

The Fairfield Herald.

Desportes, Williams & Co., Proprietors.]

A Family Paper, Devoted to Science, Art, Inquiry, Industry and Literature.

[Terms--\$3.00 per Annum, In Advance.

VOL. VII.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1870.

NO. 5

THE
FAIRFIELD HERALD
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
DESPORTES, WILLIAMS & CO
Terms.—THE HERALD is published Weekly in the Town of Winnsboro, at \$3.00 in advance.
All transient advertisements to be paid in advance.
Obituary Notices and Tributes \$1.00 per square.

A TRUE STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

Some years ago, two men, Charles Storey and Edward Ladbury, had charge of an outlying sheep-station, belonging to Mr. John Hassal, a wealthy Australian squatter. The first named was the shepherd, the second the hut-keeper. Their hut stood in the midst of a scene of primitive nature. Except the folds for the flocks, there were no enclosures of any description. The country was an open expanse of grass, with a few undulations dotted sparsely with evergreen trees mostly of the stringy bark species. The walls of the hut were built of rough stakes, with mud and reeds between them, other long poles formed the roof, which was covered with rushes. The fire-place was constructed of stones collected from the neighborhood, and in this the men baked their daily damper, composed of flour, water and salt, and boiled their kettle of tea. Their stores consisted of salt beef and pork, flour and rice in casks, a chest of tea, some sugar and raisins, and a few other articles. Tin cups and plates, and two or three knives and forks formed their dinner and tea service; a kettle and sauce-pan and gridiron were their chief cooking utensils; some rough slabs of the stringy-bark trees on tressels, ticking filled with wool, a couple of blankets, and a kangaroo-skin rug apiece, formed their beds.

Such a life as they led, in spite of its sameness, its solitude and danger, has its charms for many men. They were contented. May be, their early days had been spent in poverty and starvation in some crowded city, amid scenes of profligacy, squalor, and suffering. Here they enjoyed pure air, a bright sky, and abundance of food, and were moved from the temptations which had once beset them. Those who have occupied nearly every position in life will be found among the shepherds and hut-keepers of Australia—men who have been brought to poverty either through their own faults or the faults of others. Few of them like to speak of their early lives. Whatever had been the position of Storey and Ladbury, they were now steadily performing their duty. Having dispatched their early breakfast, the two men counted and examined the sheep as they came out of the fold, and picked out those requiring any particular treatment. Storey then started with the flock to a distant pasture.

Ladbury had no lack of duties. There was the fold to repair here and there, some sick sheep to do for, the roof of the hut to patch, and a piece of garden ground, which he had wisely begun to cultivate, to attend to. His dinner was quickly dispatched. His usual companion a favorite dog had disappeared he could not tell how, but much feared it had been bitten by a snake and had died in the bush. He lit his pipe, and smoked and thought awhile. Again he busied himself out-of-doors, and once more returned to his hut to prepare the evening meal for himself and his companion. He was about to hook the freshly-made dampers out of the ashes, when he heard a low moan.—He listened—the sound was repeated. He hurried out and looked about him. It must have been fancy, he thought, and was about to return to the hut, when the sound again reached his ears. It came from a cluster of bushes a little distance off. With an anxious heart he ran to the place, and there found his companion lying on numerous wounds, and with a spear head still sticking in his body. Lifting Storey in his arms, he carried him to the hut and laid him on his bed.—'Tis the work of those black fellows,' said Ladbury, looking round the hut. None were in sight. He came back, and warmed some water, bathed poor Storey's wounds, then he carefully cut out the barbed head of the spear, and continued bathing the wound, except for a short time, when he poured some warm tea down the sufferer's throat. Every moment while thus employed he expected the natives to attack the hut. He had no longer Rover to give him warning of the approaching of a foe. There was little doubt that his poor dog also had been speared. The pain being soothed, Storey at length, to Ladbury's great joy, returned to consciousness, and explained that he had been attacked early in the day by natives. He had run from them after receiving several wounds, but had been speared again half a mile or so from the hut, and had crawled the rest of the distance, till he fainted from the loss of blood and the pain he was suffering.

