

# SUGAR PLANTER.

Communications intended for this paper should be directed to Baton Rouge, not West Baton Rouge.

Our Exchanges will confer 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. ARBOR, on board the Ferry-boat, they will be promptly received and attended to.

Our Baton Rouge patrons must send over their advertisements on or before Thursday, to secure their insertion the same week.

Oscar Holt Esq., is our authorized agent in Baton Rouge.

Messrs. Wharton & Illingworth are our daily authorized Agents in New Orleans.

**SATURDAY ..... OCTOBER 20, 1866.**

Attention is called to the card of Messrs. WARR & BROTHER, Cotton Factors & Commission merchants, 133 Gravier st., New Orleans. This is one of the most reliable houses in the city.

**SEWING MACHINES.**—These machines stand preeminent throughout the country. Of course we mean the noiseless machine of WILCOX & GIBBS. For further particulars see their advertisement under the heading of "New Orleans Cards."

**THE CENTRAL HOUSE.**—The card of this favorite establishment is in to-day's issue, to which we commend the attention of all visiting Baton Rouge. Mrs. Jones has fitted up the house in a superior manner, omitting nothing that will tend to the comfort and convenience of her patrons. May she be well rewarded for her untiring energy and perseverance.

**PATENT HAIR REGENERATOR.**—A cotemporary who has been indulging largely in some patent effort for restoring the hair upon his cranium for several weeks without effect, thus gives vent to his indignation: "It is the meanest stuff mortal man ever had anything to do with. Give it a chance and it will stink a skunk out of his hole in less than a minute." The only wonder is how he could put up with the smell so long.

**SAM'L A. MOORE, Esq.,** so well-known in this and the adjoining parishes as a clever gentleman and prompt business man, has opened an office at 56 Camp street, New Orleans for carrying on a general brokerage and commission business. We know of no one in that city to whom orders could be better entrusted.

**J. WOOD BREKIDLOVE, Esq.,** Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, No. 92 Camp street New Orleans, offers his services to the public for any business in his line. From long acquaintance with Mr. B. we are satisfied that one more competent in his profession cannot be found in the State.

**M. J. WILLIAMS, Esq.**—With pleasure we refer our readers to the card of this gentleman in another column in to-day's issue. To those wanting work in his line of business we cheerfully recommend Mr. Williams as he has no superior as a workman. He has on hand a fine assortment of cooking stoves which are offered at prices to suit all purchasers.

On Tuesday night last, two men employed on the levee at Chian and Robertson's crevasse got into a quarrel, when one of them drew a knife and stabbed the other, inflicting a mortal wound. The murderer escaped and has not been heard of since. We could not learn their names or the origin of the difficulty. Every effort is making to bring the offender to justice.

Another week of glorious weather has passed without a cloud to obscure the horizon or shield us from the sun's rays. Such weather is too good to last, and when it does change, be on the alert for chilling Northern winds and frosts. Cotton picking progresses with considerable rapidity and as prices seem reasonable, with a prospect of doing better, our planters feel somewhat relieved, although they would have much preferred making larger crops than have rewarded their labors this year. But there is sublime reflection in the fact that man was never destined to have all he wanted, so philosophy must be the consolation of all who are willing to take it for lack of something more tangible.

Before practicing at the English bar, Mr. Benjamin had to swear allegiance to Queen Victoria, and to forswear allegiance to any other government—particularly (probably) that of the "Confederate States of America."

**SEED CANE.**—The only salvation for this section of country, says the *Iberville South*, is to return to the culture of cane at the earliest practicable day.

