

SOUTHERN STANDARD.

VOLUME I.

COLUMBUS, LOWNDES COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1851.

NUMBER 13.

SOUTHERN STANDARD
IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
CHAPMAN & SMITH,
At three dollars per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS—First insertion (ten lines or less) \$1.00; for each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. The number of insertions must be specified on the face of the copy furnished, or it will be published until forbid and charged as above.

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From the American Citizen.

COUNCIL SPRINGS, March, 1851.

Messrs. Editors: Having been a subscriber to your respectable paper (Mississippi Creole) for many years, and having found its columns open at all times to any communication which I have thought proper to lay before the public, and as the present questions which have agitated the people of the United States for the last two years, are of more importance to their constitutional rights and liberty, than any that have heretofore, or perhaps ever will again require their serious consideration, I again trespass upon your kindness.

There cannot be a doubt but every lover of his country, South, and equality between her citizens, have the same opinion in view, and the only question with them is, as to the most proper and peaceable mode to guarantee their equal rights in the confederacy, now and for all time to come. All great nations have their trials, and often for the want of prudence, the ship of State strikes the uncharted rock, and goes down to rise no more. The unchangeable laws of God are founded on the rock of equity, but the laws of our nature are reverse of those great fundamental principles of liberty. Hear I might stop and look with faith and certainty for justice from a God-fearing and law-abiding people, did we not see before our eyes, an almost impassible gulf of nature, the uncontrollable nature of man to act for self, and intrude on the rights, duties and business of others; if those were not facts, the human family would require no less (but these within themselves) to govern them, this wicked and self-justifying nature discovered itself in the action of man at a very early day of his existence, and to curb the seeds of vice and tyranny, laws were introduced and on those great and fundamental principles, (as firm and as brilliant as the shining sun,) the institution of government for the benefit of man was established, and from the remotest age it has been the aim and object of the great and virtuous, to improve those laws for the benefit and happiness and improvement of man, the most noble and exalted of God's creation.

No one doubts the right of revolution to all communities who believe themselves aggrieved, but have the States of this Union no other rights to remedy wrongs and violations of the compact, (under the compact) but unconditional submission and disgrace.

The States have given Congress no power to make war on a State, the only question is what power have the States of the Union, separate in their sovereign capacity to object to a State's withdrawal from the Union; the compact is silent both as to the State's sovereignty and in the Union jointly to object. The wisdom of our faith is no doubt intended (and justly too) to leave this question to the parties separate from each to act and do for themselves, as circumstances might arise. The present generation would leave the question with the States, were they now to perform the duty our fathers did in forming a constitutional compact, and were the present generation as jealous of their rights as our revolutionary fathers were, we would hear and see none of those wide-spread and death-like gashes inflicted on the constitution and liberties of the people of the United States. If we are to judge the future from the past and present, we certainly have a dark and bewildering journey in our advance, on the slave question.—For one moment permit me to take a glance at its history and the acts and doings of men and governments on the subject.

At an early day in the history of the English colonies in America, the introduction of the African was encouraged by the home Government, and very soon fostered and aided by colonial legislation; this system of theft was kept up by the owners of American ships with those of the mother country, and at the close of the war of the revolution, the people of the United States found within their limits near seven hundred thousand slaves. And how did the great and good men of that day set to remedy the evil of slavery, so much complained of? They granted its importation from abroad, by the constitution for twenty years, and from the rapid increase within those twenty years, we may suppose our Northern brethren were not idle with their ships and time, and could the waters of the mighty Atlantic speak and send forth the number of murdered negroes by their dungeon confinement and starvation while passing the Atlantic, the rocks would cry out, mountains would sink, the seas would dispart, humanity would shudder, and the nations of the earth would cry out mercy and protection, and from the fate and place of our dear brethren who are to be so tenderly dealt with as not to hurt their feelings. And after the limit in the constitution expired, Congress put a stop to the theft from the land of the benighted African. And what next? They had grown fat in this business, and as it appears, it had become a part of their nature. They had commenced stealing negroes from slave States—the very negroes and their increase that they had stolen from the shores of Africa, years before. And now we stand at the end of sixty-three years with a slave population of upwards of three millions; and by the rule of increase, what will the next sixty or seventy years bring forth? Near twenty millions of negroes.—You don't say so! Yes, gentlemen, our children will be confined by our present limits of slave territory, and in all probability much curtailed by the operation of free-soilism, with that mighty army of land destroying negroes.