Sad indeed was the condition of

these two poor fellows, with no white man nearer than twenty miles, and no surgeon within probably two hundred miles. Night at length came on, when, as the natives never move about in the dark, they knew they were safe. But they both felt certain the attack would be renewed by daylight, and the event proved they were right.

Soon after dawn Ladbury, who, overcome with fatigue, had dozed off, was startled by the sound of a spear being forced through the road made door of the hut. Another and another followed through the slight formed walls.

'We shall be murdered, mate, if I don't put them to flight,' he exclaimed; taking his pocket knife and bill-hook, the only weapons he possessed, the first in his left hand, and the other partly covered by his coat, so that it looked like a pistol. 'All ready, we may never meet again in this world, so, good bye, Charlie but I'll chance it.' Suddenly he sprang through the doorway, shouting to the blacks, nearly fifty of whom he saw before him, that he would shoot if they didn't run. They scarcely daring to look at what they believed to be his pistol, after exchanging a few words with each other, to his great relief began to retire, and as he shouted louder, took to their heels.

'We are saved, Charlie,' he exclaimed, almost breathless with excitement. 'But the niggers will be back again. Do you think you could move along if I were to help you?' 'No, Ned, that I couldn't,' answered Storey. 'But do you get away. You'd easily reach Jemmagup before night fall, and if you can bring help I know you will; if not—why my god is pretty well run out as it is. My god will be done.'

'Leave you, Charley!—that's not what I think of doing,' said Ladbury; firmly. 'While you have life I'll stay by you, and tend you as well as I can; so the matter is settled.'

The hours passed slowly away.—Ladbury cooked their food and nursed his mate as gently as a woman could have done. Night came, and at length they both slept. Ladbury was awake by a call from Storey.

'Ned, sleep has done me good; I think I could travel if I were once on my legs,' he said. Ladbury slightly made up their bedding and a few household articles they possessed into a bundle, which he hoisted on his broad shoulders.

'Now, mate, come along,' he said, lifting Storey up, and making him rest on his arm. It was two hours past midnight, and they hoped to get a good start of the blacks. But they had not proceeded many hundred yards before Storey found he had overrated his strength, and sank to the ground.

'Now, Ned, you must go,' he whispered. 'Save yourself; I can but die once, and you'll only lose your life if you stop to help me.'

'What I've said I'll do, I hope to stick to,' answered Ladbury. Still Storey urged him to continue his journey alone. Ned made no reply, but suddenly started off at a quick pace. Sad indeed must have been poor Storey's feelings when he saw him disappear in the gloom of night. Death was coming sure enough. Already he repented of having urged his friend to fly. Daylight would discover him to the blacks, and they would finish their work in revenge for the escape of his companion. Suddenly a footstep was heard. Ladbury appeared without his bundle.

'What did you think that I was really going?' he asked in a low voice. 'You'll not bog me to leave you again, mate. Come get on my shoulders; we'll see what I can do.'

Ladbury walked on with the wounded man on his back for a half a mile or more. 'Now sit down here, and I'll go back for the bundle,' he said, placing him under a bush. No one but a man long accustomed to the wilds of Australia could have found his way as Ladbury did. He soon again passed Storey with their bundle on his shoulders, and once more returned for him. Thus they journeyed till the sun rose, when they reached a stream, which they well knew, having traveled about seven miles. Ladbury, however, was so completely exhausted by his exertions that he felt unable to crawl another mile, much less to carry his two burdens. Storey had again become so ill, and his wounds were so painful, that it seemed doubtful that he would survive if moved further. Though the danger was great, Ladbury resolved to camp where they were for some days, until Storey had partly recovered strength. At last he bethought himself, that though Storey could not walk, and he could no longer carry him on his shoulders, he might drag him along, should the blacks not have traced them out. He accordingly, with the aid of some sticks cut from the bush, and their being, formed a sleigh, which, without much difficulty, he could drag along. On this he placed the wounded man, with such provisions as remained, and commenced his toilsome journey over grass. He could move but slowly, and often had to make a wide circuit to avoid any corpses or rocky ground which lay in his course. Even now too, they were

not safe, for the blacks, finding the hut empty, might pursue and overtake them. Still the brave Ladbury toiled on; his own strength was rapidly giving way. Once more he was obliged to halt near a stream.

