

## MISCELLANY.

### To the Mune.

How bewtiful this ere nite,  
How brite the starz du shine,  
All nater sleeps in trankilniss  
But this loane hart of mine,

Our dog has kwit a-barkin' now  
At fellers passin' by,  
Heze gazin' at the far off mune  
With eam and placid i.

When vuin the, thou pall face thing,  
A hanging in the skize,  
Upwards on wild untramled wing,  
Mi thauts outs dust and flize.

O kud I kwit this klod of kla,  
And sore abuv the croud,  
Ide bath mi sole in heggstazy  
In yonder fleasy cloud.

How kan the poits hiborn sole  
Mix with earth's vulgar cru?  
Would it not rather fli away  
And hyde from mortal vu.

Ab yes! had I a pare of wings  
To go to yonder mune,  
I guess ide jest as soon sta thar  
From now until nex June.

And thar a-roving up and down  
Thru purty flows ide go,  
Or listen to the tinklin' rills  
Wot from the mountings flo.

### Scouts.

The service rendered the South by volunteer scouts has often been of the most important character. One stormy night, early in the war, a young woman set out from a garrisoned town to visit a sick uncle residing a short distance in the country. The sick uncle, mounting his horse at midnight, rode twenty miles in the rain, to Forrest's headquarters. The result was, the important town of Murfreesboro, and a promising major-general, fell into the hands of the Confederates; and all because the said major-general permitted a pretty woman to pass his lines on a "mission of mercy."

At another time a rebel citizen, professing disgust with secession for having the weakness to be "on its last legs," took the oath of allegiance and assumed the Union uniform. Informing himself fully of the disposition of our forces along the Nashville railroad, he suddenly disappeared to reappear with Basil Duke and John Morgan in a midnight raid on the slumbering outposts.

Again, a column on the march came upon a wretched woman with a child in her arms, seated by the dying embers of a burning homestead—burning, she said, because her sole and only friend, her uncle, (these ladies seldom have any nearer kin) "stood up stret for the kentry." No American soldier ever refused a "lift" to a woman in distress. This woman was soon "lifted" into an empty saddle by the side of a staff officer, who, with many wise winks and knowing nods, was discussing the intended route of the expedition with a brother simperton. A little further on the woman suddenly remembered that another uncle, who did not stand up quite so "stret for the kentry," and consequently had a house still standing up for him, lived "plumb up thar ar' hill ter the right o' the high road." She was set down, the column moved on, and—Streight's well-planned expedition miscarried. But no one wasted a thought on the forlorn woman and the sorrowful baby whose skinny faces were so long within earshot of the wooden-headed staff officer.

Means quite as ingenious and quite as curious were often adopted to conceal dispatches, when the messenger was in danger of capture by an enemy. A boot, with a hollow heel; a fragment of corn pone, too stale to tempt a starving man; a strip of adhesive plaster over a festering wound, or a ball of cotton wool stuffed into the ear to keep out the west wind, often hid a message whose discovery would have cost life, and perhaps endanger an army. The writer himself has seen the hollow half eagle which bore to Burnside's beleaguered force the welcome tidings that in thirty hours Sherman would deliver Knoxville.

The perils which even the "native" scout encountered can only be estimated by those familiar with the vigilance that surrounds an army. The casual meeting with an acquaintance, the slightest act inconsistent with his assumed character, or the smallest incongruity between his speech and that of the district to which he professed to belong, has sent many a good man to the gallows. One of the best of Rosecrans' scouts—a native of East Kentucky—lost his life because he would "bounce" (mount) his nag, "pack" (carry) his gun; eat his bread "dry so," (without butter,) and "guzzel his peck o' whiskey," in the midst of Bragg's camp, when no such things were done there, nor in the mountains of Alabama, whence he professed to come. Acquainted only with a narrow region, the poor fellow did not know that every Southern district has its own dialect.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

### Remarkable Affair in a Church.

Considerable excitement has arisen in Jersey City in consequence of groans, yells and unearthly sounds said to emanate from a church in the upper part of Jersey City for some nights past. The first known of these mysterious sounds was some ten days since, when the pastor had occasion to return to the church after evening services to procure some manuscript which he had forgotten and had occasion to make use of. The edifice had been closed for the night, and was in total darkness.

The *New York Times* says: "On entering, he lit a match, to guide him along the aisle; and when approaching the altar at the rear his attention was attracted by a low moaning sound, which gradually increased and at the same time drew nearer to him. To this he at first paid no heed, presuming it to be the antics of mischievous boys; but presently the sounds changed to seemingly unearthly yells, shrieks and groans, from innumerable invisible beings clustering around in close proximity to his person, until finally his feelings were so wrought upon that he felt impelled to leave the building with all possible haste. The above are substantially the facts of the case as stated by the pastor of the church to Chief of Police McManus, after reports were beginning to be circulated in the neighborhood that the church was haunted, and requesting that the matter might be kept as quiet as possible, believing that in a few days at furthest he would be able to unravel the mystery and satisfactorily explain the cause of the sounds. Since that time the church edifice has been thoroughly examined, inside and out, but without unravelling the mystery; and meantime these dismal and unearthly yells and cries are heard almost every night. A couple of nights since, Chief of Police McManus, accompanied by Aid Doyle and Detective E. L. McWilliams, determined to pay a visit to the reported haunted church. They accordingly procured the keys and entered the edifice shortly after midnight.

