

The Food Question in Columbia.

This is a vital subject now among our citizens. Amidst all the rumors of strife elsewhere and approaching raids, we are brought back, inevitably, at least twice or thrice a day, to the imperious necessities at home—the food for wives and little ones. On this subject, moved by the necessities of the community, our Council has been extremely busy, always exercised, in deed, as to the ways and means of providing for the suffering people. By action of the Joint Executive Committee, it has been decided to stop the present mode of dispensing provisions by rations, and, instead, to commence, within a few days, on a different system. It is decided to sell provisions, by weight or measure, at a stipulated price, according to the quality of the article and for cash. This plan, we believe, will give more general satisfaction to consumers and to the people at large. There will be, however, a particular dispensation of food to the city poor—to those, alone, who are utterly unable to buy—and this will be made exclusively by the city authorities. For the destitute beyond the city limits, rations will be given out by agents of the State authorities. The two committees, City and State, will be distinct and several, and their appointments, and the places where they are to be sought, will be made public in due season. Applicants to either will be required to satisfy the committee of the propriety of their claims on the public stores. Meantime, the executives of the State and city, through several agents, will continue to procure provisions, either by purchase or barter, so as to keep up all the supply within their ability to command, so long as the present necessities of the people shall continue. We trust, in the meantime, that our citizens, one and all, will feel that these supplies must always be precarious, no matter how earnestly our authorities may seek, and how urgently their constituents may need, and that they themselves will energetically address their efforts, according to their ability, to meet the exigencies of life for themselves.

Moral Remedies.

The great remedy against care is labor. The great security from all anxiety is work. Go to work, if you would not be killed by hourly anxieties. Go to work, if you would be relieved from street rumors. If you proceed to ask questions, you are done for. If you ask after the Yankees, they are sure to be at your elbow. "Talk of the devil," says the proverb, "and his imp' appear." When you ask for the news, your friend takes for granted that you wish to hear a sensation story—takes for granted that you wish to harrow up your wife's feelings, for the fate of the silver spoons and the baby. Don't ask for sensation rumors. Don't harrow up your poor wife's feelings—take pity on the poor lady. Nay, for your own sake, don't invite the revelations of the sensational. They pale your cheek; they weaken your knees; they keep you from honest work, and so endanger your religion. Go to work, brethren.

The Oath! the Oath!

We can very well understand how and why the unfortunate citizens of Charleston should take the oath to Lincoln, forced upon them, as it is, in their distress, and made a condition of their very existence, while in that city. It is their bad fortune to be there; their sad necessity to take the oath; but it will be their own criminal act if they remain there, and still more criminal, if when they come away, they do not take immediate steps to put themselves right before the country. So far from relying on their Yankee papers when in our camps and precincts, they should be made to destroy them; to renounce all connection with the Yankees, and take such a course as will tend fully to their acquittal in the eyes of their countrymen. Where young and able-bodied, they should at once seek the commandant at the first military station, and beg to be put into the harness of war. There are many hundreds who, under some sanction or other, have been exempted from the duties of the field; but their vocations of peace have now all been abrogated, and their exemptions are void accordingly. It will not do now, with Lincoln pardons in their pockets, to find their way into our camps, loiter about among us, with whining and lamentation over the hard necessity which made them momentarily succumb from their faith; and, neither serving South or North, Davis or Lincoln, continue their devotions to Mammon—"that least erected spirit of all"—luxuriating in accumulations of gold, while their brethren of the South are braving the steel and iron of our foes, and with our country overrun by the Satraps of the tyrant. It is one thing to fall into the ditch, but quite another thing to cling to it, where escape is possible and the necessity for it proper.

Morale of Sherman's Army.

Correspondent of the *Chester Carolinian*, from Johnston's army, thus reports on the condition of Sherman's troops, their inferior morale and the prospect before them and us:

"The Yankee dead and the prisoners bear upon them the marks of their plundering campaign—silk dresses, gold rings, tinaware, knives, forks, &c. Sherman's army was, no doubt, at one time, a formidable one, but now they are only a band of plunderers, preferring trophies stolen from defenceless women and children to the trophies of the battle-field, and resorting to any means, even to the burning of houses, to extort the gold and silver won by honest toil from the helpless. These Yankees have fought before this, and fought well, but the moment the warfare became one of plunder, battles became odious, and a few brave men now suffice to drive them back.

"The firing on the 21st continued with but little intermission until 2 a. m., when we fell back across a creek on our extreme right. At daylight, the Yankees moved forward vigorously, as if they intended to drive us further, but we were well prepared—so well, indeed, that they did not attack. Gen. Johnston fell back at his leisure, bringing off everything. Since then we have not seen or heard from the Yankees. Sherman has probably found it necessary to halt to dress his wounds. Be this as it may, let him advance where he will, henceforth he will not march as he did through Georgia and South Carolina. There is a lion in his path, who will demand toll in human flesh and blood for every foot of ground that he gains. Our force is now sufficient to dispute the country with the enemy."

The Late Jacob K. Eass.

In the chaotic condition of our country, amidst the storms of war and the lamentable woes and various griefs which follow in its train, one has little leisure for private woes, and the good and the great are suffered to pass from the stage of life and action—to leave vacant the high places which they honored—the social position which they kept in the grateful affection of loving circles; and their departure scarcely challenges a word; the orator is dumb, the poet silent—men hear and droop their heads, and glide away to their lonely chambers, and the sorrow which can no longer provoke sympathy, is wept over in night and solitude. And thus suddenly hath passed, from the sight of a large and loving circle, the excellent man whose name is above written—passed away almost in silence—stricken down in a single hour—to the equal astonishment and dismay of the many by whom he was known and honored; and, alas! language can deliver nothing of him now which would be adequate to the illustration of the memories he has left. The gentle and amiable man, the loving father, the thoughtful friend, the humble Christian—the virtues of Mr. Eass deserve a far more enduring memorial than any which the present melancholy time can erect. We can only record his departure, not describe his worth; only lament, for our own sake, the selfishness of our own loss which we feel, not his desert; silently mourn his loss to the country which he served so modestly as faithfully and well; and weep, even as we hurry along, not lingering to plant a flower, or rear a stone, or deliver an eulogium! We shall send, when God shall afford us a respite from this cruel war, and when time shall permit us the proper pause for grief and loving speech, to remember, with becoming tributes, the good and great who have been torn from us during this our season of "bloody sweat; and when that time shall arrive, as we trust it soon may, then will none of the worthies whom we have lost in the struggle more justly claim our best memories. Mean while, we raise this simple and brief votive offering to one so much beloved and justly honored; the pure gentleman, the good friend, the faithful counsellor, the pious Christian. He, at least, has escaped much of the sorrow that still awaits his friends, and we confidently believe enjoys a life in bliss, ample compensative of all past suffering.

Col. Simonton, 26th S. C., Maj. Whit, 2d S. C., Capt. Westcott, 11th S. C., Capt. W. H. Bartles, 26th S. C., all captured by Schofield, have been sent to Fort Delaware.

Of the officers, in addition to Anderson, present at the surrender of Fort Sumter, four years ago, S. W. Crawford, then surgeon, is now commanding a corps under Grant; A. Doubleday, then captain, is now a general, acting as president of a court-martial in Philadelphia; T. Seymour, then captain, is now a general, with Grant, we believe; Jeff. C. Davis, then a lieutenant, is now commanding a corps under Sherman; J. G. Foster, then captain of engineers, is now major general; E. K. Meade, then second lieutenant of engineers, of this State, the only officer present who came into the Confederate service, sleeps his last sleep beneath his native soil.—*Richmond Whig.*