

## MISCELLANY.

### The Highest.

A magic boat I saw afloat  
On the stormy sea of life;  
With pure bright brow, a child at the prow  
Steered through the raging strife.

And 'mid the storm, that cherub form  
Sang clearly, cooing never:  
"Bright hope will pass through the fiercest  
gale  
On the sea of life forever."

The boat sped on; the day was gone;  
Dark clouds that child surrounded;  
Yet like a star it shone afar  
As it ever onward bounded.

And higher grown, its altered tone  
Sang firmly, faltering never:  
"Faith steers aright, through the blackest  
night,  
On the sea of life forever."

Through perils dark, that magic bark  
To its Heavenly haven bounded;  
And the child, full-grown, like an angel  
shone,  
Its brow with a crown surrounded.

And high it sung, with seraph tongue,  
Its music ceasing never:  
"Love shining bright is the highest light  
On the sea of life forever."

### BOB O' LINK.

It was noon in summer. The earth lay breathless in the heat, with its thousand tongues in wood and field too faint for their accustomed low, mysterious speech. The Long Island shore, white and crescented, bared its bosom like Dame to the golden embraces of the sun. In the meadows, the heavy-crested grass with nodding heads beat time to the sweet wash of waves upon the beach. Yellow spires of the golden-rod pierced the air like steeples. The tulip-tree, robed like a priest in feral green, held up to Heaven with branching arms a thousand golden chalice. Far away across the Sound lay the Connecticut shore, trembling through mist, while behind me, from the green recesses of a deserted garden, the oriole poured forth its monotone of sorrow.

As I sauntered down the little path that led from the old house where I was boarding for the summer, to my favorite haunt by the seashore, with clouds of insects springing from the grass like a living spray at every step I took, I suddenly heard the saucy notes of that low comedian of birds—the Bob o' Link. As I have always had a friendly feeling towards this ornithological favorite, I set to work to obtain an interview with him. I was not long in discovering his whereabouts. He was sitting on the stump of a rail, chatting vehemently, and as well as I understood his language, impudently; presenting his feathers, cocking his head on one side, as if he had a passion for seeing nature upside down, and shaking his wings as though he contemplated an immediate migration to the coast of Africa. About every half minute or so, he would suddenly leave his perch, and, flying a little distance, flop into the log meadow grass, whence instantly would proceed a most astounding vocal effort, after which he would reappear and resume his rail in triumph. His frequent journeys to the same spot led me to suspect that he had some private interest in that quarter—a nest, or a young bride, perhaps, and that he was, in fact, passing his honey-moon; so I walked toward the place in which I saw him disappear last, determined to be a witness of his domestic bliss.

It seemed to me that a human head was lying alone and bodiless in the deep sea green of grass that surrounded me. A beautiful youth's head, blonde and spiritual, looking up at me with a calm, unfrightened look, while resting close to its pale, rounded cheek, hushed and rather astonished by my appearance, sat Master Bob o' Link.

The head, however, was not without a body. The long bending grass met over the form, leaving exposed only the pale, beautiful face, which looked like an exquisite Venetian picture framed in gold and green.

"Good morning, sir," said the youth, in a sweet voice, as I bent over him, looking, I suppose, a little bewildered at this sudden apparition, and fondling, at the same time, Master Bob o' Link, with slender fingers. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," I answered; "you seem to be taking things quietly here."

He gave a sudden glance downward toward his feet, and a sad smile flickered over his lips.

"I am obliged to take things quietly," he said.

"Ah, an invalid. I suppose? I am sorry."

"I am paralyzed, sir."

No words can paint the tone of utter despair in which he made this terrible statement. If you have ever spoken with a man, who had spent twenty years in solitary confinement, you will have noticed the unearthly calm of his voice, the low monotone of sound, the loneliness of accent. Well, this

lad's voice sounded so. He talked like one shut out of life. I made a place for myself in the grass and sat down beside him.

