The Louisiana Democrat.

ALEXANDRIA, LA:

WEDNESDAY

JUNE.....26, 1867.

WHO CAN REGISTER?

In order that there may be no doubt as to who are entitled to registry, we will keep standing at the head of this column a statement of the exclusions as expounded by the Attorney General.

1. No man can register who before the war held a United States office, civil or military; the office of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, or Attorney General of a State; the office of Judge of the Supreme or District Court of a State; or was a member of a State Legislature, or a State Constitutional Convention, *previously to the secession Convention;* and who afterwards engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States.

2. To engage in insurrection or rebellion is to take up arms; to hold a Confederate office or the office of Governor, Legislator, Member of Conventions, or other State offices except judicial and parish offices; or to make voluntary contributions in furtherance of the rebellion, to subscribe to the Confederate loan, or to make organised contributions of food, clothing or necessary supplies.

3. No matter what other offices the applicant may have held, if he will swear that he never held any of those named above, or that, having held them, he never engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States, within the meaning of those terms as above stated, he is entitled to registry, and the Registering Board has no right to refuse him, or to ask him any questions on the subject.

Registration.

General Sheridan has extended the day for the closing of registration in the country Parishes to July 15th. The following is the order:

HEAD'QRS. FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT
New Orleans, La., June 20, 1867.

Special Orders No. 73.

* * * 9. The latest returns from the Boards of Registers, throughout the State of Louisiana, indicate that the registration of the State will be complete by the 30th inst., the limit of time originally fixed for that purpose. In order, however, to leave no reasonable ground for complaint in regard to the time for registration, the time is hereby extended, in all the Parishes of the State, except that of Orleans, to July 15th, after which date no further extension will be given.

By command of
Maj. Gen. P. H. SHERIDAN.
GEO. L. HARTSUFF, A. A. G.

The Commanding General says his returns "indicate that the registration of the State will be complete by the 30th inst." We will speak for Rapides. The Registers with us have been diligent and indefatigable in the performance of their duties, obeying to the letter "their private instructions" and still just half of the Parish has been traversed and registered. Even under the present proscriptive system, rejecting four-fifths of the white voters, without shadow of law, the Parish of Rapides cannot be registered by the 15th of July. So unless the opinion of the Attorney General is partially obeyed and the full time allowed by the Military Bill extended, Rapides will stand a very poor chance to receive a lingering share of her just rights.

☞ The river, the whole of the past week, has been the all absorbing and exciting topic of interest and conversation in our community. At the present writing it is about three feet lower than last June, when we were all overflowed, and rising about two inches in twenty-four hours. So far, by steady work, we have been able to make a good fight with its advancing stream and have yet fair hopes of coming out first best. The news from above, if we can rely on it, is very favorable; reports have it falling as low down as Grand Ecore and on a stand at the Mouth of Cane River. With this data to go on, we can safely predict that we will be able to keep our Town dry, at least the largest portion of it.

P. S.—As we go to press we learn that the small levee about three-quarters of a mile above Town, at the upper end of the Plank Road on Bayou Rapides, has given way and the water is running over and will soon submerge the road and the adjacent fields. The weather has changed, the rain set in, so we can hardly escape being partially overflowed.

☞ The twenty-third volume of the Louisiana Democrat commences with to-day's issue. For the twenty-two years' prosperity of our paper we are indebted to the liberal patronage of the public, and we are pleased and grateful that the efforts of its conductors to establish permanently a readable paper in the Town have been so highly appreciated and crowned with such complete success.

☞ The commencement exercises of the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military, near Alexandria, will take place on Friday next, commencing at 12 o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

☞ Remember that J. E. Gibson has a fine lot of cheap Boots and Shoes.

Another Opinion and Another Session of Congress.

