

Every spot in grave yard or garden, which seemed to have been recently disturbed, was sounded with sword, or bayonet, or ramrod in their desperate search after spoil. They monsters of virtuous pretension, with their banners of streaks and spangles overhead, and all to the Constitution, which they neither understand nor read, never once forget the good of appetite which has distinguished Britanic New England for three hundred years; and, lest they might forget, the appetite is kept lively by their women—letters found upon their dead, or upon prisoners, almost invariably appealing to them to bring home the goods and jewelry, even the dresses, of the Southern women, to deck the fond feminine expectants at home, whom we may suppose to wait all the while at their devotions, assailing heaven with prayer in behalf of their thrice blessed cause and country.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## COLUMBIA.

Thursday Morning, March 30, 1865.

**CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.**—We are pleased to learn that Governor Magrath has decided to convert the military academies of the State into a camp of instruction, and to *conscribe*, as pupils, all the young lads of the State between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. This is a wise measure. Parents are now scattered—they can no longer find schools for their young, and they should not be allowed to run to weeds. The military education of our boys is almost the only sort of schooling necessary in the present circumstances of the country. It will be all right, if, at the same time, the boys be taught practical agriculture, and should be set to work so many hours of the day in making their own crops. This was the plan promised in the case of what was once the Naval School in the State; and in this school hardy, well-grown boys of fourteen were found as clever, active and active as those of greater years. By the way, we trust that this school has resumed its operations. Capt. Aimar, we learn, was one of his pupils, was carried off by the enemy.

**IRON PLATE.**—We now learn that the iron plate restored by Sherman was not that of Trinity Church, but belongs to St. Peter's, Charleston. The rogues still keep the plate in the former, unless, indeed, it shall happen to be that wagon, wholly laden with silver, which Hampton is said to have captured, with its spoils, in his recent onslaught upon Kil-

## The Consolations of Loss.

A doggelizing friend, looking as woful as the Knight of Lallancha after his beating, has brought us a screed of consolations, which he administers *pro bono publico* through our medium. His head is right on the subject, no doubt, though rather full; but his heart is heavy, in spite of his own medicine, and his face four inches longer than his wont. He has lost house and liquor; but laments over all the fate of his only pair of trousers. The pair he wears is—a borrowed one, and like the road he has had to travel—corduroy:

'Midst great afflictions, small ones keep aloof—  
'Midst bombs and shells one's still musquito proof;

Once at the hill-foot you can travel slower—  
Once down the mountain you can get no lower.  
While tumbling headlong you still found it high—

No danger now of butting 'gainst the sky;  
You're on the level now, if not the square,  
And of still deeper fallings need not fear.  
Your home destroyed will cost no more in paints,  
You'll have no trouble to collect the rents—  
No care to lock, repair, insure or keep,  
And find the floor of earth exceeding cheap.  
Your skiey roof the fine winds ventilate,  
The stars mock candles in your dome of state;  
No more expense of gas or kerosene,  
And for your chamber bushes make the screen.  
Cool brooklets yield you bathing tubs, and moss,  
When you would towel, leave you at no loss.  
Your watch is gone! you cry; and—even so,  
But the best watches still are made to go;  
You've looked upon it, neighbor, for the last time,

And still have comfort—you have had your past-time.

C. B. NORTON, ESQ.—This gentleman, brother of the Commissary-General of the Confederate States, and formerly a lawyer of the Charleston bar, is reported to have been murdered by the Yankees, somewhere in Lancaster District. His wife, it is said, accompanied the murderers in their Eastward progress.

—Meetze, described as a notorious outlaw, from the Dutch Fork, is reported to have been hung by a scouting party, at Frog Level, on Monday last. We hear of too much outlawry, now-a-days, in half-abandoned regions, not to feel that strong examples are necessary for the public safety.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that Andy Johnson was drunk at the inauguration ceremony, and before the imposing concourse assembled, bellowed for half an hour an idiotic babble of wind.

**FORREST'S PERFORMANCES.**—In a late speech to his troops, Gen. Forrest sums up his performances during the last year—*multum in parvo*—in his own rough and masculine fashion. He reminds them that they have fought fifty battles, killed and captured sixteen thousand mercenaries, two thousand horses and mules, sixty-seven pieces of artillery, fourteen transports, twenty barges, three hundred wagons, fifty ambulances, one thousand stand of arms and forty block-houses; that they destroyed thirty-six railway bridges, two thousand miles of railway, six locomotives and one hundred cars—making a total, in *money*, of fifteen millions. They were occasionally associated with other troops, but his own command never exceeded five thousand. A comprehensive record written with the sword.

*Eagles*, which lately soared, now, since Congress has taxed coin twenty-five per cent., payable in *kind*, have taken to *diving*, and those who had many of these bright birds, but a few days ago, cannot persuade them now to take an airing. We shall need to get Sherman's army back again, if only to discover how the birds contrive to conceal themselves, and where.

**GOLD.**—We are told, in Augusta coin is sold at *thirty* for one, which is simply *thirty-fold*; while here, in this place, which has nearly run its race, a man will have the face, without blushing or grimace, to ask you *eighty-fold* for a single *one* in gold!

**TORPEDOES AND NEGRO STAMPEDE.**—A body of negroes, between thirty and forty, on the Savannah River, launched themselves upon a raft, heading for Yankee-doodle-dom in Savannah. They ran upon a lurking torpedo, which blew the raft to pieces. Since then, neither raft, torpedo nor negroes have been heard from.

Northern papers state that ten regiments have been recruited from among the contrabands who joined Sherman in his recent march, and further additions are expected to this force from his present campaign.

It is stated that ex Gov. Bonham has been appointed Brigadier General and placed in command of all the South Carolina regular troops.

Charleston is garrisoned by negro troops. Thirty were hung a few days ago, for misbehaviour.

The Graniteville Manufacturing Company contributed \$20,000 for the sufferers in this city.

The passage of the bill for arming the negroes has alarmed the Yankees considerably.