

The Day and the Doom.

There is no good pretext for our conquerors keeping up any longer the shows and exercises of war in our country. On the part of the people of this State and of every Southern State this side of the Mississippi, all struggle has ceased. There are no embodied parties anywhere making the slightest show of resistance. Our arms have been thrown down. We have neither arms nor munitions of war. No banner of the Confederacy now flouts the sky. No commander calls upon troops either for flight or fight. The soldiers, in scattered groups, foot sore, weary, in rags, and without means or money, are wending their weary ways homeward, to homes in ashes, doubtful of their future bread, and certainly without heart or hope in any prolongation of war or renewal of struggle. In this condition of things—a condition which is patent to all eyes, and can be questioned by none—the distribution of armed garrisons among the people throughout the country, and from the seaboard to the mountains, seems to be wholly without use, pretext or necessity, and may possibly lead to mischief. The country, in the first place, is in no condition to feed its own people, and we know too well the characteristics of all soldiers, quartered among a conquered people, to suppose that they will forbear to lay hands upon all they can find, without considering the difference between the *meum et teum*—the mine and thine. A rude soldier—an arrogant, overbearing captain or lieutenant—may goad, by his persecutions, the most quiet people into phrenzy, and lead to acts of desperation which will then be construed into acts of war and rebellion, and bring punishment on the heads of the innocent and unoffending. We need hardly call upon our people to submit patiently—retire to their several homes—succumb to a fortune against which they have been unable to contend, and seek to achieve the ends of life in the obscurities of a private and purely domestic condition. They wish only the privilege to do this. Let them work at their own grounds, if allowed to do so—content to rear cabbages and potatoes, and forbear all considerations of politics, nor ask again what is done or doing in Congress; nor care to know who is in power, or who shall win the present plaudits of Demos. Let the farmer substitute the potato-making for the president-making interest, and the craftsman attend to his work-bench. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," will prove a saving rule for those who have vainly striven to save themselves by quitting the last, the saw, the anvil and the hoe. Briefly, let them humble themselves to a state which the will of God seems to have decreed as fitting their deserts. In this humility, they may probably deserve a more gracious countenance in future from that Great Dispenser of Judgment who rules the world now, however invisible and inscrutable, even as he did six thousand years ago.

It will be hardly possible for a people to remain at peace, or be allowed to do so, with armed and probably insolent garrisons quartered among them. Even if the provocations of power, dressed in brief authority, do not goad them to desperation, they will perpetually tend to raise discontent; to induce a feverish restlessness—a perpetual anxiety—a neglect of all regular habits of industry, and a sense of *surveillance* and annoyance, which, in the end, must drive them into exile. So wholly unaccustomed have the American people been to this sort of restraint and surveillance, that it will prove unendurable, and they will seek in other lands that refuge, that repose and quiet, that sense of security, which is denied them in their ancient homes.

In the absence of all shows of war, and of all the materials for the struggle; in the spectacle everywhere of a people submitting to a fortune which, however revolting to their pride, is forced upon them by their necessities; in the state of a country torn, ravaged, bleeding and destitute, what is needed over all is rest, quiet, time for recuperation, and the concentration of their energies upon the daily duties of domestic life. It may be that this recuperation is the very thing which our conquerors would deny. It may be that they would prefer that we should not recover, and that a hard policy will decree that, in

order to prevent future disaffection, we shall be kept as hewers of wood and drawers of water, under a sort of Egyptian bondage. It may be that the dignities of State are to be thrown away, and, reduced to a territorial condition, we are to be governed by satraps sent from abroad. To this, too, we shall, perhaps, be compelled to resign ourselves; but, at all events, the sooner we are taught what our future status is to be, the better. We shall then the sooner be able to decide whether the refugee shall return to his home, prepared to recover what he can from the wreck, and repair by labor the losses of fortune, or whether he shall abandon it forever—preferring escape to a foreign rule and region, rather than struggle on in toils in that in which he labors under a constant sense of equal insecurity and shame. Our conquerors cannot deny us the privilege of exile, having reduced us below the condition of humanity.