Attorney General Stanberry has delivered himself of another legal opinion, the substance of which has been received by telegraph. The Attorney General is an officer who holds an animoleous and in some respects an unenviable position. He is expected to furnish opinions for every body and on every conceivable subject, and nobody is expected or required to pay the slightest attention to them. He has therefore to perform an immense amount of useless work. Sometime since the District Commanders were clamorous for an opinion which should elucidate the provisions of the Military Bill, and guide the registers in their work of registration. The opinion was delivered, the Military Commanders put the document into their pockets, and the exclusions were permitted as before, just as if no such an individual as the Attorney General ever existed, or no such a document as his opinion was ever promulgated. General Sheridan removes a corrupt and imbecile Governor of a State, and forthwith the Attorney General must be consulted, and in due time an "opinion" is published to the world. It is not difficult to divine its fate.

This opinion, it is said, was called for not by the District Commanders but by the President himself. The particular reason why that functionary should need an opinion is not clear, seeing that he himself, on the passage of the Military Bill, gave quite an emphatic and intelligible opinion in his veto message. He said that the power given to the Military Commander is that of "an absolute monarch," and characterised the condition of the States under the law as that of "an absolute military despotism." The President, therefore, must have believed that the District Commanders have just such powers as those recently exercised by General Sheridan and greater ones besides.

But the question now at issue in the Louisiana case is not a question of power, but a question of the peace, harmony and welfare of the State.—Grant for a moment that General Sheridan has not the power to remove Wells—and we are confident he has not—any denial of his right by the Administration, or any action upon such a hypothesis, so far from being productive of any good cannot result in anything but unmitigated evil. As a citizen of Louisiana we respectfully suggest that Mr. Wells is too contemptible an object to jeopard the welfare of the State on his account. He has already plundered the State too extensively, to make his right to plunder her still more the cause or occasion of inflicting any further serious injuries upon her.

Any one at all familiar with the temper of the dominant party at the North must know that in a collision between the President and the District Commanders the District Commanders will be sustained by the controlling power of the government. Already have the Radicals given out that a July session of Congress is indispensable, and the signs are unmistakable that, in the event of its assembling, General Sheridan will be fully sustained, perhaps his powers enlarged, and the authority of the President reduced to a mere cypher. It is evident also that Congress will address itself to another "opinion" of the Attorney General, and that the exclusive policy of the Military Commanders in the matter of registration will be sustained, and the opinion ignored. For all these dire results we are indebted to the enthusiastic individuals who have set on foot the recent enquiries as to the powers of the District Commanders.

It seems difficult for some people to appreciate our present position. We are truly, as the President said, living under a "military despotism," and the sooner we realise the fact, the better it will be for all parties concerned. We have no civil rights, and it is useless for us to attempt to act as if we had. We, therefore, beg our philanthropic friends to cease their efforts at amelioration, since they end only in tightening the fetters around us. In the meantime if the District Commanders never do anything worse than to remove James Madison Wells from the office of Governor, we shall manage to bear the "despotism" with becoming patience and fortitude. We very much fear that "reconstruction" will not mend our condition materially.

☞ Among the published proceedings of the Police Jury, that appeared in our last paper, several errors occurred and we deem it essential and proper that we should correct an important one, that our attention has been called to. We reprint the following as it should have been:

Resolved, That we defer any action until the question goes before and is canvassed among the people, in order that they may tell their representatives whether or not they shall be *taxed* to pay the debts above referred to. Further, That this Jury takes this course because they feel the deep responsibility that is upon them, and cannot act definitely without they are better assured than at present of the wishes of the people. Further, That in the mean time the Parish Attorney defend all suits for the recovery of any of the claims alluded to until such time as a final action can be had upon them by the Jury.

We italicise the word taxed, because in our last in its place was the word forced. That was the material mistake.

☞ General Longstreet's letter is creating quite a sensation among the Radicals at the North. The Chicago Tribune and St. Louis Democrat bestow upon it most unqualified approbation. They all wind up with the advice to Congress to restore the General to his rights of citizenship.

