MISCELLANY.

Things to Cherish.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mutely bid thee hope again,
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes, that when no words are breath'd,
Gaze fondly into thine;
Oh! cherish them, ere they grow dim,
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around me,
That glow with love and youth,
That time nor care ne'er yet hath seared,
Nor ravished of the truth;
The hearts whose beatings we have heard,
When throbbing near our own;
Oh! cherish them! those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone.

The days when there are hearts and eyes,
That throb and beam for thee—
The few fleet hours when life doth seem,
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak,
The hearts full joy in vain;
Oh! cherish them! once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again!

[*From Chambers' Edingburg Journal.*]

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave," says somebody, "when we first practice to deceive," though after a little trying there is nothing easier than lying. I protest I feel like a pickpocket, as I dodged and lurked about our crescent, watching in the distance my own door, to see whether Mrs. B. would cross the threshold. I suppose I have none of the attributes necessary to the profession of a detective, for whenever a passer-by cast his eyes on me, I felt myself blushing all over, and hanging my head on one side, as a dog hangs his tail. I dared not, of course, stop in the crescent, but loitered at the corner of a street which commanded it, now trying to dig up the tops of the coal cellars by inserting the nozzle of my umbrella in their circular holes, and now eliciting mournful music by dragging it against the area railings. Exhausted with these exercises, I had been leaning against a lamp post for about ten minutes, when the door of a house opposite suddenly opened, and a widow lady of vast proportions came swiftly out, upon me with her cap string streaming in the wind.

"Now you just go away, my gentleman." she said, in a menacing voice, "before the police makes you. I know who you're looking for, and I can tell you she ain't a coming, for I've got her locked up in the coal cellar. I know you, although you've not got your red coat on to-day; and mind—if you get another slice of meat in my house, I'll prosecute you as sure as my name is Mivins."

"Gracious heavens, madam," cried I, "do you take me for a common soldier?"

"No, sir," answered she, maliciously, "but for a tupenny-hapenny Life Guardsman, who never saw a shot fired in his life; and if you ever come here after my Jemima again—"

I turned and fled—into the very arms of the abominable Peabody. "Make haste," exclaimed he, "there is not a moment to be lost. No, the cab is coming this way; you may see for yourself whether I am not right this time."

And sure enough, who should drive by at a rapid rate but Anna Maria in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonnet, and with a flower in her hair. This blow, coming so close upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear."

"Where can she be going to?" gasped I, half unconsciously. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have heard of similar things," returned Peabody, quietly, "although I never experienced anything of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is towards St. John's Wood."

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pockets of a great coat hanging up in the hall.

"By-the-by," said I, as the servant who let me in was disappearing. "I think your mistress must have got it after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who had been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap ribbons.

"Sir," said she, bolder than brass, "misses has just stepped out; she has taken two of the little girls for a morning walk."

"Which two?" inquired I, looking this abandoned young person full in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by that course of procedure; she replied that she did not know—she didn't recollect—she hadn't paid particular attention, but she rather thought that it was the two youngest—all in a breath.

"In that case," rejoined I, pointing with withering scorn to the preambulator, "how came this here? No, Emily Jane; your mistress must have taken out with her to-day the same two children that she took on Monday and on Thursday, when her sore throat was so bad that she could not go out with me."

"Yes, sir," replied she, "it was the same two."

"Emily Jane," said I, solemnly, "always tell the truth. I know all. Where is your mistress gone to all by herself to-day, with her hair so neatly arranged, and a flower stuck in the left side of her head? and that after telling me she was too busy to move out. Concealment is worse than useless. Where is she?"

"Wild horses shouldn't do it," returned the domestic resolutely. "I told her I would keep it dark, and I won't betray no confidence as has been reposed in me. You must find it out all of your own head, sir. O dear, O dear!"

Here, to my confusion, Emily Jane cast her apron, by a sudden and dextrous movement, over her features, and in that blinded condition rushed down the kitchen stairs like a bull stung by bees.