The *South* tells the whole story in a paragraph of four lines. This season has settled the question, we believe, in the minds of our planters. Cotton don't and wont pay, when cultivated on the alluvial lands of Louisiana. The reasons for this are too well-known to need repetition here. The main difficulty with our planters has been that they thought the freedman labor was not sufficiently reliable, and that if they succeeded in stocking their plantations with cane, it might be lost for want of laborers to preserve it. There is much in this we must admit, but not enough to prevent an attempt of the experiment. We have seen our lately liberated slaves toil patiently throughout the season on cotton plantations, engaged in far more difficult work than cultivating cane, and yet they seem contented with the result of their year's labor, unless where lost by the caterpillar or worm. Sugar cane is almost a certain crop in this State, yielding at the present time a greater remuneration for labor than cotton, taking everything into consideration. There is diversity of operations on a sugar plantation that is far more pleasing to a freedman than the dull and dry details of making a cotton crop; besides in the cultivation of cane there is an attraction to the negro which seems to be lost sight of by our planters. All negroes like "sweets," which they must have as an offset to the vast quantities of salt they consume in their pickled pork. To furnish this now is an item in their expenses, it not being given by the planter as part of their rations. On a cotton plantation he gets neither sugar or molasses unless he buys it. The difference lies in this: when making sugar, he can eat as many canes as he pleases; he gets his sirop, his sugar, and his molasses at a trifling cost, if anything. And if the planter is willing to do so, he can make the entire "rolling reason" one of frolic and amusement. The negro objects to working on Sundays. No necessity for that unless imperatively necessary in order to save a crop, and then a little extra pay and encouragement will do wonders. The low are cultivating cane extensively this year. Surely those planters must have assurances that their labor will be reliable or they would not have attempted it. We can do the same in West Baton Rouge if the trial be made. Another point: Merchants will hereafter but make little advances upon cotton crops. The reason is obvious. As before stated, cane is almost a certain crop in this State, and the merchant will feel perfectly secure in furnishing such supplies as are wanted, well knowing that he runs but little more risk now than he did before the war. Here is where merchant and planter can play into each other's hands with benefit to both, and of course to the whole country. There is not seed cane enough in our parish for planting next year, but with what there is, properly cared for and replanted, many will be enabled to make sugar the year following. Besides seed cane can be bought to assist planters! Consider well this matter and at once decide.

**RAILROAD TO CLINTON.**—Another proposition is on foot to build a railroad from this point to Clinton. It will soon develop itself.—*B. R. Advocate, 17th inst.*

Then, by all means, use every honorable exertion to have the road built. If the property owners and merchants of Baton Rouge would only view the matter in its proper light, they would, at once, be convinced of its great necessity.—Every inducement that human ingenuity can devise should be brought in play to develop the resources of the country, and thus pour wealth into the hands of those who endeavor to reap the reward. There is no other city in the South offering greater advantages for business than the late Capitol City. Nature and location destined it for something more than a little trafficking town; and if the nerve to open its channels of trade is found wanting at the proper hour, none are to blame but the parties most interested.—If their traffic is drawn elsewhere, by superior energy, they need not mourn, for, once lost, it will never be regained. Be warned in time and seize the advantages of the moment. In matters of this kind a minute may be a life time.

**THE DAYTON (OHIO) JOURNAL** reports a vast army of rats proceeding South, devouring corn, potatoes, tomatoes, fruit, etc.

Several vast armies of rats came South during the war, devouring silver spoons, gold watches, pianos, and other valuables, which have never been seen since. Butler was the old bell-rat who got the lion's share of the spoils and his example was followed by many of his successors.

**HOW THE NEGROES VOTE IN NEW YORK.**—The *News* says there are about eight thousand negro voters in New York, and that they will probably support the Democratic ticket.

And it has come to this that speculations are rife amongst white men as to how the negroes will vote! "God save the Republic, as for myself I am tired of it."—*Condorcel.*

About one thousand negroes, lately living in Georgia, Virginia and Tennessee, will depart from this country for Liberia, about the first of next month. They go under the auspices of the American Colonization Society.

Oh for another Moses, to head the Exodus. If they will only emigrate to the happy land of Canaan, what a rejoicing there will be among the Philistines.

To detect counterfeit bills, offer them to a printer. If he refuses them, write "worthless" on the back and give them to the missionaries.

That's bad practice! Snibbs says so soon as he grew dissatisfied with the enormities of putting pewter buttons into the contribution box, he reserved all his counterfeit "fractional currency" for that purpose, the natives of Baribooah-Ga not knowing the difference between the genuine and the counterfeit.

Delicious jam—getting half squeezed to death in a crowd of angels in crinoline.

Suppose the dear angels should get mashed, would they not be crushed sugar!

