THE DAILY PHŒNIX.

DAILY PAPER $10 A YEAR. "LET OUR JUST CENSURE ATTEND THE TRUE EVENT." TRI-WEEKLY $7 A YEAR

BY J. A. SELBY. COLUMBIA, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1865. VOL. I.—NO. 142.

THE PHŒNIX

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

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Reign of Terror in Mexico.

We were yesterday called upon by Capt. E. Moore, a citizen of New Orleans, who gave us details of unusual interest with regard to matters in Mexico. In 1861, Capt. Moore, then master of the ship Ashland, was wrecked on the Pacific coast, with his wife and three children, took up his residence at Mazatlan, a Mexican city of about 17,000 inhabitants. Just previously, there had been a great influx of Americans and other foreigners to Mazatlan and that neighborhood, in consequence of the encouragement given by the Juarez Government, and a promise that *bona fide* settlers should not be subject to taxation for a period of five years. The number that emigrated from California, under the Juarez decree, is estimated at 5,000. Some had engaged in cotton raising, some in mining, and others in merchandize. The combined interest of these new settlers is represented as very large.

When the French invasion was announced, the Americans, of course, sided with the Liberal party, and formed themselves into military companies in conjunction with the Mexicans. But the Mexicans, true to their past history, could not agree among themselves. A local quarrel broke out among their chiefs. Gov. Morales was obliged to abdicate, and Gen. Carony took possession of the city. Previous to that, Gov. Vega had been deposed. These local disagreements resulted in what then was regarded as a complete reign of terror, and for four weeks there was a carnival of blood. The foreign element of the population, particularly Americans, were plundered and slaughtered in a most reckless manner. Finally, the French fleet made its appearance one bright Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, and demanded the surrender of the city. This was refused by the party who, for the time being, were in power, and the French retired, with a threat of bombardment if the surrender were not made by a certain hour on the following day.

During the night, the Liberal forces withdrew, after giving up the city to plunder, and as there was no indication of a compliance with the demand for the surrender of the place, the French, on the arrival of the hour designated, proceeded to pour shot and shell on the unresisting inhabitants. Quite a number were killed—men, women and children; but at length the Prefect, accompanied by the Prussian Consul, approached the fleet with a flag of truce, and agreed to the French demand.

Thereupon the French sent ashore a large body of marines, who formally took possession of the city. Shortly afterwards, a Mexican force, in the Imperial service, commanded by a renegade half-breed of guerilla notoriety, named Lazado, came in and was quartered among the people as a provost guard. The previous reign of terror was now intensified. Mexicans who refused to recognize the new order of things were shot down in the streets like dogs, and foreigners who sided with the Liberals fared but little better. Seizures, confiscations and butcheries were every-day occurrences. Everything was demanded, and nothing paid for, None of the securities—none of the sanctities—of life remained. Women were outraged and murdered. Persons and property were alike insecure. Martial law was proclaimed, and citizens were prohibited from appearing on the streets after drum-tap, at 9 p. m.; but this failed to check the rule of ruffianism and outrage, which, shielded by darkness, became more secure, directed as it was against disarmed inhabitants.

Lazado, with the instincts and blood of a half-savage, played the tyrant as a whole one. Nothing was too small for his avarice, nothing too sacred for his beastliness. Among others who fell victims at this time were David Eston, an American, connected with the mining interest, who for resisting robbery, was murdered. Capt. Frazer, from Illinois, and his two daughters—to tell their story would make the hair of the sensitive stand on end with horror—Mr. Stramford and eighteen companions, who were all robbed and murdered when traveling from Mazatlan to Durango, and hundreds of others, the names of whom could not be remembered by our informant.

In the course of four weeks, Captain Moore was reduced from comparative opulence to beggary; $15,000 in money was stolen from him, and $6,000 which his little son and a Mexican boy had found buried in the earth, was also taken.

The Captain Frazer above alluded to had established a cotton plantation at Presidio, and was doing well, when lust and rapine deprived him of his all.

It is represented that in the battles between the Liberals and the Imperialists, no prisoners are taken—no quarter is asked or given. War with them is vengeance in its direst form.

The destruction of Acapulco, when that place was abandoned by the French, is said to have been an act of entire vandalism. The whole city was turned into a ruin; everything was destroyed, and desolation took the place of plenty.

[*New York Evening Post.*

The European papers are full of the Asiatic Cholera, which is still striding towards us, and has already struck at Marseilles. The London papers notice the same premonitory symptoms now prevalent in England which preceded the cholera in the visits it made in 1831 and 1848. An aggravated form of diarrhœa has been more than usually prevalent. The same feature in our sanitary condition, I may mention, has been noticed in New York this summer. It is getting too late in the season, however, to expect much damage from the epidemic here this year, but by next spring we must prepare to feel its dreadful presence in our midst.

