

THE SUGAR PLANTER.

HENRY J. ROAMS, Editor.

All communications intended to promote the private ends or interests of Corporations, Societies, Individuals, or individuals, will be charged for advertisement. Cards of a personal character can only be inserted in this paper as advertisements, and must be paid for in advance.

NOTICE.

Communications intended for this paper should be directed to Baton Rouge, and West Baton Rouge. Our exchanges will order a favor upon us by directing as above.

Any of our Baton Rouge friends having communications, &c., for the *Sugar Planter*, by leaving them with Mr. Bruce Hueston, on board the ferryboat *Byronia*, will be promptly received and attended to.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1856.

To X. Y. Z.—*Loblitt's Store*.—Your letter has been received—would advise you to take a dose of Vermifuge, and await with resignation the coming of the Fool-smasher.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—GEORGE BENNETT, a painter by trade, was frozen to death in the streets of Baton Rouge, during the last severe spell of cold weather.

WANTED.—Can any of our Democratic friends tell us what has become of the case of HATCHER SINGLAND? The extreme anxiety manifested by the "pure and undefiled" to have both Houses purged of their impurities should not be retarded by anything like law or justice.

The *Iberville Gazette* says, "blue noses are seen in every street." Shouldn't wonder! We have frequently seen "folks," blue clear through, in the delightful avenues of *Persimmon City*.

We are not in the habit of playing the "you tickle us and we tickle you game," but we feel compelled by the merits of the case as she *links* say—to advise our subscribers who wish to take a daily, in whose columns the corruptions of the party in power are shown up in all the living light of a capable and eloquent mind, to first see if they have their *Sugar Planter* receipts in full, and then send in their names to the proprietors of that gallant defender of American rights—the *Baton Rouge Gazette*.

LOUISIANA DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.—1st. Plank—*Collectively*—Let us beat the incendiaries and thugs.

2nd Plank—*Individually*—Dutch, go to work! Irish, ditching is plenty. French, you are wanted in the Crimea. Free-born Americans, pitch in and fill your hungry stomachs at the public pump.

One or two attempts have been made lately, in Baton Rouge by desperate thieves to stop perambulators and in Jack Cadestyle, take their lives, or what is more precious, their money. Neither attempt was successful and the would-be highwaymen made twenty tracks when "persuaders" were drawn out and popped at them!

It is said, we know not how truthfully, that the iron eagles on the gate-posts of the *Stadt Haus*, since the incoming of the present Executive, have dropped their proud looks, lowered their crests and changed—so violently changed—their demeanor, that a sober member made a desperate attempt to "shoo" one off, with his umbrella under the impression that it was a turkey buzzard!

Our parish was never in a more healthy condition than it is now. It has every attribute of a perfect paradise—save that they do not have frost and sleet in that oft-mentioned, oft-wished-for—yet never seen territory. How it is that all the pretty girls in the State have conglomerated in West Baton Rouge, we cannot tell, but leave it to the immortal *trio* to divine. The fact is none the less so, and save that the Almighty Creator has equitably balanced the books by giving us more than our *quantum* of ugly men, we could challenge the universe to compete with us in all the varied characters of beauty from Caucasian blonde to Andalusian brunette.

IGNORANCE.—The *Crescent* of Feb. 5, says the Legislature dare not remove Sheriff Hulcy or the Judges of the Supreme Court.

Won't they though? We thought the *Crescent* better posted up in such matters. If we could only learn what the "pure and undefiled" want do, we could sleep quietly o' nights. The mania for "turning out" seems to rage with almost incredible fury in their ranks against all who dare to differ with them in political opinion; honor, justice and right, never seem to enter their party-bound craniums.

THE RICHEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The *Baton Rouge Advocate* is stating that: "So far as the titular dignity of official Printer was concerned, we had willingly conceded that from the beginning, and only contended for it afterwards to gratify the wishes of members and friends who were more solicitous to have that honor conferred on us than we ourselves."

Let the facts be known, ye! be blown trumpet tongue, that: "The proprietors of the *Advocate*, it is true, allowed their names to be used as candidates out of respect to the opinions of members who insisted on testing the strength of the question of selecting the Printer and having the entire public printing done at the seat of government."

Of course! The *Advocate* didn't want the State printing! Such hollowed devotion to the interests of its party as that evinced by the *Advocate* in resigning its pretensions in favor of the *Courier*, is worthy of eternal remembrance! never since the days of Washington was known such an instance of self-denial, for party interest! Refuse to make fifty or sixty thousand dollars, for party interest! phaw! the thing's incredible!