And what do you think will then take place? (and I fear long before that period.) The fate and lot of the Island of St. Domingo, only fifty years ago. Then stop the decree if you can, yet with more success may hope to stop the flow of the fathers of waters into the Gulf of Mexico, than to divert the fate of the fair daughters of the sunny South.

When we see the so-called free States passing laws to punish negro stealers and negro concealers, we may then hope soon to receive justice at their hands—what would the people of Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas do were the people of Texas to commit similar acts to those committed by the free States, in stealing, concealing, deceiving, and destroying the rights of property in that of slaves? The answer is as clear as noon-day—they would rise to a man, and march into the territory of the thieves, and demand justice and recompense for the wrongs, and receive it at the cannon's mouth. I ask you, gentlemen and my countrymen, to define the difference in the crime of theft, be it committed north or south?

From the acts of the past and the horrors of the future, it requires no forecast of reflection to decide as to the fate of the institution of slavery and all concerned with it.

The dreams of midnight assassination will doubtless be realized with consternation beyond the comprehension of the mind of man. The sanctified in Heaven cannot contemplate the scene of suffering and destruction. I am admonished from a trembling nerve to

members to come together and consider of the complaints, and in good faith try to remedy them, or convince the complaints that their conclusions are in error. If both these methods fail to give satisfaction, then it becomes the honorable duty of the parties to discharge the aggravated party from the bond, and if they fail or refuse, it then becomes the imperative duty to protect life, liberty and property, by withdrawing peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must. This, in a great and momentous question like the present, which now agitates the American States, having no common arbiter but themselves, "all questions which cannot be made judicial questions, if not settled by compromise must go unsettled, as the acts of Congress and the Executive of the United States are of no more binding force on the States, than the acts of the Legislature and the Governor are on the Union; in this respect they are equal."—On such questions the confederate government has no powers beyond the agency for the parties in peace, and can only act in strict compliance with the expressly delegated powers, or such powers as may from time to time be delegated by the contracting parties. If these are not the correct principles upon which our government was founded and alone can act, the sooner the States dispense with the agency, the longer they will be a free and happy people.

The most dangerous features in the controversy between the States, as to the acts and powers of the common agents are set forth by some men that the Congress and the Executive of the Union are empowered with the aid of the purse and the sword, to interfere with the sovereignty of a State, put it down, take away its rights in and out of the Union, and put it under colonial submission. No freeman of the land and home of George Washington, whose great name stands first on the Constitution of the United States, will admit it to be a constitutional right. We all admit power can enforce acts which are often wrong and seldom right, and as the putting down of one State, (if one can be put down,) it seals the fate of the remaining States. As history teaches that power is always gathering to power, as smaller bodies are attracted by the larger, and liberty like virtue can only be preserved by suffering no violations, but when suffered to depart cannot be regained by the same generation.

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fetch this communication to a close, and leave it to the lot of the pale and ghastly countenanced historian of that day to write out our destiny in these words: *amalgamated, niggerated and separated!* D. W. HALEY.

The Southern Rights Party seems, at this epoch, to be the only party in the country that has preserved intact and sound, the integrity of its organization. It is knit together by the strong bonds of enduring principles having their foundations deep in the native soil. The rights of home, kindred and country are its objects, and watchword. It is for the South first, and for the Union only, as subordinate to the interests of the South. What can stay the growth of such a party? Who can smother the patriotic feeling that swells up from every manly heart, and burns in every woman's bosom for the soil that gave them birth and is endeared to them by the title of "native land." As well plant seed in the fertile earth, water it with warm showers and pour on it the rays of genial sunshine and command it, not to grow. Fecundity of moral sentiment, as well as vegetable germination is a law of the earth. The Home party must grow, and he who attempts to overturn the domestic altars and erect a Pantheon of strange gods from far off countries, will fail, so soon as time, reflection and nature have had opportunity to do their certain work on the human heart.

