

The Sugar Planter.

VOL. 1. NEW SERIES.

WEST BATON ROUGE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1856.

NO. 5.

THE SUGAR PLANTER,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

HENRY J. DEANE, JOHN S. GARDNER,
RYANS & GARDNER, Proprietors.

Office near the Court House,
WEST BATON ROUGE.

TERMS OF THE SUGAR PLANTER:

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

Advertising—Advertisements not exceeding ten
lines, \$1 for the first, and 50 cents for every subse-
quent insertion; those of greater length in proportion.
A liberal discount to those who advertise by the
year.

Terms to Clubs—Where a Club of not less than
ten names is sent, with the cash, the paper will be
furnished at \$2 50 each subscriber, and an addition-
al copy to the person furnishing the list.

Where a Club of not less than twenty is furnished,
with the cash, the paper will be forwarded at \$2 25
each subscriber, and two additional copies for the
agent.

Job Printing.

Such as Pamphlets, BLANKS, CARDS, BILLS, FEETINGS
and other Notices, executed with neatness and dis-
patch. In all cases, cash on delivery.

SELECT POETRY.

Dr. Reed, a traveler through the high-
lands of Peru, is said to have found late-
ly, in the desert of Alconna, the dried
remains of an assemblage of human
beings, five or six hundred in number—
men, women and children, seated in a
semi-circle as when alive, staring into the
burning waste before them. They had
not been buried—life had not departed
before they thus sat around, but hope
was gone; the Spanish invaders were at
hand, no hope being left, they had come
hither to die. They still sat immovable
in the dreary desert, dried like mummies
by the effect of the hot air; they
still keep their position, sitting up as in
solemn council, while o'er that Aecopag,
silence broods everlasting.

The Assembly of the Dead.

With dull and leaden skies above,
And burning wastes around,
A lonely traveler journey'd on,
Through solitude profound.

No wondering bird's adventurous wing
Passes o'er that cheerless waste,
No trees across those dreary lands
A welcome shadow cast.

With scorching pestilential breath,
The desert blast swept by,
And, with a dull and hoarse glare,
The sun looked from the sky.

Yet onward still, though worn with toil,
The eager wanderer pressed,
While earnest hope lit up his eye,
And ne'er'd his fainting breast.

Why pined he in his onward course?
Why felt his struggling breath?
Why could he with bewild'ring eye
Behold the vale of death?

Before him sat, in stern array,
All hushed as if in dread,
Yet, cold and motionless, and calm,
A council of the dead.

Across the burning waste they gazed,
With fixed and stony eye,
As if strange fear had chain'd erewhile
Their gaze on vacancy.

And we and dread on every brow
In changeless lines were wrought—
Saw traces of the anguish deep,
That fill'd their latest thought.

They seem'd a race of other times,
O'er whom the desert blast,
For many a long and weary age,
In fiery wrath had passed.

Still, scathed and dried, each wasted form
His rigid aspect wore,
Unchang'd as yore successive passed
The lonely desert o'er.

Was it the clash of foreign arms?
Was it the invader's tread?
From which this simple-minded race
In wildest terror fled?

Choosing, amidst the desert sands,
Scathed by the desert's breath,
Rather than by the invader's steel,
To meet the stroke of death.

And there they died—a free-born race—
From their proud hills away:
While round them, in its lonely pride,
The far free desert lay.

And there unburied still they sit,
All statue like and cold:
Free as in death, though o'er their homes
Oppression's tide hath rolled.

Gun-barrels, it is said, have been lately
found on the field of Hubbardton battle,
in Vermont, some of which after being
buried more than seventy-five years
contain cartridges that exploded with
considerable violence when the barrel
was heated in the fire.

A memorial is about to be presented
to the Legislature of Virginia, which
proposes considerable alterations in the
slavery laws. Thus: "Forbidding the
separation of parents and children—re-
cognizing the marriage of slaves—and
allowing persons of color to be taught
to read and write, so as to assist their
moral and mental elevation."

This line fills out this column.

In a Passion; OR, THE Evils of a Hasty Temper.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Please, sir," said Hannah, our cham-
bermaid, speaking in a hesitating man-
ner, as if she knew the communication
about to be made would produce a disa-
greeable impression.

"Well, Hannah, what is it?" returned
Uncle Abel, looking at her over the top
of the morning paper, which had proved
more attractive to him than the cup of
coffee, which he had only tasted and
left to cool on the table beside him.—
The expression of the good man's coun-
tenance showed that he was prepared
for something disagreeable.

