

MISCELLANY.

Cataractania.

She wore a monstrous waterfall the night when first we met— A roll, half horse, half human hair, hung in a beaded net; It rested on her shoulders, for the first time put to use, And she looked just like a Digger squaw when lugging a papoose; Or, taking a good rearward squint at head and hair together, Just like a horse with tail tied up in very muddy weather. And she stooped beneath her burden, she thought was passing fair, With her dainty head drawn backward, and her nose turned up in air, I saw her but a moment, so graceful and so tall, Bending, sweating 'neath the burden of her cherished waterfall. Black as Ethiop were the silken curls that nature to her gave, And they rippled round her forehead in many a glorious wave; And proudly would she raise them round her fingers slim and fair, And many were the lovers that had begged a lock of hair, And once, freely had she covered them from 'neath her jaunty hair; But let them hint at such things now, and she will give them 'traids. Or in more pleasant moments she'll hand them in a trice, A smiling, a will, smiling, ask if they don't smell a trice? I saw her but a moment, when she tilted at a ball, Almost fainting 'neath the burden of her monstrous waterfall. Kissing brow and cheek, and bosom, once her glorious hair swept free, How I envied them their pleasures! How I longed a curl to be! But now they are strained backward till her eyes are filled with tears, Destroying all their beauty—making islands of her ears! And envying the camel his fur from pretty "humps," Tries to rival him by wearing a more tremendous bump; And bowing low to fashion its senseless laws and heek, Makes herself a fierce monstrosity with centre on the neck! Old I saw her but a moment, as she whirled around the ball, With a load upon her shoulders she called a waterfall! Gone the beauty of her figure—gone the eye with which she trod— Became exposed to an Irishman that's carrying a hod! Gone the sloping shoulders' beauty that once our gaze would blind, For her head is like a poodle with its tail curled up behind! What a prize should be for Bammid! How he'd place her in a cage, Were she alone distressed, were not waters-falls the rage! Had not women grown feline—turned into human cats, And trying to win lovers with a bait of "scented cats," Had they never learned the mystery, at open and ball, Of "shoulder round" beneath a bag they've named a waterfall! Oh! when will fashion give us back the curves we prized so long, The wile of silken splendor—the theme of many a song— The smiling man that kissed the brow in many an airy curl, And gave the crowning beauty to every lovely girl? When will cease resume its rule again—fashion receive a check, And our loved ones no more carry round a pillow on their neck, A thing composed of horses' tails, of wool, of jute, of cord, A monstrous, mean disfigurement, by every man abhorred, A load upon their shoulders, at home, abroad, at ball, A foolish bag, a senseless bump, they call a waterfall! [New York Dispatch.]

A SIMPLE JOB.

Well, sir, there is a certain amount of interest attaching to the commonest jobs in our line, as you say. But the detective system in this country ain't what it is in Old England; it's younger, you know. There is some smart fellows among us, though; not that I'm one of 'em. I'm modest, I am. But I'll tell you how I done up that Osdell job, if you care to hear it. I dare say it'll sound simple enough to you, sir. It does to me. Osdell's banking house in the village of L—, in this State, was cracked some three months ago, and one thousand four hundred and twenty dollars or seven-thirties was carried off. Mr. Osdell sent to us for a detective, and I went down to L—. It was a simple enough state of things. A young fellow by the name of Lawrence Haight had left town immediately after the robbery, and inquiries at his boarding house showed that he left without giving any notice of his intention. He had been idling around the village for some weeks, and the woman he boarded with said he had been pretty hard up for funds, but had told her he expected some money from his uncle; and the day after the robbery, had paid her up and left town. I called at the post office and found that no letter had come for Haight; those country postmasters know every letter that passes through their hands, you see, and at the express office the same things were rendered. Haight was no doubt the robber. I set out to find him.

Nothing had been seen of him at the depot. I went back to the village—half a mile or so off from the railroad it was; railroads don't turn out much for little places like that—and found that my man had probably thought to hide his trail a little by walking to the next station—about six miles away. I took a horse and rode over there. At the hotel where I took dinner, I found that a man answering the description exactly had stepped there to supper the day after the robbery, registering his name as Barton Love. As soon as I saw that, I knew the fellow must be a flat, for he couldn't have picked out a more suspicious name than that to travel on, could he? had he! I've known *hats* to disguise itself as *love* often before that, you see; it's a common game enough!

Well, with that clue I just followed my man right over his ground. There wasn't a hotel he stopped at for the next week but had a dozen people in it who had noticed that young man with the queer name. So I followed him easy enough through the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont, back again into Northern New York, and across the St. Lawrence into that mouldy old town of Kingston, in Canada West. But there I lost sight of him. I visited every hotel in the place, high and low, and got many a trace of him here and there; but what way he went from there I found it impossible to learn. So after bawling about the bush for a few days, I reluctantly gave up the search, and returned home, where I had other business to attend to at the time.

