

THE COLUMBIA DAILY PHOENIX.

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By J. A. SELBY.

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Stanzas.
 BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

What time I wasted youthful hours,
 One of the shining winged powers
 Showed me vast cliffs, with crowns of
 towers.

As towards that gracious light I bowed,
 They seemed high palaces and proud,
 Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labor is not small;
 Yet winds the pathway free to all:
 Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

INDIAN LEGEND.—The following Indian legend, relative to the spirit-home of Washington, is extracted from Morgan's *League of the Iroquois*. It is curious, as showing the estimation in which the 'Father of his Country' was held by this singular people:

"Among the modern beliefs engrafted upon the ancient faith of the Iroquois, there is one which is worthy of particular notice. It relates to Washington. According to their present belief no white man ever reached the Indian heaven. Not having been created by the Great Spirit, no provision was made for him in their schemes of theology. He was excluded both from Heaven and the place of punishment. But an exception was made in favor of Washington. Because of his justice and benevolence to the Indian, he stood pre eminent above all other white men. When, in the year 1783, the Indians were abandoned by the British allies, and left to make their own terms with the American Government, the Iroquois were more exposed to severe measures than the other tribes in their alliance. At this critical moment Washington interfered in their behalf, as the protector of Indian rights, and the advocate of a policy toward them, of the most enlightened justice and humanity.

"After his death he was mourned by the Iroquois as a benefactor of their race, and his memory was cherished with reverence and affection. A belief was spread among them that the Great Spirit had received, in a celestial residence, upon the plains of Heaven, the only white man whose deeds had entitled him to the heavenly favor. Just by the entrance of Heaven is a wall enclosed, the ample grounds of which are laid with avenues and shaded walks. Within is a spacious mansion, constructed in the fashion of a fort. Every object that could please a cultivated taste has been gathered in this blooming Eden to render it a happy dwelling-place for the immortal Washington. The faithful Indian, as he enters Heaven, passes the enclosure. He sees the illustrious inmate as he walks to and fro in quiet meditation. But no word passes his lips. Dressed in his uniform, and in a perfect state of felicity, he is destined to remain through eternity in the solitary enjoyment of the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit."

"Ye who write for a busy age," says a late author, "speak quick, use short sentences, never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word, but let the stream of thought flow right, and men will drink it like water." A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and, like that projectile, cut down all before it. Pack your thoughts close together!

Carlyle says that every battle is a bloody conjugation: 'I kill, thou killest, he kills, we kill, you kill, they kill.'

President Johnson on Slavery.

On the 14th of January last, Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee, made an address before the delegates to the State Convention which abolished slavery in that State. We reprint the following extracts from this important address. It shows the thoroughly anti-slavery character of President Johnson:

"GENTLEMEN: I congratulate you in the sincerity of my heart on the successful conclusion of your labors. It is the greatest work of the age. In the great revolution which is going forward, you have performed your part, nobly. This I say without flattery; your work has been well done. In this momentous struggle in the development of the great principles of human liberty, you have discharged your duty manfully. Who would have thought three or four years ago that Tennesseans would have been permitted to assemble in this capitol for such a purpose without being molested or driven from its halls? The mighty principles of human rights and liberty have been pitted against monopoly and slavery. Yesterday you broke the tyrant's rod, and set the captive free. (Loud applause.) Yes, gentlemen, on yesterday, you sounded the death-knell of negro aristocracy, and performed the funeral obsequies of that thing called slavery. You have opened the grave and let the carcass down, and all that remains is for you to seal the pit on the 22d of February, the anniversary of the day which gave birth to the Father of his Country. Consecrate your work on that day.

I feel a heartfelt gratitude that I have lived to see it done, and that I have been permitted to perform my little part in this great drama. The blow has been struck, and slavery lies prostrate. An insolent, insincere, ignorant, unfeeling, hypocritical, nefarious, diabolical slave aristocracy has been tumbled to the ground. They who never learned that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow," who lived on the real or imaginary honors of a buried ancestry, have at least learned that an ignorant, corrupt aristocracy must go down. Your sessions have been, on the whole, harmonious, notwithstanding some little bickering, which, I think, will pass away with your adjournment.