Meanwhile, we renew our exhortations to our people to subside quietly from view—to avoid the highway and the thoroughfare; avoid all discussion, whether of past or future; submit to the inexorable fate which seems to have the sanction of the Most High God, and striving only after the support of their families, and the peace of the household, and the improvement equally of the domestic mind and condition, afford no pretext to their conquerors which shall give any seeming justification to a resumption of conflict or the increased usurpation of power. Let us submit with what fortitude and patience we can command, until God shall be pleased to heal our hurts of house and fortune. Raiding parties for mere plunder will be construed into guerilla parties seeking renewal of war; and this pretext will be eagerly seized upon by thousands at the North, to whom the sudden suspension of hostilities is a serious loss. Speculators will be glad to renew their games, practicing with their own wits upon the fluctuating moods of the country; soldiers will be glad of the pretext for rifling defenceless towns and villages; and thousands of jackals, in the wake of the tiger, will rush along our highways, gleaming whatever shall remain in the stores of the miserable population. Let us carefully abstain from all things—from all shows of conduct—which shall furnish arguments to such classes of spoilers. Let us submit in good faith to a condition which we have not been able to avert, nor peevishly murmur and fret, like spoiled children, over the loss of these possessions which, it seems, we lacked the adequate manhood to defend.

Conditions of Liberty.

The condition and the secret of liberty are perpetual vigilance. But perpetual vigilance is scarcely within the capacity of man. His smaller, and, seemingly, his more immediate interests, are always pressing those out of sight, which, involving principles of general character, are apt to appear shadowy and abstract. Keeping this danger and difficulty in mind, it should not be a subject of regret that power is always wont, at frequent periods, to forget its limitations and trespass upon the possessions it was set to guard. Such assaults, at such periods, become benefits, and recal men to first principles. They convert the abstract into a practical question, and arouse the people to the just appreciation of the relations between themselves and their rulers. This leads to the strengthening of ancient bulwarks, and the designation anew of the landmarks of liberty. Power, when it becomes tyranny, is about to commit suicide. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* This is no mischance. The evil is about to work its own cure. There is necessary, in all society, a period of purification—men, from sloth, ignorance or an over-taken confidence in their fortune or their institutions, slumber over their rights and duties. They are the last to believe in the danger as threatening them, which they very clearly behold operating against the peace of other nations; and the conduct of their affairs naturally passes into the hands of those who are equally vicious, weak and irresponsible. The tyrant, then, is but an instrument in the hands of that Providence which still

"Shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."
He becomes necessary to waken them from their slumbers, lest worse should happen; for habitual apathy in a people is worse, a thousand times, than revolution and civil war. It is only thus that they rouse themselves to all the obligations of civil

liberty. If liberty be liberal, she must be jealous also. To preserve her chastity, she must be armed with perpetual vigilance, a far more efficient agent than the secret dagger. Those who seek her embraces must be taught to remember that she is only to be won by the virtuous, the enlightened and the brave—only to be kept in always immaculate possession, by unceasing love, true courage and a weapon always ready and sharpened for the strife.

On Dit.

"Unknown to others we may be,
But let us know ourselves."

Again, *nolens volens*, I am wasting my time, not to mention my paper, on an old tune. I won't scold any more, my dear Phoenix, I'll promise you; no, perhaps I should have borne my pique, and not said aught about it to you, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, &c. Young says:

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels call no more."

Heigh ho! They tell me you've not only put me in print, but you have posted me, too. All you don't know how sensitive I am. Advising me "not to identify myself with those who triumph in *skirticoots*." Why, 'tis the unkindest cut of all. A meek, taciturn woman need not such warning—I am misunderstood. Sir, I never shook hands with Mad. Pfeuffer, nor would I glance over my shoulder to see Lola Montez.

I told you I was wicked sometimes; and then I must tease somebody or anybody, it matters not who. When I saw that *chimeric* piece about women, up jumps the imp of mischief, and I had to be guilty of mimicry in private, or of a sham battle with Mr. Phoenix. Like the Knight of La Mancha, I've got my deserts. Cruel fate, you have pinned me to the wall—aye, shown me the cold shoulder—by suggesting those bateable "*women of rights*." I will be consoled:

"Cease to lament for what ye cannot help,
And study help for that ye now lament—
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good."

And not another word of strife have I to offer thee. I have been thinking—suffer me to say of what. What a conventional world this one is! *Manners*, what quaint, queer things are they! This thou shalt do, that thou shalt not say—aye, you may be guilty of this much sham, but that speech is not *conventional*. I believe it is Talleyrand who says, "Speech is a faculty by which we conceal our thoughts;" but I think the expression should be strictly qualified ere we adopt it. True, we are bound in society, as well as in newspapers to tread on nobody's toes, nor need we peck at personal prejudices. While earnestly expressing our convictions, let us avoid mooted opinions, upon which we are not *au fait*. We need not flatter the advocates of doctrines—the truth of which startles our doubts; for conscience sake, don't be guilty of toadyism; for, while lion-hunting is small and unmanly, to pin one's self to the valet of a demagogue is ignoble and savors of serfdom.