A Star has NOT Fallen!

The gallant game cocks of Democracy who honor with their presence the Halls of the Capitol having decided by the much dreaded arm of power—physical force—that might is right, and set the patriotic precedent that the dictates—the mere wishes of party—must predominate, and even obliterate the laws of our State—the principles of justice between man and man, fall crushed to the earth beneath the rough heel of party despotism—their cackle of triumph is answered and re-echoed from every Democratic dunghill partisan sheet throughout the State; the clangor arising loudly from those happy chickens, who, lying "neath the kitchen sink" of the State House, wax strong and grow fat on the rich crumbs that fall into their ever-going beaks.

In the Thursday morning issue of the "pure and incorruptible," the Hon. D. F. KENNER's political life is laid bare by the soft hand of friendship and its "dark spots" are pointed at to the public, who, in vain strain every optical nerve in the effort to discover one blemish upon his pure political escutcheon. The Almighty has not given to all men the same constructed organs of vision; and if the wire-drawn melo-dramatic leaser of Thursday's sheet was constructed with no other light than that which flowed in upon the brain of the writer through prisms which gangrene truth and throw its beaming light contemptuously aside—we must pardon him for the best of reasons—there was a famine of truth and he lived not in a land of plenty! Commerce, will flow in upon a land where the exchange of produce is not interdicted, but sooner or must we expect the silks of Marseilles to seek a market in the Sahara, than truth to force itself into the four walls of an enclosure where it is not wanted.

How changed the scene? It was in 1840 and two men in the first glow of youth stood pledged in the betrothal to that bride, then made pure and spotless by the sun will of old Hickory,—pure and beautiful she stood—her glowing face not hidden by the deep intricate veil of caucus—her noble form towering o'er her adoring multitude of followers—she waved them on to victory, and they obeyed! She covered their defeat, and beneath her protecting presence, they gathered their scattered clans, and re-organizing, once more marched on to victory! Then was she pure and spotless, and none were prouder than DUNCAN F. KENNER to wear her colors and struggle in the political arena as her chosen knight—her favorite son!

The scene has changed! and men have changed. Who that now gazes upon the squalid bedizened form of our mis-named Democracy can recognize in the decrepit hag, the queenly virgin of former days? Who that now gazes upon her polluted form can turn upon her former followers, and pointing the finger of scorn, truthfully say: "Shame upon you—you have sought stranger gods and deserted your pristine glory?"

Rather would he not point to her minions in iniquity as they cling to her form of corruption; and whilst they clasp their decaying body with one arm, hurling filthy matters upon their opponents, turn from the rotten carcass of their decaying tyrant queen?

My political life is closed! Ye Vultures are not rejoiced that the Lion has deserted the field after the battle had been fought and won, and left you alone in your glory to pluck the laurels from the brows of many a hero, who, falling in the harness, left his memory to the tender care of demagogues? Are ye not glad the Eagle will not dispute with you upon, and for possession of the dunghill you have raised as a pedestal upon which to place the corrupt and corrupting form of Democracy?

The *ambler* has fallen! and until it can rise again upon a fairer, purer arena, may DUNCAN F. KENNER ever keep aloof from a stage whose very scenery is followed by the high-handed acts of the "chosen of Democracy."

CENS.—We do not like to be the harlinger of bad tidings, or to cry out "wool!" before the wolf comes. Yet we think it our duty to speak out boldly upon a subject fraught with so much interest, to all interested in the culture of Sugar. If we therefore predict short crops at this early day, it is because we think circumstances justify us in so saying. From all parts of our parish we hear loud complaints of the effects of the late severe cold spell of weather, upon the entire plant crop. On many of our plantations the entire crop planted has been destroyed, as well as nearly all the cane mat-land. The late freezing spell has been severer than any known for years, and as far as we can learn the same destruction to the crops prevail throughout the State. The planter this year has been much larger than usual and the loss of almost the entire crop of planting cane, will be severely felt by our planters.

The *Count and Advocate* still keep up a dropping fire. Every now and then a shell from one drops into the magazine of the other, and we at this distance look in vain for an explosion to take place. But no report follows and we are forced to the conclusion that neither magazine contains explosive material sufficient to emulate the cracking of a *petard*. My brethren, do you not remember that beautiful poem of Byron's: "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, They neither read nor think; But editors when 'er you quarrel Put down your goose quills and go around to Simons (not forgetting you friends!) and take something to drink?"