"I was attracted by your bird," I said, "I thought he had a nest here, and so followed him. I trust I am not intruding."

"Not at all, sir; I am glad to have some one to speak to. As for Bob, he has a nest here, but it's in my heart. He is the only thing on earth that loves me."

"You take too sad a view of life, my friend. Your calamity is great, no doubt, but still—"

"Ah, sir! it's all well enough to talk so when you have limbs, and health, and freedom. When you can work and go out into life and tread the earth with the full consciousness of being. But when, ever since you can remember, you have been but the moiety of a man, utterly helpless, utterly dependent, an infant without an infant's happy unconsciousness! But what's the use of my talking to you in this way? Here, Bob, show the gentleman your tricks."

Bob, on this summons, left his post by the lad's cheek, where he had remained perfectly still, taking an inventory of my person with his round bright eyes, and apparently measuring me for a suit of clothes, and suddenly flew into the air, where he summer-saulted and pirouetted, and affected to lose the use of his wings and tumble from an appalling height, invariably recovering himself before he reached the ground, after which he gravely alit upon his master's breast and thrust his little bill affectionately between his lips.

"You have tamed your bird wonderfully," I said to the boy.

"It has been my amusement during many solitary hours," he answered, with a feeble smile.

"How is it that you have been left so solitary?" I asked. "You live in the neighborhood?"

"In that house up yonder, just peeping from behind that clump of maples," and he pointed, as he spoke, toward a respectable farm house.

"And you have friends—a family?"

"Ah, sir! they are kind enough to me; but they must be very tired of me by this time."

"Come," said I, encouragingly, laying my hand on his shoulder, "come, tell me all about yourself, I'm a good listener; besides, I am interested in you. Bob here looks as if he was anxious for a story. This is a charming nook that we are in, so I'll just light a cigar, and do you talk."

The free and easy manner I assumed seemed to surprise him. He glanced shyly at me out of his large blue eyes, as if suspicious of my sincerity; then he heaved a little sigh, stroked Bob's feathers, as if to assure himself of the presence of at least one friend, and saying, "As you please," commenced: "I am eighteen," he said; "you would not think it, for I know I look younger than I am. Confinement and suffering have made my complexion pale and transparent, and the sun and the winds that harden other men's skins and age their features, have had but little to do with me. Ever since I can remember, I have been paralyzed in the lower limbs. For years, I lay upon an inclined plane of board, looking up at the ceiling with a mind very nearly as blank as the white plaster I gazed at. My father died when I was a mere infant, and there was no one left in the house but mother and Cousin Alice."

"Cousin Alice," I said; "who is she?"

His eyes wandered timidly toward the house behind the maples, as if he expected some apparition to start from thence on the very instant.

"Cousin Alice," he repeated vaguely; "well, she's—Cousin Alice."

"Excessively explanatory," I said, laughing. "Is Cousin Alice young?"

"My age."

"Is she pretty?"

One deep, reproachful look of those large blue eyes told me all. Poor fellow, there he lay maimed, useless, passing his days and evenings in the presence of some beautiful creature whom he could never hope to possess, but loving her with all that concentrated intensity which belongs to the passions of the deformed.

He seemed to know what was passing in my mind, for, without a word from me, he continued:

"She is engaged to Ralph Farnwell, who lives down yonder. She is very fond of him, and he of her. It is they who bring me down between them to this place every fine day; and I sit here with Bob while they go off and pick nuts, and—and—"

And here the picture was too much for him, and the poor fellow burst into tears.

No wonder. To have his misfortune paraded, through necessity, before the woman he loved—to be

carried about like a piece of furniture by her and his rival. How often that poor heart must have been smitten bitterly! How often those crippled limbs thrilled with agony!

