

WILLIAM D. COOKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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THE VENOM OF INTOLERANCE.

The impudence with which many partizan papers of the day set themselves up as the peculiar advocates of toleration and charity, is one of those odd manifestations of absurdity and inconsistency, for which there is no accounting on any known principle.

More railway accidents are reported in the papers—two of them approaching in their lamentable destruction of life the memorable tragedy at Norwalk. One of these occurred on the Great Western Railway—and the other more recently still, upon the Rock Island Railway—the opening of which was made the occasion of that famous "excursion" in the spring of this year.

Perhaps I ought to be able to tell you—but I am not—how many different editions of Shakespeare's immortal works have been published. I have some recollection of seeing a statement on this point but its figures have escaped me.

I am reminded while noticing this beautiful publication, that this is but one of the costly works issued by this house—and I must say a few words of a Family Bible now in course of publication by them in twenty five cent parts—of which sixty will embrace the entire Scriptures.

The Richmond Enquirer is exceedingly bitter in its language. Perceiving the rapid growth of the K. O. Nothings in Virginia, and learning that a grand council of the order would be held in Richmond during the Fair, that paper gives the following rancorous expression to its feelings on the subject—

It is not generally known, we suspect, that the State Council of the Know-Nothing Order, is to be held in this city to-day. In spite of the severe secrecy of their movements this fact has transpired; and with it comes the additional intelligence that one Reverend Mr. Evans is present as representative of the Grand National Council of Thirteen, of which Barker of New York is President.

We have purposely italicized some of the words in this intensely spiteful passage, that our readers may see how deeply the Enquirer hates proscription. And yet it must be remembered that the same paper would, if it could, for generations to come, exclude from all important offices of trust and emolument, nearly if not quite one-half of the American people!

The movements of the Order are directed and controlled by a cabal in New York, and thus should Know-Nothingism triumph in this State, the Government of Virginia will be the creature of the Council of Thirteen. Esteeming themselves competent to the management of their own affairs, Virginians have been proverbially jealous of foreign influence; nor will they now submit to the usurpation of this conclusive of New York Know-Nothingism.

Here it will be perceived with astonishment, that this paper, which considers it so intolerant and proscriptive in other people to contend against "foreign influence" from Europe, appeals directly to the "provincial jealousy of Virginians" against "foreign influence" from the neighboring State of New York!

We are very happy to be able to lay before our readers a timely antidote for all this concentrated venom. The Washington Union, in a very recent article defining, we suppose authoritatively, the position of the Administration in reference to the American party, and on the whole condemning the course of that party, thus mildly and fairly lays down what it considers the duty and interest of foreigners.

In taking its position it should be carefully borne in mind that the democratic party neither assumes that the naturalization laws as they now exist are perfect, nor that foreigners have not on some occasions subjected themselves to just censures, nor that the Roman Catholic religion is based upon the true Christian creed.

Two GUNS.—The Telegraph reported last week that the Allies had opened fire upon Sebastopol with two guns! If the subsequent report of its fall be correct, those two guns must be wonderful pieces of ordnance. It has since stated that there were two hundred guns in operation.

proclamation calling for two companies of volunteers of sixty men each, to arm, equip, and mount themselves, to chastise the savages who have committed this bloody deed. The two companies were quickly raised, and were ready for action.

INDIAN WAR AT HAND.—The Oregonian learns by immigrants; just in from the Plains, that a party of five hundred Indians, well armed and mounted, had collected near the immigrant road, and proclaimed their intention of war against all whites who might fall in their way. We are reasonably expect to learn of some hard fighting between Major Haller's command and these Indians.

PROFITABLE GOLD DIGGINGS DISCOVERED IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—A correspondent of the Oregonian, who is vouchered for by the editor, writes from St. Helen's under date of Sept. 11th, that a profitable gold field had been discovered in the country embraced by the north and east forks of Catapoule river in Washington Territory.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—No new movement in the annexation negotiation had taken place since last accounts. The Government is awaiting the action of the U. S. Administration upon the treaty sent to Washington.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

For want of space we have not heretofore given the particulars of the late battle of Alma fought between the Russians on the one hand, and the English and the French Allies on the other. The engagement was of a terrible character, and although it did not last but about two hours there were left on the field in dead and wounded more than ten thousand.

