

THE COLUMBIA DAILY PHOENIX.

Published Monthly, in Advance.

"Let our just Censure attend the true Event."—Shakespeare.

Single Copies Five Cents.

By J. A. SELBY.

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BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

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Original.

Spirit Visitants.

Whisks, and sweet the fancy doth
messem.
That blessed spirits with the night de-
scend,
And haply with the dear one's fancies
blend,
Tearing the well-beloved, the husband,
friend,
And so we dream a dream of happy
dream.
And wander through Elysium without end
Till gash day frights back our better
gleams.
Such come to bless me in these lone
towers,
And nightly, in sweet vision do I trace
Some lovely, precious, well remember'd
grace.
Pure spirit, bending form and beautiful
face.
Dear as the fancy of my youthful hours,
When, wanton, in some ghost haunted
place,
I chased my phantom through a realm
of flowers. CLAUDE.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

Or the Story of Don Alphonso de Melos and the Jeweler's Daughter.

BY LEIGH LUNT.

Don Alphonso de Melos, a young gentleman of some five and twenty years of age, was the son of one of those titulos of Castile, more proud than rich, of whom it was maliciously said, that before the "mal toros," they didn't dine; and after they were made lords, they didn't sue. He was, however, a very good kind of man, not too poor to give his son a good education; and of his second son, Alphonso, the richest grandee might have been proud; for a better or pleasanter youth, or one of greater good sense, conventionalism apart, had never ventured his life in a bull-fight, which he had done half a dozen times. He was, moreover, a very pretty singer; and it was even said, that he not only composed the music for his serenades, but that he wrote verses for them equal to those of Garcilaso. So, at least, thought the young lady to whom they were sent, and who used to devour them with her eyes, till her very breath failed her, and she could not speak for going.

For, loving Lucinda! We call her poor, though she was at that time one of the richest as well as the most beautiful in Madrid; and we speak of her as a young lady, for such she was in breeding and manners, and as such the very grandees treated her, as far as they could, though she was only the daughter of a famous jeweler, who had supplied half the great people with ornaments and rings. Her father was dead; her mother too; she was under the care of guardians; but Alphonso de Melos had loved her more than a year, and loved her with a real love, even though he wanted her money; would, in fact, have thrown her money to the dogs, rather than have ceased to love her; such a treasure he had found in the very fact of his passion. Their marriage was to take place within the month, and as the lady was so rich, and the lover, however noble otherwise, was only of the lowest or meanest privileged order of nobility (a class who had the misfortune of not being able to wear their hats in the king's presence, unless his majesty expressly bade it), the richest grandee who would have married out too many to marry the lovely heiress had not later been anything but a merchant, thought that the match was not only pardonable in the young gentleman, but in a sort of way noticeable, and even in some measure to be

smilingly winked at and encouraged; nay, perhaps, envied; especially as the future husband was generous, and had a taste for making presents, and for sitting at the head of a festive table. Suddenly, therefore, appeared some of the finest emeralds and sapphires in the world upon the fingers of counts and marquises, whose jewels had hitherto been of doubtful value; and no little sensation was made on the gravest and most dignified of the old nobility, by a certain grandee, remarkable for his sense of the proprieties, who had discovered serious reasons for thinking that the supposed jeweler's offspring was a natural daughter of a late prince of the blood.

Be this as it may, Don Alphonso presented himself one morning, as usual, before his mistress, and after an interchange of transports; such as may be imagined between two such lovers, about to be joined forever, informed her, that only one thing more was now remaining to be done, and then—in the course of three mornings—they would be living in the same house.

"And what is that?" said Lucinda, the tears rushing into her eyes for excess of adoring happiness.

"Only the bull fight," said the lover, affecting as much indifference as he could affect in anything when speaking with his eyes on her's. But he could not speak it in quite the tone he wished.

"The bull fight!" scarcely ejaculated his mistress, turning pale. "Oh, Alphonso! you have fought and conquered in a dozen; and you will not quit me now that we can be so often together? Besides." And here her breath began already to fail her.

But Alphonso showed her, or tried to show her, how he must inevitably attend the bull fight. Honor demanded it; custom, everything that was expected of him; his mistress herself, who would otherwise despise him.

His mistress fainted away. She fell a death like burden, into his arms.

When she came to herself, she wept, entreated, implored, tried even with pathetic gaiety to rally and be pleasant; then again wept; then argued, and for the first time in her life was a logician, pressing his hand, and saying, with a sudden force of conviction, but hear me; then begged again, then kissed him like a bride, reposed on him like a wife; did everything that was becoming and beautiful, and said everything that an angry word; nay, would have dared, perhaps, to pretend to say even that had she thought of it; but she was not of an angry kind, or of any kind but the loving, and how was she the thought to enter her head? Entire love is a worship, and cannot be angry.

