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Tri-Weekly \$7 a Year

BY J. A. SELBY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1865.

VOL. I—NO. 204.

New Goods!

AT WHOLESALE!

M. WINSTOCK

INFORMS city and country dealers that he has just opened at his establishment, over J. G. Gibbs', near the Court House, a large and handsome stock of DRY GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, etc., which he offers at wholesale at prices as low, or lower, than they can be bought for in Charleston or elsewhere—bargain adding cost of transportation. Nov 8 1mo

Valuable Lands & Stock FOR SALE.



THAT VALUABLE COTTON and PROVISION PLANTATION, in Darlington District, known as "Bunker Hill," formerly the residence of John McClenaghan, deceased, is offered for sale, containing 1,156 acres, by a plat of W. H. Wingate, Surveyor. It is bounded on the South by the line of Marion District, defined by a canal draining the waters of Polk Swamp into Black Creek, which stream is its Northern boundary. Some five to six hundred acres are cleared, under cultivation, and present the advantages of fine cotton lands, with rich bottom lands for corn.

On the place is a DWELLING HOUSE, with eight rooms, a Vegetable and Flower Garden, with all convenient out-buildings; a new Gin-house, Barns and out-buildings which have comfortably accommodated from fifty to sixty persons. It is situated within two miles of Mar's Bluff Station, on the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, and within five miles of Florence, and is too well known for its healthfulness, fine water and its advantages of society, to need a further description.

With the place, will be sold, if desired, some 8 or 10 prime MULES, 2 HOBSEES, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, COIN, FODDER, &c.; WAGONS, CARTS, Blacksmiths and Carpenter's TOOLS and FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

In the event that no sale is made, this place will be leased for one year from 1st January next; and the perishable articles mentioned will be sold on the premises, for cash, on SATURDAY, 9th of December next.

For terms and conditions, apply to L. W. T. Wickham, Richmond, Va., or to the undersigned, at Mar's Bluff.

W. W. HARLEE, Agent for L. W. T. Wickham. Mr. S. LUCAS, on the place, will show the premises, and give persons, desirous of inquiring, the facilities of deciding for themselves. Nov 15 14

G. DIERCKS,

Watchmaker and Jeweller, BEGS leave respectfully to inform his old friends and customers, and the public generally, that he is now prepared to repair

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Of every description, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Apply at his residence—up-stairs—Assembly street, West side, one door from Pendleton street.

All orders left at the store of MELVIN M. COHEN will receive the promptest attention. Nov 5 1mo

T. W. Radcliffe,

AT THE SIGN OF THE DRUM,



(Formerly at the Corner of Richardson and Plain Streets; now at the Corner of Pendleton and Assembly streets—his dwelling.)

OFFERS every article in his line, viz: WATCHES, JEWELRY, GUNS, PISTOLS, POWDER, SHOT, CAPS, CARTRIDGES for Smith's and Wesson's Pistols; KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS; Spectacles—to suit all ages; Gold Pens—the best assortment ever brought to this place; Fishing Tackle, new and fresh—selected by myself; Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Walking Canes and everything usually kept in our line of business.

I will also receive from abroad every article of MERCHANDIZE that may be consigned to me, for which I will make monthly or quarterly returns—soliciting a share of patronage.

Watches and Clocks carefully repaired by experienced workmen. Jewelry repaired. Rings made to order. Engraving neatly executed.

The highest rates paid for old Gold and Silver, and all of the above goods named will be sold at the lowest prices. Nov 5

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENCY.

P. B. GLASS has established, in connection with the Book and Stationery business, a general COMMISSION AGENCY for the purchase and sale of Merchandise of every description, Bonds, Stocks, Real Estate, &c.

Careful attention given to all business entrusted to him. Office, at present, on Plain street, near Nickerson's Hotel. Nov 1

FURMAN UNIVERSITY, Greenville, S. C.

THE EXERCISES of this Institution will be resumed on the 15th of February next.

