

COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

"Let our just censure
Attend the true event."—*Shakespeare.*

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COLUMBIA, S. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

VOL. 1.—NO. 6.

THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX

IS PUBLISHED

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

BY
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Single copies \$1.

Advertisements inserted at \$5 per square (ten lines) for each insertion.

Home, Sweet Home.

A correspondent of the *Augusta Constitutionalist* states that a young lady, whose house was destroyed and burned by Sherman's army while at Columbia, a day or two after the conflagration, visited the ruins, in hopes of finding some little relic to remind her of the trials through which she had passed. She searched in vain, until her eye fell on a small piece of paper, which she picked up. It proved to be a remnant of John Howard Payne's song of "Home, Sweet Home," and the only words that were left untouched by the flames were

"There is no place like home."

Not one little relic—not a souvenir left!

Of all that she lov'd by the mad flames bereft!
The ruins, all blacken'd, loom up on the sky,
And the south wind sings softly their sad melody.

She looks here, she looks there, for one little thing.

A letter, a trinket, a ribband or ring;
Perchance there may be 'mid the rubbish and dust,
The miniature features of him she loved first.

No, nothing! the flames, in their savage career,
Have swallow'd up all that her heart holds most dear;
Of her once happy home not a vestige is seen,
The still wind now moans through the crimp'd evergreen.

A slip of white paper lay trembling alone
Amid the charr'd timber and smoke-blacken'd stone;
Like a snow-flake on Hecla, it shone in the light,
Or a pearl that was set in the dark brow of night.

The lady took up the lone slip from the ground,
And gazing upon its white surface she found

These six little words, (as if traced by some gnome

To mock her deep grief.) "There is no place like home."

Aye, sign of sweet home, 'mid its ashes and smoke.

'Twas bless'd till the spoiler its wailings awoke,
'Twas happy till Northmen, with wild fiendish hate,

Gave towns to the flames and made fields desolate."
J. H. H.

CAPTURE, SACK AND DESTRUCTION OF THE City of Columbia

XX.

In this grave connection, we have to narrate a somewhat picturesque transaction, less harsh of character and less tragic, and preserving a somewhat redeeming aspect to the almost uniform brutality of our foes. Mr. Melvin M. Cohen had a guard with him for his home, who not only proved faithful to his trust, but showed themselves gentle and unobtrusive. Their comrades, in large numbers, were encamped on the adjoining and vacant lands. These latter penetrated his grounds, breaking their way through the fences, and it was not possible, where there were so many, to prevent their aggression entirely. The guard kept them out of the dwelling, and preserved its contents, and this was much. They were not merely civil, but amused the children of the family; played with them, sympathized in their amusements, and contributed to their little sports in sundry ways. The children owned a pretty little pet, a grey-hound, which was one of the most interesting of their sources of enjoyment. The soldiers, without, seemed to remark this play of the guard with the children and dog with discontent and displeasure. They gave several indications of a morose temper in regard to them, and, no doubt, they considered the guard with hostility, *per se*, as a guard, and because of their faithful protection of the family. At length, their displeasure prompted one of them to take an active but cruel part in the pastimes of the children. This wretch, gathering up a stone, watched his moment, and approaching the group, where they were at play, suddenly flashed out the brains of the little dog, at the very feet of the children. They were terribly frightened, of course, at this cruel exhibition of

power and malignity. Their grief followed in bitter lamentations and tears. To soothe them, the soldiers of the guard took up the remains of the dog, dug for it a grave in one of the flower beds of the garden, tenderly laid it in the earth, and raised a mound over it, precisely as if it had been a human child. A stake at the head and feet rendered the proceeding complete.

That night, Mr. Cohen, returning home, his wife remarked to him:

"We have lost our silver. It was buried in the very spot where those men have buried the dog. They have no doubt found it, and it is lost to us."

It was impossible then to attempt an effort for the relief of their anxiety, until the disappearance of the marauders. When they had gone, however, the search was eagerly made, and the buried treasure was found untouched. But the escape was a narrow one. The cavity made for the body of the dog approached within a few inches of the box of silver.

Mayor Goodwyn also saved a portion of his plate through the fidelity of his guard. But he lost his dwelling and everything besides. We believe that, in every instance where the guard proved faithful, they were Western men. They professed to revolt at the spectacles of crime which they were compelled to witness, and pleaded the necessity of a blind obedience to orders, in justification of their share of the horrors to which they lent their hands. Just before the conflagration began, about the dusk of evening, while the Mayor was conversing with one of the Western men, from Iowa, three rockets were shot up by the enemy from the capitol square. As the soldier beheld these rockets, he cried out:

"Alas! alas! for your poor city! It is doomed. Those rockets are the signal. The town is to be fired."

In less than twenty minutes after, the flames broke out in twenty distinct quarters.

XXI.

Of the conflagration itself, we have already given a sufficient idea, so far as words may serve for the description of a scene which beggars art and language to portray. We have also shown, in some degree, the usual course of procedure among the incendiaries: how they fired the dwelling as they pillaged; how they abused and outraged the individuals; how they mocked at suffering, scoffed the pleadings of women and innocence, and ruthlessly persevered in their demonic cruelties, though at the