Comic papers, after the style of *Punch*, do not succeed in America. Why they fail has been a question much discussed by the newspaper philosophers. At least twenty efforts have been made in New York during the past twenty years to establish a humorous journal on a permanent foundation. They have all proved disastrous failures, and deservedly too. The more prominent examples have been "Vanity Fair," "Momus" and "Diogenes." They were all wishy-washy affairs; their made-to-order jokes were weak and strained, and their caricatures pointless. Some other adventurous person has now risked his money on a fresh trial, and we have a new comic paper called "*Mrs. Grundy.*" It surpasses all its predecessors in stupidity. The fact is, American manners, habits and events do not afford the same salient points for the humorist's pen as do the settled customs of the time-wrinkled society of Europe. There is not the material extant for an American "Pickwick Papers." But where the wits are at fault, there is a kind of broad burlesque which often succeeds. An instance I may mention is a sheet which has recently appeared on the news stands called "*The Black Republican.*" Instead of being handsomely printed, it looks as if it was written with a bad pen. The editor purports to be one Pluto Cuff, a gentleman of the colored persuasion, and nearly all the editorials and advertisements are written in the negro dialect. Of course they burlesque the Republican party, and as such they are among the best hits of the day.

[*Cor. Charleston Courier.*

Henry Ward Beecher on the Fate of Mr. Davis.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on Sunday last, delivered a long sermon on the fate of Mr. Davis. In conclusion, he said:

"I speak it with a certain reluctance, and the thought oftentimes, when it comes, even touches me with grief, but I believe that Mr. Davis, for example, will be hung. Already the scene rises before me. He is tried; he is convicted; he stands on the scaffold. All nations have watched the sure process of the law; all nations have listened to the charges laid at his door; all nations gather about the scaffold. There are some things to plead for him. He is a man of distinguished ability; he has conducted this war with pertinacity and courage; he was the beloved leader of the multitudes of the South, and even now millions of them would shield him if they could. He has a wife who loves him, and children who cannot understand his crime; he is surrounded by a mighty innumerable North, who, the war being over and its hot passions cooled, have no hate and no malice, and nothing more and nothing worse than a chastened, sorrowful indignation toward him. They would release him if they could. If they could forget the dead; if they were not compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses; if their bells of victory were not drowned by their bells of mourning; if they could forget their country; if they could forget their God, they would give way to their pity for a brother man in his extremity. They hear voices from over the sea; voices of sympathy for him; voices of pleading; occasional voices of threatening, may be. But nothing avails—nothing avails, he can't be spared, he would not consent to peace; he would not be just; he would not be a patriot; he must die. And the axe comes down, and the world shudders, and the great traitor is dead. And I claim that such a scene and spectacle will do more for the stability of a country, and for the cause of public order, than almost any dozen great acts of these last four years. It will take rank among the sublimities of history. It will have a moral dignity and weight which no magnificent battles we have fought could have. It will engage the attention of mankind as none of our battles have. It will be more easily comprehended by them. It will be rebellion and slavery epitomised and embodied in the form and person of their chief man, and then beheaded for their sins. And the people will understand that simple tragic thing. And it will sink into them. And it will hallow love in their feelings forever more. Let it come, then. History waits for it. The greatest work of modern time—our loyal war, I mean—waits for its capstone. Let it be raised to its bed. Not with shoutings, but in silence and with tears, if you please. But let it be raised. And, in the words of our great martyr when he wrote the decree which has made him immortal: "Upon this, our coming solemn act of justice, we invoke the blessings of Almighty God and the considerate judgment of mankind." Amen and amen.

Every chance of a deficient crop of wine in France this season is gradually disappearing, and although it is admitted that the produce in some vineyards will be less than was expected, the deficiency will be made good in other districts, so that a reduction in the price of wine is not only probable but almost certain.

The accidents by railroad continue daily. The New York papers publish notices of a collision, with serious results, on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and an explosion of a train containing military stores, on a road leading into Nashville, on the 7th instant. A number of persons were killed.

The Republican State Convention of Minnesota, on Wednesday of last week, after animated balloting, nominated as candidate for Governor Gen. W. R. Marshall. Resolutions of the most radical character, endorsing, among other things, negro suffrage, were adopted.

