

Morals of the Highway.

The morals of the highway seem to be the only morals left in the country. The work of demoralization seems complete. We hear of nothing but robbery and plunder on every hand. Our stables are insecure. We hear of nightly stealing; horses and mules being the chief objects of the thieves, at present. Provisions, stores, bacon, bread, cloth and medicines, these were stolen as long as any remained to steal within these precincts. The officials of the Confederate Government are charged numerously with inaugurating this reign of plunder. We are told of numbers departing for their own homes with the supplies and public stores left in their possession for the benefit of the soldiers. These are everywhere left destitute, to droop and even die along the way side; or, following the examples set equally by the people and the officials, to become highway robbers, as it were, in self-defence and for the maintenance of life. Bands, to the number of sixty or seventy, are understood to be haunting the immediate precincts of this exhausted city, preying upon what miserable debris of property has been left to the citizens from the conflagration. These outlaws are all armed. In many instances, their names are given. Yet we hear of no prosecutions. Ordinances of God and man are violated with impunity, and the offenders scorn equally to feel the distress which pleads to their pity and sympathy and the laws which threaten punishment. And this seems to be the case in all quarters. On the road between this place and Orangeburg, there is reported to be a formidable gang of plunderers, numbering at least two hundred, who live by plundering the traveller. Parties who have gone forth, seeking their own or other homes for bread for their wives and little ones, have been stripped of everything and been sent back here, in their nakedness to starve! And so it must continue to be so long as authority sleeps in its easy chair, and the law forbears to resent the outrage which boldly plucks her by the beard, and tears the robe from her back and the mace of power from her grasp. We have magistrates who hear all these things—to whom the names of offenders have been given—easy to arrest, who walk the streets daily; nay, divide their spoils (as we are told) in the very streets and in the open face of day; and yet authority sleeps; power, in its hands, becomes but a child's bauble, and the fool's cap supersedes the sable cap of judgment on her head. There is no authority, because there is no people. The people are, in too many cases, linked too closely with the offenders, to goad justice into the exercise of power. Shall we wonder that God decrees our humiliation—that he forces us down upon our knees, with our mouths in the dust, and makes our shame a grinning and a spectacle in the eyes of all the nations. It is a great error—nay, a crime—to charge these sins upon our soldiers. Many of these, no doubt, are guilty, and, in the wretched condition in which they have so long lived—in the pitiable condition in which they have been left—abandoned to their fate by the people for whom they have so long bled and fought—abandoned by the Government, which has wasted their strength and left them without the means of returning to their homes—sacrificing them to the last—for these, there would be some excuse; and while we should lament, it would not surprise us to behold the brave soldier of Lee's or Johnston's army occasionally subsiding into the outlaw and the highway robber. But the greater number of those who now ravage the country are not soldiers—they have skulked the war—have never lifted weapon in the cause, and are simply thieves, incendiaries, ruffians, robbers—having enormous appetites, which they have nourished in idleness, and without a single virtue of manhood to redeem the thousand vices in their moral constitutions. That, with such a people, we should fall as a people, should occasion no surprise. How can God save such a people? What madness to think that, with a cause never so noble and virtuous, he should make it to prosper, when such a people are its supporters; and how, if successful, should they realize any good result from independence? Independence is properly the gift bestowed upon virtue, and the several virtues which make manhood—industry,

thrift, intelligence, resolve—humanity and courage. We must deserve God's favor to secure it. We must prove our adequacy to self-government before we can acquire its privileges or assert its uses; and failing in this capacity, we are delivered over to Yankee masters, even as the Israelites, the favorite people of the Lord, were subjected to the stern domination of Egyptian, Assyrian, Philistine, Chaldean, Babylonian, and finally deprived of all nationality under the iron yoke of the Roman. That God has not wholly abandoned us, is shown by his chastisements. It is by these that he would humble in order to reform, and reform in order that he might save. Let us learn the lesson. Let us drink of our cup of bitterness, and accept the humiliation, with all its ashes in our mouths, that we may save the childre of our loins from that fate from which we were not able to save ourselves.