'We must camp here to-night, mate,' he said to Storey. 'Perhaps to-morrow my legs will be able to move, to-day they can do no more.' The night passed away in silence; the morning ushered in with the strange sounds of the Australian bush, and the sun rose, casting a fiery heat over the plain. Storey had not moved. Ladbury looked at him anxiously, expecting to find him no longer alive. He roused up, however, and after some breakfast, Ladbury again harnessed himself to the sleigh, and moved on. Often he was obliged to halt; sometimes he could move only a few hundred yards at a time, a few minutes' rest enabled him again to go on. Still the stages became shorter and the rests longer as the evening approached. He felt that he could not exist another night in the bush. The station could not be far off. A faintness was creeping over him. On, on he went, as if in a dream. Several times he stumbled and could scarcely recover himself. A sound reached his ear, it was a dog's bark.

With the conviction that help could not be far off, his strength seemed to return. The roofs of the wood-sheds and huts appeared. No one could be seen. Even then he and his friend might perish if he did not go on. It was the supper hour at the station. On he must go. He got nearer and nearer, stumbling and panting. The door of the chief hut was reached, and he sank fainting across the threshold. Every attention was paid to the two men. Ladbury soon recovered. Poor Storey was conveyed to the hospital at Albany; but so great had been the shock to his system that in a short time, he sank under its effect.

We read of the gallant acts of our soldiers and sailors in the face of an enemy, but is there not also heroism in the character of this Australian shepherd—heroism which never would have been suspected, had no circumstances occurred to draw it out?

A SAD AFFAIR.—It becomes our painful duty to announce to-day one of the saddest cases of death by drowning, that has probably ever happened in this section. Last Saturday Mrs. C. P. Bolton, the daughter of our friend, T. W. Beatty, Esq., of Conwayboro, and well known to many of our citizens as Miss Cora Beatty, while bathing with her little sister in a lake near her father's house, ventured too far, and both were drowned. A colored man seeing their danger, hastened to their rescue and was drowned. About eighteen months ago, the deceased, then Miss Beatty, a lovely girl of sixteen, was married to Charles Pelham Bolton, one of the most promising young lawyers in this part of the State, and when we saw them on their return from their bridal tour, we thought that a long and happy life strewn with flowers was before them. But in this we were sadly disappointed, for in less than one month from our announcement of this happy marriage, it was our painful duty to announce the death of Mr. Bolton. And to-day, ere the once happy wife had laid aside the habiliments of mourning for the one whom she had chosen as the partner of her life, we have to announce her demise in the unfortunate manner referred to. Truly in the midst of life we are in death. The Rev. Mr. Gosser, of this county, preached the funeral of these lamented sisters at Conwayboro, last Sunday. To the family we tender our heartfelt sympathy and that of their many friends in Marion, in this, their day of distress and mourning.—*Marion Star.*

SCARLET FEVER.—An eminent physician robs scarlet fever of many of its terrors, by prescribing for the patient warm lemonade, with a little muscage, as often as desired, and the application of warmth to the stomach. He directs that a cloth should be wrung out of hot water and laid on the stomach, renewing it as often as it cools. Nothing else but the lemon is to be given. With this treatment, he guarantees that not one in a hundred cases will prove fatal. Cider alone has been known to cure more than one obstinate case. A vegetable acid appears to be a specific in colds and fevers.