"Taking their position in the centre of the church in total darkness, they had remained there but a short time when they heard a low moaning sound, apparently proceeding from the vicinity of the pulpit, which gradually grew louder and came nearer until it finally culminated around their heads into howls, yells, groans, &c., and then gradually died away as it came. After a few moments of perfect silence, Chief McManus drew from his pocket a revolver, loaded with blank cartridges, and fired one charge, when almost instantly the edifice seemed to be filled with thousands of infuriated demons, making the most hideous noises and apparently bent on tearing them to pieces. The officers describe having experienced a very peculiar sensation in the head, and finally the noise became so hideous and unearthly that they made a hasty retreat, and apparently pursued by the infuriated demons to the door, which they closed and locked. The officers then crossed the street to the opposite walk, and remained there until daylight, but heard no further sounds, and made no discoveries which would tend to explain the mystery. The people residing in the immediate neighborhood claim to have been disturbed at all hours of the night by these demoniac sounds, and a number of them have determined to leave the neighborhood."

**COMPLEX RELATIONSHIP.**—A correspondent of "Harper's Monthly" is involved in domestic difficulties. He writes:

"I got acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her step daughter in the same house. I married the widow; my father shortly afterwards fell in love with the step-daughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grand-mother of the little boy, and I am the grand-father of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grand-mother, because he is the child of my step-son; and my father is a brother-in-law of my son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of my own son, my son is the grand-son of my father, and I am my own grand-father."

**THE LATEST DODGE OUT.**—A story is told of a man who insured in London one thousand cigars, valued at £200, against fire and water. After the lapse of six months he made his appearance at the insurance office and demanded his money, as the cigars had been all burned. "But not on board the vessel, sir," said the Secretary, "for she is in dock now."

"Yes, on board the vessel; I smoked them, and therefore burned them all myself, and the insurance says against fire." The Secretary seemed taken aback, but told the smoker to call again next day. He called at the appointed time, but was met by the Solicitor of the company, who told him if he did not relinquish his claim he would be prosecuted as one who had knowingly and wilfully set fire to goods insured by the company.

### Military Matrimony.

**DIVORCES MADE EASY FOR THE NEGRO.**—Considerable merriment is being made by some of the *New York* press over the recent order of Colonel Thomas, regulating marriages for freedmen in accordance with the ordinances of God and the Constitution of the United States. But there is a General Rufus Saxton, who has charge of the Freedmen's Bureau in the two Carolinas and Georgia, who throws our superintendent in the shade. Col. Thomas has some show of reason, in consequence of there being no State laws regulating the marriages of negroes. But Saxton goes a long way ahead of him, and regulates the whole thing—not only the marriage, but also fixes a getting out place for those who get tired of married life. We have no room for all his regulations on the subject, but the following are dainty:

TENTH.—A husband living with a wife, having no children by her, may be permitted to take a previous wife, provided

1. He have children by such wife, who are still minors.

2. That such wife have no other husband known to be living.

3. That his present wife assent to such change of their married relations.

ELEVENTH.—If a former wife utterly refuse, upon application made by the husband, to renew her former marriage relation with him, he may notify some society or church of the fact of such refusal, and ask for a relief from said wife. If, after due notice given by such society or church to the wife refusing, she fail to show any moral or legal objection, as provided for in these regulations, to the renewal of her former marriage relations with him, then the society or church acting in the case, shall grant to the man a release from all the obligations to her as a husband, and for the support of all his children by her.

The tendency of these regulations is certainly calculated to impress the negro with a very lofty regard for one of the most sacred institutions of Christian society! There are doubtless some white people that would like to shuffle off the matrimonial coil as easily as is here proscribed.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

### Comical Law Suits.

From time immemorial the populace have loved to circulate anecdotes at the expense of those very useful officers denominated Justices of the Peace. Probably the most humorous book in the world would be one which would contain all the jokes, stories and bonmots connected with the administration of the law in Magistrates' offices.

A friend related to us recently a diverting story of the very great perplexity in which three worthy old Justices of Hamilton were entangled by the mischievous sophistry of two wily old lawyers of the same county.

A worthless fellow was arraigned before the Justices for a preliminary examination on the charge of perjury. Judge Keith appeared for the prosecution, and Levi Trewitt for the defendant, both old, able and adroit lawyers, who were as familiar with all the sharp turns of the law as Paul Morphy is with the combinations of the chess-board.