I would not favor self-complacency, nor do I admire that man, preferring to be wrong in his own opinion, rather than right in a received belief. Society is not improved by the presence of those who are gifted as flatterers; but let us modify our expressions, even our opinions, to meet the mental calibre of those with whom we associate. Johnson says, of all wild animals, dread a tyrant; of all tame ones, a flatterer. There is a nice demarkation somewhere between Scylla and Charybdis—may it not be found in the word *compliment*?—which is, to my senses, closely identified with politeness. Pope tells us, "Compliment is the smoke of friendship."

And now, Mr. Editor, if I have been unruly, *ad infinitum*, and digressive also, at least, in fine, believe me, there is beneath all this blaze and bronze the fire of sincerity; aye, the zeal of one who loves the good of all; for amid all life's quests there seems but worthy one to do me good.

"We live not to ourselves—our work is life;
In bright and ceaseless labor, as a star
Which shineth upon all worlds but itself."

Sometimes my thoughts are all concentric; to-night, I am full of moonshine, and my loadstone wabbles—it cannot keep the star. *Au revoir!* I will go and look for to-morrow. DAISY DALE.

THE WIGWAM.

Statements of Beverley Tucker and W. W. Cleary.

MONTREAL, May 4, 1865.—To the People of Canada: I have this moment seen the proclamation of Andrew Johnson, acting President of the United States, stating that "it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, was incited, concerted and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, Geo. N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary and others, rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada," and offering rewards for the apprehension of the accused, \$25,000 being

the sum offered for my arrest. It is scarcely possible that such proclamation would have been issued unless some such evidence had been adduced. What such "evidence" is, I am totally at a loss to conjecture. I am compelled, therefore, to content myself with the declaration that whoever hath sworn to anything authorizing, in the slightest degree, suspicion of my having "incited, concerted or procured," or of any knowledge whatever by me of the attacks made on the President and Mr. Seward; or any acts or projects of a kindred character, or of any plan to kidnap or capture either of them, or any of the Federal authorities, hath blackened his soul with diabolical perjury.

Until information reached here of the attack on President Lincoln by Mr. J. Wilkes Booth, and that on Mr. Seward by some other person, I did not know that any such person as J. Wilkes Booth existed. I had never heard of him before. I do not know any of the persons in arrest at Washington, and never heard of them till I read the notices in the United States newspapers of their apprehension. I have within a day or two made inquiry and ascertained that Mr. Booth left St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, on the 27th of October last. The officers of the Ontario Bank state that on that day he purchased of the bank a bill on England for £61 12s. 1d., for which he paid in American gold, and at the same time made a deposit of \$355 Canada money, which yet remains to his credit; and that he stated he intended to run the blockade. Whether he made such attempt or went into the United States by railroad, I have not ascertained.

The clerks in the St. Lawrence Hall inform me that he arrived at the house on the 18th of October, being here nine days. I was not in Montreal during that time. My association with the other gentlemen named in this atrocious proclamation has been intimate for years, and I admit it would be strange if they had any knowledge of Mr. Booth's purpose that I should be in utter ignorance of it.

The whole business is, in my deliberate judgment, an attempt to get up a pretext for a difficulty with the British provinces, and the consideration that since I have been here I have received nothing but hospitality and kindness from you, impels me to make this brief address to aid in the dissipation of such pretext. I have to-day appealed to President Johnson and Secretary Stanton to allow me copies of the alleged "evidence" with respect to myself, to give me a chance to disprove it.

I will add that I will go before any magistrate here and verify the above by my solemn oath, and that I will agree that the United States Consul, or any respectable counsel that he may designate, shall cross-examine me in relation to the alleged "evidence" or any other and all acts of my life. BEVERLEY TUCKER.

To the Editor of the Toronto Leader—
SIR: The reward of \$10,000 offered for my capture, by President Johnson, imperatively demands that I should take the first opportunity and the most public means of referring to the proclamation which brands me before the world as a participant in the murder of the late President of the United States. The other gentlemen whose names are associated with mine I leave to speak for themselves.

In this proclamation I am referred to as the clerk of Mr. C. C. Clay. I deny most emphatically that I ever occupied such a position. As to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, I declare before high Heaven and the whole world, that I knew nothing of it until it had been committed and announced in the newspapers. There is not a particle of truth in the statement that "concocted and incited" the assassination. The announcement of the great crime came upon me, as it no doubt did upon thousands of others who read it in the papers on the day succeeding Good Friday, like a clap of thunder; and I shared, with all my heart, in the general regret that so foul a deed had been committed, and that, too, at a time when the war, as I considered, had virtually been brought to a close.

