

# The Fairfield Herald.

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THE  
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**The Maiden's Prayer.**  
She rose up from her delicious sleep,  
And put away her soft brown hair,  
And in a tone as low and deep,  
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer—  
Her snow-white hands together pressed,  
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,  
The fold of linen on her breast  
Just swelling with the charms it hid.  
And from her long and flowing dress  
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,  
Whose step upon the earth did press  
Like a sweet snowflake soft and mute;  
And then from slumbers soft and warm,  
Like a young spirit fresh from Heaven,  
She bowed that young and tender form,  
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.  
Oh, God! if souls as pure as those  
Need daily mercy from thy throne—  
If she upon her bended knees,  
Our holiest and purest one—  
She, with a face so clear and bright,  
We deem her some stray child of light:  
If she, with those soft eyes and tears,  
Day after day in her young years,  
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,  
How hardly if she win not Heaven,  
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

**Our Saturday Night.**  
OUR TREASURES.

**Wealth!**  
Before the sun went home this Saturday night to tell God who had striven the hardest for heaven the week past, a millionaire rode by. He lives in a palace—we in a cottage. He has his coachman, outriders, servants, and waiters—we have not one. He hoards dollars as we do the kind words of our friend, while his bonds are many, as are the curses we could heap upon those who by legislation, made him rich and our friends poor. He is a millionaire—we are not. He lives at ease—we live by labor.

He dines at six. Silver and gold are upon his table. A professional cook tempts his wine-wet palate with viands none but the rich can buy. Servants with sharp eyes, to detect the slightest wish, hasten to hand him this and that. His wife sparkles the diamonds which robbed her eyes of love's wondrous luster when she took them at the price of her heart! Jewelry, lace, silk, satin, plush, velvet, damask, silverware, gas-light mellowed by tinted shades of glass or porcelain, broadcloth, and echoes of dissipation—grand, costly, and envied in his home. He eats and he drinks. He dines and he wines. He rides and he thrives. Servants open doors, brush the lint from lappel and body—the dust from hat and boot. He gives checks and lives high—does the millionaire. And his children are cared for by professional nurses. They call him governor. His wife by forms ceremonial empties the purse he fills, and is happy in her rage—her diamonds—her carriage—her toilet—her establishment—her position in that society which is kept within proper bounds.

"Happy?"  
No—she is not happy! Wives by marriage and wives by brevet. He lives here—he revels there where wine and dissipation pave the way for further chapters but nearer home. He rode by in his carriage, and a thousand turn to mention and envy him whose home is rich, but far from warm-hearted. Yes, envy the millionaire. And you may, but the glittering of his coach, the style of his carriage, the prancing of his horses—the sparkling of his diamond-covered wife—the rich odor of his anticipated dinner, have no charms for us, and we envy him not.

**WEALTH!**  
Yes, we are rich. Ours is a cottage or a cabin, if you will. It is up stairs—on the ground floor—in the city—in the country—of wood—of stone—of brick. Marble for the rich—brick for the poor! We have no carriage—no horses—no servants—no wine—no haughty or petulant keeper of the purse to purchase from with gifts when love hungers for the beautiful fulfillment! But we have a home. The rooms are not large. The furniture is not rich, but in that home is a greater treasure than the millionaire ever possessed. Our Treasure. Our Darling. Sworn to love. Bond paying golden interest hourly. Dearest treasure than money ever purchased. Our Darling. Pretty soon we shall put the pen in its place and go and meet her. Shall walk, for we have no carriage. And shall walk fast. And we shall meet her at the door, and bless God for the kiss of welcome. And as we walk side by side to the chair set for us, can draw our treasure to our heart, and say—I love you darling. And she welcomes us Saturday night, and every night, and her pure, true, trusting, and

beautiful love keeps us from wandering. And we set by our little fire, hand in hand. Diamonds never throw light as do the eyes of our darling, for they light from soul to soul, making noonday of otherwise night. And she gives us, oh! such tempting welcome. No servants are near to listen and tell. The rattle of playthings on the floor, disturb us not, for we knew it, and 'twas as God intended. And as no one hears, we sit, palm to palm, and thus, come the words of the heart:

