

# COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

Daily Paper \$20 a Month.  
Payable in Advance.

"Let our just censure  
Attend the true event."—Shakespeare.

Tri-Weekly \$10 a Month.  
Payable in Advance.

BY J. A. SELBY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1865.

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## THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX

IS PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY.

BY—JULIAN A. SELBY.

The Daily is issued every morning, except Sunday, at \$20 a month. Tri-weekly, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at \$10 a month, invariably in advance. Single copies \$1.

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

## THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

PUBLISHED

DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY.

The undersigned begs to inform the citizens of Columbia and of the State of South Carolina at large, that he has commenced the daily publication of the COLUMBIA PHOENIX, and trusts that this additional contribution to the source of public interest will be as grateful to his readers, as he trusts to make it an honorable both to them and to himself. The telegrams of the Associated Press will be regularly published each morning, as will be, also, all matters of interest received by the mails. The paper will be delivered regularly to city subscribers by faithful carriers. Terms \$20 per month, in advance.

The TRI-WEEKLY PHOENIX—published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—will be mailed to subscribers in the country at \$10 a month, in advance. No subscription received for a longer period than three months.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents, and will receive ten per cent as commissions.

JULIAN A. SELBY,

Publisher and Proprietor.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 10, 1865.

### Proclamation.

I, T. J. GOODWYN, Mayor of the city of Columbia, S. C., call earnestly upon the citizens to aid the municipal authorities in the preservation of order, peace and law. The laws made and provided for their maintenance will be strictly enforced. It is, therefore, earnestly requested that any and every encroachment be promptly reported to the proper officers. It is a source of deep regret to the executive that a laxity of morals exists among some portions of our inhabitants, inasmuch as they are daily trespassing on the rights of others, whose enclosures are not secure by proper fencing; also, on the shade trees on the public streets. The law in these instances, as well as all laws for the protection of public and private property, will be enforced.

It has also been reported that parties are bringing into the city spirituous liquors for sale. It is much to be deprecated that this source of mischief should exist at such a time, when our inhabitants stand in daily want of food. Severe measures against the retailing of liquors must be resorted to, in order to stop the spread of this grievous evil; trusting on an All-wise Providence to sustain me in this our time of affliction, and relying on all good citizens to assist the authorities in maintaining order in our city.

Given under my hand, this fourth day of April, 1865. T. J. GOODWYN.

### Our Refugeesism.

III.

The next day we arrived in the afternoon at Chester. Our rented house was still there, and as we had provisions along, instead of troubling any one for hospitality, we concluded just to stay in our own hired house, if it was but for one night. We drove up, saw signs of its being inhabited. On entering the door, we were met by a mustached individual, who said he had taken possession of it, as a surgeon of the hospital, and there was one sick man, he said, very sick then. Mr. M. said something about its being his house, and couldn't the man be moved into another room; that the lady was sick and tired and cold, from travelling all day, and couldn't she have the room with a fireplace, as soon as possible; whereupon, the official told him he shouldn't have the house at all, and slammed the door in our faces. I presume it was "a military necessity" to take a man's rented house, and when he asked for a night's lodging in it, to shrim the cook in his face and that of a lady. Soon, a Good Samaritan came to our relief, the wife of the Methodist minister of the place, who cordially invited us to the parsonage, and there made us comfortable and grateful that there were still some kind and unselfish hearts in this cold world. A bright and beautiful morning dawned upon us, and soon we were upon our journey. Had to stop at a blacksmith's shop, on the road-side. The man, a colored one, and stranger to us, would charge nothing for the job, saying, "these times we must work into each other's hands." He said all these troubles would teach the negroes who were their true friends; told us of an instance, where a faithful negro had saved his master's mill, but an unfaithful one had subsequently induced the Yankees to destroy it. This piece of work making him presume too much on their gratitude to him, he became somewhat impertinent, (as had been his wont, no doubt with impunity, many a time before to his master,) and the Yankees shot him. Another negro man said, "I will die before I betray my master," and the vile Yankee monsters said, "die then," and riddled him with their bullets. How would Mrs. Stowe like to work up this little incident as an offset to "Uncle Tom?"

Before we reach Blackstocks, signs of the enemy begin to appear, defences in the way of fence rails, &c. Glad to see Mr. Y's, where we were so hospitably entertained on our journey up, standing safe, and unharmed. Wished for time to stop and congratulate. After we reached Blackstocks, where the enemy took the back track, deplorable signs of their visit begin to appear. Dead horses and mules make the air pestiferous, the railroad is a scene of destruction. Sherman made good his words, "That he would burn the very stones in South Carolina," for the solid granite foundations of the depot were shivered to atoms. Now begin the stark bare chimneys, all remaining of the fine country homes, along the road of this fertile country. Oh! these monumental chimnies, how mutely and piteously they stand there, day and night, as if calling down heaven's vengeance upon the inhuman fiends, that have made so many hearth-stones desolate. We found the beautiful cottage house of Cockrell's spared; a flower garden all round the house,

a venerable matron, with her two young granddaughters, the occupants. Surely some Yankee with a green spot in his heart, must on that account have saved it. No! it was headquarters to some of the officers—they needed shelter, but allowed it to be pillaged from garret to cellar. As we proceed onward, gloomier and gloomier grows the picture. Not even a rose left, in some places, to tell where the garden had been; in others, a few left blooming on, as an unconscious infant smiles in a death chamber. In Winnsboro, they appear, as regards the incendiariism, not to have suffered greatly. Sherman sent to ask Mrs. B. if he might make her house his headquarters. "I am in your power," said she; "he is welcome to come. Ah no!" she added; "I am so in the habit of saying that word welcome, to one who would be my guest, I forgot myself. It is more than he can expect of a Carolina woman, to bid him welcome—he can come." Her hospitality was rewarded by the sacking of her house, so that, though that was spared, she lost more out of the house than the house was worth.

That night sought our former stopping place, the first night of our journey, Col. W's. The house was just the same and all the people in it, though they had seen "the elephant." They had asked for a guard—always the right plan, by the way, to save the house, but not its surroundings or contents. All our houses are doomed, as well as all stock and provisions. Here the ladies' trunks were well rifled. One of the young ladies saved her most valuable one by sitting on it. They stole all that the negroes had. They even stole from the baby; for an infant of six months (the orphan child of the late Col. D.) was one of the household, and I remarked: "You ought to have shown them the baby; surely so much innocence and helplessness would have disarmed demons." "No, indeed," said they; "they even stole a little saccie and pair of socks from the baby!" Col W.; all the time the enemy were on his premises, was lying *perdu*, but awake to all their movements, and saved a good deal by snatching it from straggling Yankees left in the rear. After they had all left, as he supposed, he snied a blue-coat in one of his negro houses. The Yank was making himself quite easy and comfortable, eating a fine breakfast he had made them cook for him. Col. W. stepped up, and, with the assistance of his servant man, tied him, ordered him to strip off his boots, told him he wanted that fine shirt of his, also his overcoat. Gave him, in return, an old homespun shirt, and, as he begged so piteously for his life, he kept him till the enemy had left Winnsboro; then gave him his parole, and told him to clear himself. He took his way Savannahward.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

CONSOLIDATION.—Under the Act of Congress of February 25th, all companies in the service, numbering less than thirty-two men, are to be consolidated, and their non-commissioned officers to be dropped from the army rolls and enlisted as privates. The latter, however, are allowed to select the arm of service which they desire to join. The office of ensign has been dropped, and the position is to be given to meritorious privates. The occupants are to be offered from their own number by appointment of the President.