

SUGAR PLANTER.

Communications intended for this paper should be directed to Baton Rouge, not West Baton Rouge. Exchanges will confer a favor by directing as above.

Any of our Baton Rouge friends having communications, etc., for this paper, by leaving them on the Ferry-boat, they will be promptly returned and attended to.

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

Messrs. E. B. Overall & Co., are our duly authorized agents for the city of New Orleans.

Messrs. Chatham & Walter are our duly authorized agents for the city of Baton Rouge.

SATURDAY.....JULY 17, 1869

For the benefit of our parish readers more particularly, we publish this week the decision of the United States District Court in the Mansfield-Allain case which has excited so much interest here.

New Western potatoes do not seem to be worth much in New Orleans. A lot of 250 barrels received there last Saturday brought only \$1.50 per barrel.

The City Council of New Orleans has elected that staunch old paper, the *Bulletin*, as the official journal. We congratulate our cotemporary upon the high position it has reached.

The *American Agriculturist*, for July, has reached our table. Of all Northern agricultural or horticultural periodicals, give the *Agriculturist*. It contains more substantial matter than any publication we receive from that section. Orange Judd & Co., publishers, No. 245 Broadway, New York, at the low price of \$1.50 per annum.

Several of the New Orleans papers condemn in unmeasured terms the decision of Judge Leamont seating the Governor's appointed aldermen, and ousting the regularly elected candidates. They declare the Judge to be so thoroughly radicalized that his decisions are based solely upon party expediency. The matter will be taken to the Supreme Court.

Several new publications reach us this week with the request to exchange and notice. As they are worth neither one nor the other, we consigned them to the waste paper basket. There are more humbugging periodicals now issued at the North than at any time previous to the war. To "exchange" or "notice" would be to elevate them to respectability, which we decline doing.

Some of our exchanges are bragging already on having seen cotton stalks covered with well matured bolls, forms, etc., thus indicating an early cropping season. We have no desire to check their vanity in that particular, but we rather think when the time comes to count the chickens, little West Baton Rouge will give some of the "early" parishes a race for quality and quantity to the acre. We are a little late, that's a fact, but we are overhauling time fast. Such weather as we have now is working wonders.

Isaac N. Collins, an old citizen of Baton Rouge, died suddenly on Saturday night last. Mr. Collins was, for many years, a prominent man in that city, and made many warm friends by his quiet, affable manners. He was about 43 years of age and, we believe, a native of New York. His remains were escorted to their last resting place by DeSoto Lodge of I. O. O. F., of which he was a valuable member; he was also a member of the Masonic fraternity. The firemen and citizens generally assisted in the last sad tribute to his memory. May his ashes rest in peace!

"The weather is monous lot," said a fat old lady in the ballroom, "and dancin' makes it monousser," but the shrewd old expounder of caloric influence never sipped the sweets that are daily offered by lively Wm. Roller, of *The Parlor*, to his many patrons. One feels cool on entering his cosy little retreat; much cooler after imbibing, and "froz-out" completely when "filled up." The Col. looks ice, feels ice and is ice to everybody, and they immediately partake of his strange influence. *The Parlor* is the place to get and keep cool—and doubters should have their doubts dispelled by trying a chance or two.

MORE CONTEMPTIBLE THAN A CARPET BAGGER OR SPOILSMAN.—The Southern man who takes the part of the carpet-bagger, who justifies his spoliation. Whom does this fit?

It requires no ray of light to see it!

STIR IN TIME.

Although slow, there is a perceptible increase in the demand for Southern lands. Gradually the process of filling up commences, but not fast enough to keep pace with the wishes of the people. A few years more of peace, coupled with wise legislation, will start the South into life anew, and cause thousands of acres to flourish where now a wilderness reigns. Then lands will become more valuable than they are now, according to the energy of the farmer or planter working them. Sugar, cotton, rice and tobacco being the principal articles of cultivation, in which, no doubt, most of the new lands will be engaged, there is still room in abundance for agricultural productions which will prove highly remunerative if entered upon with proper zeal and industry. The past few years have shown how well it has paid to send early vegetables to the North, and how that business can be increased by proper attention to the wants of those people in the proper time of shipment, etc. In other States, Alabama and South Carolina for instance, the shipment north of early garden stuff, as well as fruits, has paid handsomely, indeed so much so, that next season, the revenue arising from that branch of business will amount to thousands of dollars. The only drawback we find in it is the little nonsensical pride shown by some who think it not so elevating in character as planting sugar and cotton. The humble, though profitable calling of gardener not ranking with that of planter! How ridiculous, and yet how common is this stupid pride in many Southern people!