Positive proof of my innocence it is, of course, impossible for me to produce. But, if circumstantial evidence is of any avail, I may state that only a week ago I went to Detroit under "safe conduct" of the "military authorities" to arrange my affairs and return to my native State. If I had been guilty of the crime laid to my charge, does any one suppose that I would have ventured to go upon American soil when important revelations were daily being made and numerous persons arrested?

I can do no more now than openly and unequivocally assert my innocence. In doing that, I appeal to the justice of a community which, I trust, will not sentence me unheard; and to the right feeling of the Government at Washington, who have been most egregiously deceived, if any evidence has been put in their possession which would make me the accomplice of assassins.

Asking your favor for the insertion of this card as soon as possible, I am, sir, yours respectfully, W. W. CLEARY.

THE ASSASSINATION.—We are told that a Richmond lawyer, named E. R. Loag, was arrested as concerned in Booth's conspiracy, has turned State's evidence—admitted that he himself was the assassin of Seward, and implicates some fifty-two other persons. It is said that his evidence led to the arrest of Booth. (1)

Local Items.

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

HOME-MADE MATCHES.—We have received from Mrs. Booser a specimen of home-made matches. A trial will convince any one that these matches are what they are represented to be—sure fire.

We are indebted to Mr. Augustus Trumbo for the New York Herald, of the 1st, and the Charleston Courier, of the 11th, 12th and 13th.

We are told that the South Carolina Railroad will, in a few days, be in operation from Charleston to Orangeburg. We were advised, some time ago, that President Magrath and Mr. Superintendent Peake, of that road, had been invited to Charleston by the authorities, with the view to the resumption of their labors. Persons about to leave this place, by waiting a few days, may be saved some of their usual travel on the route; and in the meantime, why should not some of our enterprising people start a weekly stage or wagon line to Orangeburg? The experiment would pay, without doubt. We commend the idea to Capt. Ward, whose experience is considerable, and to Mr. Hitchcock, whose resources are adequate to the trial.

THE FEDERALISTS IN COLUMBIA.—Lieutenant Breck, bearer of despatches from General Gillmore to the Governor, arrived in town yesterday, with a small guard of fifteen men. As far as known, these despatches relate to the disposition of Confederate States property, under the convention made between Generals Sherman and Johnston. They seem to have no farther significance. It is to be regretted that the Governor is temporarily absent. Couriers have been sent after him. It is to be hoped that the Lieutenant and his guard will remain awhile, if only to survey the ruins of Columbia by moonlight. The moon rises about 12; the scene from all sides of the capitol is very fine. There are some five persons in Columbia who, being innocent of all offence, are greatly apprehensive of being hung. We advise them to keep out of the way. All rumors will, we trust, be suspended until the departure of our military visitors.

PERSONAL.—All subscribers to the Phoenix whose subscriptions have expired, will please come forward and renew, in specie or provisions; otherwise their papers will be stopped.

We wish it distinctly understood that our terms are cash. No advertisements will, therefore, be inserted unless paid for in advance.

We present the following schedule of rates, in the case of the most obvious commodities. For one month's subscription to the Phoenix, we will receive either of the following, viz:

- 1 bushel corn, 1 1/2 bush. peas or potatoes
 - 5 pounds butter, 25 lbs. flour.
 - 7 "lard, 4 lbs. candles.
 - 8 "beacon, 9 qrs. rice.
 - 8 dozen eggs, 4 head of chickens.
- Wood, vegetables and provisions generally received at fair market rates approaching the specie standards.

CAMDEN CURRENCY.—We learn, from the Camden Journal, that the fathers of that town, in council, are about to effect arrangements for issuing a paper currency on a specie basis, for the benefit of that precinct. They will give town certificates of indebtedness, receivable in taxes and municipal dues. This will, no doubt, suffice within the corporate limits, and possibly in the precincts immediately around. We are told that, under the peculiarities of the charter of Columbia, this town cannot borrow money, and cannot, therefore, issue notes payable. The capital city is, in fact, measurably under the immediate government of the State, and will need a special Act when it would do any daring thing in financial matters.

CANADIAN VIEW OF NEUTRALITY.—The authorities at Washington have been guilty of a serious breach of international comity in giving a place to the Fenians in the funeral procession programme prepared at the War Department. Such a quasi acknowledgment of a body organized ostensibly in opposition to Great Britain is one which requires explanation, and we do not doubt that Sir Frederick Bruce will be authorized to demand it. [Toronto Leader, April 28.]

The present eruption of Vesuvius induces tourists to expose themselves to danger to gratify their curiosity. An Englishman has been hit on the head by a falling stone, and a Frenchman has had his arm broken by a rock—"as big as a piano forte," he said—which the angry volcano flung at him.