The heart of the lover openly and fondly sympathized with that of his poor mistress; and secretly, it felt even more than it showed. Not that Don Alphonso feared for consequences, though he had not been without pangs and thoughts of possibilities, even in regard to the sport in ordinary, the chief reason of his being unpardonable in the present instance was a report that the animals to be encountered were of more than ordinary ferocity; so that the cavaliers who were expected to be foremost in the lists were particularly called on to make their appearance, at the bazaar of an alternative too dreadful for the greatest valor to risk.

The final argument which he used with his mistress was, the very excess of that love, and the very position in which he stood at that bridal moment, to which he had vainly appealed. He shows how it had ever and irremediably been the custom to estimate the fighter's love by the measure of his courage; the more apparent the risk, for he pretended to laugh at any real danger, the greater the evidence of passion and honor done to the lady;

and so, after many more words and tears, the honor was to be done accordingly, grievously against her will, and custom triumphed. Custom! That little thing, as the people called it to the philosopher. That great and terrible thing, as the philosopher justly thought it. To show how secure he was, and how securer still it would render him, he made her promise to be there; and she required very little asking; for a thought came into her head which made her pray with secret and sudden earnestness to the Virgin; and the same thought enabled her to give him final looks, not only of resigned resignation, but of a sort of cheered composure; for, now that she saw that there was no remedy, she would make the worst of his resolve, and so they parted.

How differently from when they met and how dreadfully to be again brought together!

The day has arrived; the great square has been duly set out; the sand, to receive the blood, is spread over it; the barricades and balconies, the boxes are all right; the king and his nobles are there; Don Alphonso and his Lucinda are there also; he, in his place in the square on horseback, with his attendants behind him, and the door out of which the bull is to come in front; she, where he will behold her before long, though not in the box to which he has been raising his eyes. All the gentlemen who are to fight the bulls, each in his turn, and who, like Alphonso, are dressed in black, with plumes of white feathers on their heads, and scarfs of different colors round the body, have ridden round the lists a quarter of an hour ago, to salute the ladies of their acquaintance, and all is still and waiting, the whole scene is gorgeous with capes, and gold and jewels. At a theatre, in which pomp and pleasure are sitting in a thousand human shapes to behold a cruel spectacle.

The trumpets sound; dashes of other music succeed; the door of the stable opens, and the noble creature, the bull, makes his appearance, standing still awhile, and looking as it were with a confused composure before him. Sometimes, when the animal first comes forth, it rushes after the horseman who has opened the door, and who has rushed away from the mood in which it has shown itself. But the bull on this occasion, was one that, from the very perfection of his strength, awaited provoking. He soon has it. Light, agile footmen, who are there on purpose, vex him with darts and arrows garrisoned with paper set on fire. He begins by pursuing them hither and thither, they escaping by all the arts of cloaks and hats thrown on the ground, and deceiving figures of pasteboard. Soon he is irritated extremely; he stoops his sullen head to toss; he raises it, with his eyes on fire, to kick and trample; he bellows, he rages, he grows mad. His breath gathers like a thick mist about him. He gallops, amidst cries of men and women, frantically around the square, like a racer, following and followed by his tormentors; he tears the horses with his horns; he disembowels them; he tosses the howling dogs that are let loose on him; he leaps and shivers in the air like a very stag or goat. His huge body is nothing to him in the rage and might of his agony.

For Alphonso, who had purposely got in his way to shorten his Lucinda's misery, (knowing her surely to be there, though he has never seen her,) has gashed the bull across the eyes with his sword, and pierced him twice with the javelins furnished him by his attendants. Half blinded by the blood, and yet rushing at him, it would seem, with sure and final aim, of his dead-head, the creature is just upon him, when a blow from a negro who is helping one of the pages, turns him frantically in that new direction, and he strikes down, not the negro, but the youthful, and in truth wholly fright-

ened and helpless page. The page, in falling, loses his cap, from which there flows a profusion of woman's hair, and Alphonso knows it on the instant. He leaps off his horse, and would have roared out with horror; but something which seemed to wrench and twist round his very being within him prevented it, and in a sort of stifled and meek voice, he could only sobbingly articulate the word Lucinda! But in an instant he rose out of that self-pity into phrensy; he backed wildly at the bull, which was now spinning as wildly round; and though the assembly rose, crying out, and the king bade the brute be despatched, which was done by a thrust in the spine, by those who knew the trick, (ah! why did they not do it before?) the poor youth has fallen, not far from his Lucinda, gored alike with herself to death, though neither of them yet expiring.

