

Friday Morning, April 14, 1866.

Major John R. Niernsee.

This gentleman, the highly able State Architect, is one of those sufferers, at the hands of the Yankees, in a professional as well as pecuniary way, whose losses are, in a large measure, public as well as private; since the scientific library, the models, designs and implements of an architect, are sources of common information and intelligence, to which all students have need to repair at seasons. And it is not easy to replace such collections as accumulate during a term of years in the hands of the professional, difficult at any period—impossible at the present. Major Niernsee, being up to the last moment engaged in the erection of the fortifications around Columbia, had neither the time nor the opportunity for the removal of anything from his office, nor, indeed, could transportation be had in those hours of general confusion. His office, being his studio also—nay, his professional home—he had accumulated in his rooms hundreds of architectural pictures and engravings, a select and extensive library in architecture, the best authorities in civil and military engineering, and the services connected therewith, and procured, at great cost, from England, France and Germany. There were other works of the rarest kind, illustrating all the great cathedrals and other churches, palaces and public buildings, both ancient and modern, of these countries; the architectural models of Greece and Rome, of Bonibek and Palmyra, and of the most modern and recent structures, during the past fifty years on the continent of Europe; the illuminated works of St. Peter's, the frescoes of the Vatican and other palaces at Rome; models, casts, instruments, sketches, drawings and notes, made and accumulated by Mr. Niernsee himself, during a term of thirty years, both in this country and Europe. He has lost all, and the details would be countless, cannot be recalled, save at periods when the necessity shall arise to the mind of the student, for reference and examination to standards and authorities. The recorded and graphic experience of a matured professional existence of long study and hard labor, not to be estimated by any money standard, has been swept away in a night. His dwelling, almost by a miracle, escaped the flames, but was plundered of all its contents. His private papers, books, deeds, memoranda, disappeared with clothing and provisions. What was not borne away, was torn into shreds and tatters, and strewed about the floor. There was one frequent practice of the Yankees, which they put in exercise in the store-room and pantry of the architect, and the description of it, in his case, will suffice to illustrate the repeated experiences of others. A barrel of flour is emptied and spread upon the floor; a barrel of rice, another of grist or meal, is spread, in like manner, over it; then peas, preserves, pickles, spices, salt, vinegar, mustard, medicines, are all cast into the mass; over which, to render the medley "slab and good," they pour the contents of a barrel of molasses. Such was the fate of the creature comforts of our architect at the hand-

of the Yankees. We give his personal and farther experience in his own language, contained in a letter, from which we have drawn these and other particulars:

"After many ineffectual moves to four or five different places of supposed refuge, I arrived at the vacant lot South of the Charlotte Railroad Depot, with a family consisting of twelve persons—all females and children, with the exception of myself and a crippled son of twenty-two years of age, who yet suffered from an amputated right hand—and with an incongruous baggage, diminishing in its quantity in proportion as that of a friend of mine, who started from a well stocked home with upwards of seventy-five fine hams, and landed finally, after stopping at seven successive places of refuge, at the Female College, with two hams and a half! Here, on this out-of-the-way and desolate commons, the drunken Yankees reeling home to camp during the night, and in my absence (trying to bring up and save more goods and chattels from my home) invaded our temporary resting place, shot pistols at my wife and chased my daughter and some refugee lady friends with knives, and made night hideous in general, unrolling a sleeping infant and my poor crippled boy out of their last blankets as a covering; answering my wife, on her earnest entreaties not to take the last covering from the poor children, 'Let the d—d little rebels suffer as we have had to do for the past four years.' This dreadful scene finally closed, by their discovery of what they imagined to be a basket full of silver forks, just as they were about to break open a large and valuable trunk. The supposed silver shined the trunk. They bounced en masse upon that basket of plated forks, and disappeared camp-wards and into the neighboring woods."

Charles Lowndes, Esq.

We have already ventured to correct a misstatement of the press, which described Mr Lowndes as having, in Charleston, taken the oath to Lincoln. The denial is repeated in strong terms by a correspondent of the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, who says that Mr. Lowndes left Charleston on purpose to avoid the necessity of taking the oath. We regret to learn that Mr. L., like so many others, has lost nearly all his property through the tender mercies of the Yankees; but that he has sacrificed no part of his faith, and bates nothing of heart and hope in the cause of his country. He has an only son serving in the war, as Adjutant-General of Hampton.

We learn from the same correspondent of the *Constitutionalist*, that Mr. Lowndes has been called to the honorable position of the Presidency of the Bank of Charleston, made vacant by the death of the late lamented Mr. Sass. Mr. Lowndes is now at Greenville, S. C., where the Bank of Charleston maintains an agency.

MR. EDITOR: My attention having been called to an editorial in your paper, which leaves the impression that the marine school has been suspended, I beg leave to say that there is no foundation for such. The boys are now engaged on a farm near Orangeburg, pursuing their academic studies, and at the same time cultivating the farm, to contribute to their support.

WM. B. YATES,
Chaplain Marine School.

New York dates of the 30th state that gold opened at 152; went to 152½, and closed at 152. Cotton demand limited—prices declined—market closed very irregular, with a downward tendency. Sales of 450 bales.

Local Items.

The office of the *Columbia Phoenix* is on Gates street, second door from Main.

MR. T. W. MORDECAI.—It was something of a surprise, and a painful one, to hear yesterday that Mr. T. W. Mordecai, a respectable citizen of Columbia, died suddenly, the night before, of disease of the heart. Mr. Mordecai leaves a very large family of five daughters and two sons—one of the latter being in the army.

EXODUS.—It will be seen from the announcement of our Mayor of Columbia, that transportation, by wagon, will be furnished this morning to those citizens who desire to leave the place. It is recommended to all who can leave, and desire to do so, that they should avail themselves of this and all such opportunities as offer, to make their exit from a community which must, in a brief time, prove incapable of supporting them. Our numbers are still such after all departures, as will not allow of their being fed on the resources of the community. Supplies come in very slowly. Transportation is next to impossible; the country immediately around us is so thoroughly devastated that it can no longer feed its own population, and many from the surrounding parts actually seek their support from the exhausted stores of our city. It is the part of prudence, necessarily, that we should lessen in every possible way the number of hungry mouths among us. Let all, then, who can depart, take the hint and be off, without stopping to take leave or arranging the order of procedure in their departure. Surely, to men still capable of work and enterprise, no exhortation to go abroad, and get occupation, and do better, should be necessary. It is the worst feature in our morals, that there should be so little show of mental and moral effort to repair our fortunes, or at least use our energies for the proper maintenance of ourselves and families. Men had better work in vain, and to no profit, than sit, like the sluggard, with folded hands, waiting, with the Micawber of Dickens, to see what will turn up. Let us turn up ourselves, and not be content merely to look up—lying on the flat of our backs.

IMPREMENT OF HORSES.—Is there no way to correct the notorious impement of the bay mules and horses left in districts so depopulated as those of Columbia? Here, within a day of two, soldiers fresh from Augusta and other parts which have escaped the ravagers, have set to work to impress the horses from wagons arriving with provisions in the city. At this rate, what farmers will send provisions to the people of the town? The mere report of the practice will suffice to keep the wagons away. Gen. Lovell, we understand, with commendable promptness, interfered, in some cases, to have the horses restored to their owners. But that will not suffice to restore confidence to the people of the country. The worst of it is that, as we are told, the roads are now so insecure—so infested by soldiers, or those who pretend to be so, in the absence of any army—that no traveler's or wagoner's horse is safe, unless protected by rifle or revolver: and stories have reached us, from various sources, that