The Chinese being in every respect a race vastly superior to the negro, we would like to know upon what reasonable grounds the Senate of the United States presumed to debar the former from naturalization while admitting the latter. The exclusion is not only in direct violation of every rule of good sense and of good taste, but also of the Burlingame treaty, not to speak of the radical theory of universal equality and fraternity.

COMMANDER EDWARD BARRETT, U. S. N.—In his kind and considerable treatment of the unfortunate Southern families who have just returned on his ship from Brazil, the commander of the United States steamer Quinnebaug has done honor to himself and the service.

Judge Carpenter. Once and for all, then, we will meet the calumnious statements which have been made against Judge Carpenter. But we cannot allow ourselves to be divided, by personal slander and ingenuous mendacity, from the great object of Reform movement—the obtaining of an honest, able and economical government, which shall represent faithfully and honorably all classes of the people.

Among other things, it is charged against Judge Carpenter that "there has been no measure of importance passed by the General Assembly, or secured through its influence, in which he has not had a full share of the proceeds," and that "he had a hand in all the leading bills in which he would charge corruption." To this charge we reply that Judge Carpenter has not used his influence to secure the passage of any measure whatsoever; and that he has had no share, large or small, in the profits of any Bill passed by any Legislature of South Carolina.

It is charged, furthermore, that Judge Carpenter delayed his decree in the matter of the bank of the State in order that he might make a speculation in the bills of that institution. To this charge we reply, that Judge Carpenter announced, in substance, at the close of the arguments, what his decision would be, and that Judge Carpenter has never owned, or had an interest in, a single dollar of the bills of the Bank of the State.

It is charged, furthermore, that Judge Carpenter made a large sum of money, (some \$30,000,) by the passage of the Phosphate Bill. To this charge we reply, that Judge Carpenter approached no member of the Legislature upon the subject of the Phosphate Bill, and never paid, directly, one cent for its passage. Judge Carpenter did have an interest in the Phosphate company. This fact, which he never denied, was well known to the business community long before the meeting of the Reform Convention. And Judge Carpenter, as much as any other citizen, had the unquestionable right to become a stockholder in any company, so long as his position as a stockholder did not conflict with the duties and responsibilities of his judicial office. Upon this point Judge Carpenter was properly sensitive, and as soon as it became probable that litigation would grow out of the Phosphate Bill, he promptly disposed of his entire interest in the Phosphate Company.

It is further charged that Judge Carpenter, when he sold his phosphate stock, or at some other time, promised, as a condition of the sale, that he would make a decision in his Court favorable to the Phosphate company. To this we reply, that the charge is utterly and absurdly false. The minor charges against Judge Carpenter come, like their fellows, from the camp of the enemy, and are too frivolous for notice.

We believe that we have now answered, in plain words, the general charges which the Ring and its Paid Liars have circulated against Judge Carpenter, and we point, besides, to the proceedings of the Charleston Bar upon the occasion of the retirement of Judge Carpenter from the Bench, as, in themselves, a sufficient answer to calumny and defamation. The Charleston Bar is justly esteemed for its dignity, its purity and its devotion to the State, and that Bar has placed upon the record "a profound recognition of the high character, judicial integrity and ability with which he (Judge Carpenter) presided in the Courts of Justice." That Bar "will preserve a lively remembrance of the manner in which he has ever held the scales of justice, with even hand, and vindicated the dignity and purity of the law." The revered ex-Chief Justice Dunkin, who presided at the meeting, declares his entire concurrence "in every sentiment that was uttered by the Bar."—*Charleston News.*

"RANTANKEROUS."—The California *Examiner*, published at San Francisco, rents in the following style: "We solemnly believe that no blacker and more damning crime has ever been committed against humanity, in any age of the world, than that of which the men at Washington are guilty, who have voted to tie the hands of our State and take from it the power to protect her own people against this Asiatic inundation. We believe that hanging would be too good for any Senator or Congressman from this coast, who voted for the Chinese features of the 'force bill.' We believe they are traitors of their State, traitors to their people, and traitors to humanity. They should not be permitted to show their faces among our people. Men have been hung by mobs for thousand-fold less crimes. Indeed, we know of no crime which approximate in magnitude, this Mongolian Immigration business."

