

in which they had most pride, and which they have most strenuously asserted.

Were it six months later that Lee had succumbed, it would be easy for Grant to effect, by a counter revolution, the rescue of the North from the hands of the Abolitionists. Were his mind trained to it, it could be done now. He has only to take Washington and make himself dictator—to be king hereafter. Nothing would be more easy. With two hundred thousand bayonets at his heels, he would be recognized everywhere as the proper man, and one who had been long expected. And we have no doubt that he would be the best man for them. What America needs, through all its length and breadth, is a king-man—one with the will and courage to control, one with the capacity to rule. The people themselves are thoroughly sick of the taste of self-government. Taken under the external pressure, and Democracy cries aloud for stork, or hog, or frog—for any animal with the requisite audacity—to save them—not, as they think, from themselves, but from one another. You are not to be surprised at anything you hear, if Lincoln be dead and Seward hors du combat. But whether the dog, the hog, the ape, the wolf or the tiger shall mount the throne, must be all wild and vacant conjecture. Of one thing you may be certain, there will be neither lion nor eagle in the ascendant, nor any noble beast—unless, indeed, he shall be one who shall boldly proclaim, by virtue of teeth and talons, that the reign of fox and monkey is forever at an end.

More Rumors.

To-day, the rumors of French intervention assume a more decided aspect. We are now told of an engagement between the French and Yankees on the waters of the Chesapeake; and again, that the French have effectually sealed up the port of Wilmington by blockade. We hear that the Yankee troops were particularly earnest with our paroled troops to get their pledges for the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. "Will you join with us to fight the French?" was the constant question. Of course we will, to fight the d—l, if you please; but that fight over, what becomes of the fightest?

Among the items we gather by the way-side, we are advised of Cincinnati papers confirming the report of Lincoln's death and Seward's danger. We may venture to say that this report has been almost certainly confirmed by the concurrent testimony. The contents of these Cincinnati papers are to the farther effect that the assassins made their escape, and that, as a matter of course, there is much trouble and doubt in the Yankee council wigwam. The great problem is as to the coming man. Let us wait without allowing ourselves to become impatient or precipitate.

Our Dir.—We learn from a private letter that President Davis passed through Newberry, a day or two ago, on his way to Georgia. This may be true or not. There is no good reason why it should not be true, and yet we half doubt it, simply because we can conceive of no special object calling him to Georgia, while there are many reasons for his remaining, for the present, near the scene of action.

Local Items.

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

We are indebted to Col. Rudler for late Augusta papers, from which we shall publish extracts in our next.

EDITORIAL TOBACCO.—One of our sagacious legal friends, knowing that puffing constitutes a large part of the duties of the editorial fraternity, appeared before us this morning, with a choice paper of tobacco, saying, "As we are to smoke the calumet, I bring you the weed. Smoke your friends, smoke your enemies, smoke on my account, if you please, and smoke *pro bono publico*."

Fresh and Genuine Garden Seeds.

CABBAGE, RADISH, SEWEE BEANS, SNAP BEANS, CUCUMBERS, SQUASH, OKRA, etc. For sale at Mrs. THOMPSON'S, two squares below the State House.
April 26 4*

M. McKENNA.

Broad River Bridge Company.

STOCKHOLDERS of the above named company are hereby requested to call on me, at my residence in Lexington District, to receive their share of receipts from the 1st of January to 15th February, 1865.

G. B. NUNAMAKER,

President B. R. B. Co.

April 26 2*

\$5 in Specie Reward.

AN ash-colored COW, with large horns, a gimlet hole through each; with a white heifer CALF, about a year old, red about the neck and head, strayed from my premises on the 14th. The above reward will be paid for any information which will lead to their recovery.

A. TRAGER.

April 26

Hoes, Iron and Plough Steel.

FISHER & AGNEW have a supply of **BRADY'S CAST STEEL HOES, PLOUGH LAYING IRON and PLOUGH STEEL**, suitable for making ploughs, which they will exchange for CORN and PROVISIONS. Apply at the residence of

JOHN AGNEW,

A few doors from Shiver House.

April 26

WM. FISHER,

General Engraver and Printer.

SEALS and CARDS done in the latest style.

ALSO,

CLOCKS and JEWELRY repaired, at his residence in Lumber street, between Marion street and the Asylum.

April 26 4*

Lost.

DURING the fire, on the 17th February, the following **BONDS and CERTIFICATES**. Three months after date, application will be made to the Depository for their renewal:

C. S. Bonds No. 728 and 729, \$500 each, Act August 19, 1861, 8 per cent; C. S. Bonds No. 7121, 7122, 7123, \$100 each, Feb. 28, 1861, 8 per cent; Certificates 1097, \$700, Feb. 28, 1861, 8 per cent; Certificates 261, \$4,000, March 23, 6 per cent; Certificate 268, 969, \$1,000, March 23, 6 per cent; Certificate 976, 1403, \$500, March 23, 6 per cent; Certificate 274, \$460, Feb. 17, 1864, 4 per cent; Certificate 1323, 2129, \$500, Feb. 17, 1864, 4 per cent; Certificate 753, \$100, Feb. 17, 1864, 4 per cent; State of South Carolina 7 per cent Bonds, issued under Act to raise supplies for year commencing 1860, Nos. 381, 747, 748, 739, 740, 741, 383, each \$100.
March 23 1*

HENRY SIMMONS.

HOW THE NEWS OF PEACE WAS RECEIVED IN 1815.—Years ago the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover square, near the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 15, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Sebra and another gentleman were left with Father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak.

"He has great news!" exclaimed Mr. Lang.

Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly—Peace! peace!

The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say:

"An English sloop is below with news of a treaty of peace!"

They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than ever used before—and all hands rushed into Hanover square, exclaiming—Peace! peace!

The windows flew up—for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of PEACE! PEACE! spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stopped to inquire about 'free trade or sailors' rights.' No one inquired whether even the national honor had been preserved. The matters by which the politicians had irritated the nation into the war had lost all their importance.

It was enough that the ruinous war was over. An old man on Broadway, attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard 'To Let,' which had been long posted up. Never was there such a joy in the city. A few evenings after there was a general illumination, and although the snow was foot deep and soaked with rain, yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of peace.

A gentleman was saying at the Tiltyard Coffee-House, when it rained exceedingly hard, that it put him in mind of the general defuge. "Oons, sir," said an old campaigner, who stood by, "I have heard of all the generals in Europe but him." "Very likely," said the other; "his commission was dated at the time of Admiral Noah—Ensign Rainbow succeeded him."

A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

A fellow in an oblivious state took up his lodging on the sidewalk. He awoke next morning, and straightening himself, looked at the ground on which he had made his couch. "Well," he said, "if I had a pickaxe, I would make up my bed."