I took his hand in mine but did not say a word. There are times when consolation is cruel. It was better than all words to let him feel, by the pressure of my hand, that he had found a friend. We sat this way for some time, until I was aroused from a painful reverie into which I had fallen by a long, black shadow, being projected across the spot in which we were sitting. I looked up and saw a tall, handsome young man, with bronzed cheeks and curly chestnut hair, on whose arm was hanging an exceedingly lovely young girl, whose face was a perfect treasury of archness and innocence. They looked rather surprised at seeing me, but I explained how it was that I came to be there, and they seemed satisfied.

"Harry, isn't it time to come home?" said the young girl. "Ralph and I are come for you."

"Thank you, Alice; but I'd like to stay an hour longer. The day is so bright and sunny that it is a shame to be in doors. You don't want to go home yet?" and he looked at Ralph as he said this with a bitter expression of countenance that, perhaps, I alone observed, but which seemed to say: "It will give you an hour more to wander together. Of course you don't want to go home."

"Well, as you please, Harry. Ralph and I will go off to the pond in the cedar grove, and come back in about an hour. But I say, Harry, look here, isn't this pretty?" and as she spoke she held out a little box for his inspection.

He opened it, and disclosed a pretty little ring set with garnets. While he looked at it Alice stooped over, and, with a blush, whispered something into his ear, which made him, to my keener sight, quiver in all that part of him that was alive. It was but momentary, however, for he restored the box; saying, coldly: "Well, I wish you both every happiness. You will find me here when you return."

As they walked slowly away he followed them with his eyes, then turned to me.

"They are to be married next Sunday," he said.

I felt all the meaning of his words. I pitied him. Solitude is a need to him at this moment—I will leave him. As I pulled out my watch and prepared for my departure, he said to me:

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir, for your company, but I want you to do me one more favor before you leave. You are strong and I am light. Please take me to the giant's chair. I love to sit on it and dip my hand in the salt wash of the sea."

"But are you not afraid of slipping and falling in?" I asked, for the giant's chair was a fantastically shaped rock a few hundred yards down the beach, around whose rugged base the sea, at high tide, washed clamorously.

"Oh, no!" he answered; "there is a cleft in it where I sit quite safely; and when Ralph and Alice come to look for me, I can easily shout to them from where I am. Do take me, sir, if you please."

Of course I obeyed his wishes. I lifted him in my arms, and, with Bob flying alongside of us, carried him down to the huge old rock, which was regally draped in the rich brown tapestry of the sea. I found a comfortable, dry cleft, in which I stowed him away, and with a promise to come and see him the following day, I left him, with Bob chattering away on his shoulder, gazing dreamily across at the Connecticut shore.

About an hour and three-quarters after this, I was strolling down the road, smoking my after-dinner cigar, when I heard hurried steps behind me, and the young man named Ralph ran up pale and breathless.

"For God's sake, sir! where did you leave Harry?" he cried. "We can't find him anywhere."

"Oh! you haven't looked on the giant's chair, then; I took him there. I left him snug and comfortable."

"But we have, sir. We knew how fond he was of sitting there, and when we missed him from the meadow, concluded that he had got you to carry him there. But there's no sign of him, only the Bob o' Link flying wildly over the spot where the rock dips into the water, and crying as if its heart would break."

"Not in the giant's chair!" I cried, with a sick feeling about my heart. "Good God! he has drowned himself."

"Drowned himself! Why, what for?" asked Ralph, with the most unfeigned astonishment.

"He was in love with his Cousin Alice, and you are to marry her on next Sunday," was my only reply.

The man was stunned. He saw it in an instant. All that secret and

mysterious love which had racked the heart of the poor cripple, unknown to him or to his betrothed, was now laid bare. He groaned and buried his head in his hands.

"This will kill Alice, sir," he said to me. "Come and help me to break it to her."

My conjecture was correct. About a week after this, the body of the poor paralytic was washed, ashore some miles down the beach, holding with desperate clutch, in one hand, a little daggerreotype of his Cousin Alice.

And Bob, he missed the accustomed hand. For days after his master's death he used to fly down to the old place in the meadow, and hover around there, waiting for him who never more would come. This lasted for about a fortnight, when one day Ralph, in passing by, found the poor bird dead in the grass, which still bore the impress of his master's form.