An Indiana paper reports that a young lady in that State was recently licensed to marry two gentlemen, and adds that she made only one of them happy. It does not say which one, but it must have been the one she didn't marry.

Remarks of General M. O. Butler at Edgefield on the 4th inst.

The candidate for Lieutenant Governor was called upon to follow Judge Carpenter, and was enthusiastically received. He said:

Fellow-Citizens— My physical condition is such that I ought to be at home but it is due to you and to myself that I should briefly explain the position which I occupy.

I have heard it whispered that a number of my friends have gone so far as to impeach my motives in this matter; but there is something in my heart, fellow-citizens, that tells me I am performing a public duty, and now, as on previous occasions when the honor, the interests, the dignity of South Carolina are involved, I respond to the promptings of my own nature and yield to the prejudice of no man. [Applause.] I stand here to-day myself upon what I believed to be the right before; I plant myself upon a platform which I believed to be right now; and if, in the providence of God, South Carolina rises from her ashes into that glory which is in store through I, as an individual, may fall in the contest and be forgotten, I shall cheerfully make the sacrifice. [Great applause.] I have offered myself upon her altars before, when none dared to doubt my motives, and if I go down to-day in her behalf, I should esteem it a proud blessing that I lost all in her cause. [Applause.] Let me die, but let South Carolina live! [Tremendous cheering.]

General Butler was so overcome by emotion at this juncture that he could scarcely proceed, and there were few dry eyes in the audience. It was, indeed, a curious picture to see a man whose career is written all over with earnest devotion to his people, and whose crutch, lying on the table before him, testified of his gallantry in battle, standing before his constituents and defending himself from aspersions upon his honor. It was enough to make a hero weep.

KILLED.—On Saturday evening, Levi Garrett, white, was killed by Geo. Gordon, colored, on Col. Rowick's place, some ten miles from the Court House, in this District. The circumstances, as given by Sheriff Paysinger, are as follows: On Saturday, the wife of Gordon severely cut a dog belonging to Garrett, with a hoe; and upon Mrs. Garrett's interfering, the woman attempted to cut her with the implement, but the two daughters of the former interfering it was prevented, and quick was restored. Garrett, upon becoming acquainted with the circumstances, started, with a little son about 13 years old, for the cabin of Gordon, and getting there he called the woman out. She refused. Finding she would not come out, he threw one of three rocks he had picked up, into the house, whereupon Gordon raised his gun standing near by, presented and fired. Garrett cried out to his son, "He has killed me, let us attempt to grapple, but fell dead. The son was caught by the negro, and a joint of one of his fingers bitten off. By this time the parties in Garrett's house near by, and who had been at supper, came to the scene, and the matter ended. Gordon gave himself up on Sunday morning, and is now in jail.—*Newberry Herald.*

TWO YOUNG LADIES KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—From a private letter to a gentleman in this city, we learn that yesterday week, while Miss Murray, daughter of Joseph W. Murray, and Miss Hill, daughter of Daniel Hill, both of St. John's Berkeley, were returning from church with Mr. Murray, they took shelter under a tree to avoid a wetting from a shower. While there, the lightning struck the tree and instantly killed the two young ladies. Mr. Murray, who was standing near by, was uninjured.—*Charleston News.*

Tim Hurley, says the *Phoenix*, has been tendered the office of General Superintendent of all United States public buildings in this State by the United States Treasury. Congress has appropriated about a half million of dollars of late for the completion of the Custom House at Charleston, removal of harbor obstructions, and for the completion of the Post office and Court House in Columbia.