THE SLOMAN FAMILY.—Many of our citizens who have spent charming evenings listening to the inimitable renditions of "The Mistletoe Bough" and "Alonzo and Imogen," by Mr. John Sloman, and the artistic performances, vocal and instrumental, of his accomplished daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Anne Sloman, will be pleased to read the following notice of them, which we extract from the Rochester, North Kent County, (England,) *Gazette and Advertiser:*

THEATRE, ROCHESTER.—Mr. John Sloman, formerly manager of our theatre, after a longer absence, has again appeared among his old friends and acquaintances, and gave a concert on Monday last, accompanied by two of his daughters, whose superior performances, on the harp, piano, Alexandre organ, and vocalization, gave proof of their high cultivation in the science of music, and delighted a most discriminating audience, and were requested to repeat the same. We have no hesitation in saying, that we never heard any female artiste that can compete with Miss Elizabeth Sloman on the harp; her execution and grace merits all our praise and commendation. Miss Anne Sloman's performance of Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," on the piano, the Anvil Chorus, from Trovatore, on the organ, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth on the piano, and the vocalization of the two sisters, not only astonished the audience by their versatility, but charmed them by the artistic manner in which each piece was rendered. A more chaste and delightful concert we have seldom witnessed. Mr. Sloman was the same Sloman we always knew him.

TRIAL OF WIRZ.—A short session of the military court engaged in the trial of Wirz was held yesterday; and, although our reports of the proceedings do not convey the intimation, it is certainly reasonable to presume that the horrid and nauseating disclosures made the previous day of the agonies and tortures which soldiers of the republic were compelled to bear in the Andersonville prison pen were so disgusting, even in their recital, as to render necessary a short vacation for the purposes of mental ventilation and digestion. The nominal reason for the early adjournment of the court was the illness of Wirz, who, it was stated by his counsel, was suffering severe pains in different portions of his person. Several witnesses, however, were examined, who confirmed all that has been previously testified to in reference to the sufferings of national soldiers and the inhumanity and brutality of Wirz. The starving, poisoning and shooting of the captives, were sworn to by men who had served in the rebel as well as in the national army.—*New York Herald, 8th.*

The tunnels of all the railways in France are three hundred and sixty-six in number, and would, if combined, measure three hundred and seventy-seven leagues in length. The longest tunnel is that of the Nerthe, near Marseilles, on the Lyons Railway, which cost 10,500,000 francs; that of Blaisy, on the same line, 8,000,000 francs, and that of the Credo, between Lyons and Geneva, 6,500,000 francs. The entire cost of the bridges, viaducts and tunnels on the various French railroads, amount to 432,681,953 francs.

The order relative to passports for pardoned rebel prisoners is the signal for a general emigration of prominent rebels, led by General Lee, who will go to London, and there finish his history of his military campaign. Among others preparing to go are Generals Longstreet, Ewell, Beauregard, D. H. Hill, Wheeler, Malone, Buckner and Gardner, and it is probable they will be accompanied by hundreds of others of lesser rank.

A correspondent, who has seen her, describes Miss Braddon as a "red-haired, stout, rather vulgar-looking cockney woman of thirty odd," and says she has been an itinerant actress and knows great destitution. The combined sale of her book in England has been 600,000 copies; in America, 250,000; France and Germany, 100,000. She has made in the past four years about £40,000, and handed half of it.

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THE subscribers having this day entered into copartnership, under the firm of *RICHARD O'NEALE & SON,* For the purpose of transacting a GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS, in the purchase and sale of COTTON and other kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, would respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are now prepared to resume the business formerly carried on by the senior partner, (R. O'Neale, sr.) Any orders entrusted to them will receive their immediate attention.

They are also prepared to receive and store Cotton consigned to them.

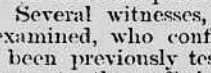
R. O'NEALE, SR.
R. O'NEALE, JR.

Columbia, Sept. 11, 1865. Sept 11 †6

☞ Charleston *News,* Winnsboro *News,* Chester *Standard* and Charlotte *Times* will publish four times and send bill to this office.

Notice to Travellers.

COLUMBIA, S. C., SEPT. 11, 1865.



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Ladies' Mourning and Emb'd H'DK'FS.
SILVER THIMBLES, SCISSORS.
Key Rings, Crape Collars.
Cologne, (pure and fine.)
Lubin's Extracts, Pomade.
Butterfly Cravats, China Dolls.
Fancy Tuck Combs.
Black Flax Thread, Satinets.
Cassimere, for suits.
Embroidery Cotton, Silk Gloves.
Silk Tissue, for veils.
Bleached Shirting, Leather Belts.
DeBege, for travelling dresses.
Ladies' Merino Vests.
Low-priced Ladies' Hose.
Fancy Vest and Dress Buttons.
Draper Pins, Agate Buttons.
Gent's Linen Collars, Matches.
Black and Colored Silk Belting.
Brooms, Black and Green Tea
Spool Cotton, all numbers.
Mourning Calico.
Boys' Silk Hose [illegible] Hats
Bass Rope Tarry Spool Cot[illegible] Aug 22 3