Now is the time to invest in lands. It cannot be many years before they will be worth ten times their present value. The price within the past three years has materially increased, and they will increase in proportion as the demand grows by the influx of immigrants. There is strong reason to believe that coolies will be successfully introduced upon our plantations, and if so, prices must range higher and higher as new plantations are opened or old ones restocked. This is evident from any point of view. The small producer will then be driven to the wall, and he ought to make the most of the present by purchasing every acre he means will permit. In defiance of large plantations, small farms will pay well in the South, but it can only be done in the hands of industrious and energetic men—men who thoroughly understand and can appreciate the value of time and money. It is well to understand this now. Lands are still reasonable in the market, but cannot remain so long. A good start with an industrious young farmer now will be an independence for him in a few years. Raise vegetables and fruits—send them north, it pays well and always will be a good paying business.

The Chinese Labor Convention, now in session at Memphis, is largely attended, delegates being present from nearly every Southern State. No business of importance had been transacted up to the 14th inst., the Convention being desirous of awaiting the arrival of the Chinese interpreter, Kopmanchap. The interest manifested is very great.

Harpers' Weekly, a Radical sheet, says: "One wonders that the South does not rebel anew, when one considers the miserable vermin who have been sent down there a Government officials."

And no publication in the North aided and assisted more in sending the loathsome scum upon us than the filthy radical sheet from which the above extract was taken. When carpet-baggery smells in the nostrils of the brothers Harper, then indeed are "times out of joint."

It is to be regretted that our peach crop will prove an almost failure this season. The fruit rot upon the trees, or shrivel up and fall off. Our horticulturists are at a loss to account for it. The same report reaches us from other parishes, with exceptional individual cases. This will prove a serious annoyance to the lovers of that luscious fruit. Some attribute this failure to the wet winter and spring, together with the late season; but we are of opinion that it arises from other causes. It is a matter that should be investigated to prevent, if possible, a similar misfortune.

A STRANGE STORY. The world is very warm, therefore will we a story relate—a story stranger than ever emanated from the brain of the most fertile of romancers, or woven by the hand of Fate in the meshes of truth. Thus rid of a quantity of superfluity, we will proceed with our narrative. Know then, perspiring and over-heated reader, we were waited upon by the collector of Internal Revenue for the "best Government the world ever saw," who demanded of us the prodigious sum of five cents, balance due upon our assessment for the year of grace 1868! He unfolded his scroll of manuscript and pointed out the debit there written in the most legible characters as evidence of his authority for the same—into a cold sweat were we violently thrown by this strange demand, nor could we, for a time, subdue our excited emotions. There was no denying the claim—there it was in unmistakable evidence. We felt as any other poor editor would feel when requested to pay over a certain amount of money. But as faint heart never won the blind mule at a race, we determined to raise the money at all hazards. After dunning a dozen or two subscribers we succeeded, and soon were in possession of an acquittance from the Government. A load thus removed, we took something of a refractory character. Our readers may suppose we are joking in this matter, but we assure them it is substantially a fact. Any person desiring to see the voucher, can do so by asking for it. It shall ever be kept as a reminder of the wonderful strictness of a good, great and beneficent Government. Seriously, that an amount of five cents should be returned from the Department at Washington City to this distant point as unpaid on the assessment roll of three years ago, smacks more of the ridiculous than anything we have seen for many a day. That a Government annually swindled out of millions of dollars by dishonest collectors, assessors and other employees, and with no prospect of a speedy change, should be so exact in so small a matter, is the veriest farce ever brought to public notice!

SMALL FARMERS.—We are glad to learn that the small farms on the prairies west and southwest of New Iberia are doing well. The farmers have planted a large number of small patches of cane, and are preparing to make sugar to the extent of their ability next year. These small sugar farms, many of them worked by white labor alone, dotted over these fine prairies, will have a fine effect on the future prosperity of this country. They need no coolie laborers among them.—*Platters' Banner*.

There is really more bone, substance and true metal in such reports than in those announcing large arrivals of coolies. When white men tuck up their breeches and dive into the soil with plow, hoe and harrow, something will turn up as well as out. It will turn up many a furrow of bright golden grain, the succulent cane and the fleecy cotton, and it will turn out a hardy class of yeomen who will prove the mainstay of the country in her time of need. It will develop a hardy race of men whose intelligence and usefulness will be improved and increased by the honest, manly labor that calls it forth—no namby-pamby pulling caricatures upon humanity, whose only claim to such would lie in their bounds and gun, their horses and dissipations, and "my father's coolies!" Would there were a hundred thousand small farms in this State, owned and worked by men whose greatest pride would be the title of "farmers," and whose stalwart arms could defend their social position from the sneers and gibes of those who would decry them. Speed the day when we may witness it!