We say it is the only party intact. Where is the old National Democratic Party? Torn and dissevered by the bomb-shell which it allowed abolitionism to explode in its midst. By courage and fidelity to its principles, it could have met and crushed the danger—but it compromised and quailed—it listened to the tempter, and fell. Where is the Whig party? Literally swallowed up by abolitionism, its distinctive lines effaced, and now its chief in all the free States. So complete is the amalgamation, that its Southern wing has been forced to disband as a Whig organization; repudiated its old name, and become submissionists under the euphony of "constitutional Union. And where is the submissionist party? What its hopes, its prospects and its principles? Like a wanton woman, its creed of submission is a patent invention to Abolition lust and cupidity—come and take me. Its cry is, the union first; Southern Rights, if consistent with union. Its roots instead of striking deep into the sympathies of native soil, seek nourishment from the wrappings of bits of starred and striped bunting. It curls its hair nightly, in scraps of paper with garbled extracts from Washington's Farewell address printed on it—it feeds its delicate stomach on Bunker Hill ditties and fourth of July rhapsodies, and worships the skeleton of a union, now emaciated of its glory, and disengaged from the spirit of life, liberty and equality which once lighted up its ribs of death. It dwells on the poetry and romance of the past, and turns its affrighted eyes from the realities of the present. Its Mecca is Washington City—power and the spoils thereof, its lodestone—deceit and delusion its passport for it in the future. What is the Georgia Platform? It amounts to this—you have kicked me, pulled my nose and spit in my face—but if hereafter you slap my cheek, I'll resist. Who believes in such a fighting platform as that? The politicians who submitted to what is past in the catalogue of wrongs to the South, will go on submitting to the end of the chapter. WILL THE PEOPLE CONSENT TO FURTHER CONCESSIONS AND SUBMISSIONS? That is the question now up—it will be formed the parties to meet in contest at the October polls—on it, will be decided the SUBMISSION and the SOUTHERN RIGHTS parties.—*Columbus Times.*

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—A writer in a Pittsburg paper says that the following salve is most valuable, and of positive efficacy, in cases of burns, sores, &c. After peeling the outside bark of the elder, scrape off the green bark that is under, and stew it in lard till it is crisp, then strain it in a jar and put it away. Another writer, speaking of the salve, says:

"The lady with whom I sojourned, informed me of a boy whose foot had been cut, and was almost in a putrid state when she examined it, none of the usual appliances being found of any service. She asked permission to apply a salve which she had, and leaving being granted, in a very short time a complete cure was effected. Shortly after I was paying a visit to some friends in Washington county of this State, where I heard of an old negro man who was suffering the most intense agony from a sore foot, which had become so offensive that it was impossible for any one to remain in the room with him. He was given up for death, as incurable except by amputation. I mentioned this salve to the owner of the old negro, and on my return forwarded a box of it, which was used upon the foot, and I was gratified to learn that it had effected a complete cure."

OFFICE UNDER THE GOVERNMENT.—"Caesar, dischile gwine to Washington, to ply for office ob de gwintment."

"Well, darkey, what you is trying to get off now eh? Suppose you want to be barer of speeches to Libeery? Dis chile dont expatiate himself from his dopted native country. No sahree! In de word ob de sarm town, Ees,

"Breeve dere de soul so kill, so dead, As nebbler to himself have said Dis is my own native land! If such dere breeve go! Carry him back to ole Virginny."

"Non-n-noon Caesar, why dose you always dance off on de heel of fancy? Dis chile nebbler tear himself away from Uncle Sam. Now dis is de offis I ply for, and I see great influence wid Massa Daniel Webster's waiter, so I guess I get it. I see gwine to ply for de post of sexton in Post Offis a partment."

"Yes sah, I berry de dead letters. Sometime you hear, Caesar, eh!—sometime, dey have money in em, and den I rifle de corpse! You see sah? Yah! Yah! Yah!"

Immigrant Ships.—Their Arrival in New Orleans.

