

COLUMBIA DAILY PHOENIX.

"Let our just Censure attend the true Event."—Shakspeare.

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Byron—Cant. 1700. Taking a New paper, as much alike, as two things, no philologist could find difference in their bumps. Had he been reading of the news at home, like Brother Jim, he'd get a cut this accident had not befallen him. PUNCH.

The Holy Sepulchre. The Emperors of the French has just issued a decree respecting the condition and preservation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In this interesting document the Emperor makes an earnest appeal to her sister sovereigns to unite and repair the holy shrine. It is that the Christians have not hastened to attend to a state of things so affecting the faithful of all communions. The proposition is not merely to erect a new church on an entirely new site, so as to afford abundant scope to the pilgrims from every clime to visit and worship there. The circular says: It would be advisable, after having obtained the consent of the Sublime Porte, to entirely rebuild the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on a new plan, and on a larger site, so as to afford accommodation for all communions. Thus, for the East, there should be on one side a nave and a chapel reserved for the use of the Latins, and on the other side a chapel reserved for the use of the Greeks. The principal altar should be open to all, and the choir should be reserved for the use of the faithful to the Holy Sepulchre at present so difficult, giving frequent disturbance, would be a great advantage. The majesty of the sanctuary should be as much as that of the sacred associations which are recalled by these places. For these reasons a new church might be opened, in which architects and artists of all countries should be invited to take part. An international jury might select the designs sent by them, and in a purely artistic point of view might be deemed the most desirable. As to the necessity for commencing and completing without delay the New Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they are furnished by a universal subscription at the head of which all the Princes would no doubt rank each other in inscribing their names.

Important Letter from J. W. Booth.
We have just received, says the Philadelphia Press April 19, the following letter, written by John Wilkes Booth, and placed by him in the hands of his brother-in-law, J. S. Clarke, in a sealed envelope, and addressed to himself, in his own hand-writing. In the same envelope were some United States bonds and oil stocks. This letter was opened by Mr. Clarke for the first time on Monday last, and immediately handed by him to Marshal Millward, who has kindly placed it in our hands. Most unmistakably it proves that he must for many months have contemplated seizing the person of the late President. It is, however, doubtful whether he imagined the black deed which has plunged the nation into the deepest gloom, and at the same time awakened it to just and righteous indignation:

1864.
MY DEAR SIR: You may use this as you think best. But as some may wish to know when, who and why, and as I know not how to direct, I give it in the words of your master: "To whom it may concern."
Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For by my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, a lasting condemnation of the North.
I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I prayed, hoped and prayed for the day when the sword would be a plowshare, and the spear a pruning hook. I have prayed for peace as long as I have lived. My prayer will be done. I go to see and share in the end. I have ever held the South were

him Lincoln, four years ago. I plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Await an overt act." Yes, till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South were wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a foreign war, I too could say, "Country, right or wrong." But in a struggle such as ours, (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart,) for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns justice from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice; to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our history will not let me forget it, and may it never.
This country was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African slavery from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings—both for themselves and us—that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power, witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived amongst it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yes, heaven knows, no one would be willing to do more for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to still better their condition.

But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South are not, nor have they been fighting for the continuation of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes since for war have been as noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on. Even should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, cruelty and injustice have made the wrong become the right and

they stand now, before the wonder and admiration of the world, as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of their deeds, Thermopylae will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown—who was a murderer on our Western border, and who was fairly tried and convicted, before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been made a god—I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty, and that I was helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered, by themselves, as the greatest and only virtue of the whole Republican party. Strange transmigration! Vice to become a virtue simply because more indulge in it!

I thought then, as now, that the Abolitionists were the only traitors in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate as poor old Brown; not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living, I doubt whether he himself would set slavery against the Union. Most, or many in the North do, and openly, curse the Union if the South are to return and retain a single right guaranteed to them by every tie which we once revered as sacred. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for themselves, worse than death, to draw from. I know my choice.