For Circular giving further information, application may be made to

Prof. JNO. F. LANNEAU, Secretary of Faculty. Charleston Courier, Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel, Edgefield Advertiser, Newberry Herald, and Yorkville Enquirer, please copy until the 15th of January, and forward bills to the Secretary of Faculty, Greenville.

To Printers.

THE undersigned will receive proposals for PRINTING 1,000 COPIES of the ACTS, RESOLUTIONS and REPORTS of the called and next regular session of the General Assembly; together with the CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE and the several ORDINANCES, RESOLUTIONS and REPORTS passed by the late Convention.

The printing to be in uniform style with previous like printing, stitched and bound together in good paper covers, and to be delivered to the State Auditor on or before the first day of March next.

By order: WM. E. MARTIN, Clerk of Senate. JOHN T. SLOAN, Clerk House of Representatives. Columbia, November 15, 1865. Charleston Courier publish for one week. Nov 18 6



RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY L. C. CLARKE,

Washington Street, Opposite Old Jail.

TOGETHER WITH RIBBONS, COLOGNE, TOILET POWDER, VERBENA WATER, TOILET POWDER BOXES, Silk and Leather Belts, Corsets, Tooth, Nail and Hair Brushes, Gloves, Linen Braids, Tape, Shawls, Edgings, Balmoral Skirts, Calicoes, Traveling Bags, Portmonaies, Canton Flannel, Cassimeres and Cloths, for Gent's wear, Blankets, Hats, Whalebone, Zephyr Worsted, Black Bombazine, Black French Merino, Black Alpaca, B. E. Diaper, Huck, Diaper, Cloak Ornaments and Trimmings, Serpentine Silks and Worsted Braids, Fancy, Pearl, Agate, Jbone, Metal and other Buttons, Shell and Imitation Tuck Combs, Dress Trimmings, Marcelline Shawl Pins, Menefour, Ladies' Merino Vests, Drawers and Petticoats, Gilt and Jet Belt Buckles, Gent's Merino Drawers and Undervests, Waterfalls and Pads, Lace Veils, Marcelline Silk, &c. Oct 29

Phenix Iron Works,

Situated Foot of Richland St., near Greenville Railroad, Columbia.

GOLDSMITH & KIND, PROPRIETORS.

THE above works are now completed, and the undersigned beg to inform the public that they are now prepared to execute all kinds of IRON CASTINGS, such as—MACHINERY, STEAM ENGINES, &c. They are also prepared to furnish BRASS CASTINGS of every description. Orders are solicited and will be promptly attended to. M. GOLDSMITH, P. KIND.

THE PHENIX, PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY, BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

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MISCELLANY

Nature vs. Man.

BY PERCIE BRADLEE. One by one the leaves are falling, Dropping hourly—day by day; Flowers, too, have shed their leaflets, All to wither and decay. Thus it is that man must tarry, (On this earth by mortals trod.) Tarry but for one brief season, Then appear before his God.

The day king makes his daily journey, Through the trackless waste on high, Then slowly, sadly, sinks to Westward, Where to the world he seems to die. Thus it is that man is destined, But for a time to brightly bloom, Then like that sun his lustre's over, And he's hastened to the tomb.

Night spreads her darkened mantle over All the world at God's command, A thousand twinkling stars appeareth, Showing the power of His hand. Thus it is that man, whose body Must again be changed to clay, Can place his trust in that High Power— In Him who says "I am the way."

But night and gloom will pass away— The beaming sun again will rise, Dispel from the earth all shadows As he in grandeur spans the skies. Thus to man—if "changed in Spirit"— A Light that's dimless, ever fadeless— A Light in God, who reigns in Heaven. [Goldsmith's N. C.] Daily News.

GOLD AND DROSS.

Reader, have you ever heard of Halliday Hall? Very likely not. And yet, reader, it is one of the—may I say jolliest, without being considered fast?—well, yes, I will say jolliest old places in England; a big, rambling building, with no end of rooms, and not a bad, nor a dingy, nor a stuffy room among them, which is no small thing to say of any house, an old one especially.

