

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., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865. VOL. I.—NO. 19.

THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX

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.

[Original.]

By the Ruins of the Burned Methodist Church.

As I stand beside thy crumbling walls,
Thy char'd and blacken'd walls,
And weep thy fate, thou blessed Church,
Oh! how my heart recalls

The times and seasons, past and gone,
Dear, dear to memory,
Since, on thy dedication morn,

A fair, new sanctuary,
"Like doves unto their windows," came
God's worshippers to thee!

How I recall, within thy walls,
The triumphs of the cross—
When, quick and powerful prov'd the word,
Men, counting all things lost,
So Christ were gained; when scores on scores
At thy blest altar kneel'd,
And found the pard'ning love of God
There, to their souls reveal'd,
Prov'd there the atoning blood of Christ
His covenant had seal'd.

To many, thou, a Bethel place,
But ah! to mine and me
Thou wast, by all the precious past,
Sacred to memory.

A thousand, thousand thoughts well up
The blacken'd walls beside
All, thou wast to my heart and hope
Oh! Church, with doors thrown wide,
That all might to thine altar flee,
And safely there abide.

To all, to all, a house of prayer,
But meet unto the poor,
Blood evermore, by day and night,
Thy wide and open door;
But, ah! the poor man and the slave,
Who found a welcome there,
Those crumbling walls are all they see
Of that blest house of prayer;
Yes, all they see of that sacred Church
Is the blacken'd ruin there.

Of God, avengs thy ruin'd Church,
Build up its walls, ere long,
And stop the wide, destroying march
Of those who work such wrong
To the churches of this Christian land—
To the poor and to the slave—
To the human race; they're hurrying fast
To an untimely grave.
And now to us, in our sore need,
Oh! seek us out and save.

M. M.

An Old Trapper's Reminiscences.

Boys', said old Reuben Hardinge, as, with three of his companions, he sat before his camp fire in the deep wilderness of the

far West, it's right amazing how old recollections will plump down on a feller every now and then, and make him about as fit for his business as a turkey buzzard is for a singing bird?

"What's up now, Rube?" inquired one of the others, as he lazily inhaled and puffed out a volume of tobacco smoke.

"Well, Joe, I war jest thinking back to the time I fust put out for these here diggings, and the right smart chance for a muss that made me do it."

"I never heard the story, Rube."

"I reckon none of us ever did," said another.

"Spouse you tells it ef you're in the mood for it," put in the third.

"Well," rejoined Rube, "I s'pose I mought as well tell it, as think about it—though thar's mighty few as ever heard it—for it arnt one of the things as I likes to hev cut across my track patty often."

"Let me see now?" pursued the old mountaineer musingly, "thirty years, I reckon, would take me back to a right smart looking young man. Now you needn't grin ed about that, boys, for it's a fact by thunder. I warnt alays the scarrified, stoop-shouldered, grizzly-faced, gray-headed, grunting old beaver you sees me now, I can tell you—but a right smart chance of a sapping—six foot high in my moccasins, hair as black as a crow, eye like a young eagle's and with everything about me as limber and supple as a two year old buck. Yes, that's what I war thirty year ago—but that thirty year has tuk it all down amazing."

The trapper paused for a few moments, as one lost in contemplation, and then resumed:

"Yes, thirty year ago—it dont seem a great, while, nyther, though I've done a heap o' tramping and seen a heap o' rough and tumble sence then; thirty year ago it war, and yit I can fotch it all back as clar as ef it war yesterday; and the way he looked, and the way she looked, and the way I felt, all stand out afore me as plain as the nose on your face, Joe—and your woe enemy'll be apt to allow that youve got some nose."

"But you wont understand me, boys, unless I begins a little back o' that partickler time, and so I'll do it. You see the way of it war this: I war raised down in Tennessee, on to a plantation that would hev been my father's, ef he only had all his debts paid, which he hadnt; and on another plantation, about half a mile off, ther lived Neil Waterman, who war a colonel in

the militia, and a squire-in-law, and some punks ginerally all round."

"Now Colonel Squire Waterman had a darter named Lucy, that was the purtiest specimen of a deck in them parts—slim, straight, plump-lipped, rosy cheeked and silky-haired with two blue eyes, that ud fotch the tallest brute of a human right down on his marrer bones afore he knowed what ailed him."

"Well, to git along into the meat of the thing. I fell head over heels in love with Lucy, from the time I war big enough to say boo to a bar; and I kep on that way, only getting wusser as I growed older; and ef Lucy didnt love me back again, she made believe to do it, and that did me jest as well for the time."

"But the difference tween me and Lucy, as we both growed older, war, that I'd only one to pick from, and she'd everbody—for every scamp in the diggings war arter her—and some o the fellers I used to think mought be a heap better looking to her than Rube Hardinge—though I could outrun, out jump, out-shoot, out-holler, and outlick the hul kit, and stood ready to do it any minute that anybody wanted to try it. Well, the pint I'm coming to ar this: Things had gone on one way and tother purty considerable—and me and Lucy had quarreled and made up agin about a hundred times—and I'd kicked the clothes off my bed every night for two months, in dreaming as how I war kicking some mean sneak as war trying to get on to the blind side of the gal of my affections; things war getting on this way, I say, when Colonel Squire Waterman he gin a corn husking, and asked in all the boys and gals around them parts. I war that, in course, and I went thar determined to keep poor Lucy from being bothered with palavers from them as, she mout not like; but, for some reason or other, the gal had took a notion jest then that nobody war no bother to hercept me, and that I war alays in her way when I happened to git along side o her. That thar sort-o thing naturally riled me up and made me feel welfish; and when I spoke, I ginerally said something that didnt altogether set well on the stomachs of sum of the crowd—though as to who liked it, and who didnt, I never stopp'd to ax. Now, amongst the ugly mugs as war trying to tote off the affections of Lucy, thar war one called Pete Blodget, that I'd tuk a mortal hate to; and jest as ef theyd both planned out how they could best fotch the catermount out of me, he squeezed himself

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