About two weeks ago, I had a call to Chicago, in the course of another job I was working up, and after attending to that affair, it occurred to me that I would take a look after the Osdell fellow. I set out, then, to search all the hotel registers in town, and I was, I beg in finding the name I wanted. The second house I visited—the Tremont—had the name of "Barton Love and Lady" on the register. I talked with the clerk about it, and learned that my man had staid in the city over night, and taken passage on one of the railroads running out of the great Central Depot. There are three roads that run out of that depot, the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central and the Burlington and Quincy; so I was then in the fix of the man at three cross-roads, uncertain in which of them leads to the place he wants to go to. In such a case as that, sir, when there seems to be no kind of a choice in the matter, my rule is to always take the least likely route. Because, don't you see, a thief who had fear of being followed, would do that very thing to throw his pursuers off the scent. Now, of these three railroads, one was the very road I had reason to believe my man had come to Chicago over when he left Canada, and that was the Michigan Central Road. So it being least likely that a man would come to Chicago and then go right back on the same road he had come on, that was my route. Not much keen judgment to hang on about that, you'll say; and you're right, there wasn't. It was about like flipping up a copper and crying, "Tails this way—heads that way."

I stopped at the first station I came to on the Michigan Central Road and made inquiries for my man and woman. It's any quantity easier to follow a man and woman together than either of 'em separate. I was two days going that way from town to town, talking with every man that could talk with me, not in a way to let 'em know my business, you see, I'm not such a fool as that, though I don't profess to any particular smartness. I generally took occasion to mention the subject of the seventy-thirty loan, in the first place, thinking I might happen to hit on something that way; and from that leading up to any topic I smelt ahead that had any show of meat in it.

About dark of the second day, I came to that little place they call—. Well, blow me, sir, if I ever can remember the name of that place when I want to. It's a God-forsaken little hole, a few miles West of Kalamazoo, in the State of Michigan. It was raining like smarts when I got off the train, and the first place I headed for was a little liquor saloon a few rods from the place where the cars stopped—for the railroad depot was shut up. I ought to have mentioned, perhaps, that it was a freight train I had come in on, which accounts for the depot being shut, you know. So I put my head down, and cut through the rain and mud for the liquor saloon.

It was half full of leaders, drying themselves at a pot of a stove, where a fire of that dirty, sneaky, Western coal was burning.

"Nasty weather," says I to my near-

est neighbor, as I pulled a stool under me by the stove.

"Yes," says he.

"Any hotel around here?" says I, for I hadn't seen any signs of one.

"That's one up to the Square," says my neighbor.

"How far is it?"

"Oh, half a mile or so when it's good going. Must be nigh on to a mile to-night, I'd say. Awful muddy. Sticks ye right in. Cole Smith left 'is boots in th' mud this afternoon. This rain 'll make it wuss 'n 'twas. What d'ye com fram?"

"I'm down from Chicago," says I.

"Why don't this saloon keep take lodgers? He's got a big enough building, I should say."

"Yes, he has. But he hain't got no furnitur 'yt. He's a goin' for hev."

"New hand?" says I. Time telling you this conversation, sir, only to show you how I led along when I commenced; since you asked it, you know; there don't seem to be much sense in talk of this kind though, I'll admit.

"Yes," says my neighbor, "he's jest boufrit. Love was agoin' for fix up an' put in beds, but he got sick on't sudden, an' sold out to this man—name's Harris. I don't know much about him. You're a stranger then?"

"Ruther. And so Love sold out, did he? What's he gone at?"

"Who, Love? Oh, I don't know. He didn't b'long here. He's left agin."

"Ah!" says I, thinking there never was such a dodger as this fellow any how. Every time I got my finger on him he "wasn't there," as the man said of the flea, you know.

"Love had a young wife," the man went on, "kind of a stylish creature—dressed high, you know, head colors, green and red and yellow. I expect she didn't fancy the saloon business. I expect that's what made Love clear out so sudden. Ever been in these parts afore?"

"No, I never have," said I. "Come up and drink."

"Wald, I don't mind of I do."

"Why, Harris?" says I, as I came up to the bar, "is this you?" and I stretched out my hand cordially.

"Wald, now," says Harris, shaking my hand slowly up and down, "I know your face just as well as my brother, but I can't call ye by name."

"Hain't forgot to Smith, have ye?" says I.

"Oh—certainly—you used to be up to Kalamazoo."

"Of course. Thought you'd recollect me. Well, friend, what's yours?"

I never saw this Harris before in my life, sir, but men in his business don't stickle much about accepting an old acquaintance; 'tain't to be supposed a toddy-mixer will remember his customers as *they* remember *him*, you know; so I was all right with Harris in no time.