Fire.

On Sunday morning, about 1 o'clock, a most disastrous fire occurred in our sister town of Pineville. The fire, which was undoubtedly the fiendish work of an incendiary, broke out suddenly from the large stable situated and belonging on the square of Mrs. Poussin's residence. The alarm was soon given and with little delay the citizens and the soldiers of this Post under Lieut.-Col. Bates and Lieut. Maxwell, were soon on the ground and with energy went to work to check and extinguish the devouring element. This was only done after the entire burning of Mrs. Poussin's property on the square, consisting of a fine, large dwelling and many well built and commodious out houses. The furniture and other articles of the premises were partially saved mostly in a damaged condition. The loss falls heavily on Mrs. Poussin, which over ten thousand dollars will not cover. The property of John Swartzenberger made a narrow escape and was only saved by superhuman efforts. Too much praise cannot be awarded the citizens of Pineville and more particularly the soldiers for their manly efforts in endeavoring to put out the fire and save all they could for the sufferers

We are truly pained we cannot stop at this, but are forced to mention, more in sorrow than in anger, another remarkable occurence at this disastrous fire. The steamer Live Oak, at the breaking out of the fire, was wooding at Pineville a few hundred yards below the spot, and had steam up, and did not make the least effort to give or render any assistance on the occasion, but left, without ever crossing the river to bring to Pineville the many citizens of Alexandria, who lined the bank of the river, and were eager to cross and render assistance. The people of Pineville speak in no very flattering terms of the conduct of the officers of the Live Oak on this occasion and we have received several very tart communications on the subject, which we will not publish.

We are acquainted with Captain White of the Live Oak and have always entertained the very best opinion of him as a gentleman and commander, and must express our regret and astonishment at these grave charges, and only give utterance to them in our paper, thus mildly, to prevent their being more seriously circulated to his damage. And, we must say, we cannot but think he had good and sufficient reasons to back his conduct. Our columns are at his service for his vindication.

DEATH OF GEN. A. P. HILL.—The special correspondent of the New York Times, who has been visiting the works around Petersburg, Virginia, gives the following account of the death of Gen. A. P. Hill in a letter dated May 26th:

In connection with the defense of Fort Gregg, I must also mention a fact which I learn from Gen. Mahone, in regard to the death of the distinguished Confederate corps commander, A. P. Hill. Gen. Lee's headquarters were but a short distance in the rear of Gregg, in a house on the Boydton plankroad, between the fort and the town. At the time Fort Gregg was carried Gens. Hill and Mahone were in conversation with Lee at his headquarters. As the firing grew nearer and nearer, Lee, intently listening to the sounds, suddenly turned to Hill and said: "How is this, General, your troops are giving way?" Upon this Hill mounted his horse, dashed to the front, but while galloping down the road he suddenly came upon two men in blue uniforms. "Throw down your arms!" shouted the General. But the men quickly sprang behind a tree, and levelling their pieces, fired. Hill fell from his horse dead.

☞ Registration in this Parish has closed on the South side of the river, the Registers having crossed to the North side early Monday morning.—The number now sums up 3434, among which are 600 whites.

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 13th, 1867.