**A VISIT TO GOV. ALLEN'S GRAVE.**—Some four days ago, we took occasion to pay a visit to the American cemetery, for the express purpose of viewing the last resting place of Louisiana's chivalrous, talented and heroic though fallen son. It was with some difficulty that we found the grave, as not even a letter or plank is erected to mark the spot where the patriot warrior sleeps in the bosom of his mother-earth. On inquiring into this seeming neglect, we learned that nothing had been done to mark the grave, because it was understood here that the living sons of Louisiana were coming after their sacred dead. This should be done without delay, so soon as the season will permit. Don't let it be said that Louisianians permitted Henry Watkins Allen, the patriot exile, to sleep in a foreign grave.—*Cor. of N. O. Times.*

The New York World very correctly says: "The statement made by Messrs. Reed, Tucker and Ould, of the counsel of Jeff. Davis, dated the 2d, and published in the Richmond papers of the 4th inst., places the chief justice of the United States in a scandalous predicament. In most criminal cases, it is the prisoner that skulks, and justice makes haste to prosecute and sentence him. But in the case of Mr. Davis, it is the judge that skulks, while the prisoner presses his petition for trial."

Many Northern clergyman are refusing to pray for the President of the United States. That refusal at the South a few years since was called "disloyalty."—But it makes no difference. We doubt if the prayers of such clergyman ever get much higher than their mouths, or have any influence whatever in courts above.

We were once in company with a poor clergyman of Baton Rouge who was imprisoned by Beast F. Butler, Esq., for praying for Jeff. Davis. Wonder if the Beast would imprison a Northern minister for refusing to pray for Andrew Johnson! He might do so if the poor fellow had an extra fifty cent "fractional currency" in his pocket.

The State geologist of Illinois announces as one result of his researches, the fact that the American continent has been inhabited by human beings for more than one hundred thousand years, and that figures are lacking to express the great age of mother earth.

A mechanic named Emory, at Albany, N. Y., has invented a new cotton gin, whose merits are that it is portable. It is provided with a condenser, and can be worked as well in open air as in a house. A large per cent of wool is obtained from the seed and the length of the fabric wonderfully preserved. The value of the staple to the manufacturer is enhanced from three to five cents per pound.

The "Star Saloon" still shines in radiant splendor, emitting its spiritual rays in a manner wonderful to all beholders. BARNEY, with the view of accommodating his patrons when the cool nights set in, has influenced the importation of a cask of the "raale Mountain dew," every drop of which will make you think "each particular hair" on your head a band of music playing "Lannigin's Ball," every time you taste it. Hot whiskies will be the order of the night, a superb lot of that infant whisky having just been received expressly for the purpose. BARNEY, although not an orphan, has a new ma (Noma) to assist in the fabrication of those exhilarating beverages which always astonish the "sivin small cists" of those interested in their annihilation.

LEONARD, that expounder of poetry and other nice things, has his establishment under the *Central House* in full blast for the season. In addition to all other delicacies in the eating line, he is determined that his oyster saloon shall not be surpassed in the State for the manner in which the bivalves shall be prepared for the tastes of his customers whose name we hope will be "legion" when they begin to pour in. For a nice dinner, breakfast or "snack" LEONARD'S the place.

**NEW GOODS—New Arrivals—the winter defied.**—ASPER, whose name is as familiar as "household words," with all those who know where to buy cheapest and best, has just received a portion of his winter stock fresh from first hands and is now prepared to "astonish the natives" with something nice, neat cheap and wearable. If any doubt exist on this point, and inspection of his stock will convince any one that he does not intend to be beaten in price, quality or fashion by any merchant in Baton Rouge. We advise an early call as his goods are like "hot cakes," they go off quick.

"Let me lock up your form and put it to press," as the printer said to his sweetheart.

After the marriage many editions of both copies were the result of the being "put to press."

A vessel has recently been constructed in Oregon, having but one knot in her whole structure.

HAD IT VERY BAD.—A young man recently wrote to his sweetheart saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph."

If any of our young friends in Baton Rouge are afflicted in a similar manner, we advise them to have their globules photographed at LITTLE'S. He understands all the little arrangements.

The Louisiana & Texas Petroleum & Vapor Stove Establishment in New Orleans, was totally destroyed on Thursday of last week, caused by a workman carelessly throwing a match in a bucket of petroleum which he mistook for water. We presume the company will resume business at an early day as possible, the great demand for their stoves fully warranting the necessary outlay.

A Western editor, in one of his papers, says: "For the effects of intemperance, see our inside."

Another chap of that "ilk" whose "hide" showed the effects of a cow-skin for impudence to a "fair sex," published: "For the result of bad manners, see our outside."