"Mr. Edwards' girl is at the door,
sir."

"Well, what does Mr. Edwards' girl
want now?"

The Edwards family were inveterate
borrowers, and my uncle was beginning
to lose all patience with them.

"She says, will you please—" The
chambermaid hesitated.

"Lend what! It's lent, of course!"
The old gentleman's face was crimson-
ing.

"I'll say you're using it," replied Han-
nah, in as soothing a tone as she could
venture to assume.

"No, you needn't!" angrily replied my
uncle. "I don't want you to put words
into my mouth. Tell the girl to tell Mr.
Edwards that if he wants to read the
morning paper, he can subscribe for it,
as I do."

Hannah looked doubtfully at the ex-
cited old gentleman. She did not wish
to be bearer of such a message.

"I've heard!" said uncle Abel, in an
imperative voice.

Hannah turned and left the room.
"Too bad! Outrageous! The fam-
ily is a nuisance!" ejaculated uncle Abel,
in an unusually excited manner. "I'll
stop taking the paper, if I am to be an-
noyed in this way." And he fluttered
the crackling sheet as he threw his hands
about him.

I could with difficulty repress a smile,
as I looked at the really kind-hearted
old man, in his temporary excitement.

"It is well to be angry!" I said, the
moment I saw that I could speak to his
reason.

"No, it is not well, Kate," he answer-
ed, in a subdued voice. "It is not well.
And I am old enough to know better."

"That was a very rough message you
sent to a neighbor?"

"What did I say?" The old gentle-
man looked a little frightened.

"Why, you told Hannah to tell the
girl to tell Mr. Edwards, that if he want-
ed to read the morning paper to sub-
scribe to it, as you did."

Uncle Abel sighed, and looked down
upon the floor with a fixed, absent gaze.
His spirit was troubled.

"Mr. Edwards appears to be a very
gentlemanly person," said I.

"It isn't gentlemanly to be forever
annoying neighbors and coveting their
property, returned uncle Abel, a little
sharply.

He was making a feeble effort at self-
justification, but it wouldn't answer.—
His own conscience was not satisfied.

"Perhaps," said I, "Mr. Edwards'
paper failed to reach him."

"I got mine," he answered.

"It's no use to argue the matter, Kate,
and try to place me in the wrong," said
the old gentleman, warming up. "There
is nothing to justify his conduct."
Well, uncle Abel's breakfast was spoilt
for that morning. He laid down the
paper, tasted the cold coffee, and then
pushed the cup away.

happened? And on the other hand,
how would Mr. Edwards treat him,
should their paths cross each other
during the day!

Poor old gentleman! He was sorely
troubled in consequence of his hasty
speech.

The day, as he had feared, proved
one of serious annoyance. Once he saw
Mr. Edwards, half a block in advance,
and coming towards him. A friendly
corner was at hand, and a short turn
enabled him to escape the unwelcome
contact.

Again, on entering a store, he saw
Mr. Edwards talking with the proprie-
tor. The former did not observe him,
and he quietly withdrew, feeling some-
thing like guilt in his heart.

Once he met Mr. Edwards face to
face. The latter bowed, with his usual
politeness, as if nothing had happened;
and this was to uncle Abel a most cut-
ting rebuke. He would have felt bet-
ter if Mr. Edwards had met him coldly,
or with disdain.

The fourth and last time he came in
contact with his neighbor, was late in
the afternoon, when he was within a
few paces of his own house. Mr. Ed-
wards overtook him, and offering his
hand, remarked cheerfully on the state
of the weather and the news of the day.
As they were parting at our door, Mr.
Edwards drew from his pocket a news-
paper, and said, as he handed it to my
uncle—

"I received a late copy of the London
Times, to-day. It contains an article on
the United States, which I am sure will
interest you."

"Thank you! thank you!" stammered
uncle Abel, pushing back the paper.
"But don't let me deprive you of the
pleasure of reading it."

"Time enough for me," replied Mr.
Edwards; "time enough for me. I will
enjoy it the more from knowing that its
perusal has given pleasure. So take it,
take it, and you can send it in any time.
Good evening."

And Mr. Edwards passed on, leaving
the Times with uncle Abel.

Now this was too pointed, and my
uncle felt it keenly. He came in look-
ing hurt and depressed, and laid the
paper quietly down.

I happened to be standing at the par-
lor window, and so heard what passed
between the two gentlemen. My uncle's
state of mind was, therefore, no mystery
to me.