Friend Democrat:—Our friend W. has registered, he says everybody ought to pitch in now, and mind everybody else's business, the country needs reconstruction, without which it will go to destruction.—But he never did go "the whole hog" on equality and fraternity, and he is more opposed to it now than ever before, in fact lately he is particularly down on the fraternity business, to explain which let me "tell you a little story." On Saturday W. started for dinner, took his seat in a Magazine street car, a starless car, quietly drew forth the Evening Times and began to read the little "family quarrel" in the Radical party, wherein the illustrious ex-Governor yielded to the yet more illustrious General's sword argument, when a two hundred and forty pound citizen of African 'scent deposited a new nickel in the box and seated himself beside W. as much as to say "ain't I a friend and a brother?"—"What can't be cured must be endured," and so W. continued his reading, when a lively old lady "ob coller" in a white Kentucky jeans dress, of fashionable length, came in, hauling after her, rather than leading, a kinkey-headed urchin of seven summers or thereabouts and depositing a greasy ten cents portel in the place "for such things made and provided" she raised the "young un" off his feet and settled him with a bang on the seat beside W., saying as she seated herself, "Dar, now you jist sit still, an don't you git up for nobody." The little nig looked as though he did not relish being pushed forward in society, but his mammy kept punching him during the ride, telling him to "sit up dar like a gemmen." The car filled up almost full, (there was standing room on the platform for a small boy and only one man on the steps) the weather was warm and the odor that filled the air that circulated around the devoted head of W. was heavier than a whole case of Mitchell's extracts could produce. All that afternoon W. felt uneasy, with an inclination to *scratch* "de top of his head, and the next morning the feeling grew stronger, and he went at it with a will. Being Sunday, he remained at home, and went around the house every now and then using his finger nails with energy. His wife, who is one of the neatest housekeepers in the world and has a holy horror of dirt, noticed his actions and finally said, "What ails you Dick? You have been going about scratch, scratch, as if your head was dirty, and I am sure I cleaned it well last Sunday." "By jove I don't know, but it feels like it was full of *emigrants.*" The good wife at once brought forth the Tricoperous combs and brushes, and proceeded to make an inspection. One, two, three, four black lively "what you call ems" was the result and then there was a time!! The mattresses were put out to air, bars searched, little heads washed and a general cleaning up, for such things had not been seen *there* before.—Dick wishes it understood that he is still "the black man's friend," but says "familiarity breeds contempt" and would like to be able to take a ride without the accompaniments of negro perfume "and all that sort of thing, you know, you know"

We are getting along finely on the road to universal equality, we have now about twenty negro policemen, not however the genuine unadulterated, so far as I have seen, but fellows of a new leather color.

Senator Wilson has returned to his home and is delighting his friends with the assurance that the negroes will all vote the Radical ticket, and estimates that by next fall eight hundred thousand colored voters will have been qualified. He thinks about a hundred orators ought to be sent South by the party, to enlighten the negroes and teach them how to vote. But the people of the North are more disposed to let the South alone than they were a few months ago.

The stagnation in trade is general all over the country, every one who comes here from that section makes the same report, "never was anything known like it before it—everything is flat." And the Secretary of the Treasury has added to the uneasiness by his plain exhibit that for months to come the public debt must be increased instead of being reduced as promised. Notwithstanding the enormous revenues collected, the deficit will exceed one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The war is over, peace has been restored more than two years and yet the promised return to specie and good times is more distant than on the day after General Lee surrendered. Why is this? is asked, not in the South, but in Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, even in Chicago, which has been for years rotten with Radicalism, and all manner of social crimes and debaucheries. Many of their leading journals are getting luke warm to the cause and advocate a return to peace and justice. To oppress and ride over the South is a very good thing, but they begin to estimate the *cost of the sport.* One little item, the salaries of Registers is put down at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a day. And while these expenses are added to the public list, the ability of the South to pay a portion of the taxes is every day becoming more and more impaired, the value of her property reduced, her energies crippled, and her people discouraged by the arbitrary acts of officials and the discordant teachings of self appointed Apostles of freedom. Many of the papers and public men of the North who have heretofore been strong supporters of the oppressive policy of the Radicals, are inspired by a new light and are filled with admiration at the earnest and many efforts of the Southern people to secure, under the rules of Congress, such rights and privileges as are left to them. Ugly growls are heard about irredeemable paper money, and expansions that lead to ruin and repudiation, which, if uttered in the South, would bring "a warning" to the paper that should make them. They even dare to say that the troubles which are coming with increasing weight upon the country are due to the mismanagement and party corruptions of the Extremists that have held the balance of power in National affairs. They advocate the encouragement and assistance of the South in the work of financial and industrial, as well as political reconstruction. This voice of warning and advice is not very strong yet, but it is a good indication that it is heard at all.