Darling—I love you. All the day have I toiled till hand and brain be weary, but I never forgot you—your love or your kisses. I went forth in the morning to labor. Perhaps it is but little we have, but, thank God, darling, it was honestly won—we love each other and are happy. I try to be good and honest, and guarded by your love succeed. And no temptation yet met has won me from my vows and from you—no place has lured me from my home and the loved—no wish have I had for something beyond the confines of my happy domain. All the day, and all the week I have toiled there, as you have cared here, and see, darling, how our home grows more and more beautiful as your taste displays the little things purchased with the earnings of my hand and brain.

God bless you, darling, and make me always good, and kind, and true, and earnest, and deserving of the love you give me. Here is my home—here is my heart—here is my treasure—here I live as there I labor, and every hour not given to toil is to thee, and happiness. And as I go I will think of thee; of the time when you said "yes" to my wooing, and never will I do that which would pain your heart, and then I shall ever be happy, and love you alone, my darling—queen of my heart-warmed home.

And her hand presses mine—her eyes are like rays from the eternal—her lips are so sweet and warm, so full of that wondrous electricity which all knew not of—her cheek rests on my shoulder, and from her heart, from her loved lips come these words:  
God bless you, darling, for your manhood and unswerving bringing. The day has not been long, for I knew you would hasten. And I was happy as here and there my hands I found employment. And see how nice I have fixed this, and that—for thus you like them, as thus I fixed them. And, darling, I am so glad you have been good and true to us both. I am glad if my love is the shield that keeps you from falling when tempted, as we all are. You have toiled all the day—now rest with me—on this breast, by these lips, in this heart of mine, for all are yours. Come, darling, to the fete, and none so sweet as by love alone invited!—You are home, where all is yours, with never a regret, or a wish for another. I love you, darling, and I pray Him above to give us hearts to know our treasures—to know who are the truly rich; and I pray him to spare us to enjoy all there is that is truly beautiful in life till we rest again united where there is no Saturday night.—*"Bride's" Pomroy.*

**AN ACRE IN GERMANY.**—One of these gardeners in the neighborhood of New York—a South Bergen (New Jersey) man—wrote a book on the details of his work, in which he makes the following show, pronouncing it an average for the past ten years from grounds that have been brought up to the standard of fertility necessary to market garden:

OUTLAY TO THE ACRE.	
Labor,	\$300
Horse labor,	35
Manure, seventy-five tons,	100
Rent,	100
Seeds,	10
Wear and tear of tools, etc.	10
Cost of selling,	100
Total,	\$605
RECEIPTS FROM THE ACRE.	
12,000 early cabbages, five cents per head, marketed about the 4th of July,	\$600
14,000 lettuce, one cent per head, set between the cabbage, and sold in May and June,	140
30,000 colory, at two cents per head, set in July and August, and marketed during the winter,	600
Total,	\$1,340
Deduct the outlay,	605
Profit in clear money,	\$735

**DR. JAMES MOULTRIE.**—Dr. James Moultrie, says the Charleston News, the last scion of an illustrious race, breathed his last on Saturday morning, the 29th instant. He was the son of Dr. Alexander Moultrie, and grandson of General Moultrie, of Revolutionary renown. He was born in Charleston, and at the time of his death was in his 77th year.

A Nevada paper reports the passage by its office of a "drove of Chinese laborers." Each carried his own baggage, consisting of an extra hat.

**The End of the Railroad War.**  
It is with great pleasure that we learn from the Augusta papers, of Saturday, that the differences between the South Carolina Railroad Company and Columbia and Augusta Railroad Company have been brought to an end. These differences involved, as is known, a disagreement between the first named company and the City of Augusta, and we hail the satisfactory adjustment of a difficulty which threatened to become serious, as a sign that there is to be a lasting commercial peace between Georgia and South Carolina.

