

The Sugar Planter.

VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

WEST BATON ROUGE, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856.

NO. 23.

THE SUGAR PLANTER,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

HENRY J. HYAMS,
Editor & Proprietor.
Office near the Court House,
WEST BATON ROUGE.

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Subscription.—\$3 a year, due invariably at the time of publishing; if not then paid, or within three months thereafter, five dollars will be charged; no subscription will be taken for a less term than six months; no paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

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FAMILY PHYSIC.

There has long existed a public demand for an effective purgative pill which could be relied on as sure and perfectly safe in its operation. This has been prepared to meet that demand, and an extensive trial of its virtues has conclusively shown with what success it accomplishes the purpose designed. It is easy to make a physical pill, but not easy to make the best of all pills—one which should have none of the objections, but all the advantages, of every other. This has been attempted here, and with what success we would respectfully submit to the public decision. It has been unfortunate for the patient hitherto that almost every purgative medicine is acrimonious and irritating to the bowels. This is not. Many of them produce so much griping pain and revulsion in the system as to more than counterbalance the good to be derived from them. These pills produce no irritation or pain, unless it arise from a previously existing obstruction or derangement in the bowels. Being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity; but it is better that any medicine should be taken judiciously. Minute directions for their use in the several diseases to which they are applicable are given on the box. Among the complaints which they are especially adapted to cure, we may mention Liver Complaint, in its various forms of Jaundice, Indigestion, Langour and Loss of Appetite, Lassitude, Irritability, Bilious Headache, Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, Pain in the Side and Loins; for, in truth, all these are but the consequence of diseased action in the liver. As an agent that they afford prompt and sure relief in Constipation, Piles, Colic, Dysentery, Hemorrhoids, Scour, and Scoury, Colds with soreness of the body, Ulcers and impurity of the blood, Irregularities in the menses, and every case where a purgative is required.

They have also produced some singularly successful cures in Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Gravel, Pains in the Head, Stomach, and Side. They should be freely taken in the spring of the year, to purify the blood and prepare the system for the change of seasons. An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, and restores the appetite and vigor. They purify the blood, and, by their stimulant action on the circulatory system, renovate the strength of the body, and restore the waste or dissipated energies of the whole organism. Hence an occasional dose is advantageous, even though no serious derangement exists; but unnecessary dosing should never be carried too far, as every purgative medicine reduces the strength, when taken to excess. The thousand cases in which a physic is required cannot be enumerated here, but they suggest themselves to the reason of every body, and it is confidently believed that this pill will answer a better purpose than any thing which has hitherto been known, the public will no longer doubt what remedy to employ when in need of a cathartic medicine. Being sugar-wrapped, they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

For minute directions, see wrapper on the Box.
PREPARED BY
DR. JAMES C. AYER,
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Price 25 Cents per Box. Five Boxes for \$1.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
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COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
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CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
CONSUMPTION.

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonary disease, that it is entirely unnecessary to recount the evidences of its virtues in any community where it has been employed. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affection of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. Not only in formidable attacks upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of Coughs, Hoarseness, &c.; and for CHRONIC INFLAMMATION of the throat, and for the relief of the most distressing and dangerous affections of the respiratory system, it is a most valuable and safe remedy.

It has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best that it ever has been, and that the genuine article is sold by—
H. T. WADSWORTH,
WILLIAM ROGEE,
L. VIOLET.
West Baton Rouge, Feb. 22, 1856.

The Song of the Camp.

A Crimean Incident.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp filled
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow,
Sing while we may, another day,
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Beave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-axe confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The blood-red sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again the fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And halloing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

All soldiers! to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Execution of Henry Wilson.

The following touching and pathetic recital of the execution of HENRY WILSON, the soldier who was hung for murder at Baton Rouge on Friday, the 30th inst, we copy from the *Gazette* of that date. We must confess that tears involuntarily rose to our eyes, at reading this beautiful—though melancholy description of an exhibition that disgraces the statutes of every civilized country, and should be expunged from every code of laws belonging to a christian people:

Yesterday, at 12 o'clock M., this unhappy man suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Before 11 o'clock, a large concourse of people of all ages, colors, sexes and stations had assembled around the prison yard to witness the awful spectacle of a human being, full of life and strength, suffering death upon the gibbet to expiate the crime of murder. The fearful preparation of the repulsive gallows had evidently been gone through with in the morning, the scaffold was erected, and every minutia performed, nay, the very rope itself was already tied to the beam whence an immortal soul was soon to be launched into eternity.