All our New Orleans exchange papers seem to be rife with the excitement prevailing relative to the bad treatment immigrants receive at the hands of some of those "sea serpents," the English navy officers on board immigrant vessels. Two British ships lately arrived from Liverpool loaded with poor delapidated creatures seeking for new homes. Some of them were in a most horrible condition, and many had met with a watery grave, in consequence of the crowded condition and want of ventilation on board, together also from the want of wholesome food they died. They are principally supplied by a band of "land sharks" at Liverpool, who are agents for ships, and well paid by the owners and masters to rob and cheat the poor unfortunate strangers as they arrive at the Docks; holding out inducements to embark in this ship and that ship to secure a comfortable voyage. Stating to them at the same time "this ship will positively sail to-morrow," and as the stranger has not more money than will pay his passage and buy a few scanty provisions for the voyage; he is induced to take, as he supposes, the first ship. He then pays his passage secures his provisions, and goes on board, anxiously waiting for the morrow; but alas! that morrow does not arrive until, perhaps, two weeks have elapsed, and so when the vessel starts, he has but about half enough provisions left for the voyage. Then he is compelled to call upon others for assistance, until eventually, necessity drives them to subscribe their few remaining pence with which to purchase food from the cruel hard-hearted skipper, and then the poor unfortunates land in a strange country, diseased, wretched and without a cent.—*Free Trader.*

We copy the following from the True Delta of Saturday:

A Voice from the Ship Blanche Shambles:

Nobody would be surprised to find in the Bulletin of yesterday, after the custom-house announcement that "the British Consul, William Mure, Esq., is seconding the efforts of the collector in bringing to proper punishment the violators of our acts of Congress," nobody, we say, would be surprised to find after that important notice and insistent communication, purporting to be written by one Thomas Duckitt, who signs himself captain of the English pestiferous hulk, Blanche—but who smokes strongly of a brass button official. The brass button man knows a hawk from a heronshaw as well as the next man, and is up to the trick of publishing advertisements to effect one object, while apparently pursuing a generous and proper course in another direction. We give credit to the brass button man he is wise in his generation, we do not detract from his merits, but he must not complain if we overlook his importance while we glance at the duty of American officials.

Three or four days ago we sought for information in relation to the Blanche, and her reported violation of the laws of the Republic and humanity, and when Mr. Hineks, the gentlemanly and excellent Deputy Collector, handed us her passenger list for examination, and we asked him whether it was authenticated by the oath of the captain, he replied: no; that the captain was reported at the point of death from ship fever; and that the British Consul had sent the papers to the Collector's office. That list had 497 names returned upon it, and when we called upon Mr. N. Siamot, collector of the passenger tax, for the charity hospital, to compare the Custom-house return with his list, that attentive officer exhibited the Liverpool broker's list, the Captain's own private directory, by which it appeared the real number of unfortunates on board this infernal hulk, exceeded 530 souls. It is needless to enquire how this man Duckitt, who lay at the point of death when his oath was required to the ship's papers, has so miraculously been resurrected as to be able to give the people a lesson on American law and British humanity, and to vindicate "my (his) country and its government" from the unscrupulous attacks of the True Delta." Well done Duckitt!

Duckitt is a thorough-paced, stolid Englishman; all the presumption, self-sufficiency, and vulgarity of the class to which he instinctively belongs, stand out in this communication, that the "brass button" man has culminated over his signature, to silence the press, impose forbearance on the public, and choke off the authorities. The last may, perhaps, be accomplished, the two first may not be quite so easy.

Hear how Duckitt talks of death, and how coolly and brutally, just as his master, and the "brass button" man's master, the mercantile Palmerston, or any other aristocratic fool of England, would talk of the slaughter of the wretched Irish poor, whom a cruel but inevitable necessity has thrown into their hellish embers:

"Of the number I lost 25 by death—certainly not an excessive mortality under the lamentable circumstances—and it ought to be remarked that not one of the English passengers died though under the same circumstances, and having the same diet as the rest, who were from Ireland. Nor did I lose one of my crew. I forbear to assign a reason for this exception from disease, to which the others fell a prey, leaving better judges to determine the effect debility and previous habits might have produced."