[Knickerbocker.]

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 acquirements. 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 CARROL,  
HON. WM. F. DESAUSURE,  
COL. WM. WALLACE,  
COL. F. W. McMASTER. Aug 3

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 into 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

## New Store.

CHOICE  
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES,  
Liquors,  
FANCY ARTICLES, &C.

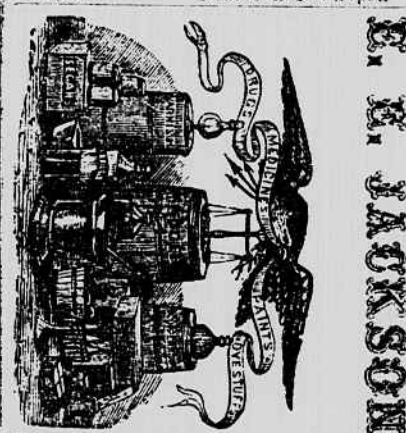
ALSO, JUST RECEIVED:

500 LBS. BACON, HAMS,  
SIDES and SHOULDERS,  
10 bbls. Extra FLOUR,  
5 kegs Kentucky LEAF LARD,  
Bbls. Rice, &c., &c.

For sale LOW by

**E. H. MOISE & CO.,**

Corner Richardson and Green streets,  
Aug 7



RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the citizens of Columbia, that he has just opened an assortment of MEDICINES for Family use, and is prepared to put up prescriptions at all times.

PAREGORIC, LACDANUM,  
EPSOM SALTS, SYR. SQUILLS,  
DOVER'S POWDER, CREAM TARTAR,  
Bi-Carb. Soda, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,  
Arrow Root, Cod Liver Oil, &c., &c., &c.  
Madder and Spanish Flout Indigo.

Also,  
Toilette Soaps, Bar Soap,  
Extracts for the Handkerchief, Cologne,  
Bear's Oil, Hair Oil and Pomades.

Also,  
Pens, Ink, Paper, Pencils and Envelopes,  
Candles, Kerosene Lamps,  
Cheese, Sardines, Mackerel,  
Pepper, Spice, Cooking Soda,  
Sugar, Lemons, Segars and Tobacco,  
Pickles, Celery Sauce,  
Raisins, Gum Drops, Chocolate Cream,  
Lubin's Extract Vanilla,  
Lubin's Extract Lemon.

Pocket Knives,  
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Combs,  
A general Stock of DRY GOODS, consisting, in part, as follows:  
Black Broadcloth, Fancy Cassimeres,  
Plain and Black Alpaca, Calicoes,  
Plaid Dress Goods, Mull Muslin,  
Jaquet Cambric, Irish Linen,  
Paper Cambric, L. C. Handkerchiefs,  
Huckaback Towels, Bleached Jean Drawers,  
Merino Undershirts, Suspenders,  
White Cotton Hose, Brown Half Hose,  
Neck Ties, Barge and Tissue Veils,  
Belt Ribbons, Bonnet Ribbons,  
Skirt Braid.

And a complete assortment of articles in this line, all of which will be sold low at  
Aug 8 JACKSON'S, Federal Bldg.

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 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, reforming the State Constitution and 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 in the President's Amnesty Proclamation of the 29th 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 loyal citizens 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 accession 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 sufficiently large to represent every portion of the State most fully.

Every loyal citizen who has taken the Amnesty oath 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 remodelling 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 Republican principles and equality of representation.

And I do further proclaim and make known, that the Constitution and all laws in force in South Carolina prior to the accession 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 Chancellors 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 marauders, 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 turn off the children or aged to perish; and the freed men and women are earnestly enjoined to make contracts, just and fair, for remaining with their former owner.

In order to facilitate as much as possible the application for pardons under the excepted sections 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 ninetieth.

B. F. PERRY.  
By the Provisional Governor:  
WILLIAM H. PERRY, Private Secretary.  
July 20