Last Rumors.

There is a report along the streets that Gen. Forrest has captured Vicksburg, with all the United States stores in that place; taken several steamers, and, with them, crossed his own and Gen. Dick Taylor's army. If this be so, there is then no organized forces in arms for the Confederate States on this side the Mississippi. The several army commands are all disbanded, under the terms of Convention as agreed upon by Sherman and Johnston; the soldiers have mostly gone quietly to their homes, and a calm, wonderfully contrasting the late storm, overspreads the cis-Mississippi region. The calm is apathy and temporary stagnation. It is the peace of death. Never did armies so suddenly collapse—never was wreck of a Government more complete—and never before did a people subside more thoroughly before the arms of a conqueror. If we are not a subjugated people, we should be a greatly humbled one.

Assassination.

Everybody at the North seems to be apprehensive of assassination now—even as a large number of our *soudisant distingues* fancied themselves in danger of short shrift and sudden cord when the Yankees were in Carolina. The guilty die when no man pursueth! Self esteem always fancies itself a conspicuous mark for the usurper or the assassin. Here, now, is Senator Charles Sumner, beginning to alarm his friends and the public with new dangers to his head and throat. Read the following, and see upon what slender grounds the presses and the people are thrown into a peck of troublous apprehensions. Verily, the time was "that, when the brains were out, the man was dead;" but take the brains out as you will, you have done but little to quiet vanity, unless you take the tongue out also. At this rate, assassination will soon run itself into the ground. Payley telegraphs from Washington to the Boston Journal:

A report telegraphed hence that Senator Sumner was shot at one night last week was untrue, but was doubtless founded on information now in the possession of the authorities that two attempts have been made to assassinate the Senator. One of these attempts was made a night or two ago, and the other made in January last. It was a knowledge of these attempts, and of threatening letters received by Senator Sumner, that prompted some of his friends to request that a sentry be posted at the door of the house in which he resides. When the Senator questioned the sentry as to who had him stationed there, the reply was, "The Corporal ordered me to remain until relieved, and not to leave this post should you send me away, that being his instructions." On the evening in which President Lincoln was assassinated, Senator Sumner was absent from his rooms. A number of persons called, but no attempt has been made to ascertain who they were; neither did the occurrence of that night prompt the posting a guard at Senator Sumner's door, which is still kept there.

A report is in circulation, that Sergeant Corbett, who shot Booth, has been assassinated himself.

Holden, the editor of the Raleigh Standard, is suggested as the Governor of North Carolina. He takes ground against the restoration of Gov. Vance and the existing legislature, and is for a new deal. He advocates the adoption of the constitutional amendments, abolishing slavery, and recognizes the Constitution of the United States as paramount to any State Constitution.

Chief Justice Chase's mission is now said to be for the re-organization of the Federal Courts in the South. His mission will carry him as far as Galveston, and via New Orleans up the Mississippi.

New York Central Park.

In the tenth year of the reign of the "Board of Commissioners of the Central Park," in the fourth month, on the twenty-eighth day of the month, there came one to view the place and the improvements effected therein. The buckwheat cake was not in his mouth, nor did the tear stand in his eye. In place thereof, he held in hand a note-book, and his head was occupied by recollections of the Phoenix Park, in pleasant Dublin; of Wimbledon Common and Sherwood Forest, of Hyde Park and the Green Park, of the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, and the Prater of Vienna. And these are some of the things he saw and noted and ascertained:

A wide sweep of hill and dale, of rocky knolls and pleasant valleys, extending farther than the eye can reach, intended by nature to be beautiful, and rendered doubly so by art, combining many of the features of the parks and forests of the Old World, with others never contemplated by the European mind, and blending all into one harmonious and perfect whole. On the extensive lakes, wild fowl from the sunny tropics and from frozen Labrador swim, dive and disport themselves. Swans, unbending from their statelyness, indulge in the matter of fact duties of incubation like mere ordinary fowl. Fountains splash their silver spray into the air, and quaint little cascades trickle musically over the rocks. Winding paths lead up to rustic chalets and down into quiet, mossy nooks, where all

Is sweet music, that softer falls Than petals from blown roses, on the grass, Or night dews on still waters, between walls.