It has a terrace that commands the finest view in the county, and a conservatory that beats those at Kew; and last year its Victoria Regias were larger and better grown altogether than any in the kingdom. Sir John Maurice is the owner of it. It has been in the family for years—centuries—and a capital old family, take them all in all, they were, are, and I believe will be.

Sir John Maurice may be somewhere about sixty; he stands six feet three without his boots; he is stoutish, erect as he was at five-and-twenty; with thick curling hair, quite white; a splendid face, a trifle weather-beaten; dark sparkling eyes; and not a tooth missing.

He is up at five in summer, six in winter; walks two miles before breakfast to bathe in the open sea all the year round; sleeps with his window open from January to December; rides to the fox-hounds every time they go out, and, notwithstanding his size, his age and his weight, he and his horse Goliath are among the very first in at the death. At great hunting dinners at Halliday Hall or elsewhere, he can drink more wine—habitually he is rather abstemious in the matter of drinking—than any man in the county; and when, for certain good reasons best known to themselves, most of the other guests eschew the drawing-room, or would do well to do so, he makes his appearance among the ladies as genial, as well-bred, as charming, as perfect a gentleman as he showed himself at breakfast in the morning.

A dear, fresh, wholesome old man; the best landlord, the best friend, the best father—had been the best husband—in short, the best gentleman to be met with anywhere in Britain or out of it.

The story of his marriage may stand as an example of what he was. At five-and-twenty he became attached to a beautiful girl, with a large fortune. He had not yet proposed, was in no way bound to her, when one day her father decamped, leaving wife, daughter and creditors to shift as they best

might; and about the same time the girl was attacked with confluent small-pox, which, the doctors confessed, could scarcely fail to disfigure her for life. Hardly was her life spared, when Sir John waited on her mother, disregarding all warnings as to infection, and proposed for her; and, as soon as matters could be arranged after her recovery, they were married. Eventually Lady Maurice nearly recovered her good looks, and was as excellent a wife as he was a husband. After some years she bore him a son, and, when they were neither of them very young, a daughter—Rosamond, the heroine of my story—not very long after which she died.

The first ball that had been given at Halliday Hall since Lady Maurice's death took place on the occasion of Rosy's eighteenth birth-day.

Young as she was, she was already opening out into a splendid specimen of womanhood, tall and full and fair, with masses of nut-brown hair, and large violet eyes that looked at you steadily from under their deep white lids.

This was her first regular ball. How she enjoyed it, I don't know; but this I can state, that on entering her bed-room, when it was all over, she sat down, hid her face in her hands, and began to cry, sobbing, gasping, as only young people and strong men cry, and indulged—I use the word advisedly—in this exercise for about half an hour without interruption. Then she got up, undressed hurriedly, and went to bed.

Next morning, after breakfast, she came down late, when she knew her father would be gone to pay his matutinal visit to the stables. She went for her usual stroll in the gardens. It was a lovely day, though well on in September, and the beds were still bright with perpetual roses, calceolarias, verbenas, and geraniums.

But she passed them all by, and wandering off to one of the shadiest walks, began to g up and down with an almost feverish rapidity.

Suddenly, as she came to the end and turned, she saw a figure entering the alley at the further extremity. Her first impulse was to dash in among the shrubs and escape; but a moment's reflection induced her to continue her course, though at a greatly slackened pace.

Meanwhile, from the other end the figure advanced, meeting her.

A tall, slight, though firmly-built man, of about six-and-thirty; not in the least handsome, but with a grave, striking face, especially about the upper part, where a singularly earnest and piercing dark gray eye looked out from under a firm, broad, massive brow. At last they met.

"I have been looking for you, Rosy," the new-comer said. "Child, how cold your hand is!" but he did not hold it in his to warm it, as he would have done yesterday, nor was his looks or his voice the same.

For some seconds they walked side by side in silence.

"Rosy," he said at last, "I want to speak to you. Shall I say what I have to say now and here?"

She merely bowed assent.