Great God! what idea must such fellows as Duckitt have, or the well dressed tools of his government, who get up this insolent cold-blooded publication, of the feelings, intelligence or justice of this community, or the integrity of the administration of the laws of this Republic! Only 25 deaths says this Englishman, "certainly not an excessive mortality." That is consolatory, only twenty-five died, and not one of them was of English birth. Surely Duckitt is not blameable after that. We recommend Duckitt to Mr. Ferret, the collector, and to Mr. Hutton, the District Attorney; he cannot fail to receive kind treatment at their hands, for does he not tell them that not an English passenger died?

When but a few years ago the famine regard in poor Ireland; when the hearts of her persecuted children were truly desolate; when her wail and her lamentation moved the Turk to commiseration and the poor Hebrew of the Continent of Europe to give with a generous hand from his own scant stores; when the nations of Europe looked aghast, as our sons and her groans, reached their ears, and the heart of our own America was sad with anguish at the recital of her wrongs and her sufferings, and gave from her abundant stores wherewith to assuage the pangs of her hunger; at that time the Duckitts of the British government, when informed that a wretched, famishing Irish mother knawed the flesh of the arm of her dead infant, as it hung at her milkless nipple, replied in derision, that it could not be helped; it was not their fault, things were not so in England! Of course not and what consequence was it, what the poor famishing wretch in Ireland did or suffered?

That is just what Duckitt and the "brass button" man here think; only twenty-five have died on the plague stricken hulk, and one hundred and forty-four been sent to the Charity Hospital, to die also, most probably; but under the "lamentable circumstance" that is not bad, for "not an English passenger died." Thank God, no English passenger has died; we welcome with all our heart, the

English passenger, or any other passenger, who comes with willing hands and an honest heart to our shores; long may he have his health and strength, and may he never again find himself on an English hulk, with a Duckitt for a captain.

The people of England are excelled by none in their generosity, humanity and justice. No good, honest hearted Englishmen, but will glory in seeing the wretches who fatten on the miseries and indign punishment. We know plenty such, and we are proud to know them, and we will do our utmost to have their wishes carried out, and exemplary punishment inflicted upon the wrong doers.

THE MEASUREMENT OF THE BLANCHE.—The captain of this hulk intimates that he and his avaricious owners are not justly amenable to our laws, which they have disgracefully outraged, because of errors of measurement made by the corrupt officials of their own country. This is a capital joke truly. British functionaries collude with British-ship-owners, give false measurement of their vessels, to enable the latter to increase their ill-gotten gains out of the blood and marrowless bones of the unfortunate creatures who may be seduced into taking passage with them, and then, when they are called to account for their atrocious waste of life, they coolly turn round and say it is hard they should be punished for their diabolical turpitude! These fellows employed two gentlemen of Algiers to measure the Blanche, who report that they found her less by one thousand superficial feet than the English papers which she carries give her, thus furnishing the strongest possible grounds for believing that a regular system of fraud exists in Liverpool, and that the government officers and ship-owners are the guilty parties. Of course no honorable house, no merchant of standing or integrity is found mixed up with or sanctioning such foul proceedings; but whether so or not, has nothing to do with the plain simple duty of the officers of this government, who have sworn to maintain the laws, and see that they are faithfully administered.

We are quite satisfied the necessary proof to procure the forfeiture of the pest ship Blanche is abundant; and further, that the testimony to convict her captain of a misdemeanor punishable with twelve months imprisonment, is now with the proper officer.

Captain Duckitt may bribe poor creatures into signing certificates, but he will find, or we are much mistaken, that he has got into a bad box, when all the "brass button" men on this continent cannot extricate him, if our authorities do their duty.

Children under the age of one year do not count as passengers, *all others do*, which may be news to Capt. Duckitt and his brass button friends.

Another flag over the Blanche may not improve her sailing qualities, but we will vouch for its improving her safety, as well as giving her a reputation very different from her present infamous one.

The Soil of the South.

Mr. Solon Robinson, one of the editors of the American Agriculturist, furnished the following article for the first number of "The Soil of the South."

How little is known of this, either by residents or non-residents? Its fertility is a hidden mystery. Those unaccustomed to its productions, while passing over long miles of tiresome sand, are ready to exclaim, "what a miserable poor barren country." True, there are some partially barren lands, but the proportion is very small. The traveler is surprised to hear that some of the lands which he despised as worthless, have yielded half a bale of cotton to the acre, for a series of years, under a system of cultivation that would not produce enough grain to feed the cultivator in half the northern States. Much of this poor miserable soil, as the stranger is apt to term it, possesses a most wonderful recuperative power, and is capable of more severe treatment than any other similar soil in the world.