"Been buying somethin' eh?" says I, by way of opening a conversation.

"Good thing?"

"Yes, I made a good thing out," says he.

"How's that?"

"Wald, tell ye! Them 't this place of old Megges, two weeks ago, for \$100, and the very next day, afore I took possession, this feller Love came along, and seen 't the old bill 'For Sale' still up, for I'd forgot to take it down, he come in to buy it, and I bid 'em, I sold it to him right off the handle, and he paid me \$500 on the mill, all in seven-thirties."

"That's good money."

"Yes, he had plenty of 'em, too. But he got tired of it right along, and I bought the place back of him for \$200. Made \$250 clean. That'll do, eh? Ha, ha! Have a drink, Joe?"

When he spoke about those seven-thirties I felt a little sorry for my man that ever before—*for*—I was still further evidence that he was really the thief.

Well, Harris didn't know where Love had gone to, further than that he took the road for Chemunk, a place about forty miles back in the country, on the shore of Lake Michigan and there were half-a-dozen villages along the route. So, the next morning, I hired a horse and buggy to go to Chemunk and back, and started off. I stopped in all those villages along the way, but got no sight of him. I reached Chemunk on a Saturday, and as it was a mighty pleasant little place on the lake shore, I took a notion to stay over Sunday, and go to church.

I saw my man at that church, sir, with his wife, looking as demure as you please, though the woman had every appearance of being a bad character, and I thought she looked very much out of place there. Of course, I wouldn't arrest him on Sunday, and there was no use now, for he was safe enough.

I had no trouble in taking him the next day. The woman carried on high, but I told her it was no use. I

took him in my buggy, and started on my way home. His wife insisted on going too, but I told her she couldn't go in my buggy; if she wanted to follow me in another buggy, she could do that, but I'd have to have a constable to drive it for her, for fear of accidents. She agreed, and she followed me all the way back to that village that I can't remember the name of, and took the same train with us—that is, me and my man.

She was ten years older than he was, I should say, and she was very devoted to him. She waited on him like a servant, and was continually doing something for him—buying oranges and things, slipping her handkerchiefs under his garbics to ease his wrists, and so on.

The young man denied the bank robbery up and down, and told a very neat story to clear it up. He said his real name was Love, and that he took the name of Haight as a disguise while he was hiding from his father in L—. He had run away from his father, who lived in New York city, out of love for the woman that was with him. He said she was a married woman, but was suing for a divorce at the time he was boarding in L—, and he was waiting for the result of the trial. She lived with her parents on a farm halfway between L— and the next station, and he used to go to see her evenings—meeting her in the road by her father's house. After she got the divorce she came into her money, and that was where he got his money to pay his board and his traveling expenses. Her folks were respectable old people, and he and his lady-love arranged between 'em to save scandal by his going off alone and traveling about for a week or two, and at the end of that time they met in Toronto and were married. Then they came on West, and finally had settled down at Chemunk. All they wanted was a home for themselves, they cared not how humble, where they could live and love in peace, away from all their old acquaintances.

A very nice yarn, wasn't it?

Very well got up it was, sir, and that's a fact—very well got up. But the best of it was, that it was all true from beginning to end, as I found when I got to L— with my prisoner, last Monday night.

The real burgher had been caught that very day, and had confessed his crime. So the first thing I had to do was to take off young Love's hand-cuffs and ask him what he wanted of me in the way of satisfaction. He and his wife were overjoyed at the new turn of affairs; and as it was night when we got in, all they asked of me was liberty to leave town by the midnight train West, and a promise that I would not tell the L— people who they really were. The woman had acquaintances in L—.

So that was the way I worked that job up. Simple, eh? That was just what ailed it. If the thing hadn't been so perfectly plain and simple every way, it wouldn't have led me so far astray, you see.—*Harper's Weekly.*

In view of the importance of the approaching Convention, it is of vital consequence to us that we should be represented by men, not only of patriotism and experience, but of legal requirements. I beg, therefore, to present to the voters of Richland the names of the following gentlemen, who are eminently fitted for the responsible post for which they are nominated:

CHANCELLOR CARROLL,
HON. WM. F. DUMASSE, JR.,
COL. WM. WALLACE,
COL. F. W. McMASTER.

August 5

The following gentlemen are respectfully suggested as candidates for the Convention to be held in September next:

WADE HAMPTON,
A. R. TAYLOR,
W. A. HARRIS,
J. G. GIBBS.

July 31

For the Convention.

The friends of the Union and of their State, desiring to bring it to her councils practical knowledge, sound patriotism and devotion to her best interests, respectfully nominate the following gentlemen as delegates to the State Convention from the District of Richland:

JOHN CALDWELL,
WADE HAMPTON,
A. R. TAYLOR,
W. A. HARRIS.