While you think that you have emancipated black men, I tell you that you have emancipated more white than black men from the insolent domination of the slaveholder. Yes, the time was not long ago when you dared not speak your sentiments. Even in East Tennessee, where there were only few slaves, and we always spoke more freely, do you remember the power which the slaveholder exercised? how many of our people were compelled to live on barren ridges and cultivate the stony spots, while a few slaveholders owned thousands of broad acres in the fertile valleys, which they tilled with their bondsmen.

Even you felt their power, and knew the contempt they felt for you. Because, many years ago, I dared to speak of these things, I was denounced as an agrarian and demagogue, who appealed to the prejudices of the people. Thank God, I have lived to see the day when the people of my State have declared themselves free. I must now urge you to redouble your efforts to carry out your work when you go hence. If you consummate it with the same resolution, the foul blot of human slavery will be removed from the escutcheon of the State. I shall say nothing of the future condition of the negro, nor of the elective franchise. First, organize; time and experience will regulate the rest. Let us first get rid of slavery; let there be no bickering or conflict till we get that out of the way. This being done,

we will take up other questions, and dispose of them as they arise. Who could have anticipated three years ago that we would have progressed thus far? Let us, like-wise men, hold ourselves in readiness to manage the new questions which may arise in the future. There is no need of giving ourselves trouble prematurely.

Go home, not as rivals, but as friends, resolved to save the State and wipe out slavery. To do this is enough for one man to live for. A life spent in accomplishing a result like this is well spent. Though some for awhile may sneer, the time will come when the nation will be utterly astonished that this great monopoly has been submitted to so long. Let no man, then, delude himself with the dream, the vague hope, that he still holds on to slavery; let him cut the cord at once, and he will feel a great deal easier.

Nor let any man suppose that I think that any portion of the populace should be turned forth as loafers, without work. The sooner we get out of this transition state, which is always the worst, the better for us, the better for the negroes. In five years from now the labor of the black man will be more productive than ever, for freedom simply means liberty to work and enjoyment of the product of one's labor. Let us try to comprehend the times in which we live, and the great principles which are at work. There is a breaking up of old combinations, and men are coming together by their natural affinities. Old parties are disintegrating, and new ideas, thrown out among men of mind, form the basis of new parties.

Here is the great contest of philanthropy, of sound reason, of humanity, whose foundation is the Christian religion; a bow of promise, whose base rests upon the horizon and whose span arches the universe.

In the midst of the darkness which has been resting on the land for four years—a darkness deeper than that of the dark ages—from you, sitting in the midst of carnage and death, has gone forth a light to illuminate the world, and teach mankind that you can be free. I feel that God smiles on what you have done, and that it meets the approbation of the hosts that surround him. Oh, how it contrasts with the shrieks, and the cries and wailings which the institution of slavery has brought on the land! Look along the battle-fields of Tennessee, at the new-made graves; witness your countrymen perishing in battle; see even the Goddess of Liberty, struggling through desolation, carnage and blood, and almost driven from our borders! Might I not say with the poet—

"O, bloodiest picture in the book of time!"

And yet, out of all this gloomy scene beams light to illuminate the world in future years. As your fellow-citizen, who expects in some of your valleys to deposit his bones. I thank you again for the noble work which you have done.

The last novelty from Germany is a musical bed, which receives the weary body and immediately dips it in Elysium! It is an invention of a mechanic in Bohemia, and is so constructed that, by means of hidden mechanism, a pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to rise; when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontoni, with drums and cymbals, and, in short, with noise enough to rouse the seven sleepers.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

About Trees.

The superiority of our country in regard to trees may not be known to all our readers. We have fifty species of oaks in North America; all Europe has only thirty. North America has forty species of pines and firs—the United States over twenty—while Europe has only fourteen species. Who has pride of country enough to collect all the native trees which will grow in his latitude?

Let us pause, says Miss Cooper in her *Rural Hours*, to count the days, the months, the years—let us remember the generations that must come and go, the centuries that must roll onward, ere the seed of this year's cones shall produce a wood like that just prostrated. The stout arm so ready to raise the axe to-day, must grow weak with age, it must drop into the grave; its bone and sinew must crumble into dust long before other trees, tall and great as those, shall again occupy the same spot.