The Russians were routed with dreadful loss, estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000 killed and wounded, 3,000 taken prisoners. The English loss in killed and wounded was 2,128, of whom 96 were commissioned officers, 114 sergeants. The French loss killed and wounded 1,400, of whom 60 were officers.

We have no disposition to comment upon a tragedy so dreadful and bloody. That the reader may form some idea of the scene after the action was over, we subjoin the following sketch, furnished by an eye-witness, which we take from one of our exchanges—

A DREADFUL SIGHT—NEARLY TEN THOUSAND DEAD BODIES.

It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot, I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so I was often brought to a standstill, by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians, mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich Park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of the Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2,196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3,000 Russians, while their extremity was covered with the bodies of 1,400 gallant Frenchmen, and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

The surgeons remarked that the tenacity of life of the Russians was very remarkable. Many of these lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32d Regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his hand, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hills towards the water. Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound.

The Minie ball makes no slight wound. The effect on the Russians, judging from their dead, was awful. When it struck it tore and broke all before it.

The immense majority of the enemy were wounded through the head, generally struck about the throat or under the chin, for the men fired upwards as they were ascending the hill. The common musket ball at such a range would have done no great damage, but here the balls had come out through the top of the skull, rending the bone as if done with a hatchet. The wounds were awful.

SICKENING INCIDENTS.

As our men were passing by, two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that the "wounded Russians" were firing on our men. There is a story indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succor, as he lay in agony on the field; be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle field. One villain with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th Regiment, and before we could say a word he discharged his rifle right through the writer's creature's brains. Col. Yen rode at him to cut him down, but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him.

Many of the officers had portraits of mistresses, of mothers or sisters, inside their coats. The privates wore the little money they possessed, in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men.

THE BATTLE FIELD AT NIGHT.

Long after the night had closed faint lights might be seen moving over the frightful field, marking the spots where friendship directed the steps of some officer in search of a wounded comrade, or where the pillager yet stalked about on his horrid errand.—The attitudes of some of the dead were awful. One man might be seen resting on one knee, with the arms extended in the form of taking aim, the brow compressed, the lips clinched—the very expression of firing at an enemy stamped on the face and fixed there by death, a ball had struck this man in the neck. Another was lying on his back, with the same expression, and his arms raised in a similar attitude, the Minie musket still grasped in his hands undischarged. Another lay in a perfect arch, his head resting on one part of the ground and his feet on the other, but the back raised high above it.—Many men without legs were trying to crawl down to the water side. Some of the dead lay with a calm, placid smile on the face, as though they were in some delicious dream.

ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was a moving sight yesterday to see the long trains of wounded borne from the Andes and Valcan to the hospital. From dawn to evening the labor was incessant, and the officers and medical men seemed perfectly worn out with fatigue. The men carried down mattresses to the beach; the wounded were lifted on them, and were slowly borne along.—A few of the wounded were well enough to walk, and crept along supported by a comrade, one with his arm in a sling, another with his trousers cut open from the hip to the knee, and thighs swathed in bandages, another with his hair clogged with

blood, and a ghastly wound on the face or head.—On many the marks of approaching death were set, every now and then there was one too far gone to be carried to the hospital, or who asked to be laid down for a few moments' rest on the wayside.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE.—The great Temple which the Mormons are building at the city of the Salt Lake, is described as promising to be a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,850 square feet. The block on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains 10 acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their Iron Works, in Iron county, Utah Territory. The Temple building will have a length of 186 1-2 feet east and west, including the towers, of which there are three at the east and three at the west, and the width will be ninety-nine feet. The Northern and Southern walls eight feet thick.

The towers spoken of above are cylindrical, surmounted by octagon turrets and pinnacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Besides these, there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the western end will be placed in otto before the great Dipper or Ursa Major.—As regards the interior arrangements, there will be in the basement a baptismal font 57 feet long by 35 feet wide, and on the first floor a large hall 120 feet long by 80 feet wide, while on the third floor there will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from 11 to 22 feet wide, approached on all sides by stone steps.

Houston Co., Ga., Aug., 1854.