Of shadowy granite, in a streaming pass Nooks so calm and so secluded that even the fabled lotos eaters might pray here to be left alone to cease their wanderings and to "steep their brows in slumbers holy aim." Bathed in the sunlight, the new born foliage of the trees looks brighter and fresher now than at any other period of the year; and at night,

Beneath a moon, that just At recent dimly rains about the leaves Twilights of airy silver; when the Pleiades,

Rising from the mellow shade, Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver maze.

no scene can be fairer or more enchanting. The red maple and the gorgeous "buck-eye," the Alpine laborer, and the wild cherry and plum trees, make the air fragrant with their blossom. White and red blueberries, scarlet fruited thorns, hollow leaved berries, and the sweet scented honeysuckle, lend their charms to the landscape. Over the parterres, the spires in their snowy whiteness, the yellow flowered forsythias, purple azaleas and magnolias, and the deep crimsoned Japanese quince, cast their resplendent hues; and tendrilled bignonnias and other creeping plants climb over the great brown boulders like rocks.

But all is not still life within the park. On a fine afternoon, the carriage drives bristle with animation. The beauty and fashion of the metropolis are there, and the drives encircling the "Mall" rival those of its European prototype in the elegance and variety of the equipages displayed. From the dashing and costly barouche, with its double patented springs and emblazoned panels, down to the unpretending buggy, there are many gradations in the carriage maker's art; but in the foremost rank must be placed those excruciating little pony chariots, with the nattiest of steeds and the fairest of drivers, in which the ladies of New York have lately taken to outshine the meaner sex. In such a chariot, Phœbus himself might wish to drive, and Thetis could hardly blame him. Here, however, let us halt and cool our enthusiasm, as many others do, with an ice and a glass of refreshing Catawba at the pretty little *salon* over which Messrs. Railroad & Steison so efficiently preside. Having done so, we were ready to proceed. In variety and extent, the drives at present are almost unequalled. The extension of the East Drive, which is now being pushed forward rapidly to completion, will give one continuous carriage road over eight miles long. If the further proposed extension to Washington Heights be carried into effect, as there is every reason to hope and expect it will be, this will lengthen the route eight or ten miles more, and with the widening of the drive to Macombs' Dam, will form the finest boulevard in the world. Though the Park itself, thanks to the unremitting efforts of the Commissioners, has been saved from the desecration of becoming a giant advertising medium, its approaches have not escaped a similar fate. The spirit of sordid utilitarianism which would daub the Pyramids of Egypt with recommendations to try "Harper Twelveteen's Soap Powders," or "Holloway's Pills," has been at work here, and the grand old rocks all around the Park are besmeared with advertisements of "Wahoo Bitters," (which ought to be read "Yahoo,") "Dyspepsia Cures," and "Vermin Extractors."

The zoological collection, for want of better accommodations, has been retained in and about the old arsenal. It needs some fortune to approach the building from the rear, for, tied to a willow tree, three surly looking African buffaloes (recent additions) are mauling the newly mown grass. The bull has a kind of cataract over one eye, which scarcely conceals its vicious glamour; his better half stands by his side, watching his movements, and their calf—a plump little fellow, about the