Judge Keith objected to one of the Justices on the ground that he was warmly prejudiced in favor of the defendant, and would therefore not do justice to the State. His objection was nevertheless overruled. Nothing discouraged, the prosecution tried a new tack, and had the obnoxious Justice subpoenaed as a witness for the State! The remaining two Justices hemmed and hawed for some time, but finally came to the conclusion that Judge Keith had the right to subpoena any witness he chose. As soon as the motion was granted the prosecutor demanded that the witness be sent out of the room during the examination, which was granted also.

Mr. Trewitt was not to be outwitted in this manner, so he instantly moved a subpoena for the other two Justices, as witnesses on his side, which the accommodating Magistrates granted, retiring in like manner, as their predecessor had done from the room. Here was a nice state of affairs; the three squires all out of the room, and nobody present except the defendant, two lawyers, and a witness or two. It was, however, exactly what Trewitt wanted, for he stepped to his client and whispered in his ear, "Now slip out of doors and run, you rascal, as fast as your legs can take you, and never show your face here again." The fellow complied, and when the three Justices returned, Trewitt coolly told them that his client had cleared himself.

[*Nashville Press and Times.*]

**A WIFE WANTED.**—A fellow in Aristook county, Maine, answered an advertisement, representing that he could furnish any person with a wife. The advertiser replied, directing the writer to a neighboring asylum for idiots! The same youth, not at all abashed, whose name is John Norris, speaks of himself as follows:

"I am eighteen years old, have got a good set of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the Star Spangled Banner, and the 4th of July. I have taken up a State lot, cleared up eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of

it down. My buckwheat looks first rate, and the oats and potatoes are bully. I have got nine sheep, a two year old bull and two heifers, besides a house and a barn. I want to get married. I want to buy bread and butter, hoop-skirts and waterfalls for some person of the female persuasion during my life. That's what's the matter with me. But I don't know to do it.

It is related of Simon Cameron that in talking with Jefferson Davis about secession, in 1860, he told Davis that if the Southern States seceded, ruin would follow them, slavery be abolished, and he would with his own hands, plant corn in the streets of Charleston; that last spring, Mr. Cameron planted the corn in Charleston, as he predicted, hired a soldier to attend to it, and has lately received four cars of grain as the product.

WHAT more natural than that sentimental young ladies, when they change their condition of single blessedness, ceasing to be pen-sive, should be expensive!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THOS. HAWK, OF MANCHESTER, TO MISS SARAH J. DOVE.

It is not often that you see  
So queer a kind of love;  
Oh! what a savage he must be  
To Tommy-hawk a Dove.

### State of South Carolina.

IN ORDINARY—CITATION.

WHEREAS, William T. Spencer hath applied to me for letters of administration upon the estate of Abram Spencer, deceased, late of the District of Pickens and State aforesaid: The kindred and creditors of said deceased, are, therefore, cited to appear before me at Pickens C. H. on Monday the 30th day of October, instant, to show cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal this 16th October, 1865.

W. E. HOLCOMBE, O. P. D.

### State of South Carolina.

IN ORDINARY—CITATION.

WHEREAS, David H. Glenn hath applied to me for letters of administration upon the estate of Robt. J. Glenn, deceased, late of the District of Pickens and State aforesaid: The kindred and creditors of said deceased, are, therefore, cited to appear before me at Pickens C. H. on Monday the 30th day of October, instant, to show cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal this 16th October, 1865.

W. E. HOLCOMBE, O. P. D.

### EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, S. C.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1865.

THE Provisional Governor of South Carolina has appointed the following named gentlemen as Special Aids, for the purpose of assisting him in the discharge of his official duties in reconstructing the State and restoring her to all of her civil and political rights in the Federal Union:

WILLIAM L. TRENHOEM, of Charleston city.  
STEPHEN ELLIOTT, of Beaufort District.  
WADE HAMPTON, Jr., of Columbia.  
ROBERT L. McCAW, of Yorkville.  
WILLIAM H. EVANS, of Society Hill.  
JAMES W. HARRISON, of Anderson village.

The above named gentlemen will receive and communicate to the Provisional Governor, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PERRY, all information which they may deem advisable as to the condition of the State, its citizens, the freedmen, the home police and military garrisons. They will likewise report to him by letter, at his headquarters at Greenville Court House.

By order of the Provisional Governor.

WM. H. PERRY,  
Private Secretary, &c.

The newspapers will give three insertions.  
October 6, 1865

### WALHALLA HOTEL,

R. W. CLARY, Proprietor.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in informing the public generally, that he has opened the above

### Spacious Hotel,

For the accommodation of transient and permanent custom, and will take especial pains to provide for the comfort and convenience of his guests.

Walhalla is delightfully situated at the present terminus of the Blue Ridge Railroad, and the Hotel offers a pleasant home to regular boarders.

The Hotel table is supplied with the best the market affords. Prices reasonable.  
Walhalla, Sept. 12, 1865

### 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  
Price of "Child's Index," per annum, 75

(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 INDEX 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—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, Ga., where communications may be addressed.  
SAMUEL BOYKIN,  
Sept. 5, 1865