The Sugar Planter.

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BY
HENRY J. HYAMS,
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TERMS of the SUGAR PLANTER:

Subscription.—$3 a year, due invariably at the time of subscribing. If not then paid, or within three months thereafter, $4 will be charged; for six months; no paper discontinued until arrearages are paid.

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Procedures du Jury de Police.

A une session adjournée du Jury de Police de la paroisse Ouest Baton Rouge, tenue à la Maison de Cour de cette paroisse, Jeudi, le 17 Septembre 1857, les membres suivantes furent présentes:—Joseph S. Williams, Président, H. Bergeron, F. White, F. A. Woods, Jas. C. Woods, E. B. Trinidad, B. R. Chinn, et D. P. Cain. Absent W. W. Lemmon et J. W. Pipes.

Les minutes de la session précédente ayant été lues et approuvées, le jury alors procéda.

Sur motion de B. R. Chinn, F. White, D. P. Cain, et B. R. Chinn furent excusés pour n'avoir pas attendu à la dernière session du jury. Sur motion de M. Trinidad la pétition de J. F. Blackman demandant du temps pour compléter son contract avec la paroisse, fut mise sur le table pour le présent.

Sur motion la pétition du plusieurs habitans de cette paroisse demandant que l'office de juge de paix Jacob Bauer sur le droit de tenir un bureau de labourage fut reduite.

La resolution suivante fut offerte et adoptée:

Il est Resolu, que [illegible] le Ferry de Reymond's Landing soit réduit à [illegible] piastres.

La resolution suivante de B. R. Chinn fut adoptée:

Il est Resolu, que [illegible] soient dressés pour [illegible] pour l'an 1858, [illegible] de la dépense de la dite paroisse [illegible] Blackman [illegible]

Il est Resolu par B. R. Chinn, [illegible] D. P. Cain, soit autorisé [illegible] de la paroisse [illegible]

[illegible] Woods, B. R. Chinn, offert la resolution suivante:

Il est Resolu que le Président du Jury de Police dans sa capacité comme tel ait plein pouvoir et autorité de reviser, auder et corriger les procedures du Jury de Police de cette paroisse, comme il le croira convenable et comme le Jury lui même le serait.

[illegible] de plusieurs habitans du dîme [illegible] commencant au fleuve Mississippi [illegible] entre les terres de Madam [illegible] W. Kline, jusqu'au 10 arpens [illegible] à angle droit et suivant la [illegible] de 10 arpens de Mme. Kanalas et de [illegible] de la double concession, jusqu'au [illegible] le chemin sera déclaré public par [illegible] de Police de cette paroisse et qui [illegible] J. C. Woods, [illegible] un chemin public [illegible] de six personnes sont [illegible] les dommages à cet effet [illegible] les parties prétendues déclaré [illegible] Lazare Ellis, Robert, J. C. Woods, Alt. [illegible] F. B. Trinidad, Guy Lafrance, J. B. La[illegible] opposées en compte pour assez [illegible] dommages.

Le jury maintenant complète la revision du Digest des Lois pour cette paroisse [illegible] comme au Jurés.

[illegible] de l'Ouest B. Rouge.

A. N. W. Pope et D. N. Barrow, doit, [illegible] sur le Digest des Lois pour cette paroisse $500 00

Sur motion de B. R. Chinn, offert la resolution suivante:

Il est Resolu que le susdit montant soit alloué à A. N. W. Pope et N. W. Pope pour service [illegible] à la paroisse dans la construction du Digest des Lois pour ce qu'ils voient à la publication et correction de dit Digest sans compensation extra. Adopté.

Le jury s'ajourna sine die.

Examiné, JOSEPH S. WILLIAMS,
Greffier. Président.

MELODY.

BY CHARLES OPERLY.

Sweetest Melody floating by
Like angel whispers from the sky—
Softly sighing, sadly slow,
Like zephyr's murmurs, sweet and low.

Sadly lingering to my heart—
Sadly, sadly do we part;
Gushes on with richer flow,
Crowding, heart and cheek to glow

[illegible] at in my heart 'tis murmuring,
[illegible] soul is wildly burning
[illegible] of sad delight—
[illegible] gently bright.

And its echoes hang yet lingering,
Are ever gently, gently clinging,
Round my yielding heart so bare—
'Tis like my Mother's farewell prayer.

A NOVEL PARADE.—A parade of the Order of American Mechanics took place in Philadelphia on the 2d inst., on the occasion of the dedication of their new hall. About 2000 men were in the line. Banners of a gorgeous description were carried and accompanying them were wagons with printing presses at work, throwing off a programme of the procession; coopers making barrels; marble workers engaged on a monument; shoemakers, last makers and hat manufacturers, all working at their trades.