Official Gratitude.

The American *Exponent* thus sums up its reflections upon the promises of party officials and their acts.

We are sorry, because a certain Daily of this city did not get the vote for State printer it thinks it was entitled to.

Had the American party succeeded in this State, the only paper that would have been entitled to the State patronage, would have been the *Exponent*.

We are sorry, that the laws on that occasion, got only the compliment, whilst the substantial of party is making our cotemporary fat. The members of the party showed a just appreciation of you and your cotemporary by their vote.

We are sorry, that candidates for office promise so much before an election, and fulfil so few of their promises after their installation.

We are sorry, that they have forgotten their promises, to us especially.

To our knowledge, friend Etter, a certain official of New Orleans, promised in our presence and to us individually, that in the event of his being elected, the *Exponent* should not want for patronage; and to others, the same official promised, with the same proviso, that he would give *Ten Thousand Dollars* to its support.

We are sorry, that we cannot "bow the cringing hinges of the knee, that thrill may follow yawning."

Your bold and manly defence of American principles, without party restrictions, has made you more friends throughout the country than you are aware of! Pursue the same course and you will certainly succeed!

We are sorry, that our advertising columns do not bear the mark of certain official pleasure, as do those of the *Crescent*, *True Delta*, *Bee*, &c.

The only wonder is the same official did not give all his patronage to the *Courier*!

We are sorry to inform our friends, that in consequence of these and other facts, which we may hereafter enumerate, the "Exponent" requires every friend of the paper to come up to the scratch, and contribute to continue it the same champion of open and avowed Americanism that has always marked its course.

We are sorry, indeed to hear that, Col. as we can testify that few men would be as labored as hard and through as many difficulties as you have done, to build up a party paper. And now that you should receive some remuneration for your long and arduous services, to be compelled to make such an announcement is not humiliating to you, but shows a mean and contemptible spirit in those whom you have contributed so much to put in office.

TRANSCRIPTION OF FIGURES.—The *Figure Nine*.—We take the following from the *Doston Courier*. It is an arithmetical curiosity interesting to the general reader, and important to accountants.

The numeral nine has a certain peculiar property, the knowledge of which will be of importance to accountants, and cash-keepers. It is this: When an error has arisen from any transposition of figures, the difference between such transposed number of figures is uniformly of the numeral nine. For instance, suppose an error occurs in bringing out a trial balance or cash settlement of the amount in question, or that the sum short or over can be divided by nine without any remainder, there is a strong probability that the mistake has been made by transposing figures; at any rate, if such mistake takes place by reason of transposition, the in question will divide by nine without remainder. To illustrate this further: If 97 has been put down 79, the error will be 18, or twice 9 exactly; if 322 be set down 233, the error will be 99, or eleven times nine, and so on between any transposed numbers. This class of errors is very common.

THE JACKSON MONUMENT.—The *New Orleans Bulletin*, thus speaks of the inauguration of the Jackson Monument, which takes place to-day:

The programme of this great *feet* will be found in another column. It is an elaborate direction of the proceedings of the day, drawn up with great judgment, and worthy the occasion. We have no doubt that an immense concourse will be attracted to the city from all parts of the State. The committee have taken great pains in making their arrangements as complete and satisfactory as possible, and they have performed their arduous and responsible duty in reference to the preliminaries most admirably.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR.—By and with the advice and consent of the Senate: Samuel Jimison, Administrator of the Charity Hospital, vice W. N. Miles, resigned. John B. Ross, Parish Surveyor in and for the parish of Caldwell. David Colvin, Parish surveyor in and for the Parish of Jackson. W. W. Todd, Notary Public, in and for the Parish of Jackson.

"How do I look, Pompey?" asked a young dandy of his servant as he finished dressing. "Elegant, massa; you look hole as a lion."

"Bald as a lion, Pompey! how do you know? you never saw a lion."

"O yes massa, I seed one down to massa Jenkins; in the stable."

"Down to Jenkins, Pompey! Why you great fool, Jenkins hasn't got a lion—that's a jackass."

"Can't help it massa, you look just like him."