THE UNIVERSE.—The second volume of the *Chicagoan* commences with the title changed to the *Universe*, the first number of which is received. It is enlarged to an eight-page sheet, and contains the commencement of a story by Mrs. Corbin, entitled "Married, or a Woman's Deception," a capital story by Mrs. Jennie T. Hazan,—"Daisy, or the Married Man's Story," and a great variety of other matter. Among the principal articles is one on "Spiritualism a Moral and Social Necessity," by Robert Dale Owen, and many on various phases of the "Woman Question," and Spiritualism. Published weekly, at \$2.50 per year, by H. N. F. Lewis, 113 Madison st., Chicago.

A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

The blacks of the South should now send missionaries to New England. The bottom rail is getting on top! A man cannot give away his dinner and disgust it, nor can New England expect to be happy in her garden when she has sent her good people far from home to labor in other vineyards.

A writer for the *American Workman*, employed in a mill at Lowell, thus points with most accurate truth a sad picture. Read it with care, and see how much of New England that glitters is gold:

"Every mother and father in Lowell or Fall River, who dares open the lips will attest the truth on that point. We are bound slaves to the corporation. Our little children of six and eight years old are obliged to work among the flying pickers and wheels, to clean and oil the machinery. The rich corporations cannot afford to let the boms lie idle an hour at a time, and give the workers decent time to eat food, while the little baby could clean the machines without such imminent danger to their lives and limbs."

There ought to be a statute law, strictly enforced, that all the machinery stop at noon two hours at least, in order that these young white slaves might do their work without peril to life or limb among the merciless engines.

Christian mothers of New England, is our request unreasonable? Think of your little ones in the place of ours, brought home mangled, bleeding, dying, because of the rapacity of mill-owners, who value a yard of cloth more than a child's life. Are we bold enough to complain or testify what we endure and know before inquiry commissioners?—We are refused permission to work as our punishment. That, to you, might be a small matter; to us, it is in fact a sentence of death by starvation. The hours of our labor are so long, and our labor so exhausting, we cannot reside far from the mill; the company own all the land and houses in the vicinity, and we must pay them the rent by mill orders; the only store at which we can trade is theirs, and they give us no trust, but they will not pay us till our wages are overdue at least one month. We must trust them one or two months' work, which we lose if we quit work, or are discharged because of witness bearing, faint-fading or insubordination. We must pay the corporation preacher and the corporation power-rent, if we never file our souls by listening to his pro-slavery diatribe of "servants obey your masters." Even the doctor (and too often the lawyer also), is owned by the corporation, and we can employ no other on pain of discharge, while the corporation pays his bill out of our earnings before it will give us a penny for food.

Do you say "this picture must be overdrawn, or you would seek employment in other localities?"

We cannot; we are bound hand and foot with a social chain, harder to break than the iron fetters of the negro. We, many of us, were brought up to this labor, and we have no knowledge of any other branch of business; we would be glad to learn any other employment; but where are the *Christian bosses* who will give us and our children food and shelter in return for our ignorant labor in any other industry?

Will the mechanic who is now striking because his boss has hired some skilled or unskilled hand, who is guilty of "not having served a regular apprenticeship to a trade-union shop," remember that he, too, is a man and our brother, and give us a helping hand?

Will the farmer hire us for what we can earn, even though he is obliged to send to the ends of the earth for labor to till his fields?

DISFRANCHISING THE NEGROES.—The New York World says that "we cannot disfranchise the negroes." Now, we of the Democratic party do not propose to "disfranchise" them, for the very good reason that they are not yet legally enfranchised. They are voting, to be sure, in the Southern States, but it is only by the dictation of the bayonet, which dictation we hope and believe will not long continue.—When that pressure is taken off they will cease to vote. Our cotemporary, in the expression it uses in this matter, has got the cart before the horse. It has fallen into one of the greatest fallacies of the Radical party.

An agent of the Chattanooga and Meridian railroad has gone to San Francisco to employ three thousand Chinamen for the road. Other corporations are moving in the same direction, and soon, we fear, the political negro will be left to meditate on Puritan philanthropy and the advantages of the ballot-box.

