

By J. A. SELBY.

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[Original.

"My Tricky Spirit."

"Fine apparition, my quaint Ariel!
Hark, in thine ear."—Shakspeare.
Oh! darling daughter of the hour,
Sweet Fancy, at a moment born,
That bring'st of every clime the flow'r,
And wak'st of every day the morn.
Creature of love, and life, and air,
Of dewy dusk and starry bright,
Come with the sunset in thy hair,
And glimpsing gold of wing in flight.
Bring memories of the pebbly brooks,
From forests deep that green the shade,
Where every flower that upward looks,
Beguiles some tear-drop to the glade.
And lift the silence from the grove,
And crown it with a voice to spell
The wandering heart of those who love,
And sorrow that they love too well.
Weave for some sadder wings than thine
A winding pathway through the woods,
And sprinkle with buds of gracious shine
The banks of dark and sullen floods.
And shake thy wings upon the air,
That seeds of beauty, sunn'd by mirth,
Shall spring around the steps of care,
And hide with blooms the scars of earth.
Catch up the songs of happy birds,
And for the sullen home of thought,
Shape the glad airs to fitting words,
That glide into the breast untought.
Music and mirth, and blooms of flowers,
And haunting tones of love are thine,
And still, through all the changing hours,
Some soothing spell for hearts that pine.
Steal to the porch, where sorrow broods
And sees no blooms and hears no song,
And people all his silent woods,
And win him forth to join the throng.
And bring the tripping elves to glide,
With each a grace, or trick of art,
To pluck his sleeve, and, by his side,
Make fond appeal to touch his heart.
And summon Ariel, Oberon,
Titania, Puck, and, in a trice,
Each with his magic girdle on,
Unfold some dainty dear device.
Thine is the charm which, wed to Thought,
From out her shoulder calls the wings,
And with a whisper, from thee caught,
The Care forgets herself and sings.
Sing thou for me and mine, through hours,
When native song denies to come,
And bring for us thy foreign flowers,
When none in all our gardens bloom.
Thou only hast the charm of all
Who feed the soul with fruitage rare,
To burst of time the dreary thrall,
And sing forgetfulness to care;
To couch the sealed and vacant sight,
Till skies unfold with stars, while soon,
To soothe the raven breast of night,
Comes forth, with sickle bent, the moon.
Her golden shield above the hills
She hangs, and points her glittering
spear,
While sudden, all the ocean thrills,
And heaves his billows up to hear.
And rush the winds along the waves,
And glow the woods in glad array,
While, trooping forth from ancient graves,
The myriad memories grow to sway.
Yet, but for thee, what ear would list,
What eye behold the matchless bright,
The music of that melodist,
That shapes the forms and songs of
night.
Thou find'st the soul for common things,
That darken on the common eye;
For thee, the bird of midnight sings,
And wings take color from thy sky.
Thou, at the choir, the leader art,
And with a single flash, thy strain
Makes joyous way to head and heart,
That kindle, ne'er to drowse again.
Each feather shredded from thy plume,
And floating down on evening airs,
Is as a sun-glimpse through the gloom,
To lighten up a path of tears.
Each note of whisper, soft as dew,
At dawn or dusk, is as a breath,
Melodious, like a carol new.
Of wakening, from the damps of death
The conscious sense perceives thee nigh,
Ere yet the thought is touch'd, or vision
And, from the deep, sends up a cry
Of rapture, as at sight Elysian.
Ere nigh, forever nigh, to soothe,
When memory moost her sorrow mea-
sures,
And bring to ago the pulse of youth,
When first it throbs with new-found
pleasures. W. G. S.

CAPTURE OF MR. DAVIS.

Preparation for Flight—Desertion of his Escort—Threatened Attack of Guerrillas—Betrayal by a Ferryman—The Flight and Capture—Arrival in Macon, &c., &c.

When the armistice agreed upon by Gen. Johnston, of the Confederate army, and Maj. Gen. Sherman, commanding the Federal army, was communicated to Mr. Davis, and all hope of further resistance on this side of the Mississippi thus vanished, he determined to escape to Texas. What were his intentions after arriving there are not known to any one save his confidential advisers.

A strong cavalry escort, consisting of Ferguson's, Vaughan's, Duke's and Breckinridge's brigades were selected to accompany and protect Mr. Davis and his family, and immediate personal friends, in their flight. The men and officers of all these brigades were considered of the truest Southern chivalry, and it was known that they had each faced death a thousand times during the sanguinary conflict which has just terminated.

The whole party, consisting of Mr. Davis, John H. Reagan, Ex-Governor Lubbock, of Texas, A. D. C., Burton N. Harrison, Private Secretary to Mr. Davis, Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, and the brigades above mentioned, arrived at Abbeville, S. C., on the 27th of April, without any particular incident having occurred along the route. When Mr. Davis arrived at Abbeville, which was on the 27th of April, he discovered that there was universal disaffection among his escort, and they were determined to make no resistance in the event they were attacked, no matter how great or small the attacking force might be.

