

# COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

Daily Paper \$40 a Month.  
Payable in Advance.

"Let out just censure  
Attend the time event."—*Shakespeare.*

Tri-Weekly \$30 a Month.  
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By J. A. SHLBY.

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## THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX

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BY JULIAN A. SELBY

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### The Lament for Moab.

ISAIAH XV.

My heart for Moab sorrow—

The fields of Ar lie waste,

And Kir is brought to silence

By night and shame defaced,

O'er Nebo and Medeba

The sons of Moab wail,

And groans of hapless Healen

Proclaim her children's tale.

My heart cries out for Moab!

Her fugitives that fly—

Thou, Luthith, hearst their sorrows,

And all thine echoes sigh;

For Nimrim's waters failing,

Her green banks withered all,

Best suit the hapless wailing

That speaks her people's fall!

Her maids, at fords of Arnon,

Like birds that find no nest,

Grow weary still of seeking,

And pray in vain for rest.

Alas! too long their pleasure,

And pride of heart, were set

On things of mortal treasure,

Which made them God forget!

W. G. S.

[Original.]

### To Marie.

The song, Marie, that I sing for thee,

Is one of a gentle faith,

Love and a sacred loyalty,

That never can die with death.

And thou wilt believe the vow I give,

For though this form may cease to live,

Yet our loves are twined with links of heart,

That never, O never, Marie, can part.

Though very humble, Marie, the song

To charm of music all unswayed,

Yet the faith is true and the feeling strong,

By which the passion that sings is fed;

Enough that it tells thee I am thine,

And that I believe thy young heart mine;

And love can always sweeten the strain

That is not sung, Marie, in vain.

WERTER.

### New Dawn—A Vision of the Future.

So, to delight the eye that sees,

The illusions of the stage appear;

With every charge designed to please,

As change the seasons of the year.

The dungeons late that frow'd with doom,

Becomes the royal palace now;

And forests, verdant with their bloom,

Sudden outside to rears, and show

Great fleets, with many a regal prow

[Paraphrased from Melastoe.

I.

Day breaks in a sweet music of its own:

not of a flicking leaf, but of a bounding pin! The wings of aspiration grow from the slenderest of straggle! The eye of the single birds the motive for his wing; and, as he creeps holds the far-off object, through the blue veil of distance, the other spreads forth in flight that he may compass it. The bird soars through the void, and darts, as if gone from sight; but we see that he is gone upward, preparing for the sun.

### II.

And thought, taking the wings of imagination, pursues, with the aid of the Gaul, sweeping down upon the Roman legions. He emerges from unbroken and savage forests; but he rushes up, to great pinnacles, and stands bathing in mid air, looking forth for a grand courser to come out from the sea—a courser armed with wings! The images of conquest possess his soul, and they shall lead to possessions of earth, and then he shall possess the skies!

### III.

Hark! to the song of birds, suddenly awaking and mingling fitfully with the sad, mysterious chorus that swells up from these incoming billows of the sea. The two blending, make a sweet complaining music, as if they had taken their voices from a human sorrow. They kindle the soul with gentle feelings and tender fancies. They appeal to affections which lie deeply hidden in the heart. Ah! how deeply hidden! How the heart can hide! How seldom is it permitted us to know the secret of the very heart that loves us best!

### IV.

The curtain waves wide, but with tremulous and fitful motion. Even thus wave the curtains of life before the windows of the soul! We have glimpses of a flower just expanding within. It is a virgin's jewel that glitters in the centre, over which no breath has yet cast its sullying moisture! We catch a single glimpse of a just drawing, but a beautiful existence. If we should look further? Shall we deny ourselves the uses of our eyes! And yet we may see too much. The flower and the gem should suffice. Under the one, the serpent may crawl; and who shall say that the oil does not enclose the toad? Fear not; let the eye of faith still confide in the mysterious humanity! Let us use both wing and vision! How far may we fly—what see—if we but suffer thought and hope, the fancy, the pure faith, the ministering affections—the just use of wing and eye! Let them go forth—see, play—and believe! I will be time enough, when we have neither

eye nor wing, to suffer doubt to creep about the darkened chambers of the heart.

### V.

I will arise and throw wide the window. I will not be jealous of these soothing breezes, because they murmur rather than sing, and be sure there is a sadness in their murmur that tells me that there is still a grief troubling the dreams of humanity. The dawn is sad, but it is still a dawn! What a soothing sweetness abides in this morning twilight—the mysterious hour when day and night meet as one;—yet meet only to part! The one, hooding itself, and retiring sadly, as old age, going slowly to its darksome chamber, even while the sports of youth are rioting in the halls below. The other, leaping forth, as if stript to run a race; smiles on its brow, and brightness in its leaf; and its voice peering out, unconsciously, a glad cry of buoyancy, and hope, and happiness.

### VI.

The city sleeps! Its great and various heart is as still as if death brooded over the whole, and with lifted finger schooled the impatient spirit to a becoming silence. A thin veil of grey vapor overhangs it like a mantle, through which the growing light now begins to pierce, softly, and with the delicate tings of the coming sun; looking like the thin clouds of incense, breaking from the golden censor, shaken through the air, as of a grand cathedral. The dwellings are and out, grim and ghastly, in the uncertain but thickening light. A lamp yet burns, growing more and more dim momentarily, in the mansion of my nearest neighbor. Why has he been so long watching! It may be that he broods, with sad anxieties, over a dear one that suffers and wakes, even while a whole city sleeps in peace! Ah! what a mockery, yet what a similitude of life, is the feeble ray of yonder lamp in that chamber, where Death, unseen, hangs lurking, and looking on, with tally stern, over the very shoulders of Love!

### VII.

And how heedless of the approaching flight of the one soul from its dimmed chamber, are the joyous impulses with which the day begins his march under the gladdening summons of the sun! The billows that toil on and swell, and break along the shore, tell of life only, and life in its most eager and passionate desires. The breezes that now pour in upon me, with every voice of ocean on their wings, tell of a life that has never need of repose. What a grand organ melody to

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