

# COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

"Let our just eensure  
Attend the true event."—Shakspeare.

BY J. A. SELBY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1865.

VOL. 1.—NO. 7.

## THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX

IS PUBLISHED

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,

BY

J. A. SELBY.

Single copies \$1.

Advertisements inserted at \$5 per square (ten lines) for each insertion.

## WAR, SACK and DESTRUCTION OF THE

## City of Columbia

### XXV.

The most invariable feature of the war, was the invariable processions of fugitive women and old men escaping from the burning cities, to be escorted by Yankee soldiers, as frequently by the one as by the other. Sometimes pretended civility was shown with jeering or offensive remarks upon their situation. These civilities had no interior object. To accept them, under the notion that they were tendered in good faith, was to be robbed or insulted. The young girls were in a box or bundle, who could be persuaded to trust it to the charge of one of the soldiers, very often lost possession of it.

"The bundle is small, but it seems heavy," said one to a young lady, who in the procession was carrying off her mother's bundle. "I wonder! Let me carry it for you, my dear. My object is to save it, if I can. I would like to save it for you; let me help you. I can do no help of yours, and wish you would know that I mean to save it, if I can. You are too proud, miss, but we'll surmount you yet. You have been living in covered your face—will bring you down to the wash-tub. Those white hands shall be done brown in the sun before we're done with you." A Yankee spoke out that Yankee envy of Southern prosperity and the superior privilege of our civilization, which lurks at the bottom of the Yankee heart, which has shown itself in a thousand forms of spite, ill-feeling and malice for thirty years, and now reaches its climax in robbery, incendiarism and massacre. It is not surprising to those who have long known the characteristics of this people, that their officers, even ranking so high as colonels,

were found as active in the work of insults and plunder as any of their common men. One of these colonels came into the presence of a young girl, a pupil of the Convent, and the daughter of a distinguished public man. He wore in his hat her riding plume, attached by a small golden ornament, and in his hands he carried her riding whip. She calmly addressed him thus: "I have been robbed, sir, of every article of clothing and ornaments; even the dress I wear is borrowed. I am resigned to their loss. But there are some things that I would not willingly lose. You have in your cap the plume from my riding hat—you carry in your hand my riding whip. They were gifts to me from a precious friend. I demand them from you." "Oh! these cannot be yours—I have had them a long time." "You never had them before last night. It was then I lost them. They are mine, and the gold ornament of the feather engraved with the initials of the giver. Once more I demand them of you." "Well, I'm willing to give them to you, if you'll accept them as a keepsake." "No, sir, I wish no keepsake of yours; I shall have sufficiently painful memories to remind me of those whom I could never willingly see again—whom I have never wished to see." "Oh! I rather guess you're right there," with a grin. "Will you restore me my whip and feather?" "As a keepsake! Yes." "No, sir, as my property, which you can only wear as stolen property." "I tell you, if you'll take them as a keepsake from me, you shall have them." "You must then keep them, sir—happy, perhaps, that you cannot blush whenever you sport the plume or flourish the whip." And the miserable wretch, representative of the best Government and the most saintly people of the world, bore off the stolen treasures of the damsel.

In these connections, oaths of the most blasphemous kind were rarely foreborne, even when their talk was had with females. They had a large faith in Sherman's generalship. One of their lieutenants is reported to have said: "He's all hell at flanking. He'd thank God Almighty out of Heaven and the devil into hell."

### XXVI.

But this is enough on this topic, and we must plead the exactions of truth and the necessities of historical evidence, to justify us in repeating and recording such monstrous blasphemies. We shall therefore, from other hands, be able to repeat some additional dialogues held with the women of Columbia, by some of

the Yankee officers. Of their *temper*, one or two more brief anecdotes will suffice.

The Convent, among its other possessions, had a very beautiful model of the Cathedral of Charleston. This occupied a place in the Convent ground. It was destroyed by the soldiers. One of the nuns lamented its fate to the Mother Superior, in the presence of Col. Ewell, (†) an aid of one of the general's Headquarters bitterly, "Yes, it is rightly served, and I could wish the same fate to befall every cathedral in which *Te Deum* has been performed at the downfall of our glorious flag."

A gentleman was expressing to one of the Yankee Generals the fate of the Convent, and speaking of the losses, especially of the Lady Superior. He replied dryly: "It is not forgotten that this lady is the sister of Bishop Lygon, who had *Te Deum* performed in his cathedral at the fall of Fort Sumter."

A lady of this city spoke indignantly to Atkins, of Sherman's army, and said of the General, "He wars upon women!" "Yes," said Atkins, "and justly. It is the women of the South who keep up this cursed rebellion. It gave us the greatest satisfaction to see those proud Georgia women begging crumbs from Yankee leavings; and this will soon be the fate of all you Carolina women."

A few more examples of the sort of talk which they held with our people, especially the women, will serve to illustrate more completely the cold-blooded, viperous and thoroughly base character of the invaders, while showing the spirit of our women under this cruel ordeal.

Escorting a sad procession of fugitives from the burning dwellings, one of them said: "What a glorious sight!" "Terrible, so," said one of the ladies. "Grand!" said he. "Very pitiful," was the reply. The lady added: "How, as men, you can behold the horrors of this scene, and behold the sufferings of these innocents, without terriblest pangs of self-condemnation and self-loathing, it is difficult to conceive." "We glory in it!" was the answer. "I tell you, madam, that when the people of the North hear of the vengeance we have meted out to your city, there will be a universal shout of rejoicing from man, woman and child, from Maine to Maryland." "You are, then, sir, only a fitting representative of your people."

Another said to a group of ladies, while escorting them, on a similar flight from the fire, and among their progress by like streets and avenues: "You needed illumination here. You