Favorable reports from the crops in all parts of the country are being received, and there is now a probability that there will be a better yield of wheat, corn, oats and hay than for several years previous. In the South corn and wheat have been extensively planted, and in those sections heard from, both look well, while in the North and West the increase over the crop of last year promises to be enormous. A writer in the Bulletin says that the value of the wheat, corn and hay raised in 1866 was $1,243,808, and that the yield of 1867 will give an increase in value of one-third. This is better news than Secretary's McCulloch's promised crop of Greenbacks.

As a variety in these dull times we have a street show now of trained rats and mice, that completely eclipses the "three blind mice." The "boss" of the affair is a thin, starved gascon, who passes around the plate to collect "a lettle monish" before he commences the show. His companion is a short, stumpy Italian First a white mouse is placed on a slack rope, and turns summersaults. Then another one goes through some performances, obeying the Gascon's commands very readily. After this five or six white rats are brought out of their box and all but one, seat themselves in a revolving swing, and the one left out pulls a rope to set the swing in motion, and around they go. Then some of them are harnessed up like horses and give others a ride in a small carriage. In fact they go through a great many surprising tricks, acting their parts with sagacity. Wherever the hungry looking showman stops, an immense crowd gathers around to see the trained rats and mice, but he invariably passes the plate around before he begins, and this thins out the audience, most of whom "have not got time to wait" when the pics and dimes are called for.

From developements that have been made in the last few days it appears that General Sheridan in removing civil officers here acted contrary to the express *wishes* of General Grant, that officer having in two or three of his communications to the Commanding General of this District, *advised* that no removals be made. Whether this will bring any change in our rulers or not, cannot be told, and is not of great consequence to us, as no man is just as good as another "and a great deal better." As we are "sorter used" to our present Military Commander, perhaps it would be more comfortable not to have a change, and as they all insist that we are a set of rebels, unsafe to trust, at heart opposed to reconstruction and anxious to massacre the whole race of "newly enfranchised citizens" and that they know our rights, privileges and necessities *a great deal better than we do,* it don't make much difference to us "which way the cat jumps." So let us do what we can to bring order out of chaos, every man register that can get the privilege, so that we may have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best. "Half a loaf is better than no bread at all," and if we are not granted the full extent of liberty that we think we deserve, in patience and hope we must "grin and bear it." Yours truly,

TIM. LINKINWATER.

NEW ORLEANS, June 19th, 1867.

Friend Democrat:—The Republican, official Journal of the Radicals, published in this city, has a very exalted opinion of you. I do not know whether you are aware of it or not, but I thought I would not let you "burst in ignorance" of the fact. The other day this truthful and impartial journal had a whole column filled with accounts of the outrages perpetrated on freedmen, most of which were located in your vicinity. Such as, a freedman was shot while at work in the field, because he had expressed a wish to register—others had been knocked down, whipped and otherwise cruelly treated for the same offence. A negro who had been thus wounded, crawled, weak and bleeding, into town, where he had to lay in the streets all night and next morning, was roughly ordered out, under pain of imprisonment, for refusal to obey. The officers of the Government were said to fraternize with well known "rebels" and refuse redress to the "loyal" people who are thus abused. This is a sample of the trash which this impartial newspaper spreads before its readers—and which are copied into the Radical prints throughout the country. Of course the leaders, the Bankses, Butlers, Hunnicuts and others who guide their party, know these stories to be false, but the thousands of laborers and mechanics, who compose the sub-strata, swallow them all as gospel truths. In these tales of horror they see nothing beyond belief, because they judge of society here by that in which they live. What is impossible in cruelty to a people who lash their children to death for not saying their prayers, who boil the hands and feet of their children, and after whipping them without mercy for weeks, hangs them up by the heels, as was done with a little boy in Indiana a few weeks ago, his *guardian* inflicting the cruelties, while his *own mother* quietly looked on? Where a crowd of ruffians enter a poor woman's house, compel her weak minded daughter to go through the mockery of a marriage ceremony with one of their number, who then and there, amidst the laughs and jeers of his heartless companions, commits such an outrage as would call a blush of shame to the face of a Bushman. And when the scoundrels are arrested and brought into Court, the Judge decides that no punishment can be inflicted on them, as the law acknowledges the marriage ceremony as legal, although performed by a mock minister. And so in the *christian* city of Brooklyn, the home of Beecher the great champion of freedom and puritanism, these fiends in human shape, are turned loose upon society, and the ruined girl is left to her fate. The Northern papers are full of such crimes and outrages not contributed by partisan writers, itinerant correspondents or manufactured for political effect, but given as current events, and of such common occurrence as to scarcely merit editorial comment. Is it any wonder then that the "riffraff" of northern voters, believe the fabulous stories of cruelties towards freedmen by southern people, that their political wire pullers manufacture and circulate for party ends?