VERDANT JUVENILE.—"Daddy, is any of them old chaps living now?"

GRAMMATICAL PARIENT.—"To whom do you refer, my son?"

JUVENILE.—"Why, dad, them old codgers, as wrote the New Testament, such as Mark, Mathy, John, and the balance of the capoodle?"

PARIENT.—My son, your question is at once irreverent and profane. It is my desire that you return immediately to your chamber, where at the proper time I shall apply such restoratives to your memory as will be productive of a thorough reconstruction to your benighted understanding.

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; it would be my luck to live forever, if I should."

Snibbs thinks that if he got married he would be completely and forever divested of the idea of perpetual life.

Communicated.

# THE CATHOLIC CHURCH LANDING.

Mr. Editor:—It is with certain feelings of regret that we are forced to throw these observations before the Catholic public of our parish. However obscure, peaceful or useful may be a well-wisher to a community, the officiousness of a small number sometimes causes him to say a word in justification of his actions.

Now, sir, the "Church of St. John the Baptist," at Bruy Landing, was incorporated by an act of the Legislature many years ago. The immense majority of white persons and families attending are of the Catholic creed, or faith, not profession. This corporation is supervised, on one part, by seven wardens, chosen at public elections and representing the temporal interests; on the other, by the Curate, representing the spiritual as well as the temporal and material. Corporations of all kinds enjoy their powers, rights and prerogatives as defined by the Civil Code. They have little governments of their own. No one, not even stockholders, can claim the privilege of directing how affairs shall be managed after selecting their own functionaries. During possession of office all must abide by what they say or do—just, sensible, or not.

At one of our last meetings, we introduced, discussed and passed a resolution to the intent and purport of requesting all persons attending church during religious service not to injure the materials of the building, to behave exteriorly so as not to disturb the worshippers, and in event of non-compliance, they would be requested by one of the wardens to remove their persons outside of the church and its enclosures, and then, if refractory, they would be prosecuted according to law. Was it unjust? Were we wrong? Is not the entire community interested? No later than last year we incurred debts for various purposes of our administration—among them to repair, repaint and augment our pews, so that in these hard times the burden of purchase might be lighter to all. And we have seen "reel-looking" and apparently well-bred young persons, talking, laughing, eating pews, etc., during divine service and assuredly disturbing its tranquil consummation. Are there not other places of general resort where time can be idled? Shall divine service be allowed to proceed or shall we forget the Almighty? But for "doing that" come a thousand reproaches, falling upon our state heads and pillows, not? Was't Galileo saying the Earth moved? Curious world! Surely, our reverend Curate. He shares a blameable wardens. G. liciously cast upon influence means confusion, we say this to you need a Curate lamented when you gazed and prayed for sentatives we must sires and necessities. control over our delib perhaps, mean influence over and minds of his fold; and, in that case we sincerely hope the reputation is true and that he may continue to wield it a long as your God and will give his breath. For, in our modest opinion, you have been highly blessed in possessing him for your pastor. No man, woman or child who knows the Rev. Mr. BLANCHARD, or heard his name mentioned, but will attest to all his virtues, unless their hatred of him be inveterate. Now, to diminish his immense zeal for our common welfare, spiritual and even temporal, is, in our opinion, unjust. As to ourselves, we but tried to second his vast energies; now, let the disaffected step into our place and do better. With the plaudits of conscience we are content to leave the stage. Consider our forced reflections and perhaps you may think of the lamentation of the Arch-enemy: "So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear, Farewell remorse; all good to me's lost."

**T. BLANCHARD, President.**  
Alfred Babt Alfred Hebert, J. A. Landry, Belesaire Landry, Ros'd Hebert and Adamis Hebert, Wardens.

At the recent Petersburg convention there were thirty-six carriages containing the representations of each of the States. In the rear carriage sat an individual in women's clothes, with a rope around his neck, which was held by a very determined individual. The legend on the side of the carriage explained the matter. It read, "Jeff. Davis' last ride."

No doubt it was thought very witty and smart on part of the "scallywags" who did it. There are some souls so small that a thousand of them might rattle in a mustard seed and then have plenty of room left for the consciences of the whole Radical tribe.

A memorial has been presented to the Texas legislature praying for the passage of a law to prevent quacks from imposing on the people.

It must have been a duck of a resolution.