GREAT TYPOGRAPHICAL FEAT.—The most remarkable of all performances in the way of rapid publication has just been effected by a Philadelphia firm—Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co.—in placing before the public their edition of the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's History of England. The whole process was accomplished with a degree of speed hitherto unparalleled. The London edition contains 1600 octavo pages. Of this large work the types were picked up and set the pages stereotyped and printed, and copies of the first edition of ten thousand copies were in the hands of the publishers, bound within fifty working hours from the commencement of the work. Such speed should astonish the London publishers. When their edition was already stereotyped, and 20,000 copies ready for delivery, they announced the fact and 30,000 subscribers presented themselves. The publishers asked a delay of one month to prepare the additional 16,000 copies. —*Philadelphia North American*.

Correction.

We find in the *Bayou Sara Ledger* of the 2nd inst., an article which is calculated to place us in a wrong position respecting certain remarks that appeared in our paper of the 26th ult., under the head of the "Happy Family."

We are charitable enough to believe that the editor of the *Ledger* could not have read our article referred to, or else would not have so misinterpreted our meaning. In speaking of the article referred to, he industriously brings in the name of Mr. WIGWAM, and says:

"This gentleman has been assailed by the editor of the *West Baton Rouge Sugar Planter*—i. e., he has been *reviled* rather for having been defeated by the office of Minute Clerk of the House. The editor of the *Sugar Planter* insinuates that because Mr. Wintree was defeated for a Clerkship in the House, he should return to the K. N. Wigwam."

We beg leave to inform the "wise man" of the *Ledger* that we did not "assail" that gentleman, nor did we *revile* him upon his defeat for a pitiful Clerkship! And we beg particularly to be permitted to inform the *Ledger*, that we made no such insinuation, that Mr. W. should return to the K. N. Wigwam, in consequence of that defeat. Whether Mr. W. has felt or feels disposed to return to the K. N. Wigwam, or whether the K. N. Wigwam would receive him again or not, admits of much doubt and consideration on both sides. We make these remarks simply to place us exactly where we want to be, in the right, and we subjoin an extract from our paper of that date which has particular reference to disappointed ex-K. N., and old line Whigs, for the especial benefit of all interested.

Seduced by the false professions of kindness on the part of the Democrats, and prompted by a hope of an equal share in the spoils, thousands of hungry patriots suddenly discovered that our civil and religious liberties were attacked by the native born Americans, and that the Democratic party was the Ark of Safety—hence at the eleventh hour, in the heat of the battle, the foreign rascals were reinforced and they gained the victory; but mark the sequel! On last Monday it appears that among those who wished to share in the spoils was a number of old line Whigs and ex-Know Nothings, who with proper zeal urged their claims; but the old Democrats murmured, saying, "these have wrought him one hour," and "we have borne the burden and the heat of the day," and a voice went forth from King Caucus which reversed the teaching of the good man in the parable and they that were *aid* about the eleventh hour received nothing whereas there is loud murmuring, much dissatisfaction, and sore disappointment.

The Election of Banks.

Well, Banks is elected Speaker—not by the vote of the Southern Know-Nothings, as a contemporary unjustly charges, but partly by the numerical strength of the Black Republicans in the House of Representatives, and partly by the absurd and indecorous conduct of the Democrats, who first scornfully repudiated the concurrence of the Americans, by adopting a resolution of an obnoxious and insulting character respecting them, and then while complaining that the Americans refused to vote for their candidate deliberately declined repealing the obnoxious fling. We presume that had every National American in the House sustained the Democratic position, he would have been chosen; but we opine that it was rather a stretch of effrontery on the part of the Democrats virtually to assail the former as enemies of their country, and propagandists of incendiary doctrines, and then to require them to make a Democratic Speaker. The responsibility of the election of Banks will doubtless be placed by the country where it properly belongs.

But, whichever party may be vulnerable to ensure for the result, the election of Nathaniel P. Banks, Free-soiler, is a fixed fact. We regret it, in common with every citizen who loves his country, who deprecates the continued agitation of slavery, and views it as baneful to the continuance of the harmony and paternal feeling which should distinguish every portion of the Union. But we do not regard this event with that ineffable horror which seems to have taken possession of some minds. No convulsion of nature will follow the portentous occurrence. It is quite probable that the sun will still shine and the wind will blow as heretofore, and that the seasons will follow each other with their wonted regularity. Nor do we think that the Union of States will be precipitately dismembered, or that any of the Southern States will feel themselves impelled by duty to march an army into Washington, and break up the House of Representatives. In sober truth and seriousness, the protracted struggle which exceeded this election has demonstrated the excessive difficulty, if not utter impossibility of carrying the empty clamor of debate into practical aggression upon the South. The Free-soilers have a bare plurality in the House, and can accomplish nothing against the united strength of the Democrats and Americans. The two latter, though differing *tu quoque* on doctrinal points, will continue to oppose every effort of the Abolitionists to oppose and harass the South.—*N. O. Bee*.