size of a Welsh bullock, and as yet unconscious of his strength—looks about him in undignified amazement. For all they swallow the food offered them with apparent relish; a handful of dry rice straw is found to be more to their taste than the succulent herbage; and, doubtless, if their own views were consulted, a little more liberty and a little less care would please them better. Such a course, however, is not consistent with the public safety, as, though seemingly quiet enough, they have proved themselves treacherous and inclined to do mischief when the opportunity presents. At night, they are fastened up inside the building. Their treachery is equalled by that of the fine prairie wolf farther on. Shaggy as a Newfoundland dog, he seems almost as playful. Lying down on his side, he will toy with any object which visitors, when the keepers are out of sight, thrust into his cage, and then suddenly start up and display all his native ferocity. He and his wives, with the black bear close to them, are kept out of doors night and day. Cold is their native element; they only shiver with heat. Watch the raccoon yonder, whose cage divides the wolves from the bear. What depths of cunning and smartness lurk in his restless head like eye. Do you longer doubt the cunning of the coon, who, when "treed," shouts to the sportsman, "Don't shoot, captain, I'll come down; 'taint no matter o' us?" We do not; but we firmly believe that, if the captain granted the armistice, he found himself, like Sherman, very considerably outwitted. You may strike with impunity that patient-looking she camel, with her interesting offspring standing just the other side of the fence. They have spent the winter with Van Amburgh, and are pretty well used to the ways of men. They hardly seem happy, though. Tears are streaming down the old one's face. She evidently is sighing for her native desert and a drink of water once a month.

"Walk inside, ladies and gentleman, and you shall see what you shall see—a live lion." Stay! There is not a live lion, nor yet a tiger, but there are representatives of many other classes of *ferac nature*. A magnificent bittern, some fine tortoises, quite a number of ant bears, as playful as kittens and as harmless; monkeys more playful but not so innocent, and a fine collection of birds. The English lady who landed at Calais, and was astonished to find that even the little children spoke French, would have more food for amazement here. There are parrots which speak Spanish.

Out in the grounds, there is a handsome dove cote, containing some hundreds of beautiful pigeons, pouters, tumblers, carriers, fantais, &c. Some one lately described the dove cote as containing "one hundred and twenty-five different varieties," and, truth to say, the institutions of that colony seem to be framed on the Great Salt Lake model, and Darwin himself would be puzzled to decide the origin of some of the species.

Near the Casino, in an enclosed space, with a somewhat scanty supply of herbage and of room, are the deer, fourteen in number. Enclosed with them are two Cape of Good Hope sheep, with tails weighing thirty pounds each, and fleshy enough to allow of "sheep-tail steaks." There is also a fine female elk. A Flores bull, from Hartford, Conn.—a tawny little fellow, hardly bigger than a good sized dog—has lately been presented to the Park. He has been turned out with the sheep, and apparently has persuaded himself that he is "one of the family."

Nearly the whole of the second floor of the arsenal has been devoted to the formation of a statuary room to hold the casts presented to the nation by Mrs. Crawford, the widow of the distinguished American sculptor. Among the best known and finest of these casts are the "Indian Hunter," "Indian Girl," and "Indian Chief," the "Dying Indian Girl," the "Peri," "America," and the "Woodsmen." Boating on the lakes has already commenced. The band will begin to play on Saturday afternoons in a week or two. Planting is being carried on energetically, and the daily number of visitors is rapidly augmenting.—*New York Herald.*

TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—Most of the prominent officials and citizens of Richmond have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, and there is a very general disposition among the masses of citizens to follow their example. Among those who have subscribed to the oath are Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond; Judge William H. Lyons, Judge of the Hastings Court; Littleton Tazewell, Prosecuting Attorney in the same Court; Thomas C. Dulleay, City Sergeant; Judge Meredith of the Circuit Court of Richmond; P. H. Aylett, late Prosecuting Attorney of the Confederate States District Court; Joseph R. Anderson, Proprietor of the Tredegar Iron Works; Wm. H. Macfarland, President of the Farmers' Bank, and others less prominent. Physicians, lawyers and professional men generally, with some few exceptions, have taken the oath and resumed the practice of their professions. We have no data upon which to calculate the number of oaths administered, but the aggregate embraces a large per centage of the male resident population.