Our city has been awfully dull and quiet the past weeek, with hardly a noteworthy event.

An attempt to burn a store and swindle the insurance companies was frustrated, last week, by a young man who was engaged to assist in carrying out the plan. This young man, whose name is Levy, was asked by DaRocha to come and work in his store on Chartres street, and assist in setting it on fire, for which he was to receive five hundred dollars. Levy reported the conversation to the Chief of Police, who advised him to accept the offer, and keep the officers posted about the matter—Levy did as he was requested, and one evening when he came out of the store with his employers, he gave the signal to the officers on guard that everything was prepared.—After they had gone off the officers entered the store, opening the door with a key they had procured for the purpose, and found in the rear of the store a pile of combustibles and a slow match which was lighted and burning down, so that in a few minutes more the store would have been in flames. The guilty parties were at once arrested and held for trial. The stock of the store was insured for 8,000, and the place did not contain over 1,000 worth of goods. Last Fall, the same parties, DaRocha and Becker, were in business on Canal street, when their store was partially destroyed by fire, the origin of which was considered a mystery. Part of the insurance money was paid to them and a part contested by some of the companies, I am told, suspecting foul play. Since the development of the plan to burn the Chartres street store, the insurance companies who paid on the canal street loss, have taken steps to regain their money. It was a well concocted scheme, and would no doubt have destroyed several other stores had it been carried out.

Mr. James Gresham, No. 92 Camp street, who is agent for a number of the most popular Magazines of the country, and has a choice stock of Law, Medical, School and Miscellaneous Books, has furnished me with the last number of "The Land We Love," General Hill's entertaining and instructive Monthly, and "The Riverside Magazine." This last is for the little folks—it is full of stories, suitable to young minds, and is handsomely printed and illustrated. Having looked it carefully through, I commend it to your readers as a work that will afford great amusement, and at the same time improve and elevate the minds of its young readers.

Provisions are getting more reasonable in prices, we can now buy at retail, choice goshen butter at 25 cents; Western butter at 15 cents; new cheese, 15 cents; Rio Coffee, 25 cents; Choice Sugar Cured Hams, 18 cents; Fair sugar, 12½, light coffee sugar, 15 and 16 cents. Good Flour is still very high, and retails at from $16 00 to $19 00 per barrel.

Yours Truly,

TIM. LINKINWATER.

Cotton Culture---Its Inducements and Present Prospects.

NO. III.

[FOR THE LOUISIANA DEMOCRAT.