The resignation of Captain Dan[illegible] Engineer Corps of Engineers [illegible]

Louis Favrot	12 50
R. Hebert	25 00
P. Henry	4 00
Veuve P. Gassie	8 00
Sugar Planter	125 00
Dr. O. Kratz	10 00
F. Bergeron	50 00
M. Dorsch	6 00

Signé, [illegible] Clerk.
F. White, Comte.

Le Jury s'ajourna à Vendredi le 18 courant à 10 heures a. m. T. BERGERON, Greffier

Conformement à l'ajournement le Jury s'assembla. Present comme auparavant, avec J. W. Pipes, absent W. W. Lemmon.

Les minutes de la session precedente ayant été lues et approvées, la resolution suivante fut adopte:

Il est Resolu que la somme de dix piastres soit payée à Henry Grand, sur un mandat à lui fait, pour l'interment d'un noyé, lequel mandat a été transferre à A. Duplantier et perdu par lui avant que le paiement en soit fait.

Sur un billet de $13 20 portant 5 pour cent d'interet, et du 5 mai apres date, date le 2 Sept. 1850, en faveur de John Butler et contre la paroisse Ouest Baton Rouge. La resolution suivante fut adoptee:

Le Jury s'ajourna alors à Samedi le 19 courant à 10 heures a. m.

Conformement à l'ajournement, le Jury s'assembla. Present comme ci-dessus excepte J. S. Williams et D. P. Cain. W. W. Lemmon. Le president étant absent, J. C. Woods fut appelé comme President pro tempore.

La resolution suivante fut offerte par B. R. Chinn et adopte

Il est Resolu que le president du Jury de Police, N. W. Pope et D. N. Barrow soit [illegible] pour faire publier le Digest des Lois et Ordonnances du Jury de Police de cette paroisse, d'une maniere convenable au plus bas prix, et 250 copies soient remises entre les mains du greffier du Jury de Police.

J. S. Williams étant maintenant present, il prit son siege comme President.

M. C. Le Blanc ayant refusé de servir comme Inspecteur des Chemin, la 8me arrondissement, Louis F. Bernard fut appointé en sa place.

B. R. Chinn offert la resolution suivante:

Il est Resolu que le President du Jury de Police dans sa capacité comme tel ait plein pouvoir et autorité de reviser, auder et corriger les procedures du Jury de Police de cette paroisse, comme il le croira convenable et comme le Jury lui même le serait.

[illegible] de plusieurs habitans du dîme [illegible] commencant au fleuve Mississippi [illegible] entre les terres de Madam [illegible] W. Kline, jusqu'au 10 arpens [illegible] à angle droit et suivant la [illegible] de 10 arpens de Mme. Kanalas et de [illegible] de la double concession, jusqu'au [illegible] le chemin sera déclaré public par [illegible] de Police de cette paroisse et qui [illegible] J. C. Woods, [illegible] un chemin public [illegible] de six personnes sont [illegible] les dommages à cet effet [illegible] les parties prétendues déclaré [illegible] Lazare Ellis, Robert, J. C. Woods, Alt. [illegible] F. B. Trinidad, Guy Lafrance, J. B. La[illegible] opposées en compte pour assez [illegible] dommages.

Le jury maintenant complète la revision du Digest des Lois pour cette paroisse [illegible] comme au Jurés.

[illegible] de l'Ouest B. Rouge.

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Le jury s'ajourna sine die.

Examiné, JOSEPH S. WILLIAMS,
Greffier. President.

From the Boston Traveler.

Incidents of Sperm Whaling.

The good bark Fish was lying becalmed off the west end of Celebes with a large sperm whale alongside ready to be cut in. The sea was smooth as a pond, and the sun hot as blazes.

"In board there!" shouted the mate, who was on a stage over the side, "In board there, ahoy!"

"Sir," was the response.

"Whose hook on is it?"