The terms of the treaty which has been concluded are, according to the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, substantially as follows: "The Columbia and Augusta Railroad agree to pay to the South Carolina Railroad the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars in the bonds of the former corporation, to be taken by the latter at par value; and in consideration for this amount the South Carolina Railroad agree to allow the Columbia and Augusta Road to intersect the track of the former at the 'turntable,' one mile on the other side of the Savannah river, and the use of the track across the bridge over the Savannah and along Washington-street, to the Union Depot in this city, until the sixth of January, 1870, by which time the bridge of the Columbia Road will, it is thought be finished—the time and manner in which the track is to be thus used to be determined in case of a disagreement between the other parties, by the President of the Georgia Railroad.

"The City Council of Augusta agree to grant to these two Railroad the free use of the Washington street track in perpetuity. The track to be used by them on equal terms, and it, together with the street, to be arranged and kept in thorough repair at the expense of the two roads; and all other streets which they will have to use in connecting their tracks with a common depot to be kept in the same manner, under the direction of the streets and drains committee. If any other road shall hereafter desire to use these streets connecting these roads with the common depot, for the purpose of entering the city, it shall be allowed to do so upon such terms as the Mayor or Augusta and the superintendents of the Georgia and the Macon and Augusta Railroad, constituting a board of referees, may determine.

"The two railroad companies agree to indemnify the city for all damages obtained from it in consequence of the running of their trains through the streets.

"The City Council agree to release the South Carolina Railroad from their previous contracts with the city relative to discriminations against Augusta in freights and passenger fares, except on the line between Charleston and this place, and also release them from the prohibition against their engines and cars running through the streets.

"The City Council, the Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the South Carolina Railroad promise to stop all litigation."—*Charleston News.*

**THE COLORED STATE CONVENTION.**—Richmond, May 28.—The colored State Convention adjourned to-day, after adopting a series of resolutions requesting General Canby to give colored men representation upon the benches of the courts; urging republican voters to vote for the constitution framed by the late Convention; pledging the Convention to support the Wells ticket; thanking the people of the North for their benevolence in furnishing means for the education of colored children in the South, and hailing the appointment of General Canby with joy.

Dr. Harris the colored candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, addressed the body, and expressed his suspicion that some of the white republican voters intended striking his name from the ticket on account of his color.

A Chicago reporter who attended a spring opening of fashionable millinery, says of it: "A cabbage leaf trimmed with three red peppers and a dried cherry sells for \$35. It is called a Jockey; has one advantage—can be eaten as a salad when the season changes. One composed of three sibs and a bit of pink colored fog was considered cheap at \$55."

We suppose the fashion for the next season will be a postage stamp with a long ribbon and tassels attached to each corner.

A gentleman of Rochester, New Hampshire, saw an advertisement that a receipt for the cure of dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage stamp to the advertiser. He was a victim, and sent his stamp. The answer was, "Dig in your garden and let whiskey alone."

**The Efficiency of Chinese Labor.**  
Are the Chinese immigrants serviceable, reliable and skillful workmen? Such is the really important point to be settled.

The *Overland Monthly*—the most sparkling and pleasantly written periodical in the Union, but devoted almost exclusively to California interests, gives the elements of a reply to this inquiry, in its March number. From its article, "How are our Chinamen Employed," and from other sources that, irrespective of partisan feeling, furnish similar information, we deduce the most favorable conclusions possible.

The first regular employment that the Orientals found on the Eastern slope was in the woolen factories. The unanimous report of the former was that "with no other operatives had they ever been so well pleased." They are promptly at their stations at the proper time; they have no gossip which involves the breaking of the threads, and they work without lagging.