"Rosy, I fear I have been mistaken in you, that you have been mistaken in yourself, and that we are both beginning only now to find it out."

"Oh, Stephen!"

"If it is so, we had better understand the truth at once. Rosy, I would rather die than give you up, if I thought you loved me. But also I would rather die ten thousand deaths than marry you, if I knew you did not—if I thought you only fulfilled our engagement from a mistaken sense of duty, to save me and your father pain. You are very young, Rosy, a mere child compared with me. I know the world, and women, and my own heart; and I chose you deliberately, and with full knowledge of what I was doing, and because I knew I could never love any other woman with the same love I had for you. Your case was different. It may have been that my devotion awakened in your perfectly inexperienced nature a feeling that you might easily mistake for love, but that was not love, as would be proved on the first occasion. I was very angry last night, Rosy. When I left you, I

rushed out, walked off to the beach, and there I wandered about till daylight. I saw the sun rise, and the golden little waves ripple in with the tide, and the white cliffs become ruddy as the day came in. And in the face of all that eternal glory and strength and tranquility, I felt the folly and the impotence of my anger, the vanity of struggling against what was to be; and by degrees I came to see things in their true light, and to say to myself what I have just said to you. Rosy, that man will never love you as I love you; it is not in him, and he is not worthy of you. I tell you so, not because I am jealous of him, but because I know it of a truth. Nevertheless, if you prefer him to me, and that I stand in the way of what you consider your happiness, Rosy—let me say, my Rosy, if it be for the last time—I give you back your freedom."

"Stephen, O dear Stephen, how good you are to me! how little I deserve it! But indeed, indeed, you only do me justice in thinking I have not been deceiving you. It was not till last night that I really knew I preferred Mr. Wilbraham. Oh, can you forgive me; can you bear it? Oh, what a change—what a heart-break! for papa, for everybody! I wish I never had seen Mr. Wilbraham. But I can't help it, Stephen; you believe that?"

"Yes, Rosy; you never wilfully deceived me in your life, and I believe you have not yielded to this feeling without many struggles. Let them be over now. Shall I tell you your father?"

"Will you? Oh, it will save me so much! But no! I have no right to save myself. No, dear Stephen, I will do it! What a wretch I am—and you, what can I call you?"

"Your friend I shall always be, Rosy. Dear child, dear, darling love of my heart! it seems like such a terrible nightmare to think that you are mine no longer! To think—after the delicious months of peaceful, happy, holy love, of tranquil security I have enjoyed—that all is swept away in an instant, and that I am to go forth alone, tossed hither and thither over the world's tide, leaving to another all that I deemed so wholly my own. And I do not feel the worst or the fullest of it yet! Oh, Rosy, Rosy, it is killing! I thought I had made up my mind to bear it; but when I see you—"

He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes, and Rosy sobbed aloud.

"Of course," he went on, after a pause, "I can't stay here and see it. To-morrow I shall go to town to wind up my different matters, and in a week at furthest I shall be across the water."

"Where do you go, Stephen?"

"Heaven knows! if it could be anywhere, anywhere out of the world," it would be all the better."

"You'll bid papa good-by?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I'll come to-morrow morning; you'll tell him in the meantime. And now, Rosy, best and only beloved of women, may God bless and protect you, and make you as happy with your new choice as I once fancied you would be with me! One kiss, Rosy—the last of all the hundreds I have, in undoubting security, taken. Farewell!"

He strained her to his breast with a long and convulsive embrace, and without another word departed.

She stood some time on the spot where he had left her, bewildered by the suddenness of the scene, by the novelty of her position. For an instant, her impulse was to call him back. Was it thus that was to end forever an engagement she had, not many months back, willingly entered into with the man she had, almost from her childhood, esteemed above all others—the dearest friend of her absent brother, the man whom her father regarded as another son? How he loved her! how happy they had been together! Could it be indeed that a stranger, whose very name was unknown to her a month ago, could have thus changed her heart, broken her faith, made her untrue to all the associations of her life? But it was so. Alas!

Two months were gone by, and

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]