

Charleston—Burial of Slavery.

Editor Columbia Phoenix—DEAR SIR: I enclose you a scribblement, or hasty parody, which I amused myself with writing, instead of going to church, yesterday. I ought to apologize for sending you such a scrawl, and submitting so crude an attempt to your critical eye; but I know that your indulgence will temper your judgment; while, otherwise, I could neither spoil the paper nor make the exertion required to correct and copy it over. I place it at your mercy and disposal. Yours, with true respect and regard, W. H. S.

The celebration of "The Burial of Slavery," which lately came off in Charleston, and of which a long and rather lumbering account is given in the columns of the *Courier*, was an ambitious, but, as it appears to us, abortive attempt to unite the solemn and the showy, or to invest a species of *Zimbaboo orgie* with the character of civilized celebration; while it was otherwise a blunder that certainly partook somewhat of the ridiculous—to convert what was intended as triumph into a funeral ceremony! The transparency, however, exhibited on the occasion, in which Cuffy and Dinah, drawn to the life, and in appropriate attitudes and costumes, by an artist, who seemed to have dipped his brush in Day's choicest blacking, was a performance not undeserving of the applause with which it was greeted, and formed a caution, as the Yankees phrase it, to the long-staring and rather mystified beholders. In this not ill-executed sketch, which was ostentatiously suspended over the speaking stand, from which the apostle of negro liberty, (now the dearest cause of humanity,) Parson Beecher, addressed his many-colored audience—Cuffy was represented in the striking attitude of hurling his hoe into a bush, and looking defiantly at his former master, from whose mouth proceeds a label, with the following words, so largely printed on it as to be legible to the whole crowd: "The Almighty labored six days, says the Bible; what is the hardship of your doing the same?" On another scroll or label, the conclusive answer of Cuffy is given: "I is free, and I isn't God Almighty." Dinah was drawn in an equally significant attitude—namely, with her arms folded, and her mop and broom stacked by her side, and a lace and top-knotted liberty-cap perched on her rickled-up wool, with a gay and jaunty air, which indicated, by a sly satiric touch of the painter's brush, that she was much more pleased with it as a piece of holiday finery than as an emblem of freedom, or evidence of the high and precious privileges which she had acquired and been so worthily endowed with. The following account of the grand procession, abridged from the more particular details of the *Courier*, may prove amusing to such of your readers as have not seen the original, of which but a few copies have as yet reached the city:

THE PROCESSION.

The various black guilds of the city, consisting of the tailors, bricklayers, scissors grind-ers, &c., having assembled at 10 o'clock, before the headquarters of Gen. Foster, were soon formed into order or organized as a procession, by the mounted marshals and other masters of the ceremonies—for masters of some kind were found necessary, or could not well be dispensed with on the occasion. At the appointed hour, with drums beating, emblems and flags flying, and the usual cortege of boys, dogs and rolling clouds of dust, the procession moved off, with measured tread, and at first with tolerable regularity, along Boundary or Calhoun street, presenting an imposing spectacle to the eye of the philanthropist, and an evidence of the progress of the age, and the diffusion of free principles—among which the making free with the property of others, whenever this may be deemed necessary by the friends of mankind for the promotion of these