In No. 2 of this series, I gave, (as I thought) some of the causes operating against cotton culture, as formerly conducted, and still attempted, mentioned reasons pertinent to deprive us of hope as to its profitableness as far as present prospects warrant—they need not be repeated. If the discussion of the subject claims attention from any, if these articles possess any merit, they must be taken *as a whole,* not disconnectedly—as each succeeding one is but a continuation of argument, or impressions of the mite foreshadowed in its predecessor. The field is indeed extensive, the subject not easily exhausted. In all sincerity I beg here to say, the object of the writer is more to elicit the views of others, in a matter so important—appealing as it does, so directly to the interest of all, than the hope of reflecting any new light thereon, by anything he may be able to adduce.

I consider it a matter of almost life and death to all engaged in the cultivation of cotton, the very hinge on which every branch of industry or enterprise turns—circumstances, past and present, have brought our once prosperous section into a sad dilema. It may indeed be said we are struggling in the very death throes—let us not be deceived by false lights, vain allurements. God helps *only those who strive* to help themselves And now to the point. I concluded my last with the following questions: "How then are we to live, utterly abjuring all hope of paying off even a moiety of debts contracted in times past, of accumulating beyond our daily wants by relying on cotton, by attempting its cultivation as heretofore? Is such a consummation probable, is it even practicable?" These questions, Mr. Editor, are momentous—it is with no feigned diffidence but absolutely a shrinking of the heart, I would attempt a reply, in the brief effort I may be charged with presumption or temerity, but even these will not deter me, if sustained by hope that an attempt of good can be accomplished. Cotton planting has been my lifetime occupation—once indeed it was a delightful pursuit, if then your humble correspondent can claim to possess a practical knowledge on any one subject, surely it must be that, wherein his constant experience for the last thirty years has been brought into requisition. Pardon this digression, doubt and distrust of his own ability has caused.