NEW POSTOFFICES.—The United States Postoffice Department has established the following named new Postoffices in Louisiana: Holly Wood, Livingston Parish, Louisiana; Edward Starns, Postmaster. Old Field, Livingston Parish, Louisiana; Sandford R. Terry, Postmaster. Tickfaw, Livingston Parish, Louisiana; J. J. Watts, Postmaster. Hog Branch, St. Helena Parish, Louisiana; William Bennett, Postmaster.

WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE SHOULD BE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—Miss John Smith was arrested in St. Louis last week for donning the pantaloons and dress coat, and attending a ball-room in that attire. The argu-voiced police, however, cut short the enjoyment by arresting her, and upon being taken before the Recorder next day she was fined \$10. "John" was determined not to give it up so; but went before his Honor and an informed against two well-known musicians for violating a city ordinance by appearing in the streets, in habiliments unbecoming their sex, in other words for wearing showings.

THE CINCINNATI SLAVE STAMPEDE.—The last accounts of this affair represent the negroes as being safely in the custody of the U. S. Marshal at Cincinnati; though there was much excitement among the Abolitionists, and it was feared a collision between the U. S. and State authorities was probable.

Thrilling Incident.

The *Ferryboat's Danger*—The Engineer deserts the engine—The Pilot hollers for help—Calmness of a passenger—Calmness of the Admiral—Terrible excitement, &c.

On Thursday last, we witnessed one of the roughest rivers and encountered one of the most terrible storms we ever witnessed or encountered. We embarked that evening about 4 o'clock on board the splendid steamer *Byronia*, Admiral MANNING, commander, for the famed city of Baton Rouge. The weather being fair and everything appeared propitious for our voyage. Hardly had we left that beautiful garden spot of Louisiana, *San Michel*, before the sky became overcast and the winds seemed to come from all four quarters of the compass at once.

The Admiral upon these threatening appearances of the weather, gave his orders with the accustomed coolness for which he is proverbial, and made all necessary preparations to meet the raging of the monstrous elements, such as taking a reef in the engineer's coat tail, securing the roast-beef, tightening the pilot's whiskers, &c., and for a while all on board seemed comparatively safe! But alas! for the frailty of human hopes! The gale was now at its height, and as she pitched and plunged, she fell in the trough of the sea (river?) The engineer gave a yell and rushed from the engine, leaving the boat almost entirely to the mercy of the waves!

"Go ahead on the engine," bellowed the pilot through the speaking trumpet. "Shant too yer darnen engine agin till the storm's over," yelled the terrified engineer as he clung to the railings of the boat to steady himself.

It was at this moment the cool-daring and intrepidity of the Admiral shone forth; his quick eye instantly observed the condition of things, and seizing his speaking-trumpet which he never suffered to leave his side during the storm—he exclaimed—"All hands to the pumps!" His clear mellow voice sounding above the roar of the elements; its effect was electric; with a cheer, the men rushed to the *donjon* and they pumped with such hearty good will that it was easy to see their spirits were raised and cheered by this timely command and its good effect was soon visible.

While this scene took place on deck, the pilot was not an inattentive observer of what was going on, and feeling unable alone to manage the boat unless he participated—generous heart!—in the pumping, roared lustily for assistance at the wheel. A passenger who should ever be remembered for his daring on this memorable occasion, rushed at the eminent peril of losing his hat, to the pilot's assistance, and with their united efforts succeeded in bringing the boat's head to the wind, and she then rode out the storm in perfect safety.

It was with feelings of the deepest admiration we observed the gallant form of the Admiral during these perilous hours, pacing the deck of the noble steamer, as she sat like a "thing of life" upon the turbulent bosom of the Father of Waters, giving his orders as calmly and coolly as if nothing had happened or was going to happen.