Next came the Pacific Railroad, which made the next great bid for Chinese labor, and employed nearly 10,000 of the strangers. The latter are reported by the Company as "promptly on the ground, ready to begin work the moment they hear the signal, and laboring steadily and honestly on, till admonished that the working hours are ended." "Overseers declare that they can drill more rock, and move more dirt with Chinamen, than with an equal number of the men who claim this kind of occupation as their speciality."

Chinamen have helped to make nearly all the roads, and like improvements, near San Francisco; they gather in the harvest; they tend on the grazing farms; they cook in the kitchens, and make housekeeping easy; paper mills, powder mills, rope walks, and tanneries could not get along without them; hop plantations, vineyards, orchards, and berry grounds are tended by them; silk manufacture, cutting cord-wood, salt and borax works, cigar making and a hundred similar occupations draw great help from the Chinese. They have at last taken to the smelting and manufacture of metals, and to navigation, and have succeeded in their higher branches. In fine, turn whither we may, we see the Chinamen early, and staying late; sober, industrious, intelligent, devoted, and capable for all things. Such is the universal testimony of all but those who, dealing themselves in all things which are the curse of humanity, meet with fallen and degraded men only, and judge of races by their own lives.

The verdict in favor of the uncructured Chinese workman is favorable in the highest degree, and one of the most striking proofs recently given is the voluntary establishment, by Chinese in New York, of an evening school, for mutual instruction in the English language, and improvement in science and art. The most gratifying results are already recorded.

What the country wants now, and quickly, is a sufficient mass of willing, able, steady and sober hands, to open our vast interior, and we can find such only where rum and party politics are discarded. Says the California writer, most justly:

"In a country where there are millions of acres of arable land yet unimproved, the desideratum is of hands to till the soil, and thus put this land under contribution to furnish food and clothing for those who need it, and, as far as possible, to make every acre do its part toward supplying the Government, and building up public institutions. Where there are facilities for erecting mills, with material to be manufactured, and capital waiting to be employed, the next necessity is, the operatives; and, just so long as the operatives are wanting, so long will the manufacturing facilities remain unimproved, the material will be left to waste, the capital will be idle, and the talent and skill which was waiting for employment in conducting and overseeing such enterprises is deprived of the opportunity to exert itself for the benefit of the world."

If our own unemployed laborers and artisans will persist in dragging out a wretched existence in the midst of crowded competition instead of carrying their energy and skill to the points that need it, where a new and comparatively independent life is offered to them they must be prepared to see the pig-tails of Chung Kwoh wriggle in triumph over the grained hills and blossoming valleys of the Far West.

Here is a concise, but hopeful love letter written by a Colorado miner: "Lovey yer is rather long to koart a gal, but file have you yit, Gate."

A sensation in a London theatre is a wonderful horse which rides through flames from the stage to the flies with a young woman on his back.

One Norville nominates himself for Governor of Mississippi. The papers of that State are in doubt whether or not he is from the Grampian Hills.

Ellis Cronut, weighing 500 lbs., is dead at Danbury, Conn.

[From the New York Herald.]  
**Marriage of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bourbon.**