At that moment the front door bell rang with violence such as none of our visitors except the captain dare to use. My wretched heart seemed to experience a little throb of joy. He at last then—and I confess my suspicions had been turned in his direction, for was it not his profession to guard us from foreign foes, and to destroy our domestic peace—he at least, I say, unless there was more than one—I dared not trust myself to finish the reflection, but opened the front door with my own hands.

It was somebody in uniform, but not the captain. "Telegraph for Mrs. R.," squeaked the boy in his shrill, thin voice; "please to sign on the right 'and side." Then dancing a double shuffle upon the door step, in order to keep himself warm, he broke forth into ballad. "There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know*; there's somebody in the house with Dinah"—

I didn't like this impudence, and I didn't like his song, but there was nothing for it but to submit. What could Anna Maria be doing with telegraphs? "From Rupert Merrington, 6 Cupidon Villas, St. John's Wood. Pray be punctual this time, I am engaged until twelve. I trust you will be looking your best, not pale, as on Monday and Thursday."

"There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house *I know*"—I rushed out with the receipt in my hand, and the boy snatched it and took to flight, for he saw that I was dangerous. What could this dreadful message mean? or rather what meaning could it have but one? Rupert Merrington! not at all a steady sounding name, to begin with; the sender, too, was evidently no business man, or he would have not exceeded his twenty words so foolishly. It had a military smack all over. (and I didn't like that notion—a military smack!) Merrington, of course, was an assumed name. The handwriting was good, and so far unlike the captain's but then people don't write their own telegraph messages. I felt that some immediate action was necessary, or that I should be suffocated. In a couple of minutes I was in a Hansom, bound for Cupidon villas, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often read descriptions of it in novels which professed to describe aristocratic life, and often had seen upon the stage (although principally in farces) the husband racked by jealous pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now. Why should the tenderest emotions of the heart be made the subject of buffoon? But what a wicked looking set of houses were those which I was now passing! If bricks and mortar, and especially stucco, can look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possesses a pattern, for—

"What number, sir?" shouted my driver through the hole in the roof. "*This* is Cupidon Villas."

"I am sorry to hear it," groaned I, passing my pocket handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man," for his countenance evinced much dismay at my voice and manner, "I know that it is not your fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 6."

Of all the wicked looking houses in Cupidon Terrace, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wickedest. The round eye which formed its staircase window winked viciously in the sunlight, and in the garden was a little grating, as though for the purpose of reconnoissance before admittance, which was not a little grating to me. The drawing-room shutters were closed. This latter circumstance gave me some satisfaction, since it might signify that Mr. Merrington was dead; but a glance at the gay attire of the servant girl who answered my summons cut away the ground of consolation.

"Is Mrs. R. within?" inquired I, with a tone of assumed indifference.

"Well—yes, sir—but you can't see her just at present. Mr. Merrington has a great objection to—"

"Confound Mr. Merrington!" cried I, pushing my way in. "I want to see my wife."

"Oh, your wife is it, sir?" replied the maid, with a giggle. "Then, of course, go up if you please, although it's as much as my place is worth. You will find them in the drawing room."

"What! *there?*" exclaimed I, passionately, pointing to the closed windows.

"Yes, of course, sir! That's the room they always sit in."

They always sit in! Then this sort of thing must have been going on for years!

I cleared the two little flights of stairs in a couple of bounds, and hurled open the drawing room door like a catapult.

I found myself in a large apartment, darkened, indeed, upon one side, but well lit by a huge window (invisible from the front of the house) at its Northern end. In the centre of the room was a raised structure, hung with purple, and rather resembling a scaffold decorated for the execution of royalty, and upon the scaffold sat my wife in an uncomfortable attitude, and with an expression of countenance that she only wears upon those ceremonious occasions which demand what are called 'company manners." Between her and the window stood a gentleman with moustaches, and in a velvet coat—at an easel, and evidently painting her portrait. He elevated his eye-brows at my peculiar mode of entering the room, and looked towards my wife as if for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"It is only my husband, Mr. Merrington," returned she. "O, John, I am so sorry that you found me out, for I had meant my picture to be a pleasant surprise to you on your birthday, next week. This was to be my last sitting but one; and nobody knows the trouble I have taken to keep you ignorant of my coming here. That stupid Emily Jane must have left it out."