The congratulations of "all hands" upon their narrow escape was gratifying in the extreme, and one would have scarcely suspected that they had just escaped from a position of extreme peril at witnessing the joy that sat smiling upon each countenance! Who would have supposed in that hour of danger that a craven-heart could have been found? But there was one! A Gascon Egg Merchant on the first approach of danger fled dastardly from his post—warning himself in front of the fire—and was found after the storm ceased under one of the benches of the boat, holding on his basket of eggs with grim desperation! To pull him forth, and to consign him to eternal shame for poitrooney, was but the work of a moment. The contempt which the Admiral evinced for this individual was gratifying, simply charging him twenty cents for his fare and allowing him to depart in peace!

As one of the passengers on that memorable trip, we shall ever feel grateful to those who contributed so largely to the general safety, and who placed themselves entirely under the orders of the Admiral. It is but rendering an act of due justice to state to all concerned that no lives were lost although the spirits were called up.

KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE.—On Saturday in the Senate, Mr. King proposed the following resolutions, which were adopted, viz: "Whereas, it is represented to this General Assembly, that it is contemplated by the State of Louisiana to abolish the voluntary system of inspection of pork, flour and tobacco, in the city of New Orleans, and such a step would result in serious loss and great inconvenience to the producers of those articles in the State of Kentucky. Therefore, Resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That the Legislature of the State of Louisiana be, and it is hereby earnestly and respectfully requested to remain as it now is, for experience has shown that under its operations, the producers of Kentucky have been much more benefited than under the old compulsory system of inspection."

Resolved, That the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to forward a copy of this preamble and resolutions to the Governor of Louisiana, with a request that he lay them before the Legislature of that State.

Mr. Tombs was asked, at the close of his lecture the other night at Boston, "if Charles Sumner would be permitted to deliver an anti-slavery lecture in Georgia?" "Yes," replied the Senator; "if he would confine himself within the constitution, and did not attempt to excite insurrection among the blacks."

The Sugar Crop of Louisiana.

The following communication is from the pen of one of the most intelligent planters in the State of Louisiana. It would receive a share of consideration from those interested in the growth of our sweet and great staple.

Long before there has recently been published in the National Intelligence and other papers, "An Estimate of the Agricultural Products of the United States," and the value thereof. This estimate is the production of Mr. D. J. Browne of the Patent Office, and is well regarded by the planters of the sugar crop of the United States for 1855. The estimate would raise an estimate which I think will be found more correct.

The official character of Mr. Browne makes the reports of this department of the Government will not place much faith in these estimates. The estimates of cane sugar for the year 1855 are: 15,000,000 pounds, valued at \$30,000,000. The value at 7 cents per pound, \$105,000,000. It is an erroneous fact that the Louisiana crop of 1855 is very much less than that of 1854. The New Orleans *Exponent* says, "It seems to be generally admitted that our crop will be 100,000 hbls. short of last year (1854) and many parties estimate it at a still greater deficiency. The Louisiana State is a crop of 125,000 hbls. by Mr. Champronier. The crop of sugar in Louisiana, situated in one of the most flourishing sugar parishes (Assumption) show a falling off of 40 to 45 per cent. This is no doubt a general thing in Louisiana, and that I may be mistaken, I shall assume (that I may be mistaken) that the Louisiana crop of 1855 is not more than 60 per cent. of that of 1854."

Our most reliable authorities may say our only authority in all that relates to the great Louisiana interest—sugar—is Mr. Champronier. His report of the crop of 1854, pounds, 235,730,000. He reports Texas at 1,000,000, and Florida as 1,000,000. The census of 1850 shows that Florida made 2,700,000.

Crop of the United States of 1854, pounds, 235,730,000. (This is an average of any increase in the crop of Florida and Assumption the amount of the crop of 1850 is being equal to that of 1854.)

The assumed estimate of 60 per cent. will give for the Louisiana crop of 1855, pounds 231,435,000. Assuming the crops of Texas and Florida as above, to the year of 1854, we have: 9,903,000. Estimated crop of the United States in 1855, pounds, 241,338,000. Deficiency in Louisiana, 124,293,000. 395,029,000. Proportion error in the estimate of Mr. Browne, pounds, 263,371,000.

The N. Y. *Frederick*—good authority in Louisiana—and all shipping agents, also good authority, admit a large deficiency. The form of the estimate, 100,000 hbls. deficit. This would show a deficiency of 115,000,000 pounds.

The season has been most disastrous throughout the whole of the State. The crop is the worst since 1850, and we are all realizing in the fall and following time, these are the reasons for the reduction of the crop of Louisiana. Every sugar planter of ordinary sense is aware of the probable result of the present season. Why, then, should we be so blind to our interest as to press our crops upon the market? The annual consumption of about 430,000 tons in pounds, 860,000,000. The crop is estimated for 1854, 241,338,000. Impact required, 677,662,000.