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXIX.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1854.

A wholesale libel—An innocent man vilified—Lies of the Press—Protestant dissentions—Triumph of the Standard—Oyster O. K.—Percussion—Laying down from the Ocean—Sanguine anticipations—Historical facts concerning the origin—Position of the Allies—More Railway disasters—Shakespeare illustrated—The last great edition of the great dramatic—A magnificent Family Bible—The Book and its Story—Mrs. Sigourney.

MY DEAR POST.—About a fortnight ago some of our public journals gave utterance to the most false and shameful libels against a very respectable and populous community which had hitherto possessed the entire confidence—indeed I may say the most unqualified esteem—of all classes of society. The members of this community had been everywhere welcomed—they were met with at the palaces of our merchant princes—at the festivals of our most honored Societies—including the "Historical" and at all the happy social reunions of the city and also of the country. They enjoyed the regard and confidence of the judge—the alderman, the parson and the layman, alike. No one called in question either their innocence or their merit. In short no community under the sun could have been more universally popular. But suddenly a mighty shadow fell upon its fair reputation, and almost in a day it fell from its high position and from being an object of loving, became an object of loathing to thousands, and this extraordinary blight was produced by the newspapers! The Times and the Tribune—and others of "the associated press"—treacherously stabbed to the very vitals this vast and hitherto most cherished community—and in a brief day laid it a helpless wreck upon the sea of public opinion! This wholesale and sudden destruction was not perpetrated without protest on the part of the public—who loved the helpless victims of it too well to be entirely silent. Indeed the assailants themselves, shed crocodile tears over their work, and declared that they did it unwillingly and from a constraining sense of duty. The dear public was persuaded by these protestations—and so this very large community—whose millions were strangely enough left out of the last national census—was in a bad way—threatened with a total loss of the favour by which they had hitherto thriven and grown fat! Its most popular and esteemed members were all at once shunned—banished from private and public circles—and even in the market places—where all classes jostle each other perpetually—they scarcely met with toleration. If any liberal minded person dared to take their part—he was counted a madman by his neighbors. If he made bold to demand the proofs of the vile charges made against this traduced community by these irresponsible parties—the papers were pronounced by them fool-hardy and preposterous. This state of things lasted for some days, until the slandered victims were fain to lie in their beds and keep out of the sight of those who had so recently loved them to the death! There seemed a probability that the long favourite race would disappear from our midst—when some patriotic persons—who had been on terms of especial intimacy with the community—endeavored earnestly to clear up its character and restore it to the high place which it had formerly held in public esteem—and I am happy to say that their endeavours were crowned with complete success—and to-day the Oxygens are as much esteemed and as eagerly welcomed among all classes as they were before this iniquitous attempt to destroy their good name was made by the diabolical newspapers. There is one anomaly, however, which I must not fail to notice in this relation. I observe that that notwithstanding they have been pronounced utterly innocent of the charges brought against them—thousands of people, who felt indignant at the slander while it was promulgated—now that it is triumphantly refuted—have taken themselves to ransacking them down on all possible occasions! Such alas! is the perversity of poor human nature! The consequence is that the poor innocent creatures will be hereafter in a perpetual stew, and there's no help for it that I can see.

FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Soil of the South.

MAKING MANURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In your Journal, (the Soil of the South), I have seen various articles from time to time on the subject of the improvement of our worn lands, and the great importance of keeping up the fertility of our fresher lands.—By those articles we were persuaded of the necessity of such a course, but there they invariably stopped, without giving us the modus operandi by which so desirable a result might be accomplished. They say manure—manure! I admit manure is good and pays well, but what I have been anxiously looking for in your pages, I have not seen as yet, viz: a treatise on making manure, giving in detail the best mode of making the greatest quantity that will pay the trouble of making, hauling out and spreading on the land. The usual mode of making manure through the country as far as I have been able to observe, is simply to have a mule lot with a shed in it barely sufficient to shelter the stock from rain, and a cow lot, with rarely ever a shed in it. Such is the fixtures for manure making generally, if manure it can be called.