Marriage of Prince Louis Ferdinand do Bourbon, son of Count d'Aquila and nephew of ex-Ferdinand, of Naples, of Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, and of Dom Pedro, of Brazil, to Senorita Amelia Hamel, of Havana, daughter of the "Queen of the Antilles," Enriqueta Perrot de Hamel, by Justice Dodge, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the 20th day of March last, was duly published in the *Herald*. The appearance of the distinguished couple in a police court for such a purpose created some astonishment and furnished food for the gossips and quidnuncs. The explanation of the case is that the Prince, who is only twenty-four years of age and quite boyish in appearance, was courageous enough to trample on the old dynastic prerogative which forbade any scion of the blood royal to marry a plebeian. He applied to the Catholic clergy of every country of Europe, but his application in every instance met with a peremptory denial. "Rome has spoken" was the truth that flashed on his mind as he found himself doomed to disappointment. Ferdinand and his family reside in Rome, within a short distance of the Vatican, and this tells the whole story in a single sentence. But the Prince loved Amelia with all the ardor of which a young heart is capable, and it is little to be wondered at, for she is beautiful in the full sense of the word, being now in her twentieth year. They repaired now to Paris, where the young lady soon became the pet of the Empress Eugenie. Strange to say, the Prince had always been a favorite with Napoleon, despite his family connections, and the youth improved the acquaintance with the object of having the dearest wish of his heart at last accomplished. Some time in December last he unfolded his purpose to the Emperor, and prayed the consent of the latter to the union. Napoleon, with his characteristic shrewdness, immediately turned the conversation on another subject, but the Prince was too earnest to be thus foiled. At length the Emperor replied that he would give an answer the following day. The Prince appeared next day, and was informed the Emperor had left a letter for him, which he read with interest, and an evasion worthy of the Little Corsican himself. The Prince had been "reflecting" ever since, but the Catholic hierarchy did not relent. He came to the United States, but he found Rome here also. He appealed, but appealed in vain to the clergy.

Fortune smiled at last upon him as a reward for his perseverance. Matters took an auspicious turn on Thursday. In the afternoon of that day a gentleman and lady appeared at the residence of the pastor of St. Peter's church, Jersey City, told him they were travelling through this country and desired to be united in marriage forthwith, before they would go to Long Branch for the summer. The pastor inquired as to their names, ages and family connections, and put other queries to satisfy himself that no law of the Church would be violated in the case. A messenger was sent to Bishop Bayley, at Newark, for a dispensation; but no reply was received up to the time when the carrier was expected to return. Yesterday morning the Prince and his lady went to confession, attended mass, which was celebrated at nine o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Wiseman, received the holy communion with the most exemplary piety, and at half past eleven o'clock the union took place between Louis Ferdinand de Bourbon and the fair Amelia Hamel, which the Catholic Church holds to be irrevocable. The ceremony was performed by Father Wiseman, who merely blessed the ring, all that was necessary to stamp the seal of the church on the civil marriage which was contracted in New York. The witnesses were Senor L. A. Gunst, the father, a mother of the bride and a lady belonging to Jersey City. These, with the representative of the *Herald*, were the only individuals, among the laity at least, to whom the matter was confided. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple seemed overjoyed, now that their long anxiety and suspense had terminated, and the bride gave expression to feelings by embracing the lady who stood by her side, but who had been up to that hour a stranger to her.

Thus by one stroke the diplomacy of that degrading stock which is known by the name of the Bourbon dynasty and the intrigues of their sympathizers have been frustrated; and in the interests of morality, not to mention the high prerogative of man in taking to himself a wife and cleaving to her according to divine injunction, no one will regret the conclusion of this case beyond those referred to. The knot is tied at last, and the Bourbon dynasty, whether on the throne or in exile, must accept the situation.

The first announcement of the event was flashed across the cable to the Empress Eugenie, and the news will no doubt create a little sensation in the Tuileries.

Mrs. Stanton says the Fifteenth Amendment "cannot with justice be passed until the women of the country give their consent to this new step in their political degradation."

[From the New York Sun.]  
**Secret Marriages—An Old Gentleman Tells a True Story.**

Sir:—While riding up town yesterday I was an unwilling listener to a conversation between two students, who, as they expressed themselves, were bent on fun, consisting in a mock marriage of the younger of the two to a nurse girl. I am an old man, nearly seventy years of age, and I knew I could with safety speak to them. I told them I was then on my way home from the deathbed of one who was the envy of all who knew him. He was a Southerner by birth and education; his victim is also a native of Georgia, but brought up at the North in her father's family.

