreams,
Never saw the wealth that he hoped to find,
Nor wrought his favorite schemes.

One morning they found him dead in his chair,
And his favorite pipe was broke;
His solace was gone, and he died of despair;
So McFuddle ended in smoke.

If you should ever get the contents of that bottle, never mind them. There are more interesting bottles than that, which contain no letter but "B," and instead of containing a will, have a singular faculty of taking away other people's wills.—Till then, yours,
PENN.

THE Army and Navy Journal looks upon the execution of Grant's movement as no less brilliant than successful. "Four times now," says this good authority, "in the brief Virginia campaign, has a great army been coolly and deliberately marched across the right flank of an enemy strong and vigilant. If on its first two exhibitions, the manœuver partook of the character of a pursuit, from the timely interposition of the enemy's presence in front of our advance; on the last two, at least, its execution has been so swift and energetic as to claim the merits of a surprise. That the column on the march has not been attacked in either of these two cases is not a little noteworthy. Its wide detour, its remarkable celerity, and the perfect lubricity, as of mechanism, in all parts and details of its movement, will furnish some explanation of its suc-

cess. And perhaps the obvious inferiority in condition and strength of the enemy in open field, may account for his sluggishness to attack and thwart us. In either event, the bold and skillful generalship of Grant, has been made thoroughly manifest."

NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

BERMUDA HUNDRED, Sunday, June 19, via BALTIMORE, Tuesday, June 21.—There was fighting in front of Petersburg up to 2 o'clock yesterday without any decisive result, but our troops have been constantly gaining ground upon the enemy. Another piece of artillery was captured and brought into Gen. Grant's headquarters yesterday.

It is understood that the advantage gained over the rebels yesterday, will be vigorously followed up to-day. Decisive results are expected soon. Gen. Gillmore and Staff left for Old Point on the steamer Wyoming at 12 o'clock last night. He is relieved of his command. Everything is moving very satisfactorily with the army.

SECOND DISPATCH. BERMUDA HUNDRED, Monday, June 20, via BALTIMORE, Tuesday, June 21.—Yesterday (Sunday, the 19th,) was comparatively a quiet day with the army about Petersburg. The operations of the day were confined to reconnoissances, slight skirmishes and some sharpshooting along the lines, which now extend some distance beyond Petersburg, up the Appomattox river.

Gens. Grant and Butler went up the James river yesterday, and had an interview with Admiral Lee.

LATER—HALF-PAST 10 O'CLOCK A. M.—Some little cannonading has been heard from half-past 8 o'clock until the present time.

HEADQUARTERS, Monday, June 20—5 A. M.—Yesterday was a very quiet day along the lines, both armies seeming desirous of enjoying rest after the severe struggle of the two previous days. Skirmishing and artillery firing occurred at intervals, and the Fifth Corps lost probably 100 men during the day, their lines being so close to the enemy that it was dangerous to enter or leave them. An attack was made on the center of the line about 10 o'clock last night, but was quickly repulsed.

In the charge made by the Fifth Corps on Friday evening, the Third Brigade of Crawford's division, Col. Carroll commanding, took the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment as prisoners, numbering about sixty men, with their officers, flags, etc. This regiment was on the right of a column who were preparing to make a charge on our works, but were surprised and astonished at being ordered to surrender. Gen. Crawford had two of his aides wounded, Capt. Luter and Capt. Chester, in the fight on that evening.

The loss of the Fifth Corps will reach about 2,000 for the past three days. The Second Corps lost the heaviest, being 4,200 since Wednesday.

A flag of truce was sent to the enemy's lines yesterday for the purpose of getting the dead and wounded between the works of each side, but it was refused.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, June 19—9:45 P. M. To Major General Dix—This evening a dispatch from City Point, dated at nine o'clock this morning, reached the Department. It reports that our forces advanced yesterday to within about a mile in front of Petersburg, where they found the enemy occupying a new line of intrenchments, which, after successive assaults, we failed to carry, but hold, and have intrenched our advanced positions. From the forces of the enemy within the enemy's new line it is inferred that Beauregard has been reinforced from Lee's army. No report has been received by the Department concerning the casualties of our army in its operations since crossing the James river, except the death of Major Morton,

mentioned yesterday. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, June 20—10 P. M.—To Major General Dix.—No operations to-day on the James river have been reported to the Department. Unofficial statements represent our loss to have been severe in the assault on the enemy's works on Saturday, but no official lists of the casualties have been received. General Sherman, in a despatch dated this evening at half-past seven o'clock, says: "I was premature in announcing that the enemy had abandoned his position. I based my report upon these of the army commanders. The enemy has thrown back his flank and abandoned all his works in front of Kennesaw Mountain, but holds that mountain as the apex of his position, with his flanks behind Noonday and Moses' creeks. We have pressed him pretty close to-day, although the continued rain makes all movements almost an impossibility."

General Foster commanding the Department of the South, at Hilton Head, forwards the following despatch, dated June 15, at Hilton Head, S. C.:—"I have the honor to report that I have to-day received from Major General Samuel Jones, commanding the rebel forces in this Department, a letter stating that five general officers of the United States, as prisoners of war, had been placed in Charleston to be retained there under our fire. Against this weak and cruel act I have protested. In the meantime the fire on the city is continued. I respectfully ask that an equal number of rebel officers of equal rank may be sent to me in order that I may place them under the rebel fire as long as our officers are exposed in Charleston."

This Department has issued a retaliatory order, transferring to General Foster an equal number of rebel general officers, to be treated in the manner proposed as long as our officers are exposed in Charleston.

E. M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, June 22—10 P. M.—To Major-Gen. Dix: Dispatches from City Point, at 9 1-2 o'clock this evening, report no fighting to-day. Movements are in progress which are not now proper for publication. The Richmond papers report an attack upon Lynchburg by Gen. Henter on Saturday, and that he was repulsed. It is believed, however, that there was nothing more than a reconnoissance, and that, having ascertained the place to be strongly defended, Gen. Hunter withdrew, and is operating upon the enemy's communications at other points. A despatch from Gen. Sherman's headquarters, dated yesterday at 8 1-2 o'clock, states that "It has rained almost incessantly, in spite of which our lines have been pressed forward steadily, and an important position has been gained by Gen. Howard."

The enemy made a desperate attempt to retake this position last night, making seven distinct assaults on Gen. Whittaker's brigade of Stanley's division, and being not less than seven or eight hundred men. Two hundred killed were left on Whittaker's front. The assault was followed by a heavy fire of artillery, under which the position was fortified, and is now safe. Our cavalry is across Noonday Creek, on our left, and one brigade of the 23d Corps is across Moses' Creek on the right; but the rebel left is behind a swamp, and the rains prevent any advance. The fighting has been quite severe at all points, the enemy resisting stubbornly, and attempting the defensive whenever he can. Gen. Sigel reports from Martinsburg to-day: "There is no truth in the statement of the Philadelphia Inquirer of the 21st in relation to a raid of Moseby. Winchester is not occupied by the enemy, nor are the telegraph wires cut between this place and Harper's Ferry." No military intelligence from any other quarter has been received to-day by the Department.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.