But little or no effort was made to induce them to follow the fortunes of their chosen and once revered leader farther. They all chose to remain behind, except six noble Kentuckians, of Duke's brigade, who manfully remained by him.

The following are the names of the soldiers who refused to leave Mr. Davis. They all belonged to the 2d Kentucky cavalry: Lieut. Baker, privates Sanders, Smith, Heath, Walbert, and Harkness.

Mr. Davis had, several days before leaving Charlotte, sent off his family, consisting of his amiable lady and four sweet little children. They were accompanied by his wife's sister, Miss Howell, of New Orleans, and her brother, Midshipman Howell, C. S. Navy, Lieut. Hathaway, C. S. Army, and perhaps one or two other individuals.

Mr. Davis arrived at Washington, Ga., on the 4th instant, and much to his chagrin, found that only eight men of his escort came up with him; and to still farther aggravate the case, unpleasant rumors reached him of the probabilities of an attack upon his family, who were one day yet in advance, by guerrillas. Passing through Washington, he took the Sandersville road, almost due South, but for certain reasons left the village to the right.

At Irwin's Cross Roads, in Washington County, a band of desperadoes made a demonstration upon the carriages and ambulances containing Mr. Davis' family, and again at Dublin, but after hearing who the distinguished occupants were, and being assured they could not rob the party without first shedding blood, they desisted and drew off. At Dublin they amounted to at least thirty men, and consisted of deserters from both the Federal and Confederate armies, banded together for the purpose of highway robbery.

Mr. Davis had, at midnight, on the 6th, overtaken and rejoined his family, six miles North of Dublin, and just before the desperadoes organized there intended to make the attack. In justice to them, however, it may be said that they, villains though they were,

upon learning who the party was, divided in opinion, and finally determined to respect the distinguished statesman the South had honored as its chosen leader during the war. He passed them unmolested.

Leaving Dublin, or the camp in the woods near that miserable little village, on the morning of the 7th, the whole party traveled leisurely along until they reached the Ocmulgee river at Abbeville, Wilcox County, on the 9th. But before reaching there Mr. Davis had again separated from his family, retaining only a few persons with him. His lady crossed before him, but coming up on the same night he was recognized by the ferryman, who made haste to tell his pursuers a few hours afterwards, whom he set across the stream.

At Abbeville the party learned from citizens that the Federal cavalry were at Hawkinsville, and at midnight left their encampment and took the Irwinville road. Arriving within one mile of that place at a late hour in the afternoon, they went into camp, from which they were destined to leave as prisoners.

When Gen. Wilson received orders from Washington, to take measures to arrest, if possible, Mr. Davis, Col. Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan, in command of one hundred and fifty men of his own regiment, and perhaps fifty of the 2d Wisconsin, were dispatched down the Ocmulgee, to watch the crossings.

Going directly to Hawkinsville, information was there received through unknown agencies, that Mr. Davis would cross, or had crossed at Abbeville. Going to that ferry, the ferryman at once offered 'to bet \$100,000 that he had set Jeff. Davis and his family over the river.' Such was indeed the fact, and from thence to their encampment was a straight and smooth road.

Mr. Davis had posted two videttes respectively, on the Hawkinsville and the Abbeville road, but from utter exhaustion they slept instead of watching, and were either captured or passed by before they were aroused.

As a consequence, Col. Pritchard's advance came up to the very camp without being observed. The 2d Wisconsin made a detour and gained the road in advance, whilst the 4th Michigan came directly up to the camp, whose inmates were all sleeping, and perhaps dreaming, underneath green oaks and beneath their own native blue Southern sky.

"Grey-eyed morn,
With one bright star upon her forehead hung,
Stood blushing in the Orient;
And twittering birds came forth
To carol out the day."

Then giving the signal, the 4th Wisconsin charged into the camp, and captured all its inmates. Col. Johnston and one or two servants were alone awake at the time. They at first thought that they had been attacked by the hated and detested guerrillas; but the truth soon became known that they had fallen into other hands.

Leaving a guard over Mr. Davis, his family and escort, the remainder of the 4th Michigan, supposing that a large force of Confederate cavalry must be on ahead, went forward to attack them. At a short distance they met the advance of the 2d Wisconsin, and firing at once commenced. Many volleys were exchanged, Mr. Davis assuring the men with him that they were killing one another, and that he had no men out upon that road. After the firing ceased, it was ascertained that four men out of the 2d Wisconsin were killed and two wounded, and that of the 4th Michigan two were killed and two were wounded, among whom was one officer.

An official despatch was forwarded that morning, the 20th day of May, back to Macon, containing a brief account of the expedition and its results, and announcing that as the capture

took place seventy-five miles from the city, it would take three days to enter the city.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on the road from Irwinville to this city. Mr. Davis and his family were treated with the utmost civility by their captors, and many tokens of affection and esteem were shown them by the people along the road.