August 1

W. B. JOHNSTON,
Magistrate,
Office on Pickens street East end of Lady.

Will attend to all official business brought before him; will also attend to drawing up Deeds, Conveyances, Mortgages, Contracts, and other ordinary legal instruments of writing. Fair copies of any document executed with neatness and dispatch.

August 1

MUSIC.

A small assortment of CHOICE MUSIC, by the old masters—Beethoven and others—for sale at
McKENZIE'S,
Aug 5 Corner Plain and Gates streets.

By the Provisional Governor of the State of South Carolina.

A PROCLAMATION!

WHEREAS His Excellency President Johnson has issued his proclamation appointing me (Benjamin F. Perry) Provisional Governor in and for the State of South Carolina, with power to prescribe such rules and regulations as may be necessary and proper for convening a Convention of the State, composed of delegates to be chosen by that portion of the people of said State who are loyal to the United States, for the purpose of altering or amending the Constitution thereof; and with authority to exercise within the limits of the State all the powers necessary and proper to enable such loyal people to restore said State to its constitutional relations to the Federal Government, and to present such a Republican form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guarantee of the United States therefor, and its people to protection by the United States against invasion, insurrection and domestic violence.

Now, therefore, in obedience to the proclamation of His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, I, BENJAMIN F. PERRY, Provisional Governor of the State of South Carolina, for the purpose of organizing a Provisional Government in South Carolina, restoring civil authority in said State under the Constitution and Laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that all civil officers in South Carolina, who were in office when the Civil Government of the State was suspended, in May last, (except those arrested or under prosecution for treason,) shall, on taking the oath of allegiance prescribed by the President's Amnesty Proclamation of the 23rd day of May, 1865, resume the duties of their offices, and continue to discharge them under the Provisional Government till further appointments are made.

And I do further proclaim, declare and make known, that it is the duty of all legal officers of the State of South Carolina to promptly go forward and take the oath of allegiance to the United States, before some magistrate or military officer of the Federal Government, who may be qualified for administering oaths; and such are hereby authorized to give certified copies thereof to the persons respectively by whom they were made. And such magistrates or officers are hereby required to transmit the originals of such oaths, as early a day as may be convenient, to the Department of State, in the city of Washington, D. C.

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known, that the Managers of Elections throughout the State of South Carolina will hold an election for members of a State Convention at their respective precincts on the FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER NEXT, according to the laws of South Carolina in force before the secession of the State; and that each Election District in the State shall elect as many members of the Convention as the said District has members of the House of Representatives—the basis of representation being population and taxation. This will give one hundred and twenty-four members to the Convention—a number substantially large to represent every portion of the State most fully.

Every loyal citizen who has taken the Amendment and not within the excepted classes in the President's Proclamation, will be entitled to vote, provided he was a legal voter under the Constitution as it stood prior to the secession of South Carolina. And all who are within the excepted classes must take the oath and apply for a pardon in order to entitle them to vote or become members of the Convention.

The members of the Convention thus elected on the first Monday in September next, are hereby required to convene in the city of Columbia, on WEDNESDAY, the 13th day of September, 1865, for the purpose of altering and amending the present Constitution of South Carolina, or remodeling and making a new one, which will conform to the great changes which have taken place in the State, and be more in accordance with the public principles and equality of representation.

And I do further proclaim and make known, that the Constitution and all laws of force in South Carolina prior to the secession of the State are hereby made of force under the Provisional Government, except wherein they may conflict with the provisions of this proclamation. And the Judges and Clerks of the State are hereby required to exercise all the powers and perform all the duties which appertain to their respective offices, and especially in criminal cases. It will be expected of the Federal military authorities now in South Carolina, to lend their authority to the civil officers of the Provisional Government, for the purpose of enforcing the laws and preserving the peace and good order of the State.

And I do further command and enjoin all good and lawful citizens of the State to unite in enforcing the laws and bringing to justice all disorderly persons, all plunderers, robbers and murderers, all vagrants and idle persons who are wandering about without employment or any visible means of supporting themselves.

It is also expected that all former owners of freed persons will be kind to them, and not that of the children or aged or perishing, and the freed men and women are earnestly engaged to make contracts, just and fair, for remaining with their former owners.

In order to facilitate as much as possible the application for pardons under the excepted provisions of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, it is stated for information that all applications must be by petition, stating the exception, and accompanied with the oath prescribed. This petition must be first approved by the Provisional Governor, and then forwarded to the President. The headquarters of the Provisional Governor will be at Greenville, where all communications to him must be addressed.

The newspapers of this State will publish this proclamation till the election for members of the Convention.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, Done at the [L. S.] town of Greenville, this 20th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1865, and of the independence of the United States the sixtieth.

B. F. PERRY.

By the Provisional Governor:
WILLIAM H. FEENEY, Private Secretary.
July 25