To elucidate the subject in hand it cannot be necessary to trace the history of cotton from its first discovery, to show its uses, its importance as an essential in domestic economy and comfort—how great, how unprecedented an influence it has attained in the world's commerce. The two last postulates are too familiar to all to render any demonstration necessary. By what nation or people it was first discovered, or its peculiar adaptation to the wants of man appreciated, is a matter still of doubt, nor is it of the least importance to know. It may be stated it has been known to exist, its use applied in the earliest history of the nations subsequent to the deluge. To the Phenecians, the Tyrians, the Arabs and Egyptians, amongst what are called the ancients, it was known and used, certainly as clothing, or the adornment of their religious or sacrifical temples, if not as a commodity for barter. The most primitive article for clothing adopted by the human species, as recorded, was "fig leaves," subsequently the skins of wild beasts was used; at what particular era of the world's history, cotton and kindred fixtures superceded these, is now a matter wholly unimportant, and if any substitute for it is ever adopted, it remains to be discovered. It is probably only within the last half century of our own history that its cultivation became so general. The greatest impulse was given it by the invention of the cotton gin, the product of American genius and ingenuity, by which a commercial revolution was inaugurated, hitherto unprecedented. But the mighty grasp of a mind like that of Whitney (the inventor,) sanguine, far-reaching as his hopes and aspirations may have been, could scarcely have anticipated the mighty results to which his own genius gave birth. In tracing the history of cotton production in the United States, its very greatest impulse may be said to be the result of political causes, consummated during the administration of President Jackson. The Indian title to a very large belt of the most productive cotton land in our own country, if not in the world, became extinct by its purchase from the Choctaw tribe, and their removal further West. This section of territory, soon after its acquisition, known as the "new, or Choctaw purchase," lay chiefly in the State of Mississippi, and from its latitude, as well as remarkable fertility and adaptation to cotton production, was soon taken up and brought into cultivation—its wonderful fertility securing for it the soubriquet of of the "Cotton El Dorado." The political measures alluded to as having been brought to bear, and given so great an impulse at this time to cotton culture, grew out of the fact of the putting down the old U. S. Bank, and the establishment on its ruins of hundreds of what were called "Pet Banks." The currency of the country, (having no regulator) became enormously inflated. Banks, both public and private, sprung up like mushrooms. Their issue almost unlimited, their circulation so redundant, as frequently at the time, to have been compared to "berries in June." A spirit of the wildest speculation and extravagance was introduced, fed and pampered by the extraordinary ease with which bank discounts were obtained.—Every species of production, merchandise, labor, &c., was greatly enhanced in value, or commanded most exorbitant prices.—Cotton not only felt the influence but bounded to the impetus thus given. The possession of cotton lands and slaves to cultivate them, became the rage, the absolute mania, that seized the minds of thousands, the very high price the fabric commanded added fuel to the flame, stimulating the then ruling passion for speculation and gain, very many instances might be given to show, (during the George Law fever or mania that prevailed at the time alluded to) how colossal fortunes were suddenly made, and often times as suddenly lost, while a monomania had taken hold of the minds, swayed the judgments of so large a portion of the community.—Ephemeral were their hopes, brief the existence of the golden era, so many prophesied had commenced. Like the bursting of all such bubbles, ruin followed to thousands in its immediate wake—bankruptcy to almost the entire community, cotton as was to be expected, *withered at its breath*—involving thousands in insolvency. In the year 1836, owing to the political causes above alluded to, cotton commanded the (then) almost fabulous price of 20 cents and upwards, per pound, the very next year it had fallen to 6,8 and 10 cents, while all articles of necessary home consumption, continued enormously high—*because, none had been raised at home;* cotton, like the rod of Aaron has devoured all minor or smaller considerations, cotton was then said "to be King, and alas for many! believed to be. Cotton, it was then thought, would be raised, no matter what the probable price it would command, even at the sacrifice of bread and meat, which was to be bought, no matter at what price, could not the position of all advocating such a policy, be compared to that of the foolish virgins, "who went to the marriage feast, but took no oil in their lamps?" The writer well remembers a leading and favorite motto with many of that day, viz: "I buy negroes to raise cotton to buy more negroes, *to raise more cotton, &c.,* how suicidal this policy proved, the sequel soon and most lamentably established. I have gone (tediously perhaps to many) into these details of cotton, as it was thirty years ago, for by them I hope to illustrate and establish the principles laid down on enquiry into the inducements for cotton culture, all I have given of its history heretofore, operates to a much greater extent at the present time—clogs and impediments now exist, then unknown, not even thought of, as a future contingency or possibility. I will try to establish the postulates I have laid down, prove to the satisfaction of some, if not all, a matter in which all, however, are most deeply, most vitally interested. It is that the cultivation of cotton, under existing circumstances, *it must be abandoned* as a first *consideration,* that it must be made *secondary* to that of raising bread and meat as well as to other productions and pursuits. We *must* do this, Mr. Editor, or very soon we will cease to be able to do any thing. Give the body first the necessary food, that the muscles may expand and harden, to enable it to endure the toil by which the food can be obtained. If you and your readers will kindly bear with me, I hope to be able to prove my position.

"PLANTER."

☞ The Bart Able and National are moving along finely under their new programme, and coming up finely to time! and we sincerely trust they will meet with renumerative and substantial encouragement. Among other sensible tricks of their clerks they have bountifully remembered the Democrat and have the prayers of our class leader. Remember the Bart. Able goes down to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock and the National Sunday morning at the same hour.

☞ The weather has been hot, awfully hot the whole of the past week, and we are certain that the most obdurate salamander cannot find fault with it on that score. The crops are now suffering for rain, more particularly the corn.

☞ Bear in mind that the St Nicholas, ever punctual and regular, leaves this morning at 10 o'clock, for the Crescent City.

☞ Sam. Lawson, of the T. D. Hine, has placed us under further obligations for New Orleans papers.

☞ A Theif in Philadelphia with the detectives on his track threw $5,000 worth of diamonds into the river Delaware.

☞ When you come to Town don't forget to call at the Store of J. E. Gibson.