The negro notion of a free election, as illustrated in the Washington riot, is this—vote our ticket or receive our brickbats.

The New York Commercial (Radical) says that Grant "has done nothing but blunder since he entered the White House," and advises a spanking, quoting Solomon's adage about the rod and the child.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age, none heavier, for it never melts.

THE MANSFIELD-ALLAIN CASE.

E. E. Norton, assignee in bankruptcy of A. S. Mansfield, for use of A. B. Merrill, subrogee, vs. Sosthene Allain, Sr., Margaret D. Allain, and other defendants. In United States District Court.

1. This cause was submitted this day to the court for a final decree, all parties being represented by counsel in the presence of the court, and the court doth declare, the parties consenting thereto, that Asahel S. Mansfield, by the agreement with Sosthene Allain, Sr., dated 25th of March, 1868, as set forth in the bill, acquired an equity against him for a specific performance of that contract.

2. That the said Margaret D. Allain, by her suit in the Sixth District Court, obtained against her said husband in April, 1868, a valid judgment for dotal and paraphernal rights for the sum of \$84,000 and upwards, and costs and interest, as is manifest from the record in the said District Court of the parish of Orleans, remaining in said Court, and described in the pleading in said cause.

3. It is further declared that there is matter for equitable adjustment between said plaintiff and his subrogee and the said Allain and wife.

4. That it appears from the decree of the Sixth District Court that there is a separation of property between the said Allain and his wife; and by the said decree and by the order of this Court, which is hereby confirmed, that the said Margaret is, and shall be authorized to appear separately from her husband; and her husband, represented by Sosthene Allain Jr., also intervenes, and now consents to her action in this cause, and her authority separately to act in the completion of whatever be required to fulfill the same.

And, therefore, it is agreed, and the court here enters and decrees, that all the right, title, claim and demand of Sosthene Allain, Sr., and his wife, in and to, and upon the *Australis* plantation, lying in the parishes of Iberville and West Baton Rouge, in this State, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, with all the extent that it was held and used by the said Sosthene Allain, Jr., estimated to contain fifteen hundred superficial acres, and bounded, etc., together with all the moveable implements, fixtures, animals, crops and proceeds of crops, in the hands of Gay & Co., whether the same be in the hands of the Sheriff of West Baton Rouge or any other officer or agent of the plantation or of this court, that were on the plantation on the 16th of May, 1868, be, and by force of this decree are vested in the said Amos B. Merrill, freed and discharged from the claims of said defendants, except as provided for by this decree, and that the said Allain and wife, severally shall convey to him the same, in obedience to this decree, with due remuneration for all the mortgages thereon.

That said A. B. Merrill shall convey to said Margaret D. Allain, for her consent hereto, and as her paraphernal property, and in partial discharge of her judgment against the said Sosthene Allain, Sr., in the Third District Court, and her mortgage for paraphernal debts to the extent of \$48,875, being the amount of money due on the contract of 25th of March, 1868, for which sum she shall give a credit to her said husband on the said judgement all of the property before described, and the same shall be freed and discharged from all claims upon it by the said plaintiff or his subrogee, and of all claims arising before the 16th of May, 1868, the date of her seizure, from any partnership between said Mansfield and Allain, reserving however, from the said conveyance the moneys in the hands of Gay & Co., except the sum of \$5000 upon her executing to him her notes for \$33,000, payable in three equal annual installments, with six per cent. interest, payable annually, with mortgage, vendors' lien, and usual stipulations in case of non payment on said property, which conveyance shall be to her separately from her husband, and as her paraphernal property. It is further decreed that the defendants, Gay & Co., pay to the said Merrill, upon demand, the balance reported to be due from them, amounting to \$32,289.34, for which he shall give them a receipt or acquittance.

It is further ordered that the bill be dismissed as to the defendants, Durand & Pike, and that the rights and equities arising in the accounts of Gay & Co., and the Sheriff, be reserved in favor of said Margaret D. Allain, to whom whatever rights of the plaintiff or his subrogee are transferred by this decree in respect to them, but not said sum of \$32,289.34.

It is further decreed that no party receive costs of suit, and all the orders in bankruptcy in these matters be dismissed without costs to either party.

Judgement signed July 5, 1869.

Grant's stable of horses is admirably pictured in "Moore's Rural New Yorker," as excellent agricultural paper. The horses, all supposed to be presents, are seven in number—just one for each Cabinet officer. Next time, having finished the horses, let us have the houses, and then can follow the bull pups, after which portraits of the subscribers will be in order.

The latest invention is "garbage whisky."