[Richmond Whig, May 2.]

The signers to the call for a public meeting in Charleston, on the 19th inst., were James Lynch, John P. Popenheim, M. D., W. H. Houston, Samuel Hart, Sr., John Van Winkle and John Ferguson.

Local Items.

FIAT LUX.—The editor owes his profoundest love to the fair lady who so graciously anticipated one of his most serious wants, and sent him a supply of excellent candles. He will now, by her lights, be enabled to borrow from the dreary hours of the night, and it may be that light thus bestowed will bring with it inspiration. Who knows but that he will sing a new song, which shall gladden her ears, and not prove displeasing in the ears of our pleasant public. He trusts, at all events, to be able to prove himself grateful for this and all other gifts, by putting them religiously to their proper uses, and—*pro bono publico.*

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. 2 1/2 lbs. flour,
- 7 " lard. 4 lbs. candles,
- 7 " bacon. 9 qts. rice,
- 8 dozen eggs. 4 head of chickens.

Wood, vegetables and provisions generally received at fair market rates approaching the specie standards.

A meeting of the colored population in Charleston was held at Zion Church, on the 9th, with the view to the establishment of a public press in that city to advocate the peculiar interests of that class. Maj. Delaney, Mr. Henley, Sergt. Barclay and others addressed the meeting. A stock company was to be formed, with shares at \$10. About sixty shares were taken among the audience, and a collection taken to the amount of \$500. Subscriptions received at the Redpath Institute, 281 King street.

The arrests of persons supposed to be connected with the conspiracy for the assassination of Lincoln and Seward, already numbers three hundred. The magnitude of the affair is said to be such as will astonish the country. There is a quarrel among the captors of Booth as to the division of the reward. Blood money is precious to detectives.

The Savannah River is to be relieved of its obstructions, and communications, by river, are expected in a few days between Savannah and Augusta.

Notice.

GENTLEMEN wishing to be SHAVED, or to have their HAIR CUT or SHAMPOONED, can be accommodated next door to the present Post Office, May 20 '65.

For Sale.

A FINE LEATHER-TOP BUGGY—made of best materials and nearly as good as new. Also, one set SILVER PLATED HARNESSES, nearly as good as new. Apply soon to JOHN C. DIAL, May 20.

Just Received.

LARD, BACON, FLOUR, MOLASSES, SMOKING and CHEWING TOBACCO, SPERM and TALLOW CANDLES. For sale by H. SOLOMON. In the basement of L. Levy's house, Corner of Plain and Assembly sts. May 20.

Drugs, Medicines and Sundries.

AT FISHER & HELYERS. GUM OPIUM, MORPHIA, SALTS, CHLOROFORM, CALOMEL, BLUE MASS, PAREGORIC, DOVER'S POWDER, Ipecac, Quinine, Hyd. C. Creta, Sulphur, Linubarb, Castor Oil, Ergot, Oxide Bismuth, Nux Vomica, Spirits Nitra, Wilson's Pills, Cook's Pills, Ether, McLean's Vermifuge, Dalby's Catastrophe, Hoffman's Anodyne, Gum Aloes, Kremsle, Champion Pills, Carb. Iron, Tart. Emetic, Bal. Copiva, Chi. Potassa, Hartshorn, Holloway's Pills, Mercurial Ointm. et. ALSO. Green Tea, Mason's Blacking, English Pins, Canton Flannel, 2 Calif. Skins, Sole Leather, 3 pair Shoes, Matches, Alsipie, Cayenne Pepper, Machinery Oil, Shoe Brushes. Prescriptions prepared as usual. Corner of Plain and Henderson streets. Entrance in the rear, on Henderson street. May 20.

Law Notice.

I WILL be found in the South Carolina College buildings, in the Library, from 10 a. m. to 12 m. May 4. JAMES D. TRADEWELL.

20 Wrapping Paper. 40 OLD NEWSPAPERS for sale at the office. Price 20 and 10 cents a 100.