"Pretty severely punished," thought
I. It was all in vain that I tried to win
his thoughts from unpleasant reflections;
he answered me only in monosyllables.
Even his favorite airs on the piano fail-
ed to restore a cheerful shade on his
spirits.

"Alas!" thought I "how much of
suffering we draw upon our own hearts
These quick tempers and hasty words,
how like the foxes, do they spoil the
tender grapes."

"Hannah," said I, as we sat at the tea
table, (uncle Abel had spread the butter
on both sides of his bread, played with
his spoon, done in fact, almost anything
but eat his supper,) "what message did
you send to Mr. Edwards this morn-
ing?"

Uncle Abel started.

Hannah grew crimson in the face, and
stammered forth something that neither
of us could make out.

"What was it, Hannah?" said I.

"I—I—I—I told the girl that I
would send Mr. Edwards the paper in a
few minutes."

"You did!" said uncle Abel, in a tone
of surprise.

"Ye—yes sir."
"And why did you say that?"
"Because, sir, I thought that was
what you would say upon reflection."

"And did you send the paper in?"
"Yes sir, when you was through with
it. I hope I haven't done very wrong."

"No, Hannah," said the dear old man
getting up, and assuming almost a respec-
tful air towards the girl, "you did very
right, and I thank you for your
kind discretion."

Hannah, relieved in heart, turned
away, and glided from the room.

Uncle Abel was restored to himself;
and I think what he suffered through
that day has helped him to a little self-
control.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

SKATING.—This morning a young
man was seen skating on St. Michael
street. He had on a regular pair of
skates, and was making 2:40 time. If
this is not a pretty good sign of cold
weather, we give it up. Ice strong
enough to hold a person's weight, here
in Mobile, one of the most southern cit-
ies in the Union! As we are writing
this the thought of so much ice almost
benumbs our hands.—*Mobile News.*

Russian Storms.

A traveler in Russia says that the
storms of that country are divided into
three classes. The first and mildest
kind is called the Miasel; the second
more severe, the Sanjors; and the third
which is absolutely terrible, the Winga.
In a conversation between himself and a
priest, the latter is thus described:

"What then," cried I, "is the Winga?"

"A prelude to the last day," answer-
ed the priest. "Fortunately, unmistakable
indications announce its coming for some
days beforehand. Then nobody sets out
upon a journey, not even to the next
village, though it be but a verst or two
off. Precautions are taken for the safety
of the house, by protecting it, on the
north side with heavy stones, and by
propping it up, as well as barns and
stables, on the south side. The *taunon*
—troops of wild horses—scumper in all
haste to the nearest forest; droves of
cattle and flocks of sheep seek shelter
wherever it is to be found. Whatever
the storm overtakes on the open plain,
man or beast, caravans drawn by oxen,
or caravans drawn by horses, is lost with-
out a chance of rescue.

"An icy shower of snow is the fore-
runner of the terrible blast; it falls so
thick and drives so horizontally through
the air that to withstand it is impossible,
while it avails little to suffer one's self to
be driven before it. For if one escapes
for a while this prelude to the hurricane,
he is infallibly overtaken by the terri-
ble blasts and circling whirlwinds
which succeed it, and which gather up
from the earth, like chaff from the thresh-
ing floor, the objects exposed to their
violence, and hurl to and from in the air.

And yet the range of the unfettered
element is not here at its height; for
when the storm seems to have exhaust-
ed its fury in the manner I have de-
scribed—often raging thus for a period
of several days—then first begins the
real tempest, a blast which nothing can
resist. It uproots whole forests, tosses
the loftiest trees into the air like blades
of straw, and often carries them high
above the earth, whole versts away. It
levels stables and barns, unroof's houses
and throws down church towers, so that
the district which it has visited looks,
after its destructive passage, and for dis-
tances of several days journey, like a
land ravaged by fire and sword. On all
sides are seen herds of dead cattle, and
villages overthrown. In exposed situa-
tions, this wind has been known to tear
up isolated stables, to transport through
the air their fragments and the cattle
they contained, and far, far from the spot
to hurl these down shattered upon fields
and roofs. With varying fury the mon-
ster rages for some days, leaving behind
him, on his departure, death, destruction
and lamentations. Happily he comes
but seldom; his visits are not for every
generation; but when he does come, all
that his very breath touches is devoted to
annihilation.

"That is the Russian Winga."