For my part, I hardly think it deserves the name, for having been exposed in the open lot the greater portion of the year to the evaporating influences of the sun and the leechings of the rains, it is scarcely anything but the rotted pine straw yet; all of the most valuable portions of the droppings of the stock have either been evaporated by the sun or leached out by the rain; many in this vicinity make largely of it, others have ceased to make it, believing it does not pay. As for my part, I would rather have it than none, although it scarcely pays for itself, but by adding ten bushels of cotton seed to a four horse load of it, and spreading it on an acre of ground, it will make you from one hundred and fifty to seventy-five pounds of cotton to the acre more than it would have made without, and by continuing it on land, it will not deteriorate from cultivation, but will slightly improve. Such has been the result with a field I have had in cultivation for the last five years.

Not being a chemist, I do not know what portion of the fertilizing properties of manure made as above mentioned, is lost from the effects of the sun and rain, but believe it cannot be less than three-fourths and probably much more. This opinion may startle some and be laughed at by others; but judging as I have, through observation alone, I am constrained to believe it. I made such several years of my life, and if you think my estimate is too high, try the experiment. Take one load of manure from under a shed where it has not been exposed to the sun or rain, and put it on an acre of ground, and then put four loads that has been subjected to the influence of the sun and rain on an acre by the side of the other, and you will find that the acre with one load on it, will show the effects of the manure most, and yield the most in the end. Were the yields the same, it would be economy to make manure under the shelter, as it is just as much work to haul out and spread a load of sorry manure as a load of good manure. We not only want the best manure we can make, but economy suggests that we adopt a plan by which we may be enabled to save the evaporation and leechings of our manure yards, though we should make less in bulk; but let it be twice, say, three as much in fertilizing properties, the next question is how are we to gain that point? I answer, by sheltering our manure yards at least half, and reducing them in many instances, to less than half their size. I believe in the benefits to be derived from a shed, so strong, that I have constructed one, the body of which is twenty four by forty feet, and a four foot story on it. The floor is eight feet from the ground and a large door in each end. It also has sheds on each side, eighteen feet wide, making in all forty by sixty feet under shelter, for the benefit of making manure, and the body, a half story, forty by twenty-four, will hold my entire crop of fodder. My lot is enclosed with a plank fence, and it one hundred feet long, by sixty wide; the posts of the shed being posts for the fence also; the fence extending on each side over the fence, there by running the water out of the lot from the entire roof. My plan for making manure in it is as follows: In the first instance, cover all over a foot deep in straw, in the course of two or three months thereafter regularly, rake up that which is not under the shelter, and put it under at a regular thickness, and fill up the open yard again with fresh straw; by spring, I expect to have my manure from two to three feet under the shelter, a load of which I think, will be

Verona, in 1809, sustained a siege and blockade of seven months, four of them being of open trench. Ciudad Rodrigo, 1810, two months. Tortosa, in the same year, six months. Badajos, in 1811, sustained a siege of more than forty days, open trench. St. Sebastian, in 1813, sustained a siege and blockade of nearly three months, with over fifty days of open trenches.

Now when it is remembered that Sebastopol is strongly fortified and that Russian soldiers, (in the memorable campaign of Napoleon in Russia, and upon the famous field of Eylau,) resisted for more than half a day every attempt of the great French leader and his best troops to break their ranks—it will not seem very probable that Russian soldiers will yield Sebastopol in three days. We may look for a long siege and a hard one—and when the city does fall it will be with a loss of life terrible to anticipate. The French General reports the position of the allies to be impregnable—capable of resisting effectually a quarter of a million of Russian soldiers. Without doubt the city is now terribly beleaguered and the same thing may be true when the present year shall make its final plunge into the abyss of the past! The end is not yet—sanguine writers and reporters to the contrary notwithstanding.

More railway accidents are reported in the papers—two of them approaching in their lamentable destruction of life the memorable tragedy at Norwalk. One of these occurred on the Great Western Railway—and the other more recently still, upon the Rock Island Railway—the opening of which was made the occasion of that famous "excursion" in the spring of this year. These disasters occur with fearful frequency—in spite of the terror which they inspire in the public mind. Again and again—it is asked, "Can nothing be done to prevent them?" but the great question remains practically unanswered.