Besides the broad bottom lands of the richest alluvion, which abounds upon every river, and upon almost every creek, there are vast tracts of southern soil lying hundred feet above the present flow of floods, just as fertile as those which have been formed within the present memory of man. I may point out the high bluffs of Natchez and Vicksburg—the prairie lands of the Tombigbee, and the cane brake lands of Marengo and adjoining counties in Alabama. There is another kind of soil of the South, that I value more highly than the alluvial bottoms. This is what is called the *red lands*, like those for instance, around Tallahassee. The utmost exertion of bad farming that even Florida can boast of is insufficient to destroy this kind of land. It really amused me to hear people talk about this and that field being worn out. Why, sir, you might as well talk to the Chattahoochee about wearing out the granite bed over which it foams and tumbles along the front of your city. Upon examination, I found that instead of land being worn, those who had made the attempt at its destruction had never got into it. They had only loosened up a little coating of vegetable mould upon the surface, which they had scratched up and down the steep side hills, with a thing they called a plough, until they had succeeded in sending all this loose matter down into creeks with every shower, until the land was no longer productive, and then uttered the foul slander upon one of the best soils in the world, by saying it was worn out. Worn out indeed! Why, the sloven had never made an impression upon the soil—that remains unbroken. It is in many places twenty feet deep—a rich loam colored red by oxide of iron, and having enough of that substance in it to make it compact together so firmly that wells stand without walling through long years; even ditches retain their form a long time. It is full of calcareous matter, that renders it almost inexhaustible, and only requires to be stirred up to the air and mixed with vegetable matter from the very bottom; and it will continue to produce good crops until the whole strata is washed off, which will be a long time after all the generations of the earth have been swept away. This kind of soil is very abundant throughout middle Florida, Alabama and other States.

There is another kind of soil of the south, that as yet, has hardly begun to attract attention, that at no distant day will be looked upon as the best of all others. I allude to the almost valueless and despised *swamp lands*. Whenever this land or lands has been skillfully drained and put into cultivation it proves more valuable and productive than any other. Gen. Hammond, of South Carolina, has done as much at least as any other man to demonstrate the value of upland swamps for corn or cotton. Thousands of acres of swamp near the coast have been made available for rice, and considerable quantities of the long staple cotton. At present uplands are too cheap and labor too dear to expect any great improvements in bringing these immense tracts of rich soil into use; but that time will come, and the time will never come when the soil of the South will be worn out and become barren and worthless. The most worn out piece of old field of Georgia can be restored by the use of fertilizers, such as lime, plaster, guano, bone dust,

vegetable manures, of which the best and easiest applied, after partially restoring the fertility by means of foreign manures, is the cow pie—the true southern clover. In Virginia many of the most miserable worn out old plantations have been made to produce twelve or fifteen bushels of wheat, and a beautiful growth of clover by an application of two hundred pounds of Peruvian guano, sown broad cast and ploughed in upon an acre. Like effects can be produced upon like soil elsewhere.

But while men can find new land to cut down and plant till exhausted, or a new country in the west to run off to, we must not expect to see the system of destruction cease. It is easier to destroy than to save; men can perhaps make more money by such a course, and they will pursue it until the whole country is overrun and the soil hid destroyed before they will be convinced of the error of such a system.

High prices of cotton will always have a tendency to destroy southern soil. While that is high men will not take time to save, much more improve their lands.

"Who threw that last Brick?"

We copy the following ghost story from the Eastern Clarion, published at Paudling in this State. It lays the Rochester knockings in the shade.

RALEIGH, Miss., March 21st, 1851.