Some 8 years ago he met her in Tennessee, where the family were staying, and she was then a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood; he followed them North, and soon won the love of the girl, who had promised to be his bride; but her parents would not consent, as he was a Colonel in the rebel army. He soon after joined his regiment but time and distance only served to make her love deeper; when, one day, he suddenly appeared and claimed the fulfillment of her promise. She consented to a private marriage. He left the next day, promising soon to claim her before the world. He sailed for England, and before his return she learned he had a wife when he married her. He returned with what he had gone for—a divorce from his wife—and now wanted G. to be publicly united to him. She refused; he had deceived her once, and she could not trust him again. He took rooms in the neighborhood, hoping to win her to his views; but, stricken down with fever, with no kind hand to hold the cup of cold water to his lips, he sent for her, but it was not until I took word for her that he was dying that she came. I never shall forget that deathbed while I live; then I know what that poor girl had suffered. It is plainly to be seen that she is daily, yes, hourly, passing away—actually dying of a broken heart.

The world may laugh, but few girls ever loved as she has loved this man. She will have her reward above for those words of forgiveness and comfort spoken to that dying one, and that prayer: "God comfort her in thy Son's sake!" May God comfort her in her affliction, she who can but mourn for him in her closet. Girls, let this prove a lesson to you; most in your mother, even in our step-mother. Had George trusted in hers, this might have been spared her. Young men, beware how you trifle with a young girl's purest affections; remember that the day is coming when young and old, rich and poor, alike will be judged. Those students were greatly moved, and promised to give up their wild ways; and knowing that your paper is daily read by thousands of young people, I trust you will publish this, as it may prove a warning to many.

**I. HANE AND JUST.**—The Rev. Mr. Frothingham delivered a discourse in New York on the day of the decoration of the graves of the Union dead, which concluded as follows:

I mean all who died in the war were equally victims. The southerner and the northerner—those who fell with us and those who fell against us—all were victims laid on the same altar. I would wish that we do all this as one nation. Let us strew these flowers not on northern graves alone, but on southern graves also. They were equally brave, they were all equally faithful to their ideal; their valor was common, their feeling was common, their endeavor was common, and the same devotion to their cause was common to each; and each side was devoted to its ideal—one side no less entirely than the other. Northerner and southerner each cherished his purposes, each had hope, each was full of confidence of the ability of his God; each opened his Bible; each made his prayers to the same Deity who directed the battle; they were common victims, laid on a common altar, in a common cause. Oh, we ought by this time to be able to do justice to the purposes as well as to the spirit of our foes. They bore more than we did; they sacrificed more than we did. Their homes were burned over their heads by fiery shells, ours were left untouched. They are obliged to bow their heads as conquered, we are privileged to raise ours as conquerors. I would drop a tear on one of their graves as quickly as one of our own; and I am willing to affirm that the gall was not their's alone. We were all sinners together. \* \* \* These men filled their place, not shrinking, not swerving. They only know that they were under orders, and in their place. Whoever they were, let us remember that they did their duty; they were good soldiers. It was a great word: sweet, lovely, it is to die for one's country. A greater word is this: sweeter, lovelier, it is to live that one's country shall be sweet and lovely.

The solitary system has been partially dispensed with in the Pittsburg, Pa., State Prison. Convicts have been allowed to come into the corridors and have the Chaplain preach to them, instead of being locked in their cells. Can that be called mitigation of punishment?

The camels which were recently introduced in South Australia appear to have been a great success, and the camel will probably soon take the place of the ox as the draught animal of the colonies. Sixty-five camels and sixteen Arab men were imported, and those have paid the owner of them a handsome profit already on the outlay. The camels carry packs of about 600 weight each, and get fat in a country where oxen would starve.