Hon. George W. Booker writes to the *Clarksville Vanoke Valley* that he voted against the exclusion of Whittemore because he thought the House had no right to exclude him. He was willing to admit him and then expel him. Mr. Booker takes the correct view of the subject, according to our notion.

A darkey having been sent to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco: "As soon as day landed in de ribber dar mouf began vater to be on land, and as soon as dey waded to de shore, dey found such a large supply of uffin to eat, dar dey gams oracked like baked olay in a brick yard."

Diggory says he always respects old age except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.

Judge Orr's Position.

We quote from the Charleston *Republican* of the 5th inst. It says: "We have recently been informed that he, Judge Orr, not only opposes the 'Reformers,' but that he will give his active aid to the Republican party."

We must be permitted to doubt this. In March last, Judge Orr was "interviewed" by a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and the political views entertained by him were set forth with fullness and precision in the correspondent's letter. At that time he spoke of the distrust which gentlemen of the State of character and intelligence naturally entertained "toward those who, by accidental circumstances, have been placed in the lead of the Republican party—men who do not, and never can enjoy public confidence; men who are ignorant, corrupt, dishonest and unfit, by reason of their early associations, for decent society. They were adroit enough, however, to make the more ignorant among the negroes believe them to be their best friends, and by employing all the arts of the demagogue, and an unscrupulous use of disgraceful agencies, they succeeded in being elected to the most important offices in the State."

On the other hand, the scope and object, the vitalizing principle, of the Union Reform movement are well expressed by Judge Orr in the following passages from the same letter.—"They do not seem to us to be consistent with 'active' opposition to it: 'The colored people may, for awhile, distrust the professions of white men, but when they see them in earnest, and discover that it is not merely a matter of politics, but of practical benefit to the State, which is involved in a combination of strength, confidence will be restored, and the two races will work together in harmony.'"

"It is a realization of the fact that the interest of the two races are common, that each depends upon the other, that the black man is essential to the welfare of the white man, and that both must work together in the business concerns of life, which has brought men to their senses. We are, in short, becoming progressive."

The Radical organ at that time thought that Governor Orr "traveled out of his way to say unbecomingly things of our rulers." "Who," he said, whether "ungracious" or not, has not been unsaid, and is even more applicable now, because of the fresh proofs which the worthies alluded to have given that they richly deserved these scornful and opprobrious terms.—*Guardian.*

OHIO DEMOCRATIC SENTIMENT.—We publish the platform adopted by the Democratic State Convention of the 1st inst., in our next issue. It is good enough as far as it goes, but it falls short, and will utterly fail to excite the enthusiasm of the masses of the party. The controlling spirit of the Convention was the spirit of cowardice—the spirit of "the cat in the adage." The resolution demanding the taxation of the bonds of the American aristocracy by act of Congress, can only be likened to the "pope's bull against the comet." It is a sorry substitute for the greenback theory, and like that theory it will come to naught. The platform ignores the practical situation, and bessefs Democratic sentiment. The people are crushed beneath the weight of an unjust debt, and outraged by infraction after infraction of their State prerogatives and local rights. The natural and only legitimate remedies for these most grave abuses are, therefore: For the debt, R-pudation; for the advancing despotism (as an alternative proposition), Feasible Resistance! These are not only the right words, but they are the only words that will win.—*Logan County (Ohio) Gazette.*

THE EMPRESS AND THE MANTIC.—The *Empress Eugenie* recently told a little anecdote quite a pendant to the history of a similar episode in the life of the *Empress Josephine*. Said the *Empress* to the deputy: "One day in the summer of 1850, being very fond of the Pyrenees, as my wont annually was, I was at the *Baux-Bonnes*, when I was met in the country by an old woman named *Marianotte*, who was universally considered to be crazy. She begged, and I gave her, much to her astonishment, a piece of gold, upon which she looked in my face fixedly for a moment, and then said, 'They say I am mad, I know, but I am not mad, though I speak as others do not; as a proof remember this: One day, and soon too, you shall be an empress.' Her majesty said, 'At that moment so improbable, as a Spaniard, was any such prospect that I only entertained it as a wild raving, but on the very day I became an empress the fact reverted vividly to my mind, and I caused inquiry to be made for *Marianotte*, with the desire to grant her a pension for life, but learnt, with regret, that she had died two days before.'"