Perhaps I ought to be able to tell you—but I am not—how many different editions of Shakespeare's immortal works have been published. I have some recollection of seeing a statement on this point but its figures have escaped me. No matter—I only wanted the fact as a preface to what I am about to say of a new edition of the great bard—an edition superb enough to go without a preface. It is the enterprise of Messrs. Martin and Johnson of this city, and its appearance warrants the belief that the time is close at hand when London editions of our great English authors will not always be the best. They are publishing in parts a copy of Shakespeare in quarto; printed from large type upon fine paper and the text of the best editions with the notes of the ablest commentators. But the peculiar charm of this tempting edition is a superb steel-plate engraving in every number—with portraits of great living actors in the characters they most successfully personate. Elwin Forest as Hamlet; Julia Davenport as Beatrice; Anna Cora Mowatt as Rosalind; Macready as Shylock—and others which I have not time to name are themes of these elaborate and exquisitely finished works of art. Every number of the work contains at least thirty-two pages and one plate, and the price is only twenty-five cents.—Forty parts will complete the work—and there will be no edition extant to compare with it either in magnificence or cheapness. I feel no hesitation in saying that the publishers will execute with unfailing care any order for this elegant work which is sent to them from the country. Remittances may be made if preferred in instalments of two dollars—which will secure eight numbers free of any other cost.

I am reminded while noticing this beautiful publication, that this is but one of the costly works issued by this house—and I must say a few words of a Family Bible now in course of publication by them in twenty five cent parts—of which sixty will embrace the entire Scriptures. The work is of folio size—superly printed and every number has a most admirable steel engraving of large size. The edition is known to the evangelical world as "Brown's Self-Improving Bible." It represents the text of the common version—accompanied by practical notes, copious references and indexes. No edition of the Sacred writings has met with a more cordial reception from good men of all evangelical creeds than this—and a more devout and pious commentator than the Rev. John Brown is not to be found. The illustrations of this superb Bible are truly master-pieces of art, both in painting and engraving—and I do not think there is or will be one in the whole series, which would not be cheap at the price of each part. Like the Shakespeare this serial publication will be sent by post to remote subscribers—who may make remittances in sums to suit their convenience.—The address of the publishers is Martin and Johnson, 91 Walker-street.

I do not know when I have made a more valuable acquisition to my library of books for constant use than I did a few days ago in obtaining a copy of a handsome 12 mo. volume, recently published by Messrs. Perry and McMillan of Philadelphia. It is quaintly but happily entitled—"The Book and its Story," and is called further "A Narrative for the Young." Wise indeed is all the young who peruse its pages and possess themselves of the varied and invaluable knowledge which it contains.—But not the young alone are concerned in such a book. It is for all classes. The old and the wise may derive precious lore from its treasury; and I do not think there is a family in the land which might not, if it would, find profit in its perusal and study. I presume that all your readers will have understood already that this book treats of THE BIBLE. The History of God's word is therein traced from "the beginning" until the year 1853—when the "British and Foreign Bible Society" celebrated its "Jubilee," and this volume is a commemoration of that happy occasion. "The Book and its Story" is worthy to be beside the Bible in every house.

The Western Home and other Poems is a collection of new poems from the well-known word of Mrs. Sigourney—whose name is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande.—Every where her numbers are read and admired by all who count poetry an element of poetry, and tenderness a proof of taste. It is perhaps needless for me to commend this book to your readers. It is a handsome volume—in the best style of Perry and McMillan—the worthy successors of Mr. A. Hart of Philadelphia.

My letter threatens to grow to a wearisome length, and there is no remedy except to cut it short off by putting right here the sign manual of COSMOS.

Genoa, in 1800, sustained a blockade of sixty and a siege of forty days. Saragossa, in 1808, sustained a close siege of nearly two months, and again in 1809 for two months.

Nov. 4th.—The Arabia has just brought "three days' later news" from Europe. The siege of Sebastopol has begun, and some very sanguine correspondents anticipate the conquest of the town in three days. These writers are certainly unmindful of the facts of history in reference to besieged cities and their power of endurance, or they would convert their three days into three months. A few statistics may serve to justify me in the opinion that Sebastopol will hold out for a considerable period, if (as I am willing to believe,) it must finally fall before the vast resources and energies of the allies.

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