I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence both provide for secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the one side, I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession alone has gained me an income of more than twenty thousand dollars a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field for labor. On the other hand, the South have never bestowed upon me one kind word; a place now where I have no friends, except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all the former for the latter, besides my mother and sisters, whom I love so dearly, although they so widely differ with me in opinion, seems insane; but God is my judge. I love justice more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more—Heaven pardon me if wrong—more than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle field; but oh! my countrymen, could you but see the reality or effects of this horrid war as I have seen them, in every State, save Virginia, I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of right and justice—even should it possess no seasoning of mercy—and that he would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom?

Four years ago I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain, as I had always known her, powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hold my life as naught to see her what she was. Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightened dream, from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless God and pray for his continued favor! How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless. But I have of late been

seeing and hearing of the bloody deeds of which she has been made the emblem, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown. Oh! how I have longed to see her break from the midst of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor. But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now in my eyes, her once bright red stripes look like bloody gashes on the face of heaven.

I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love, as things stand to-day, is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attend me I go penniless to her side. They say she has found that 'last ditch' which the North have so long derided and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are our brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety, and if true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same 'ditch' by her side.

A Confederate doing duty on his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH THE LETTER WAS RECEIVED BY CLARKE.

The Philadelphia Ledger, of April 19, states that J. Wilkes Booth, the wretched assassin of President Lincoln, in January last left a letter in a sealed envelope, directed to himself, at the house of Mr. J. S. Clarke, his brother-in-law, in this city, with the statement that they contained oil stocks and bonds. They remained at the house of Mr. Clarke until after the crime of Friday night, when Mr. Clarke opened them and handed them over to the United States Marshal.

This letter is undated, but it could not have been written later than January, and was probably written in November. It shows that if John Wilkes Booth did not then contemplate killing the President, he had at least resolved to aid the rebellion in some striking and startling way. It is probable that he was then bound by an oath to obey some secret band of conspirators, and his object in addressing the letter to himself was to insure secrecy till he had taken some step which would give the family reason for opening it. So strong were his sympathies for the rebel cause that he would undoubtedly have joined the rebel army at the beginning of the war, if it had not been for the firm opposition of his family, and the grief of his mother. His brothers, Edwin and Junius, considered his declarations that the rebellion was right, as merely the wild talk of a reckless young man. His opinions and feelings were so different from those of his family, that a virtual separation became unavoidable and he has visited neither his brother nor brother-in-law since January last.

When Dr. Rush was a young man, he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited sometime for Mr. Morris. Who by his appearance, apologised for detaining them, by saying he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders.

Well, Mr. Morris, said the Doctor, how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled.

Why Doctor, said he, I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me. Mr. Morris, replied the Doctor, what sort of sermon do you like?

I like, sir, replied Mr. Morris, that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devils after him.

It is a misfortune for a man to have a crooked nose, for he has to follow it.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND ENERGY.

I have noticed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments and self-respect, kept alive by finding that, though abroad may be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fall to ruins like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant. I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their characters, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path, suddenly rising in mental force to be comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by him into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riven by the thunderbolt, cling around with its caressing tendrils, and bind up the shattered brow, so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man, in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and certain calamities, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature and binding up the broken heart.—Irving.

A FLEA UNDER A MICROSCOPE.—Chambers' Journal furnishes the following very interesting paragraph about a very small subject:

"When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coating of armor much more complete than ever a warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates, fitted over each other, each plate covered like a tortoise shell, and where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project like those on the back of the porcupine or hedgehog.

There are the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent cases, piercers to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood, six jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast, ready at any moment to be thrown out with tremendous force for that jump, which bothers one when they want to catch him, and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling to whatever he alights upon. A flea can jump a hundred times his own length, which is the same as if a man jumped to the height of seven hundred feet; and he can draw a load two hundred times his weight."

A NOSOLOGIST.—During the late canvass in Michigan, a surgeon-dentist was making an excellent speech in one of the interior towns. A low fellow, belonging to the other party, interrupted him with the question, "What do you ask to pull a tooth, doctor?" "I will pull all your teeth for a shilling, and your nose gratis," replied the speaker.

[Gulf Reporter.]

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.—Is them there bibles' asked a verdant specimen, of the clerk of the supreme court, as he pointed to a pile of blank records of wills. "No," answered the clerk "those are testaments."

Ten thousand dollars is a large sum, but we have all spent a summer.