We entered the Sheriff's office at about a quarter past 11 o'clock, and the most heart-rending moans and sobs we ever heard from a human voice fell upon our ear, interrupted every now and then with heart moving appeals to those present not to separate the mourner from him whom the grave would so soon hide forever from her sight—her loved though erring and unhappy husband! It was the voice, they were the cries and sobs, of the unfortunate wife of the wretched man whose race was nearly at an end! O, those cries, those tears, they would have melted a heart of granite! We thought then, and we say now, that not for the whole of the place, honor and profit attached to the office of the Governor of the State of Louisiana, would we again have those heart crushing moans ringing in our ears! They would for ever banish sleep from our couch. Poor wife! Poor widow! Poor mother!

The unfortunate Wilson himself, in that dreadful hour, came forth and attempted to console her, but in vain, and the officers, with all the kindness and sympathy possible, performed the melancholy duty. (We will here bear witness to the praiseworthy manner in which the Sheriff and his officers tried to temper justice with gentleness and mercy.)

Having bid his wife a last adieu, Wilson, accompanied by the priest who had been with him all the morning, marched out, dressed in a long white robe, with white gloves on his hands, and ascended the steps which led to the platform with a firm and unwavering step. Once upon the scaffold, he devoted some time to prayer, and then addressed the crowd at some length. His voice was as clear and as full, and his words were as well chosen as though he had been addressing a meeting of friends upon some common subject, instead of being as he was, with the loathsome rope already around his neck, and standing upon the gall plank which alone intervened between him and the grave.

The substance of his remarks were, that he had been charged by common report with having killed one man besides the one whose death he was about to expiate by the forfeit of his own, but that the report was unfounded—that he had never taken the life of a human being before, and that in this case, it was in a fit of passion, and not premeditated. He also stated that he had honorably served five years in the U. S. army, and been honorably discharged, when he married, and, a short time after, re-enlisted for the term which was about to terminate so unhappily. He said, besides, that he had made his peace with God, and was perfectly resigned to his fate; that he, from his heart, forgave all who had ever injured him, as he prayed God would forgive him. He brought his address to a close by imploring sympathy for his poor innocent wife and child, and hoping that all present would be spared a fate as unhappy as his. He had previously stated that Wilson was not his name, but merely an assumed one. McCann is his name.

His speech was listened to with profound silence and produced quite a sensation on the crowd assembled; still, it was spoken without the slightest attempt at effect or the seeming of anything approaching bragadocio. Never in our life, have we witnessed a man dying on the gibbet, in so dignified and courageous a manner. He met his fate calmly and without faltering—indeed, it may

well be said, that he died with the fortitude of a Christian.

At 12 o'clock precisely, the priest (who had never left him) gave him his blessing and a last embrace, a glass of water was handed him, of which he drank a little, the Sheriff and an officer shook hands with him, the white cap was drawn over his eyes, the noose adjusted and he was launched into eternity. The fall evidently broke the spine, for he scarcely moved at first, and about three minutes after, he drew himself up convulsively two or three times and then remained motionless. Twelve minutes afterwards, a physician felt his pulse and pronounced life extinct. A plain black coffin was then brought under the scaffold—his body was lowered into it a few minutes after, and justice was satisfied and the law was avenged!!!

A Man in Bed Forty-Nine Years.

The last London Illustrated News has the following:

On Friday, the 7th inst, were consigned to their final resting place, in the church yard of Keighley, Yorkshire, the mortal remains of one of the most eccentric individuals that ever lived; in fact a parallel seems scarcely possible, of a man voluntarily going to bed in good health, and remaining there for a period of forty nine years! He went by the cognomen of "Old Threlaps" in the neighborhood, but his real name was William Sharpe. He lived in an isolated home called "World's," (probably an abbreviation of "World's End") not far from Braithwaite, in the parish of Keighley. He was the son of a small farmer, born A. D. 1777, and from an early age showed little pre-disposition to steady work. When thirty years of age he took to his bed and the room, which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral. The cause of this extraordinary conduct is believed to have been a matrimonial disappointment; his wedding day was fixed, accompanied by a friend he wended his way down to the parish church, and there patiently awaited the arrival of his bride elect; but she never came; her father having sternly and steadily refused his consent. Henceforth the young man consigned himself to a small room, nine feet square, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence between the blankets—which resolution he kept most unflinchingly.

At the time of Sharpe's death, the window of his room had never been opened for thirty-eight years! In this dreary abode did this strange being immerse himself. He constantly refused to speak to any one, and, if spoken to never answered; even those who were his constant attendants. His father, by his will, made provision for the temporal wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant.