Going down the Houston road at noon yesterday, the reporter took a position two miles from town, and there awaited the arrival at 2 o'clock. The advance guard came in sight, and quickly the whole party came up. First after the advance came a fine carriage, containing Miss Howell, Lieut. Hathaway and two others. Next an ambulance drawn by four splendid mules, containing Mr. Davis, his lady and little daughter. The sweet little girl occupied a seat in front and looked out upon the vast throng of soldiers and citizens, who crowded each side of the road, with a pleasing smile. Perhaps the little girl thought that it was one of those pageants she had often seen assemble to do reverence to her beloved father.

At every step the crowd increased. When the carriages crossed the Macon and Western Railroad, so vast had it become that it was necessary for men to clear the way with drawn swords and pointed rifles. From all parts of the city men, women and children, soldiers and negroes, flocked to the sidewalks and blocked up the way. Passing the Brown Hotel, the throng moved directly forward to Mulberry street and from thence up to the Lanier House. In front of that hotel the crowd had grown so dense that it was with difficulty the way could be cleared. At last the carriage and the ambulance were stopped and the party alighted. They were received by Gen. Wilson's officer of the day, and taken to rooms prepared for them by Messrs. Logan and Mears, the proprietors.

Gen. Wilson's steward says that he is a personal friend of Mr. Davis, the latter having partaken of many a good meal with him at his restaurant in Washington in the olden time, and therefore he is determined to cater well for him while here.

Not a shout or token of exultation was manifested during the whole time by the Federal soldiery, while the citizens looked on with countenances generally expressing regret.

Mr. Davis, his family, and the gentlemen captured with him, were sent forward by special train to Atlanta. He is in feeble health.

[Macon Telegraph.]

There are private individuals who seem fated to fall in with adventures; there are works of art the history and mystery of which never come to an end. Who would have conceived it possible that a new romance concerning Mozart's Requiem should turn up? Yet Herr Jahn's new "Life of Mozart" (which may be noticed when it is completed) contains something of the kind; detail of a frightful passage of the composer's last years, during which, it was already known, his infidelities to his Staneri were many and reckless. The heroine was a young, beautiful married woman, whose jealous husband committed suicide, after having marred his wife's beauty forever in presence of the composer. To the horror of this scene is ascribed the dejection which notoriously darkened the closing months of Mozart's life, and "The Requiem" is now stated to have been in part undertaken as an expiation by one who was as superstitious as he was affectionate and sensual. It should be added that, by those who have gone the deepest into the subject, Herr Jahn is accepted as a writer of research and credit.

[London Athenaeum.]

Knowledge, economy and labor are the virtues of a civilized man; they form the most durable basis of society.

Woe. An Apologue.

A voice was heard crying from the wilderness, and it came, saying: 'My name is Woe! Fain would I make my home among the rocks! There would I find fellowship—there, by the lonely, ever-sounding sea—in the deep tracts of the wasted desert! But a will beyond my own, sends me abroad among the habitations of men. I traverse the highways—I pass into the cities—I must still seek the dwellings of man—I must dog his footsteps.'

And the people of the cities strove in terror when they heard the accents of that hollow-sounding voice. A deep fear fell upon all hearts. Some crossed the seas in flight, some fled up into the mountains where the grey bird, among the sharp bald cliffs, builds his eyrie, and fancies himself secure. Others again took shelter among the caves, where the adder hides and hisses. But the voice went with them into the caves, and upon the mountains, and it followed the fugitives upon the great highway of the seas.

And thus, once more, the voice was heard to complain: 'Sorrowful and sleepless is this toil! Fain would I return to the wilderness; fain would I rest me beside the ever-sounding shore—on the sharp crags of the black icy mountain—hearkening to mournful winds that traverse the grey desert without rest; I would dwell only in dark and silent places! I am of the brood of the unlovely and the unloving! I seek the cloudy and the sad! Give me voices from the storm and from the starless night! These better suit me than the crowd and the laughing city!'

Then, another voice was heard, feebler and sadder than his own. It rose sudden beside him, even where he sat, crouching by a hearth where the fire had gone out in ashes, and there was no more heat. The voice was human like his own! and she who spoke rose—a woman, gaunt and wretched—and she crawled from beneath the grey folds of his mantle, where she had lain unseen; and she stood up before the shape, looking him boldly in his blank visage. These were her words: 'And wherefore shouldst thou yearn for the loneliness of the rocks and seas; the pathless desert, and the many-sounding shore! Thou hast brought hither a deeper loneliness. Thou hast made the city a likeness unto them. From sea, rock, and desert, the desolation all fled when thou didst take thy departure. The loneliness belongs only to thee. Wouldst thou fly from thyself! Thou canst not fly from me! Thou hast made me thine. Thou hast wedded me with a fearful sign; the earth bears proof of our bridal! Henceforth thou art mine for ever. Thou hast left me none other than thee. Thou shalt never leave me more!'

And she crawled once more beneath the grey folds of his heavy mantle; and, in silence, with his iron staff, Woe stirred the dull ashes upon the hearth; and he no longer yearned for the loneliness of the sounding sea, the bald rock, and the pathless desert, for he felt that a greater loneliness was there!

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Also, one sett SILVER PLATED HARNESS, nearly as good as new. Apply soon to
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May 20

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