

THE COLUMBIA DAILY PHOENIX.

\$1 a Month, in Advance.

"Let our just Censure attend the true Event."—Shakespeare.

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By J. A. SELBY.

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BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

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[Original.]
The Virgin's Grave.
Tis a lowly grave, but it suits her best,
Since it breathes of fragrance and speaks
of rest,
And meet for her is its calm repose,
Whose life was so stormy and sad to its
close.
Tis a shady dell where they laid her form,
And the hills gather round it to break the
storm,
While above her head, the bending trees
Arrest the wing of each ruder breeze.
A trickling stream, as it winds below,
Has a music of peace in its quiet flow,
And the buds that are ever in bloom
above,
Tell of some ministering spirit's love.
It is sweet to think that when all is o'er,
And life's fever'd pulses shall fret no more,
There still shall be one, with a fond re-
gret,
Who will not forsake, and who cannot
forget.
One kinder heart, all untainted by earth,
That has kept the fresh bloom from its
bud and its birth,
Whose tears for the sorrows of youth shall
be shed,
And whose pray'r shall still rise for the
early dead.

Stray Ravellings.
A clergyman was once asked
whether the members of a church,
of which he had the care, were united.
He replied they were perfectly united
—frozen together.

Whatever distrust we may have of
the sincerity of other people, we al-
ways believe that they are more in-
genuous with ourselves than with any-
body else.

There is no greater obstacle to suc-
cess than trusting for something to
turn up, instead of going to work to
turn up something.

The great thing for a man is, not to
be able to accommodate himself to
other people's humor, for that can
easily be got along with, but to ma-
nage his own humor, so that they
will not annoy him.

All of us have two educations, one
of which we receive from others;
another, and most valuable, which we
give ourselves. It is the last which
fixes our grade in society, and eventu-
ally our actual value in this life, and
perhaps the color of our fate hereafter.

It is refreshing to find a man who
has really opinions of his own, even
where they are opposed to our own,
and somewhat absurd, as indeed in
such a contingency, they are apt to be
esteemed.

A capacity to do good not only
gives title to it, but also makes the
doing of it a duty. This sentence,
says Cotton Mather, should be pre-
served in letters of gold.

Industry is never unfruitful. Action
keeps the soul both sweet and sound,
while slothfulness rots it to noisome-
ness. There is a kind of good angel
waiting upon diligence, always carry-
ing a laurel to crown life; whereas,
idleness for her reward, is ever attend-
ed with shame and poverty.

Beware of the false friend who
would wheedle you into a vice. He
is the first to blazon to the world your
misstep, to prove that you are no better
than himself.

Fire is a good thing in the house,
but it should be in the chimney and
not in the wife's temper—cooking the
viands, not roasting the husband.

The most influential man, in a free
country, at least, is the man who has
the ability, as well as the courage, to
speak what he thinks when occasion
may require it.

Our School-Boy Days.

After all, it must be confessed that
the happiest period in life, is our bare-
footed, bread-and-butter days. People
may descant as eloquently as they
please upon the pleasures of after life,
but all feel that they were blithest and
most joyous of spirits in their school-
boy days. Never since have they felt
that triumphant sense of life, that ex-
ulting transport of soul, in which they
'reeked and rioted' when they first
vaulted from their swaddling clothes.
Few then were the ingredients neces-
sary to their cup of happiness—they
could 'carve felicity from a bit of pine
wood, or fish for it successfully in a
mill pond.' It is true, there was little
agreeableness in hard lessons—less
still in being scolded or flogged by
frowning pedagogues for not getting
them. But, the play-ground and the
holidays—what is there comparable to
them afterwards?