"No, my dear," said I; "I discovered the fact for myself, through the telegraph; and really I—I couldn't help coming down to see how the picture was getting on. It was so very kind of you. And, dear me, Mr. Merrington, what a charming likeness!"

"Well, it's not in a very good light, you see," rejoined she, deprecatingly. "Not having a room with a sky-light, I am obliged to block up those windows, and manage how I can. It makes the house dark, and I am afraid caused you to stumble at the drawing room door."

"Yes," said I, "that was just it: I very nearly came in head first. I—I only thought I'd look in on my way to the city. I won't interrupt you another moment; and, indeed, I have myself no time to lose."

I gave the maid five shillings, and—thinking it would be more likely to insure her silence—a chuck under the chin. Then I wrote to Peabody from Bunhill Row (where my place of business is situated) to tell him I would not make a fool of him any longer, but the fact was that, during the last few weeks, I had been making my wife sit for her picture, which he was to come and pass his judgment on as soon as it was finished; there was a question as to whether the flow in her hair was an improvement or not.

But I knew that Emily Jane would tell Anna Maria all about it. However, nothing was said until my birthday arrived, and with it the portrait for which the dear creature had saved up her pin-money, and put herself to the greatest inconvenience. I declare my heart smote me for my base suspicions when I looked upon that honest face, which had never worn paint before. Upon that day she said: "By-the-by, John, when the telegraph arrived for me from Mr. Merrington, it didn't make you jealous, at all, did it?"

"Oh, dear, no, my darling! Jealous of you? Impossible! Not, of course, that you are not beautiful enough to make all the world fall in love with you, but I never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's all right, John," said she, kissing me; but there was a wicked twinkle in her kind eyes as she asked dryly, "I am glad to hear you say that, for do you know, my dear, I almost thought you were just a little jealous."

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of such acts shows it to be a part of the temperament.

Headquarters Military District of Charleston.

DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA.
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GEN.'S OFFICE,
CHARLESTON, S. C., July 27, 1865.

NOTICE.

PERSONS desiring to publish Newspapers within the limits of this District, are hereby informed that it will first be necessary to obtain the consent of the Major-General Commanding the Department.

By command of
Brevet Brig. Gen. JOHN P. HATCH.
LEONARD B. PERRY, Ass't Adj. Gen.
Official:
E. HAINS JEWETT, 1st Lieut. and A. A. A. Gen. Aug 7 18

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Aug 9

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX.

BY the FIRST OF OCTOBER, or as soon as the mails are re-established, I will renew the publication of the "CHRISTIAN INDEX" and the "CHILD'S INDEX" I have been publishing.

Price of "Index," per annum.....$3 00
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(A deduction made for Clubs.)

Money may be remitted at once, as my determination is positive. My desire is to secure a large subscription list with which to begin, and I issue this prospectus that subscribers may have time to forward their remittances.

It is my intention to issue first class papers, and no pains or expense will be spared to secure that end. The best writers and correspondents will be secured, and the highest religious and literary talent will be given to the papers. The CHILD'S PAPER will be profusely illustrated and will, in every sense, be made to conform to its new title.

THE CHILD'S DELIGHT!

Money may be sent by Express or otherwise—if by Express, at my risk, if the Express receipt is sent me, on the resumption of mail facilities.

My connection with the firm of J. W. Burke & Co., is dissolved, but I will establish an office in Macon, Georgia, where communications may be addressed.

Aug 5 1mo SAMUEL BOYKIN.

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PUBLISHED

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At the Capital of South Carolina,

COLUMBIA

1865. 1865.

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JULIAN A. SELBY,
July 31 Publisher and Proprietor.

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, 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, at 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 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 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 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 26