

COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

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

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

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

BY J. A. SELBY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1865.

VOL. I.—NO. 20.

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.

Dress-making, etc.

MISS A. J. STOKES informs the ladies of this city that she is prepared to do any work in her line, at short notice and at reasonable rates. She can be found at the residence of Mr. Leckie, on Richland street, near Surter. April 19 4*

For Sale or Rent.

COTTAGE HOUSE containing five rooms and necessary out-buildings, with sixty acres of land attached, two miles and a half from the city. Inquire at this office. April 17

For Rent,

A LARGE and COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE on Senate street, between Sumter and Marion streets. The house contains eight rooms; the servants' houses are ample. Apply to A. R. PHILLIPS, At Dr. Geiger's. April 18 16*

CARD.

THE subscriber having resumed business as a Commission Merchant, is now prepared to receive consignments and make liberal advances on all kinds of PRODUCE and MERCHANDIZE. Thanks for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of same. All business entrusted to my care shall have my usual prompt attention.

A. L. SOLOMON, Commission Merchant,
Plain street, second door from Assembly.
April 20 12.

Engine, Boiler, &c., at Private Sale.

WILL be sold at private sale, a FIVE-HORSE POWER ENGINE, a BOILER, 30 feet long by 3 feet in diameter, and SMOKE-PIPE, &c., in very good condition. Apply to A. R. PHILLIPS, At Dr. Geiger's. April 18 15*

\$250 Reward.

STOLEN, on the night of the 14th inst., from the stable in rear of Headquarters, a short BORREL STALLION, about four years old. Said animal has a sore on each side of his back, and hair trimmed very short on both hind fetlocks. The above reward will be paid, and no questions asked, if the horse is delivered at Headquarters Post. April 17

Headquarters,

COLUMBIA, S. C., APRIL 19, 1865.

NOTICE is hereby given that no PASSES will be granted at these headquarters, to any one, for the purpose of entering the enemy's lines. Passes for such purpose must be obtained from the Secretary of War.

By order A. F. RUDLER, Col. Com'dg.
W. J. MERRILL, A. A. C. G. April 19

COLUMBIA.

Friday Morning, April 21, 1865.

A Few Words About Poetry.

All literature worth the name must be intelligent with fresh thought, and thus may be of a sort to meet the needs and wants of a time; or, of a profounder order, it anticipates the needs of the future generations, more or less remote. Poetry is essentially winged thought, involving the exhibition and illustration of all the nobler qualities of humanity; grace, power, passion, all the emotions and sensibilities; and employs, as its chief agents, imagination, fancy and invention. It expresses itself to the eye in painting, to the ear in music, to the mind in harmonious verse, and to eye, ear, thought and sympathy in the drama. Hence the drama is the most comprehensive of all the forms of poetry. It may be, and frequently is, a voice of eloquence, the keenest passion, the sublimest argument, the most fiery invective, the deepest philosophy. It is the sire of all history, it is the sublimest form of language, it is the ever-refining guardian of the language, and preserves, in the highest perfection, its powers, its beauties, its graces and its laws. It appeals to the lover, the patriot, the soldier, the sage. It is the soul and foundation of all the fine arts, and even shows itself in the mechanical, being the real, though unsuspected, source of all human invention. If these things be true, what degree of civilization can a people have attained to whom it is an unknown tongue!

Southern Editors.—According to the *Charlottesville Bulletin*, Sherman is especially vindictive against the Southern editors and their presses. That he has invariably destroyed the latter, is unquestionable. That he would demolish the former, when he can, is highly probable. But, luckily, editors have an infallible instinct, which warns them of the danger, and enables them to keep out of the way. Some of them are prompt in flight, and as famous for their heels as Paris. Others, again, are wonderfully skilled in diving, lying low and keeping dark, till the storm is over-blown. It is said that as much as \$10,000 has been offered for the head of an editor, but the head has not been forthcoming yet—a significant proof that the excellent editor had something saving in it.

The number of Yankee prisoners now confined at Andersonville, Ga., is about 5,000. They are well provided for in every way, except with clothing and shoes. An old field near by has been appropriated for burial purposes. Here over 17,000 Yankees have found their resting place.

Paul Hayne's Spring Fancies.

Our young poets have not altogether lost their voices. Here is a fanciful chaunt, on "Nature, Betrothed and Wedded," from the pen of Paul H. Hayne. He sings from the luxuriant and graceful bowers of Edgewood, the seat of his kinsman, ex-Gov. Pickens; and we argue from this late production of his muse, that his health is improving, and that he may finally and fully recover from the maladies which have so long thencefettered him. The article is copied from the *Edgefield Advertiser*. Lucky for village, poet and publisher that Wheeler's men so soundly drubbed Kilpatrick at Aiken. We should otherwise have had no song from this source, and the poet and printer would have lost their supper.

Have you not noted how, in early spring,
From out the forests, past the murmuring
brooks,

O'er the hill-sides—nature, with airy grace,
Like some fair virgin, touched by lights and
shades,

Glides timidly—a veil of golden mist
About her brows, and huddling bosom draped
In maiden coyness? She's a bride betrothed
Unto that mystic God,* who comes from far,
Rich orient lands upon the winds of June,
That bear him like swift ardors winged with
fire,

And when on some calm lustrous morn, her
Lord
Uplifts the golden veil, and weds to hers
The quickening warmth of ripe, immortal lips,
How the broad earth leaps into raptured life,
And thrills with music!

— Then, a queenly spouse,
Raised unto fruitful empire, thro' all hours
Of bounteous summer, she walks proudly on,
Shining with blissful eyes of matronhood,
Till at the last, autumn with reverent hand
Doth crown her with such full completed joy,
Such wealth of sovereign beauty, she once
more,

About her brows, and sumptuous bosom folds,
That golden veil, not in the tremulous fear
Of maiden coyness now—but lest rash men,
Drawn by her awful loveliness, should dare
To gaze too closely on it, and thus fall
Smitten and blind at her imperial feet!

*A personification is here meant of the impregnating and fertilizing power of the atmosphere to which nature owes her trees, her bloom, the ripeness of her golden grain!

Edgewood, February, 1865.

Headquarters.

COLUMBIA, S. C., APRIL 8, 1865.
CIRCULAR.

ALL Officers on Post Duty at this place will make a report to these Headquarters of all men attached to their respective departments, who are entitled to draw rations at this post.

All provision returns must be made out at the departments and approved at these Headquarters. By order.

A. F. RUDLER, Col. Com'dg.
W. J. MERRILL, A. A. C. G. April 19