In Dr. Piper's work on the 'trees of America,' we find a suggestion, which we think should be written in letters of gold. He says: The present noble Queen of England, before she ascended the throne, planted with her own hand an oak at Chatsworth. In our country, where all are born sovereign, it is to be hoped that, ere long, every lady will deem it her duty to imitate England's Queen in this, and plant at least one tree. When our ladies shall do this, then will the work be done, and throughout our broad land, the reproach of neglect in this respect, have passed away. Have you ever planted a tree, dear lady; you who are reading this? Or have your friends or acquaintances under your influence, who are needlessly cutting down shade trees by the roadside, or neglecting to plant trees where they would be beautiful? It is to woman we must look for reformation on this our national decline and fall. How charming, how poetical it would be, if we were to be so indebted to the gentler sex for a national reform in this respect, that the first thought on seeing a beautiful tree would be one of grateful homage to woman. We refer our fair reader to Dr. Piper's magnificent work for some admirable reasons for valuing trees, their utility and necessity to the farmer, as well as their beauty. The portraits of remarkable trees given in this work, are in the highest style of art, and nobly calculated to inspire taste for this crowning glory of nature.

In the island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called the sorrowful tree, because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up, and others continue flowering in the night during the whole year.

It will surprise many of our readers to know the great age to which several varieties of trees attain. Among those whose ages have been ascertained, the elm has been known to live more than 350 years; the chestnut 600; the cedar 800; oaks from 1,000 to 1,500; and some of the woods of the tropical climes for three, four and five thousand years.

"My dear Colonel, I perceived you slept during the sermon last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners. "Ah, Doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy." "Would it not be well, Colonel, to take a little snuff to keep you awake." "Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little snuff in the sermon?"

A COOLNESS.—When Semphine's wife kicked him out of bed, he said: "See here, now! you'd better not do that again! If you do, it will cause a coolness!"

Booth's Stage Eccentricities.

Considerable has been said about Booth, the assassin's, habit of getting excited, or so carried away by the character he was personating upon the stage, as to make a real, instead of a mock attack, upon his adversary in the play. The New York *Herald* speaks of one instance in that city, in his performance of Richard the III, where, roused to excitement, he attacked Mr. E. L. Tilton, the Richmond of the occasion, so violently as to knock him into the orchestra, nearly breaking his arm.

At the commencement of his last engagement in Boston, which, by the bye, was at the Museum, and not the Howard Athenaeum, as stated by the daily papers, this excitement was spoken of among the stock company at rehearsal, and subsequently Booth admitted he had cut men in some of his stage combats. Upon this the leading actor at the Museum, who was to perform Richmond, Renaud, &c., in supporting Booth, speaking to him on the subject, said: "Mr. Booth, it may be as well that we understand each other before commencing the performance, there is no necessity of an actor being hurt in a stage combat, and mark my words, if you cut my fingers or even scratch my person with your sword, defend yourself in earnest, for from that moment the combat will be a real one."

We may add, in conclusion, that the Boston professional, who is a quiet, gentlemanly man, but who has no idea of being cut, to illustrate another performer's eccentricity, received not the slightest injury or even inconvenience in his stage combats with Booth, who probably thought it not wise to exhibit any of his anger during that engagement.

[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

With all his supercilious heartlessness, Horace Walpole wrote some very sensible things. "Had I children," he once said, "my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even a thought for music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives; unless they grow deaf; it makes them depend upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles, and of all fashionable pleasures, it is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism; and is susceptible of enthusiasm, without being priest-ridden."

Not far from the probable site where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, our guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field." The calyx of this giant lily resembled crimson velvet, and the gorgeous flower was of white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been arrayed more gloriously than one of these! Such is the testimony of nature to the words spoken by our Lord.

[Travels in Palestine.]

There is much truth in the following remarks of Addison: "I have found that the men who are really most fond of ladies—who cherish for them the highest respect—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliments in the room of sentiment, are their favorites. A due respect for women leads to a respectful action towards them and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love."

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more happy who can suit his temper to circumstances.