Reader, have all the games, sports
and recreations of your melancholy
manhood yielded you half the delight
you once derived from kite flying,
marbles, playing ball and leap frog?
Have the most gorgeous and enchant-
ing spectacles you have beheld at
theatres or elsewhere filled your soul
so brim full of ecstasy as the first
sight of Jack-o'-Lantern? Can you
ever forget the violent throbbing of
heart with which you welcomed the
metaphysical stranger?—how you
chuckled and crowed, and clapped
your hands with glee, as your dazzled
eyes followed him through all the
changeable figures of his fantastical har-
lequinade? Has any meteor, the most
resplendent, since danced and gam-
boled over your head that was any
thing in comparison? Have the most
bewitching novels of Sir Walter Scott
thrilled and fascinated you with such
strange, mysterious delight as the
stories of Bluebeard and Jack the
Giant Killer? Can you forget the
curious wonderment with which you
gazed on the man in the moon—how
you queried whether he too was made
of green cheese—and with what abso-
lute precision you made out his face?
Would you not gladly go back to the
period when the rise of the green cur-
tain revealed to you a real world—
when the jokes of the clown at the
circus were not flat, stale and unpro-
fitable, and the tricks of the juggler
and the ventriloquist had not lost half
their interest by being learned to be
deceptions? Is it any satisfaction to
you that you have read history till you
doubt everything—that you no longer
believe that Romulus was suckled by
a wolf, and Richard the Third a mon-
ster of iniquity—and that you know
Robinson Crusoe to be a fiction?

Ah, reader, we know full well your
answer. Gladly would you command
the secret of feeling as you once did;
but, alas! every day has taken from
you some happy error—some charm-
ing illusion—never to return. You
have been reasoned or ridiculed out of
all your jocund mistakes, till now, a
tall grown man, you see things as they
are, and are just wise enough to be
miserable. Well might Lady Mary
Wortley Montague exclaim, 'There is
nothing that can pay one for that val-
uable ignorance which is the compan-
ion of youth, those sanguine, ground-
less hopes, and that lively vanity
which makes up all the happiness of
life. To my extreme mortification, I
find myself growing wiser and wiser
every day.'

Do right though you have enemies.
You cannot escape them by doing
wrong; and it is little gain to barter
away your honor and integrity, and
divest yourself of moral courage, to
gain what? Nothing. Better abide
by the truth—frown down all oppo-
sition, and rejoice in the feeling which
must inspire a free and independent
man.

Build your hopes upon the wind
and a change of it will end them.

OLD FOLKS.—Bless the old people,
say we! What should we do without
them? Does not a man feel better
and stronger in the battle of life for
having a grey-haired old father and
mother under the shelter of some
brown-eyed farm house away? Does
the millionaire's heart leap half so
high at the sight of the pines and
oranges that daily decorate his table,
as he does when the barrel of red-
streaked apples comes from the coun-
try home—apples from the old hill-
side orchard, carefully picked out by a
spectacled mother, and directed in a
shaking hand by the kindly old man.
Oh, these apples have a flavor of home
and childhood! What an event it is
to the dwellers in brown stone man-
sions and marble-fronted palaces, to
have the old folks come up from the
country on a visit, with their old-fash-
ioned ways and antiquated, snuff-
colored garments, and horror of all
new inventions and dangerous novel-
ties! We can but smile when they
blow out the gas, and sit as far as pos-
sible from the furnace register, for fear
they may burst, and starting every
time the speaking tubes are used, and
regard the water pipes as fearful and
wonderful things.

Such things make them feel that
their day and generation are over,
even more than the white-headed little
grand-children, and the silver threads
in the locks of the son or daughter,
who was their 'baby' once. Yet there
is something beautiful in their sim-
plicity—their utter ignorance of the
marvels of city life. The dear old
folks as long as they are alive, there
is always an untiring ear for our tales
of joy or trial, a ready excuse for our
foibles—there is always some one to
whom we are 'the children.' It is
only when the accustomed chair is
empty, and the violets growing over
the gentle eyes, that we feel the bitter-
est pang of heart-sickness that earth
has to give. When the old folks are
gone, we are alone, though a thousand
friends sit around our hearthstone.

[Life Illustrated.]