The deficiency of sugar in Europe is well known. The crop of the West Indies is undoubtedly a good one. Is this any reason for us to be so blind to our interest as to press our crops upon the market? The deficiency of sugar in Europe is well known. The crop of the West Indies is undoubtedly a good one. Is this any reason for us to be so blind to our interest as to press our crops upon the market? The deficiency of sugar in Europe is well known. The crop of the West Indies is undoubtedly a good one. Is this any reason for us to be so blind to our interest as to press our crops upon the market?

The Louisiana crop of 1855, if sold at 8 1/2 cents per pound, at the sugar house would give, in dollars, \$15,000,000. At 7 cents, 10,500,000. (Over estimate of value by Mr. Browne of crop of 1855, \$19,450,298.00)

The effect of this overestimate of the sugar crop of the U. S., is to deceive producers and consumers. A little more industry on the part of the gentleman who prepares annually the sugar statistics of Louisiana and Texas would be great to the interest of both producers and consumers. There is no valid reason why this report should be kept back until the planters have disposed of their crops. The planters should see to it that the statistics in future. A full report of the crops can be published by the middle of January or first of February. I do not take into account the quantity of maple sugar, as the annual increase in consumption computed upon an increase of population would more than dispose of the amount consumed—23,000,000 pounds.

A SUGAR PLANTER. Albany, La., January 28, 1856.

The exodus is coming back. Vast numbers of our nomadic tribes to whom we thought Old Ireland had hidden a firm abode, are dropping like emeralds, and asking about "the cabin door close by the window," with a strong feeling of the immortality of tenant right. Politicians may be disposed to regard this as the advance-guard of the projected invasion; but if they are connected in any way with the promoters of that scheme, we should say that they belonged to the commissariat, or they come unarmed. No revolvers, no bowie knives, no pitchforks, no nothing. But they bring dollars; and like the Earl of Richmond, get all once "into the bowels of the land;" the first inquiries being about potato-land, and the probability of obtaining manure for the next year's crop. Some are even so prudent as to have written over from the States to bespeak seaweed and guano, to be deposited against the time of their arrival in the locality where they propose to commence operations. The most probable solution, therefore, of this turn of the tide is, that the soundness of last year's potato crop has revived a faith in the old soil and that the poor people are coming back in a full belief in the restitution of things to the status quo.

The unmeasured dislike of the American citizens for the turbulent and unwholesome habits of the Irish settlers has also, no doubt, had a considerable effect in disinguing the latter with their transatlantic homes. The fact of the multitudinous return of Irish emigrants is true, and not unimportant.—*Irish paper*.

A friend in the rural districts tells the following "emirical" story of the "preliminary" of a negro "source" he once heard. "It seems the colored gentleman was a stranger and had come quite a distance to exchange with the regular preacher; his 'preliminary' was as follows: 'Brother, I hab come a consid'rl' distance to lectur to you and fore I commence my reg'lar 'source I wish to tell you sumpin', and I shall split de preliminary into treat parts.' First, I mean to 'source of sumpin' dat I knows and you doesn't know, dat you doesn't know and I does know. Second, sumpin' dat you knows and I doesn't know, dat I doesn't know and dat you does know. Third, sumpin' dat you doesn't know and I does know, and I doesn't know and I doesn't know. Well—dare now, fast—what I knows and you doesn't know am dis. I comin' here in de cars I sot down on a piece sharp nail—I speck 'twas sartin—made me jump up like a parch pea, bredren, it did, and tore de seat of my trousers! You doesn't know dat, but I does; so ol, yes sartin sure I does, so dat be sumpin' I does and you doesn't know. Second, for de spachiating on sumpin' I doesn't know and you does know; it am dis: I doesn't know wheder, when the sarcer goes roum, you will put enough in to pay for de mending of dat tar, does it? am I? Third and last, for the spachification of what I doesn't know and you doesn't know, it am dis: you doesn't know how much Broder Johnson, de tailor, will charge to mend dat tar, and I doesn't know, nudder, does it? am I? Havin' spachiated on dese diversions, to 'stablish my preliminary, I will now incede to de stantification of de text: I hab select of, on dis bless'd occasion.'—*Grubner's Magazine*."