In the *American Medical Gazette*, Dr.
Reese thus earnestly reiterates his ad-
vice to apply flour to scalds and burns:
"We still see reported almost daily, an
appalling number of deaths by burns
and scalds, not one of which, we take
upon ourselves to say, need prove fatal
or would do so, if a few pounds of wheat
flour could be promptly applied to the
wounds made by fire, and repeated until
the inflammatory stage had passed. We
have not known a fatal case of scalding
or burning in which this practice has
been pursued, during more than thirty
years experience, and have treated hun-
dreds in both public and private practice.
We have known the most extensive
burns by falling into cauldrons of boil-
ing oil, and even molten copper, and yet
the patient was rescued by this simple
and cheap remedy, which, from its infal-
lible success, should supplant all the
fashionable nostrums, whether oil, cot-
ton, leadwater, ice, turpentine, or pain-
extractors, every one of which has been
tried a thousand times with fatal results,
and the victims have died in excruciat-
ing agony, when a few handfuls of
flour would have calmed them to sleep,
and rescued them from pain and death.
Humanity should prompt the profession
to publish and republish the facts on this
subject, which are established by the au-
thority of standard medical works on
both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Bright, the English orator, has
made a famous speech at Marsden, in
which, greatly to the annoyance of the
Times, he compares England, with her
£60,000,000 excess of annual expendi-
ture above the United States, to an over-
weighted farm-horse contesting the race
with a trained and light ridden filly.

Revolutionary Relics.

Great thoughts never die. Great deeds
which are but the manifestation of these
thoughts, enjoy a like immortality. We
have now embalmed in our chronicles
those great ideas which, like arrows of
fire, entered the brain of Archimedes and
created there an intellectual conflagra-
tion that the waters of Lethe, fabled to
destroy all over which they whelmed,
have left intact; still standing, as firm
and durable as the pyramids, or the mon-
ster creation of Druidical times.

Our own American Revolution, the
exponent and full development of an idea
which had been foreshadowed in the
barbaric efforts and wild throes of many
nations before—in the revolt of the Sclavi-
vi—in the uprising of the Roman gladi-
ator—in many a brave but unsuccessful
effort of oppressed people—aside from
its historic embliment, has another of
a more literary nature which will endure
when our present histories have gone to
join the lost books of Livy, and those
other printed or written pages of which
we have left only the titles and general
nature. That immortality is one which
no learning has been gifted to compre-
hend by its own direct causes. It is not
scientific, nor is it classic; but, in every
sense of the word, popular. It springs
from the people; lives in them, and is
affected by them. It is the actual, warm
heart and sincere offspring of the feel-
ing and emotion of the masses. It is
generally lyric, rough, unmeted and
crude; but continent of a life and vitality
which learning cannot touch—which
erudition vainly seeks to embody. We
still have the ideas and resolves of the
patriots of olden times in the lines which
expressed them—the songs which ac-
companied the monster tea-party of
Boston, when they made their bay
cauldron for hundreds of chests of pure
Bohea—the wild ballads that inspired
the cow-boys who Tarleton and his gen-
erals—the rough and rude metres that
made the waters of the Mississippi and
its fringing woods as vocal as the oaks of
Dodona, when our kinsmen came down
from the "dark and bloody ground" to
fight out a great problem on the plains
of Chalmette.

These relics and evidences are as note-
worthy as any which we have; are far
more spirited and correct than Bancroft,
or De Tocqueville. They were written
for the immediate period of which they
treated; for a body of judges as strict as
the ancient Aecopagi, and as severe as
the Venetian "Council of Ten." The
writers were compelled to embody in
them the actual condition of affairs
and the resolution to which that condi-
tion gave rise. They were not only to
be chronicles and brief epitomes of the
times, but political histories and treatises
concerning national economy. They
were to paint a part as gloomy as lan-
guage could depict; a present overclouded
with disaster and foreboding, and a fu-
ture which might realize the dreams of
More and Ponce de Leon, or fill up the
full measure of foreboding which Aaron
Burr endeavored to realize. That the
men who sat themselves to the task were
competent for the labors they assumed,
their execution of those labors is the best
evidence. They knew the heart of the
nation, for they were a constituent por-
tion of it. They knew the sufferings, for
the endured them; and the high resolve
with which they were to be met and con-
quered, for the resolution sprang from
their own hearts. Possessing thus all
their essential requisites and being, more-
over, endowed with that high resolve
which makes the coal upon the altar to
any achievement worthy of fame and at
ter remembrance, they breathed out the
whole in a melody which, if it had the
roughness of an Ukraine colt, had also
his strength and fire. There was none
of that literary dandification and fine
writing which emasculates composition
in the more refined ages, but a direct,
straightforward expression of sound feel-
ing, upon a sound subject, which thrilled
the hearer or the reader like the sound
of a trumpet, and fitted him for deeds of
the highest enterprise.