THE WRONG ANIMAL.—Grantley
Brockley, the English snob and artist,
tells the following excruciating story
of Lady Haggerstone's scheme to
charm the Regent.

Her ladyship had at her residence
a miniature farm-yard and three little
Alderney cattle. When the Prince
and his friends had arrived, she came
forward from a side wicket a milk-
maid, for the purpose of making syl-
labub for the Prince. She had a silver
pail in one hand and an ornamental
stool in the other. Lady Haggerstone
tripped along, with ribbons flying from
her dainty little milking hat, that hung
on one side of her graceful head, and
the smallest little apron tied below her
laced stomacher, till she came opposite
his Royal Highness, to whom she
dropped a really graceful curtsy. Then
passing lightly over the beautifully
plaited straw, her tucked up gown
showing her neat ankle, as well as her
colored stockings, she placed her stool
and pail convenient for use. Leaning
against the flank of one of the cross-
looking of the Alderneys, she was at-
tempting to commence her rustic lab-
ors, but not having selected the right
sex, the offended animal did not seem
to fancy the performance, for he first
kicked out, then trotted away, nearly
upsetting stool, pail, and Lady Hagger-
stone, who, covered with confusion,
made a hasty retreat to her little dairy,
whence she did not appear again.

The best thing to give to your
enemy is forgiveness; to your oppo-
nent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart;
to your child, a good example; to a
father, deference; to a mother, conduct
that will make her proud of you; to
yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

If the best man's faults were written
on his forehead it would make him
pull his hat over his eyes.

A GOOD FORAGER.—Not long ago
a returned prisoner, an Irishman,
stopped at a hospitable looking man-
sion, and asked for a glass of 'butter-
milk.' The response was that the
cows had gone dry. 'Will, then, I'll
take swatemilk,' said the soldier.
'Hadn't any to spare' came back from
the house. 'I'll pay yez for it,' said
the thirsty Hibernian. 'Give yez any-
thing ye ask—pay ye in specie—just
from the North—got a pocketful—'
fired off the soldier in a quick suc-
cession of volleys intended solely for the
weak points of the enemy's defence.
The last assault proved irresistible.
The mansion capitulated, and instead
of a glass, the poor soldier was gen-
erously treated to a pitcher full of pure,
luscious milk, which he disposed of
with a gusto that was refreshing. Re-
turning the crockery, the soldier
plunged his hand into the deep Charyb-
dis of one pocket, then another, until
finally with a comic expression on his
sun-browned features, he exclaimed,
'Faith I'm—I'm in throuble, I am—I
belave me specie's in my other shoot
of close, and that in me thruck, but
if ye've no objection, I kin do like
Misther Triphum, and give yez a cer-
tifikate payable in gold aithar the
war.' The proposition was evidently
not conciliatory, the security unsound,
and the people who had been so un-
graciously swindled by the thirsty sol-
dier, slammed the door in his face and
left him to trudge on his way 'to the
wife and childer beyant.'

The great Lablache's collection is
coming to the hammer. It is one of
snuff boxes. This great artist had one
hobby during life. It was to surround
himself with tabatières of every
material, size, form and variety. They
amount to hundreds. They bear im-
perial, royal, princely, ducal, literary,
and lady-fair effigies brilliant in dia-
mond, pearl, malachite, lapis lazuli, or
humble horn. 'He received gold snuff-
boxes from all the courts of Europe,
and possessed so many that he be-
came a passionate collector, and in all
the sales, he had agents to buy for
him the finest and the most original
offered.

Like flakes of snow that fall unper-
ceived upon the earth, the seemingly
unimportant actions of life succeed
each other. As the snow gathers to-
gether, so are our habits formed. No
single flake, that is added to the pile,
produces a sensible change; no single
action creates, however it may exhibit
man's character; but as the tempest
hurls the avalanche down the moun-
tain, and overwhelms the inhabitant
and his habitation, so passion acting
upon the elements of mischief, which
pernicious habits have brought to-
gether by imperceptible accumulation,
may overthrow the edifice of truth and
virtue.