"Mine," responded a voice from the half deck, and up bounded Tom, a smart young boatsteerer, with nothing on but a pair of drawers. In a couple of winks he made a dash at the open gangway overboard, for he was a good swimmer, but unluckily his foot slipped, and instead of jumping outside of the whale, which was evidently his intention, the back of his head struck the ridge of the whale, and he went down with his hands extended over his head. All who saw him supposed he was going down a fathom or two to cool off, and expected him up again in a few seconds, but not appearing soon the men along the gangways and the mates roared out—"He's gone! save him, boys!" and in a second, five of our best swimmers plunged after him, and a boat was lowered at the same time. But it was all in vain; poor Tom rose no more; even the men who plunged after him only saw a shoal of sharks descending in the direction they supposed he was sinking. No doubt he was devoured in less than five minutes after he jumped overboard. Shoals of sharks generally keep company with whalers, especially when they have whales along side, and dash at every thing that is thrown overboard. They work eat a whale's blubber in a night, if not kept off by spades and lance. These sharp instruments are appreciated by them—they seem to know that their touch is death, and instinctively keep a respectable distance, until the carcass is surrendered to them in due form; then they have a blow out, and a free fight without interference from salt beef surgeons.

Poor Tom had taken his last dive. The boat, after pulling astern, following the set of the current a reasonable time, returned and was hoisted up in silence. The men were too much oppressed with grief to sing the usual song, and walked forward without exchanging a word. The captain had walked the quarter deck full five minutes, apparently lost in thought, when the man at the mast-head sung out. "There she blows—there again—there's two of them."

"Where away?" demanded the captain, springing into the main rigging.

"Right astern, sir, large whales! There goes flukes, headed across the ship's wake to port! There she blows, there again," continued the look-out, and soon the captain and mates were up alongside of him.

"Clear away the boats!" shouted the captain, "and get ready to lower away; down from aloft.—Ship-keeper, away aloft, and keep a good look-out."

All hands were on the move, full of life and animation. Poor Tom was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. It was not until the captain's boat had dropped astern, that he recalled to mind the fate of his boat-steerer by his absence from the bow of his boat; but seeing the cabin-boy looking over the taffrail he sung out—

"Jump overboard, Bill, and I'll pick you up. I want you to pull the after oar."

Without a moment's hesitation, Bill was overboard a fathom deep, but rose to the surface like a cork, and was dragged on board.

"Now," said the captain, who was a jovial young fellow, and delighted to dignify himself with the [illegible] Parson, [illegible]

The young man whom he addressed as Parson had obtained the title by trying to teach a couple of New Zealanders to read the Bible. All the men had by-names, such as Long Boy, Broadsword, Jack Ketch, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Lazarus, etc., and these names were more used than those on the articles.

This was the Parson's first voyage whaling, and the voyage was yet young, as there were only 300 bbls of oil on board, and the ship could stow 2800 bbls. The death of Tom had given him a lift, which of right belonged to some experienced spouter, of whom there were several among the crew; and he felt determined to show himself worthy of the place the captain had assigned him.

"Pull, my boys—spring to your oars—bend your backs," said the captain, grinding his teeth and pushing at the after oar with all his might; "pull and head the mate—that's you, another stroke like that, my hearties; there, there she goes; now she flies, hurrah! the mate drops—now we lead—off she goes!"

"The whale's up sir," said the Parson, interrupting the captain, "on the larboard bow."

"So he is, and it's our chance. Peak your oars, boys, and take to the paddles."

The order was promptly obeyed, and we were seated along the gunwales paddling like Malays. The whale was about half a mile off, going at the rate of three knots an hour, and blowing as leisurely as a blacksmith's bellows.

"Don't make a noise, my lads," whispered the captain, "keep your paddles clear of the boat. What a noble fellow he is—gray headed, a regular patriarch. Now, Parson, if you miss him, I'll kill you; mind, he's good for 85 barrels, yes, sir, perhaps 100, and to miss him deserves death—two deaths, sir, let you. Hush! take your paddles out of the water—he smells oakum—no he doesn't; paddle away."

We were following in his wake, and as the sun was shining on his starboard side, the captain concluded the glare would half blind him, and enable us to approach without being seen, and steered the boat accordingly. It was really grand to see the noble fellow plowing along so gently, the water curling over his back as if he were bathing for the benefit of his health, and enjoying the pleasure.

"Stand up, Parson," said the captain firmly, though in a whisper, his eyes glaring as though they would leap from their sockets.

The boat's bow was square with the whale's hump, not more than eight feet off; the Parson held the iron (harpoon) by the middle carelessly in his left hand; the men still paddled, just keeping way with the whale, while the captain was gradually edging the boat, head on and stern off.

"Dart," whispered the captain; but the Parson whispered back, "Lay on." "Dart, I tell you, you're near enough!" "Lay on!" was still the response of the Parson.