principles, may be considered as the most important, as it is unquestionably the most popular or greatly in vogue with those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the doctrine and the practice under it. But to proceed with the procession, which, though not set off by the *colleux de rose* hues of a Parisian *champ de mai*, or redolent of the *odeur de rose* breathings of the Goddess of Beauty, formed, with the train of black charmers by which it was graced, attended a truly *belle assemblée*, that exhibited an equal variety of complexion and costume—the latter consisting of the cast-off and not always well fitting garments which the *gemmen* of the *fete* had supplied themselves with from the wardrobes of their late masters; while the *ladies*, more simple in their tastes, figured generally in those sweeping white dresses, for which, though they give to every damsel thus arrayed the appearance of a fly in milk, or jackdaw on a snowy morning, are strangely preferred or much affected by the whole race, of whatever color or shade of color they may happen to be. The procession having entered King street, that now fashionable promenade, where the Yankee bean and African belle may be daily seen, in trifling or in tender talk; or yet in dashing hack and mule-drawn buggy, taking more airs to themselves than they are enabled to draw or breathe amidst the mist and clouds of dust in which they "live, and move, and have their being." On arriving at the corner of Broad and King streets, some disturbance and confusion arose at the head or in the front rank of the procession, through some dispute about precedence among its black and brown leaders, who had been assigned equal positions and commands by their Yankee friends, who were not sufficiently aware of the feud existing between the two colors, or that a pre-eminence was claimed by those having white blood in their veins over those descended from the sable Eve of the race, who seems to have been of a more frail and Magdalenic character than her white sister, who, at the South, at least, has left none to rise up and reproach her either with the legitimacy or illegitimacy of their births. This point of etiquette, which either of the offended gentlemen would have promptly and politely yielded on the field of battle, was not, however, to be so easily waived where, though no blood was to be shed, its claims and dignity were to be asserted and preserved or firmly upheld. The parties, therefore, were not so easily appeased, and a regular set too or butting match (a favorite mode of fighting with this certainly strong-headed, if not over strong-minded, race) would have ensued, had not the marshals and other officials interposed and temporarily compounded the quarrel, by which, however, the cavalcade was left in a rather decapitated condition for the rest of the day. It nevertheless resumed its march, and, though now rapidly falling into disorder, and appearing to have business on both sides of the street, continued to make for the distant bourns of South Bay, where it eventually arrived with scarcely a corporal's guard, or a sufficient number to form a decent audience around Parson Beecher, who, seated solitarily and alone under the transparency, and nervously twitching his fingers, impatiently awaited their arrival. But though this remnant of a once gallant band at length reached the ground, and listened with decent attention to the parson as long as they could keep awake to the species of sermonic oration which he had prepared for their satisfaction, few were exactly in a condition or qualified to comprehend or appreciate the merits of this *de omnibus rebus diatribe*—having qualified a little too often on the way to take anything more of an intoxicating kind than what they had already brought with them in their heads, between which and their feet there was not that understanding or concert of action that had so happily existed in the earlier part of the day, when the latter submitted to the directions of the former with such mechanical and professional precision.

Thus ended the first lesson—the whole affair terminating in a failure and Babel like confusion, presenting a saturnalia or drunken featerization between Yankees and negroes, never before exhibited to the world, and forming a reproach to a civilized community and a disgrace to the country.

We have prepared, Mr. Editor, a brief & compendious report of Parson Brownlow's oration, delivered on the above occasion, which we may, perhaps, prepare for another number of the *Phoenix*.

Local Items.

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

Zealy & Scott offer great inducements at their sale to day. Persons in want of household articles will do well to attend the sale. See advertisement.

We are indebted to Messrs. Morrow and Wadlow for copies of the *Charleston Courier* of the 4th, and the *New York Herald*, of the 1st—from which we shall publish copious extracts in our next.

THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX.—Our paper is now the only daily paper published in the whole State. There are probably not more than eight journals of any sort issued within the limits of South Carolina. Our readers will have seen that we are gradually effecting improvements in our little sheet. They may take for granted that we will continue still to improve as fast as opportunity will allow. But it is the day of small things, and we cannot move by will, but as the winds will. In a little while, it is our hope to enlarge our sheet, and afford more variety, and exhibit more elaborate results. Our difficulty lies chiefly in the article of paper. This, in the present condition of our mills, is not to be obtained, either in such quantity or such quality as we desire. But, let our pleasant public wait upon us. We trust that we have shown already, from our first petty beginning, that we have the will, and need only the means, to expand the wings of our *Phoenix*, and to exalt her flight, so that none shall fail to be gladdened by her ascent into a clearer sunlight and over a wider province.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Bamberg, S. C., on 6th March, 1865, of pneumonia, Mrs. ESTHER ANN ROACH, relict of the late Edward Roach, (Treasurer of the city of Charleston,) aged sixty years.

R. A. M.

A REGULAR communication of Columbia Chapter No. 5, will be held at the Hall in the College Campus, THIS AFTERNOON, at 4 o'clock. By order: may 10 1 J. MENDEL, Secretary.

BARTER! BARTER!

THE highest price will be paid in CASH or the BACON, for dry COW or CALF HIDES, at the Shades, located between the new State House and the Washington Hotel, by may 8 42* TURNER & McKENNA.

A Young Lady,

WHO is capable of teaching the English Branches and Mathematics, desires a SITUATION as TEACHER, either in a small school or private family. Good references given, if required. Address "L. B. B." Lexington C. H., S. C. April 23 64*