It is a good sight to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

Effects in the United States of a War in Europe.

War in Europe will have its first effect here by immensely increasing the flow of immigrants. Already every careful father who can gather the cash and sends the conscription afar off is paying the passage of his boys to America. From America they may return home again richer than they went, or the father, perchance, may follow on the voyage; from the army they would probably never return. And this result is secured to us merely by the war fever, even without the war. Next to the increase in immigration will be a demand for our breadstuffs and high prices for our splendid grain crops. If the war lasts we shall even fill some big gun contracts, and our workshops will burn gold. Europe will go on the debtor side of the books in a very unqualified way. Our bonds at first will go down in the markets of Europe; for there will be a rush for money to be handled in the great financial transactions, and all values held as investment will be only a first effect. Later it will be realized that the bonds of this great, prosperous, peaceable people are the only securities worth holding, and they will be in demand at any price.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF SILENCE.—There is a woman in the town of Harmony, Chautauqua county, who has not spoken to her husband for twenty-one years. In the year 1849 her husband contradicted her harshly in the presence of company, and she threatened that if he didn't behave better toward her she would never speak to him again. He retorted that she wouldn't, and she has not since spoken to him. They have continued to live together peacefully, and during the long silence have had several children. Everything goes on at their homes as usual with farmers. The husband is attentive, and does his conversing with his wife through one of the children. For instance, he will ask a child at the table, "Will your mother have some more meat?" Or, at another time, "Is your mother going to town with me to-day?" The family is wealthy, and belongs to the better class of Chautauqua farmers and respectable citizens.—*Jamesstown (N. Y.) Journal.*

A militia legion has been formed in New Orleans, under the laws of the State, and with the approval of the Governor and Adjutant-General Longstreet, composed entirely of tried veterans who served in both armies during the late war. It consists of one regiment of infantry, ten companies, numbering about eight hundred muskets, two field batteries of artillery and a squadron of cavalry, composed of two companies—creating in all an effective force of about twelve hundred men. The *New Orleans Times* says: "Of the beneficial effect upon the community of such an undertaking there cannot be a shadow of doubt. The spectacle of old soldiers of contesting armies, who have felt each other's prowess, ranked side by side, beneath the same banner, must contribute much towards cultivating that spirit of concession and fraternity so necessary to the future prosperity of our State and city." Here is a practical restoration of union under the old banner.

A WOMAN WINS A MEDICAL PRIZE. It is recorded as a significant fact, that while some of the doctors are disputing whether women have intellect enough to master the principles of medical practice, one of the latter sex has carried off the prizes offered by the *New York Medical Gazette* for the best clinical reports. These articles were sent in signed by the initials M. M. W., and turn out to have been written by Mrs. M. M. Webster, a graduate of the *Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia*. It is said that the *Medical Gazette* may be regarded as an impartial arbiter in this matter, because its editor was opposed to women physicians. How many competitors there were, and what was their quality, is not stated; but the fact that women can study and become useful physicians, especially in attendance upon their own sex in many instances, is not to be doubted.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The *Columbia Guardian* says: Saturday afternoon the last pier of the new railroad bridge to the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, in progress of erection over the Savannah River, was finished. The work on the superstructure of the bridge will now be pressed rapidly to completion, and it is thought that trains will be able to pass over the bridge by the 1st of October.

You may insert a thousand things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in, even by accident, of one or two lines not suited to their taste, and you will be sure to hear of it before your paper has 'been out' a day. Such is life.

The *Telegraph* says: "Were Prussia to reply precisely as France requires, it would not be a guarantee of peace."