It is said of the Dorians that their
courage had that excellent edge, that
when going into battle, the soft notes of
the flute and recorder were all-sufficient
to an accompaniment. The world has
seen but one such people, and our own
were not of the order. They could fight
and, if need be, die for the great cause
they upheld; but they wanted the in-
spiration of letters to rouse them and of
music to sustain them. Both were pro-
vided, and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is
now immortal over the whole world;
accompanies the heaving up of the an-
chor in Nankin and Bombay; the put-
ting down of liquids and solids in Lon-
don or Paris; the pursuit of the whale
by the frozen shores of Greenland; the

glorification of adventurous Yankees on
the top of the Pyramids. Long may it
continue to grace our festivals at home
and abroad; to accompany the "Star-
Spangled Banner," and those other rev-
olutionary relics which, whenever and
wherever heard, go to the American
heart like arrows of sunshine, golden
and glorious.

ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.—"Brid-
get," said a lady in the city of Gollum,
one morning, as she was reconnoitering
in her kitchen, to her servant, "what a
quantity of soap grease you got there!
We can get plenty of soap for it, and
we must exchange it for some. Watch
for the fat man, and when he comes
along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, ma'am," says Bridget, between
each whisk of her dish-cloth, keeping a
bright look-out of the kitchen window,
and no moving creature escaped her
watchful gaze. At last her industry
seemed to be rewarded, for down the
street came a large portly gentleman
flourishing a cane, and looking the pic-
ture of good humor. Sure that he was
the man, when he was in front of the
house, out she flew and informed him
that her mistress wished to speak to
him.

"Speak to me, my good girl?" asked
the gentleman.

"Yes sir; wants to speak to you, and
says would you be good enough to walk
in?"

This request, so direct, was not to be
refused, so, in a state of some wonder-
ment, up the steps went the gentleman,
and up the stairs went Bridget, and
knocking at her mistress' door put her
head in and exclaimed:

"Fat gentleman's in the parlor,
ma'am." So saying, she instantly descend-
ed to the lower regions.

"In the parlor thought the lady.—
What can it mean. Bridget must have
blundered." But down to the parlor
she went, and up rose our fat friend with
his blaudest smile and most graceful
bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam,
that you would like to speak to me—at
your service madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state
of the case immediately, and a smile
wreathed itself about her mouth in spite
of herself, as she said:

"Will you pardon the blunder of a
raw Irish girl, my dear sir! I told her
to call in the fat man to take away the
soap grease, when she made a mistake
you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leared back
in his chair and laughed such a hearty
laugh as never came from your lean
gentry.

"No apologies needed madam," said
he, "it is decidedly the best joke of the
season. Ha, ha, ha, so took me for the
soap grease man, did she! It will keep
me laughing for months, such a good
joke!"

And all up the street and around the
corner was heard the merry laugh of the
old gentleman as he brought down his
cane every now and then, and exclaimed,
"such a joke."

EUROPEAN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.
—Governor Anthony writes home from
Europe as follows:

"I have seen a man, who had held a
high place in the government of a coun-
try that maintains a large commerce
with the United States, estimate the
population of New York at 150,000.—
And when he was told that New York
and Brooklyn and other adjoining mu-
nicipalities numbered about the popula-
tion of Paris, he evidently did not be-
lieve it, though he was too polite to say
so. I have seen men whose position
should make them quite familiar with
statistics shake their heads in incred-
ulous amazement, when told that there
were more miles of railway in the United
States than in Europe, and that the
steamboat tonnage of the Mississippi and
its tributaries was greater than all the
inland waters of the Eastern hemisphere.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Alex-
andria (Va.) Gazette gives an account of
a recent shower of bugs near Fairfax
Court House. The Gazette says:

The snow, for several miles, was rob-
bed of its whiteness, and made to resem-
ble a vast field of colored velvet. What
is still more surprising, the intense cold-
ness of the weather cannot kill them.
They apparently seem to be stiffened
by the raw atmosphere; but if placed
near the fire, will relax and exhibit signs
of life. They are very black, and are
but little larger than a grain of coarse
powder. Who can enlighten us on the
bug question?"

The young lady who caught a
cold let it go again.