AN ARTLESS ARGUMENT.—Nai-
mann, a black prince, arrived in Eng-
land from the neighborhood of Sierra
Leone in 1791. The gentleman to
whose care he had been entrusted took
great pains to convince him that the
Bible is the Word of God, and he
received it as such with great reverence
and simplicity. When he was asked
what it was that satisfied him on this
subject, he replied: "When I found all
good men minding the Bible, and
calling it the Word of God, and all
bad men disregarding it, then I was
sure that the Bible must be what good
men call it, the Word of God."

TO MAKE TOMATO WINE.—Take
ripe tomatoes, press and strain them,
then to one quart of juice add one
half-pint of sugar, bottle and let it
stand until it ferments, then it is ready
for use.

When Charles V read upon the
tomb of a Spanish nobleman—'Here
lies one who never knew a fear,' he
very wittily observed—'Then he never
snuffed a candle with his fingers.'

In early childhood you lay the
foundation of poverty or riches in the
habits you give your children. Teach
them to save everything—not for their
own use, for that would make them
selfish—but for some use. Teach
them to share everything with their
playmates, but never allow them to
destroy anything.

Kind words do not cost much. They
never blister the tongue or lips. And
we have never heard of any mental
trouble arising from this quarter.
Though they do not cost much, yet
they accomplish much. They help
one's own good nature, and good will.

What a beautiful comment the fol-
lowing is upon a good house-wife:
'To hear her converse, you would sup-
pose she did nothing but read, to have
looked through the department of her
household, you would suppose she
never read.'

There's no use in quarreling forever
with the world. It is believed to be
not half so bad as one often that we
hear of; if railing could have improved
it, it would have been reformed long
ago.

Knowledge cannot be acquired with-
out pains and application. It is trou-
blesome, and like deep digging for
pure water; but when once you come
to the springs, they rise up and meet
you.

Lord Bacon has compared those
who move in higher spheres, to those
heavenly bodies in the firmament,
which have much admiration, but
little rest.

Joy is an exchange; joy flies to
monopolists; it calls for two; rich Hez-
er planted never plucked by one.

Money and time have both their
value. He who makes bad use of the
one will never make a good use of the
other.

Don't live in hope with your arms
folded; fortune smiles on those who
roll up their sleeves and put their
shoulders to the wheel.

We sleep, but the loom of life never
stops; and the pattern which was
weaving when the sun went down, is
weaving when it comes up to morrow.

Dean Swift said with much truth.
'It is useless for us to attempt to reason
a man out of a thing he has never
been reasoned into.'

Gratitude is the fairest blossom
which springs from the soul; and the
heart of man knoweth none more frag-
rant.

The poorest education that teaches
self-control, is far better than the best
that neglects it.

Passion without principle is as a
two-edged sword without a handle.
He who wields it gets the worst cut.

To be angry with a weak man is a
proof that you are not very strong
yourself.

E. J. ARTHUR,
Attorney at Law & Solicitor in Equity,
MAY be found, for the present, at Dr.
Geiger's office, headquarters.
may 17

Stolen,
FROM my stable, on last Sunday
night, a MARE MULE, about 12
years old, shod before and on the right
hind foot; she is branded on the left hip
'U. S.' where she has shed the hair, is
black; where washed, brown. She is sup-
posed to be in Columbia. A suitable re-
ward will be given for any information
that I can get her. H. H. SMITH,
may 17 Near Doko

Information Wanted
OF Mr. W. C. BEERE, who left Colum-
bia for Charlotte on the 16th Feb-
ruary. Any information concerning him
will be thankfully received by his wife
C. A. BEERE. may 16 3

Law Notice.
I WILL be found in the South Carolina
College buildings, in the Library, from
10 a. m. to 12 m.
May 4 JAMES D. TRADEWELL.

20 Wrapping Paper.
OLD NEWS PAPERS for sale at
office. Price 50 and 40 cents a