"There, blast you, there's lay on and have your head knocked off?" giving the boat a sweep on with the steering oar. This time there was no order to dart, nor was it necessary; for the Parson, in order to give increased velocity to the harpoon, sprang into the box of the boat and sent one iron after the other, socket up into the whale, just abaft the fin; then jumping down into his proper place, seized a lance, but before he could bring it to bear, the whale fairly sprang out of water at least six feet, and came down with a splash that shrouded the boat with foam as if she had been immersed in the ruins of a water spout.

"Stove hard," shouted the captain, [illegible] loss of the consequences, while the boat lay almost against the whale's hump, sent the lance into his vitals and churned it round and round, the captain, swearing like a maniac for him to sit down to his oar and lend a hand to back the boat clear of the whale.

"He spouts thick blood," said the Parson, composedly, as he exchanged places with the captain, "I did not miss him."

The whale then went down about fifty fathoms, but was too much used up to remain long below, and when he came to blow, lay motionless for a minute. "Lay on," said the captain, "and I'll kill him dead." The order had not to be repeated; the Parson sent the stem of the boat against the whale's side, and the captain was about picking out a soft place for his lance, when the whale rolled short round, and raising one corner of his flukes laid it gently upon the boat's gunwale, and tipped her over, keel up, as politely as a lady would turn her hand in bidding adieu. But quickly as a flash the flukes flew to the other side, cut another boat clean in two, and broke the third mate's leg. Here was a pretty mess; twelve sinners overboard in bloody water, surrounded by sharks and at the same time liable to be smashed in pieces by the whale's flukes; but the venerable patriarch, apparently satisfied with what he had done, left us to the care of the sharks, and paddled away with two irons and a boat's line.

To right our boat was the work of a few minutes, and in half an hour she was an ark of safety with all hands on board. The whale made toward the ship, ran round and round a few times and then turned up fin out and [illegible] wards. He made about five barrels oil.

The mate and second mate, unable to endure the other whale, returned to the ship, but that same afternoon the Parson struck another fellow like him, and had the pleasure of fastening to him also. The three whales made 270 barrels oil.

In six weeks the Parson saw and struck four large and twelve school whales, and never missed one. This uniform success induced the captain to give him charge of the third mate's boat, in which he killed some half a dozen whales, when he had three of his ribs stove in and was sent ashore at Guam, to procure medical attendance, and remained there six months.

Whaling is not unlike war—every lowering is a battle in which all are liable to lose their lives. But the whaler requires more skill and courage than the soldier or man of war's man. He must think and act at the same time—there are no given rules by which he can govern himself, for every whale he attacks is apt to show some new caper, against which he must provide on the instant. Our whalemen, with a little martial training, would make the most formidable sailors in the world, as they are certainly the most intelligent and daring.

Old Zacharia Robbins lived in Wood county, Mississippi, and was called on to prove the insanity of a young man on trial for an assault with intent to kill. He swore that he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner was an insane man.—On his cross examination he was requited to state the reasons for this opinion.

"Why, bless your life," said he, "I've known Jimmy allers, and he's allers been a Dimocrat, and when the Dimocratic party put up their man last fall, Jimmy didn't vote for him; and I allow thus that a Dimocrat that don't stick to his party ain't in his right mind."

Jimmy was acquitted, for old Zachariah's opinion prevails very generally in that region, as well as in [illegible]

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF HEROISM.—The Rev. Mr. Scudder, of India, in a letter to the Christian Intelligencer, gives the following instances of heroism, called forth by the Indian mutineers:

Let Americans never be ashamed that Englishmen are their forefathers. England is a noble country. Her sons are heroes and her daughters are heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with those valorous actions which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she, dashes the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she, by rein and whip, raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword, slew twenty-six of them before he fell.

When Colonel Lee of New York was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, [illegible] Union Park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucre declined respectfully.

"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and five hundred dollars is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people."

"Benefit to you," replied the Colonel, "why, sir, it will benefit you more than any body else. The statue can be seen from every window of your house; it will be an ornament, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington."

"Ah! Colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart.

"Then let me tell you," replied Colonel Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a d—d tight place!"

SECRECY OF ARMS TO BE INVITED MONARCHS.—According to Prussian journals, public notice has been given by the diplomatic agents of England in Germany and Belgium that the introduction of fire-arms into India will no longer be permitted. The gun manufactories of Liege and the German States have been drawing of late a roaring trade with Calcutta, and were unprepared for the prohibition.

The Raleigh *Standard* announces the death of Wm. Hill, late Secretary of the State of North Carolina. He was [illegible] and had held the office of Secretary of State for forty-six years.

The Mobile papers announce the death of Eugene [illegible] Yancey, [illegible] the place of [illegible]