During the whole period of this self-imposed confinement, he never had any serious illness, the only case of indisposition those about him can remember being a slight loss of appetite for two or three days, caused apparently by indigestion, and this notwithstanding, he ate on the average as much as any farm laborer. Though arrived at the age of seventy nine years, his flesh was firm fair, and unwrinkled, save with fat, and his weight was estimated at about 240 pounds. The curious used to come from far and wide to see him, but whenever a stranger was ushered into his den, he immediately buried his head beneath the bed clothes. About a week before his death his appetite began to fail, and his limbs became partially benumbed so that he could not take his food in his accustomed manner. From this attack he seemed to rally, and not until the evening before his death were any apprehensions entertained that the attack would prove ultimately fatal. However, during the night of Sunday, the 2d inst, he became rapidly worse, and died at four the following morning. Shortly before he expired, he was heard to exclaim—"Poor Bill—Poor Bill—Poor Bill Sharpe!"—the most connected sentence he had been known to utter for many a year.

THE EARTH GROWING COLDER.—It is stated by German astronomers that the sun is increasing his distance from the earth annually; and in the course of six thousand years from the present time, it is supposed that the distance will be so great that only an eighth part of the warmth we now enjoy from the sun will be communicated to the earth, and it will then be covered with eternal ice, in the same manner as we now see plains of the North, where the elephant formerly lived, and have neither spring nor autumn.

The river is falling, and the weather warm, over here.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SUPPORT ROYALTY.

There exists in Liverpool, England, a society of merchants called the Financial Reform Association, who make it their business to watch the expenditures for the realm of Great Britain, and to note and expose extravagance or corruption in the use of public revenues. The Association has from time to time published tracts in which the lavished waste of money by government has been shown up, and retrenchment and reform loudly called for. The society has recently issued a pamphlet with the ironical title of "The Royal Household, a Model to Parliament and the Nation," in which the enormous expenses of the royal family of England are set down for the thoughtful to ponder on. From this tract it appears that upon her accession to the throne, the Queen had the pleasure of giving her official sanction to an act of parliament settling £385,000 a year (nearly \$2,000,000) upon herself for life. This was £10,000 more than was allowed her predecessor, William IV. At the same time the allowance of the Queen's mother was increased from £22,000 to £30,000 a year. Although the people grumbled at this extravagance few members of Parliament dared lift their voices against it. In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham boldly opposed the grant as excessive. All who spoke against the measure were roundly abused.

The statute which granted £385,000 per annum to the Queen, with £10,000 per annum additional for "home secret service," provided for the particular application of the money as follows: 1. For her Majesty's privy purse £60,000; 2. For salaries for her household, £131,200; 3. Expenses of the household (i. e., what Paddy would call "the best of eating and drinking") £172,400; 4. Royal bounty, alms and special services £15,200; 5. Pensions to the extent of £1200; 6. Unappropriated moneys, £3040. Although it was stipulated in the act that the Queen should surrender for her lifetime, the hereditary revenues which her immediate predecessors had been possessed of, except the duties on beer, ale and cider, there was no relinquishment of any of these hereditary revenues, and she now draws from the civil list of Ireland and Scotland, the Duchy of Lancaster, etc., the modest sum of £283,000 in addition to the sum of £385,000 voted her by Parliament, making an annual income of £668,000, (about \$3,340,000!) Besides this the Queen is heir to all persons without legal heirs who die intestate in any part of her empire.

Another necessary expense for keeping up the "honor and dignity" of the crown is the income bestowed upon Prince Albert, the Queen's husband. This was fixed by Parliament at £30,000 yearly, and her Majesty has heaped lucrative appointments upon him, which nearly double the amount. And there is the further sum of £110,000 for certain Dukes, Duchesses, etc.

The Queen also has the free use of various palaces, which are kept in repair at public expense. The cost is by no means small, the appropriations for 1856, for palaces, parks, gardens, etc., being £49,693. Add this to the actual income of the Queen and Prince Albert, and they will be found to have as much as £997,693 every year, simply for personal and domestic expenditure and boardings.—Whenever the Queen travels by land, the tolls at the turnpikes are remitted, and the Admiralty keep a steam yacht and provide her table when she takes an excursion upon the water.