A recovery was pronounced hopeless, and the deaths of the lovers close at hand, they were both carried into the nearest house, and laid, as the nature of the place required, on the same bed. And, indeed, as it turned out, nothing could be more fitting. Great and sorrowful was the throng in the room; some of the greatest nobles were there, and a sorrowing message was brought from the king. Had the lovers been princes, their poor insensible faces could not have been watched with greater pity and respect.

At length they opened their eyes, one after the other, to wonder—to suffer—to discover each other where they lay—and to weep from abundance of wretchedness, and from the difficulty of speaking. They attempted to make a movement towards each other, but could not even raise an arm. Lucinda tried to speak, but could only sigh and attempt to smile. Don Alphonso said at last, half-sobbing, looking with his languid eyes on her kind and patient face—"she does not reproach me, even now."

They both wept afresh at this, but his mistress looked at him with such unutterable love and fondness, making, at the same time, some little ineffectual movements of her hand, that the good old Duke de Linares, said, "she wishes to put her arm around him; and he too—see—his arm over her." Tenderly, and with the softest caution, were their arms put accordingly; and then, in spite of their anguish, the good duke said, "marry them yet." And the priest opened his book, and as well as he could speak for sympathy, or they seem to answer to his words, he married them, and thus—in a few moments, from excess of mingled agony and joy, with their arms on one another, and smiling as they shut their eyes—their spirits passed away, and they died!

Lee's Army.—An army correspondent of the New York Daily Times furnishes the following account of Lee's army in the late campaign:

I had an estimate made by one of Gen. Hill's (or Longstreet's) staff, and, as it is no doubt a very fair one, I append it: Ewell's corps, 7,000; Longstreet's command, 6,000; Hill's corps, 12,000; Anderson's corps, 9,000; Gordon's corps, 7,000; artillery, 5,500; cavalry, (two divisions,) 5,500; local (Confederate) command, 4,000. Total 56,000. In addition to these can be added, tenisters and train men 3,000; detached men, 3,000; other non-combatants, 5,000; or, in other words, the total strength of Lee's army was 67,000.

Of these we have captured nearly 40,000 men during the campaign in actual combat, and on Sunday the army surrendered by Lee was 22,000. As a matter of course, the casualties must be larger than 5,000. However, this is not much out of the way. Without going into any statement of our forces, I may venture to say that the number of our troops actually engaged

in the pursuit of Lee was not over 75,000 men. Of course, our reserves would swell this figure considerably, but no occasion arose for their employment, except to hold the evacuated cities of Richmond and Petersburg.

ARREST.—A young soldier was arrested here on suspicion of being a female, and she admitted she was. She gave her name as Margaret Plyde, and says she is from Union County, in this State, and has been nine months in the army. We learn she was sent to a hospital for further examination.

[Raleigh Progress.]

The Raleigh Conservative gives the following account of this female soldier:

Mrs. Margaret Torry, alias Charley Mills, of Company D, Jeff. Davis Legion, Butler's Cavalry Division, came to this city as one of the guard to some of the prisoners sent up. She is twenty years of age, has good features, bronzed skin, dark eyes and short hair. She states that ten months ago she married, and one month thereafter she joined the command of her husband, and has been on duty since that time, has been in all the fights, was never sick or absent from duty. Her husband was killed in the battle of Bentonville, and having no longer any inducement to remain in the army, she now made known her sex and wished to return to her home in Union County, N. C. Her maiden name was Plyler. She is a native of Lancaster District, S. C.

A MARRIAGE NEATLY ACCOMPLISHED.—Liszt, the pianist, had taken a fancy to a jeweller's daughter, and thus is the courtship described:

One morning the jeweller coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, "How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three millions of francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law!"

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great pianist Liszt.

COTTON IN THE SOUTH.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says: A gentleman who arrived here to-day from Georgia says there is no one resource of the State so little and so greatly underestimated as the amount of cotton still held there. He thinks there must be at least 1,500,000 bales in Georgia, and 1,000,000 in Alabama. He has personal knowledge of hundreds of bales which have been buried in the sand for more than a year. He predicts that cotton will sell for ten cents per pound in Savannah as soon as the Government removes the restrictions upon its exportation, and his integrity and sound judgment are vouched for by gentlemen of the highest character in this city.

OUTRAGES OF THE ROAD.—Thursday evening, some parties tore up about fifteen or twenty yards of the Athens Branch of the Georgia Railroad, a few miles this side of Athens. The down train ran off the track. The parties who tore up the road robbed the passengers. The General commanding the United States forces at that section, learning of the outrages, pursued the lawless individuals, overtook them, recovered the stolen plunder, and compelled them to rebuild the road. What further punishment administered we have not learned. [Augusta Chronicle.]