**The First Divorce Case in South Carolina.**

The Greenville *Enterprise* says:—Three petitions for divorce came up for hearing before Judge Orr on Friday last. Two of the applications were from the wives of wicked husbands, one from the husband against his wife. The first case was from a lady, Mrs. Mary E. Cameron, residing in Charleston, for a divorce from her husband, Robert Cameron, in Philadelphia, from whom she was, by his cruelty, compelled to separate several years ago; he having, also, since the separation, unlawfully married another woman in Pennsylvania, with whom he is now living. The unlawful wife, on application, furnished an affidavit, stating that the husband represented himself as a widower; and so she married him in ignorance of the existence of the lawful wife. Judge Orr, after hearing the petition and evidence, readily granted the order for divorce in this case, on motion of Perry & Perry, solicitors for the petitioner.

The other parties all reside in this county. The applicants were represented by Messrs. Sullivan & Stokes. Judge Orr granted the order for divorce in the case of Mrs. Amanda C. Lenderman, who, it was proved, had cruelly treated her husband and had married or taken up with another woman. In the case of the petition of John W. Walker for divorce from his wife, Mary J. Walker, on the allegation of her desertion some six or eight years ago, and her violent temper and abuse which occasioned it, and the hopelessness of a reunion, the judge was not satisfied that he ought to grant the husband a divorce, but intimated to the counsel that he would further consider the case.

It seems to us that our judges ought to restrict the granting of divorces to the one Scriptural justification indicated by the Judge of all the earth, in Matthew 5: 32. Thus far the cases actually decided by Judge Orr appear to come within that rule.

**CURIOUS PRANKS OF A RADICAL MACHISTRADE.**—Mr. J. B. Poyas, of Pinckney, Cooper River, informs us that Ristig, one of the new magistrates, is causing a great deal of trouble in his neighborhood. In company with two stable boys, he visits the plantations, stirring up discontent and trying, it would seem, to make the freedmen dissatisfied with their employers. Ristig has got up a quarrel between two brothers about a discharged man. One of the brothers had fined \$3, and said he must pay or go to jail. Ristig's deputies are George Sause and the man Hutchinson who was mixed up with the late calling out of the militia at Monck's Corner. The following letter has been sent by Ristig to Mr. Poyas:

**STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA—CHARLESTON COUNTY.**

Complaint having been made unto me by Jabrael Gibb that you having turned me out of contract on account he refused to gau in the Dreen, and wife he is not in the way of 11st and complaining of a serious sickness it is impossible for him to do so therefore he is willing to do anything else so long he is sick.

Now you bl me very much by directing me of it so by so doing you bl yours & bl.

RISTIG, Magte.

**TERRIBLE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE COUNTY OF JONES.**—Last night the city was filled with rumors regarding the condition of affairs in Jones county. The house of Mr. Shinde Loftin and that of another gentleman were reported to have been burned, and a young man named Bragg and a negro militiaman were said to have been killed. The houses were burned and Bragg was killed by the militia, while the negro was killed in the act of applying a torch to a dwelling, by one of the inmates. All this occurred yesterday.

What truth there is in these rumors will be determined to day; but we cannot disguise the fact that they are highly probable. That a terrible state of affairs exist in Jones no one doubts, and authentic intelligence will be looked for anxiously to-day.—*Newbern Journal of Commerce, June 1st.*

**RAME HANDKERCHIEFS.**—Mr. Barnwell, of *DeBow's Review*, says the Macon (Ga.) *Journal and Messenger*, exhibited in this city yesterday a handkerchief made of the Rame plant, which, the gentleman who saw it tells us, was not surpassed in softness and fineness of texture by linen of the best quality. They are quite common in New Orleans, and are kept constantly for sale in the shops. It shows what can be done with this new plant. We believe its cultivation has been entered upon in various parts of Louisiana on a large scale and with very gratifying prospects for success.

The camels which were recently introduced in South Australia appear to have been a great success, and the camel will probably soon take the place of the ox as the draught animal of the colonies. Sixty-five camels and sixteen Arab men were imported, and those have paid the owner of them a handsome profit already on the outlay. The camels carry packs of about 600 weight each, and get fat in a country where oxen would starve.