In 1842 Sir Robert Peel announced that Victoria had "most graciously" determined to submit her income to the "income tax," but there is no record of her ever having done so; but when the Secretary of the Liverpool Association wrote to the Treasury Department making inquiries upon the subject, the reply was short and sharp—that they did not answer such question, and that such information was to be obtained only through the Parliament. The sum which the Queen would have had to pay during the recent war would have been £40,000.

We should think that such facts as these would make the English people rather nervous, and that they would sooner be led to inquire whether they are not paying a little too dear for the royal whistle. It is said to be the last feather that breaks the camel's back. There is a rumor current in England that the Queen is about to apply to Parliament for a marriage dowry of £70,000 for the Princess Royal, a young miss of sixteen, who is said to be engaged to the crown prince of Prussia. Perhaps this application, if made, may lead the public to count the cost of royalty.—*Boston Journal.*

A CASE FOR ORNITHOLOGISTS.

—An Eagle nursed and hatched by an Eagle. —About six weeks ago, Robert Cameron, who resides on the Miami river, a few miles below Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, discovered a bald Eagle's nest on a huge sycamore tree standing near river, and one of his sons, an active and adventurous fellow, by "tall climbing," reached the eyrie, and made a prize of two eggs of the bird of our country, which were at once deposited under a "setting hen," and in two weeks a fine, lusty eaglet pecked the shell, and made his appearance, with less pain and pomp and circumstance than attended the birth of the "enfant de France." One of the eggs proved a failure, and this, with the eggs of the hen, were thrown away, it being considered that the barnyard fowl would have quite enough to attend to in the person of the feathered "prince imperial;" and the chicken and eaglet are both, we are pleased to learn, doing as well as could be expected.

The plebian nurse fowl, we are informed by Mr. Cameron, apparently at times very much astonished at the eccentricities of his Royal Highness, the infant bird of Jove, whose keen unflinching eyes, and stout, sharp, crooked beak, and appetite for flesh and fish, are slightly terrible, and beyond her appreciation. Still she attempts to relieve his wants with true motherly devotion, and in trying to induce him to take a promenade, clucks at him vainly by the hour. His legs are not serviceable, and disclaiming to crawl after her, he looks with eager aspirations, as becomes his illustrious race, skyward. He is very fond of fish, and luxuriates in rats and snakes, though he is not yet strong enough to skin them for himself. The quantity of skinned garter snakes that he consumes is queer, he being content to dispose of almost his weight in that article of prepared snake.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE SARDINIAN CHURCH.—The following are the nine articles proposed as a basis for the reformation of the Sardinian Church, to be brought forward in the next session of the Parliament at Turin.

- 1st The Roman Catholic Church of Sardinia declares its independence of Rome.
- 2nd The King of Sardinia is the Sovereign Protector of the Church of this kingdom.
- 3rd The Priesthood to be paid by the State.
- 4th. The canon-law and the decisions of the Council of Trent to be abrogated.
- 5th. Tradition, as a source of dogmas to be declared of no force.
- 6th. The reading of the Holy Scriptures to be allowed, and their explanation left to the conscience of each Christian.
- 7th. The Lord's Supper to be received under both forms.
- 8th. The celibacy of the Church to be no longer compulsory.
- 9th. The Latin language to be no more used in the Church service; and the number of the Church festivals to be diminished.

The Emperor Alexander II will be crowned Czar of Russia at Moscow, on the 31st August, being the fate of his Patron Saint. The expense will be about \$2,500,000.

FREEDOM.—What man in his right senses, that hath wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want who has enough? Or what is he better for abundance, who can never be satisfied?

WILD COTTON OF NICARAGUA.—We were shown specimen of cotton yesterday Mr. Dunwell, who is just from Nicaragua, which he found in the forest, while hunting on the San Juan river, in Nicaragua. The stalk on which it grew was six feet high, growing straight, and branching but little. The staple is long and fine, and the seed have the peculiarity of being quite naked, or yielding the down from them without retaining the white fibrous coating which is seen on the ordinary cotton cultivated in the Southern States. This would seem to give it an advantage over other cotton in ginning, and to save much cotton which is now lost by adhering to the seed. A small sample of this cotton, and the seed attached, can be seen by the curious at the Delta office.

THE BRIDAL AND THE GRAVE.—We to-day received, says the Boston Traveler, of Wednesday of last week, two announcements, one of the marriage, in Hudson, New Hampshire on the 29th of April, of Miss Hannah C. Howe, the other of her death on the 6th of May. A brief space between the bridal garb and the robes of death.

Ladies are watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to regulate when once they get to going wrong.

"Trying times," as the lawyer said on entering the Criminal Court.