Mr. Editor: A portion of the good citizens of Smith have had their eyes opened within a few days past. "Wonders will never cease to be told," and what has occurred within the present week has not disposed me to doubt its truth. If a stranger were to pass through the North-eastern portion of our country about this time, ere long he would turn his heels upon us in rapid succession, fully convinced as was the Irishman, when he halted at the Hot Springs in Virginia, that *hell is not a mile distant!*

Col. Desha, who now resides in Raleigh, has a farm about fifteen miles North-east of here, upon which a Mr. Fleming Bates now lives. On Wednesday, the 19th inst., a report was brought to the Colonel that some one was brick-battering his house, situated on his farm. He immediately repaired to the scene of action, accompanied by Messrs. E. P. Overly, J. G. Beckwell, John Watkins and Dr. Bates. It was night when they reached the farm. Pieces of brickbat were still falling in and about the house. The Colonel, with the gentleman who went with him, and those who happened to be there, took their stations, armed with double-barrel guns, to guard the house, and find out, if possible, *who threw the bricks*. But a few moments elapsed, when the Colonel heard some one at the house exclaim, "What did you come here for?" and as he heard pieces of brick fall on the house instantly; but instead of finding the desired object, to his utter astonishment he beheld Mr. Fleming Bates holding a conversation with some unseen object. What voice, or whose voice it was no one could tell. It seemed to issue from some one beneath the house. The voice said he was a half-breed Indian, had been dead one hundred years; had been to the place of torment, but was released for seven years; that he had six thousand dollars buried near a certain corner of the house; that if Mr. Bates continued to live there, he would stone the house for seven years; and if he removed he would burn it down—and many other marvelous things the *ghost* was heard to say.

While the above conversation was carried on, several persons had gone under the house, it being raised off the ground; but when they reached the place whence the voice seemed to issue, it appeared to proceed from the room above, where the family of Mr. Bates was, consisting of his mother-in-law, wife and five children. This convinced nearly every one that the mysterious voice was the voice of some one of the family.

On the next day, notwithstanding there is open space for one hundred yards round the house, and men were stationed on guard at proper intervals, the brickbats continued to fall, and no one could tell whence they came. About 9 o'clock in the morning, Col. Desha discharged both barrels of his gun at some one about forty yards distant, whom he supposed to be a negro. The last barrel he thought, took effect; but being very weak from recent sickness, he was unable to pursue him.—Two other persons were seen to make towards the one that was shot, to give him assistance, as was supposed. The throwing of bricks has slackened considerably since that time.

On Friday, when there were very few persons there, Col. Desha, who began to think that some one of the family had something to do with the mysterious talking determined to test the matter. He sent the family of two hundred yards, woman, children and negroes. The Colonel, Marshal Watkins and Fleming Bates, were the only persons that remained. The last named person put questions to the "spirit," if I may call it such, when answers were given by the utterance of groans, whenever it was probable that the answer would be in the affirmative; but when it was probable that the answer would be in the negative, nothing was heard. Mr. Bates was then sent off, and Col. Desha asked questions, and answers were given, as before. Col. Desha and some others dug at the place where the "spirit" said the money was hid, and every time the mattock sunk in the ground, a deep groan was heard. Who made it, no one knew.

That there is a deep laid scheme to accomplish some foul object, there can be but little doubt. Time and exertion will bring every thing to light, in case the mysterious throwing and sounds should continue.

The question now is, "*who threw that last brick?*" Until it is answered—adieu.

H. F. JOHNSON.

The Louisville Journal was greatly delighted with the election of Mr. Wade as U. S. Senator from Ohio. The Democrat has taken it up, and tells a remarkable truth in doing so:

Our neighbor was scandalized at the conduct of a few renegade Democrats voting for Sumner, an Abolitionist of Massachusetts, but he is delighted with the election of Wade, an Abolitionist of Ohio, to the same office. A man has only to call himself a Whig, and he may vote abolition, and talk abolition, and write abolition, and the Whig press South will support him, and rejoice in his election to office where he can work mischief. This has been the uniform course of the press South for the last ten years, and that more than any other cause has done all the sectional mischief.—[Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer.

THE BRITISH SHIP BLANCHE.—This vessel is now in the hands of the U. S. Marshall, and a suit for forfeiture will be forthwith entered against her. It will be remembered that she brought nearly five hundred passengers from Liverpool, being nearly one hundred beyond the complement: she was entitled to carry by law, according to her measurement. These passengers were bred in here in the most shocking and filthy condition; in fact, the vessel was an absolute pest-house. We trust that an example will be made of her and the brutal owners.