The Western Democrat.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

We have received a small pamphlet, published by Mr Wm. Glaze, of Columbia, S. C. giving an account of experiments and observations upon the Chinese Sugar Cane. The first part comprises experiments and observations, made with a view of determining its value as a sugar-producing plant, by Joseph Lovering, of Oakhill, Pennsylvania. From seven experiments, which are stated minutely, he makes the following inferences:

1. That it is obvious that there is a culminating point in the development of the sugar in the cane, which is the best time for sugar making. This point or season I consider to be, when most if not all the seeds are ripe, and after several frosts—say when the temperature falls to 25° or 30° Fereinheit.

2. That frost, or even hard freezing, does not injure the juice nor the sugar; but that warm Indian summer weather, after the frost and hard freezing, does injure them very materially, and reduces both quantity and quality.

3. That if the cane is cut and housed, or shocked in the field when in its most favorable condition, it will probably keep unchanged for a long time.

4. That when the juice is obtained, the process should proceed continuously and without delay.

5. That the clarification should be as perfect as possible by the time the density reaches 15° Beaume, the syrup having the appearance of good brandy.

6. That although eggs were used in these small experiments, on account of their convenience, bullock's blood, if to be had, is equally good; and the milk of lime alone will answer the purpose; in the latter case, however more constant and prolonged skimming will be required to produce a perfect clarification, which is highly important.

7. That the concentration, or boiling down, after clarification, should be as rapid as possible without scorching—shallow evaporators being the best.

With these conditions secured, it is about as easy to make good sugar from the Chinese cane as to make a pot of good mush, and much easier than to make a kettle of good apple butter.

Included in the pamphlet is a very practical statement of experiments made in Fairfield, by Capt. H. C. Davis, addressed to the members of the Fairfield Agricultural Society. The practicability of manufacturing the sugar seems yet to be involved in uncertainty; but syrup of a superior quality has been repeatedly made. Last fall, at the Fair in Winnsboro, we saw several varieties that were made with great success. So, also, at the State Fair. With very little trouble and small expense, every planter can supply the home demand, and thus contribute immeasurably to the comfort of his negroes. Even though in flavor it might not be able to compete with the best New Orleans, yet the cheapness with which it can be made, must commend the syrup to that kindly consideration for their negroes, which characterises our planters generally.—*Columbia Carolinian.*

TAR AND FEATHERS.—Suspicion resting on Jas. L. Bowers, of Kent county, Md., as being connected with running off slaves from that State, it was determined last week by a number of respectable citizens, to send him out of the State. On Wednesday night last, the determination was put into effect. The Kent (county) News says:

From ten to thirty persons were engaged in it, one of whom succeeded in decoying Mr Bowers from his house between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, by pretendidg to have broken his carriage which required assistance to mend it. Upon Mr B's arrival at the road, (which is distant about one hundred yards from his house,) he was seized and secured by the party who quickly proceeded to place him in a carriage to be conveyed to a place previously selected for the purpose. His screams were soon heard by his wife, who immediately started to the place whence they proceeded, and came up with the party before they had carried off her husband. Her fears for his safety were partially relieved by being told that he would receive no personal violence, but that they intended to take him to jail for some offense he had committed. Mrs Bowers returned home while the posse carried him to a wood some half a mile distant, where he was stripped, tarred and feathered, and after promising to leave the State within twenty-four hours, he was permitted to depart.

IN A FIX.—An American at Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line in the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a plate of fragrant beef soup. This was very well, and when it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him; again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow root. He tried the fifth line and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him—a bunch of tooth-picks. This was too much—our countryman paid his bill, and incontinently left.

REVENUE FROM TOBACCO.—Statistical tables recently published show that the annual revenue raised on tobacco in France amounts to about $20,000,000, and in England to about $23,000,000, or to a total for both countries of about $53,000,000. Nearly all of this is grown in the United States, and by slave labor. Thus France derives one half of her revenue from customs, and England one fourth from the product of slave labor of America. What a blessed condition they would all be in if their short-sighted philanthropy could cut open the goose that lays the golden egg!

SLAVE PROPERTY IN MISSISSIPPI.—A Mississippi paper says that the number of taxable slaves in that State is 368,182, an increase on 1856 of 18,459. If the average value of the slaves is estimated at $600 each, the total would be $220,902,200.

THE EFFECTS OF AUTHORSHIP ON THE MIND AND HAPPINESS.

Two of the most remarkable and unexpected suicides of modern times have been committed by literary men, in the full blast of mental occupation. We allude to the extraordinary deaths of Hugh Miller and Henry W. Herbert. In some respects there was a great contrast between the two men. The first was emphatically and eminently a religious man. In fact it was an over-earnest desire to vindicate what he considered some of the reconciling truths between the Book of Genesis and geology, that finally, having overtasked his mental energies, drove him to that horror of great darkness which utterly dethroned his reason, and led him to that act which was without any outward cause, and abhorrent to all his most settled principles.

In the other case there were several outward circumstances to help to account for the deed. But when it is remembered that Mr Herbert speaks of himself as one of the most wretched of men, as being for twenty-six years without friends, or fortune, or country, there is plenty of evidence to show that morbidly sensitive and wretched state of mind underlying all, and producing now herculean feats of mental labor, and now that utter relaxation and want of nerve and faith to meet emergencies which is, as we apprehend, the really greatest of all dangers arising from a literary life.

The two gentlemen whose names we have mentioned were also from opposite walks of life by birth and early education—Hugh Miller, a stone-cutter, barely taught to read; Herbert, the son of a literary clergymen, a Dean and a Right Honorable, in whose veins flowed the blood of Percy and Pembroke. He himself was a graduate of Eton and of Cambridge, with every advantage that birth and the best education could bestow. Yet here their situations were more apparently than really dissimilar, for Hugh Miller became distinguished on the stones of the field as Herbert on ancient learning, history, and those fashionable field sports in which the aristocracy of England delight.

But in other respects there was a strong similarity in these men, both in the circumstances of their lives and of their deaths. Both were voluminous authors—not mere copyists and compilers of other men's ideas, but writers of original and strong thoughts rapidly thrown off, but exhibiting the very highest qualities of vigorous mental force and imagination. Most of their works were what the farmers would call a *scourging crop*, exhaustive in the highest degree of the mind, and written with great energy and beauty of style. Both were men of an originally fine constitution. We vividly remember the remarkably well built and manly form of Henry W. Herbert, as he leaped from the box-seat of a stage-coach to present a letter of introduction to a near relative and friend. He was then about thirty, just about to be married to his first wife, a lady of the highest respectability and connexions, in high spirits, and with a manliness, frankness, and gentleness of address that, through its great simplicity and ease, would have won him entrance any where.

Both were singularly fond of playing with all sorts of deadly weapons, good shots with a pistol, and inclined to keep such dangerous tools close about them. Both had overworked themselves by excessive fits of writing until a depression of spirits seems to have succeeded, bringing upon them a frenzy of desperation and dispair.

Both wrote letters showing that the act was in one sense premeditated, while both in their last writings showed that intense *present* suffering robbed them of the sustaining sense of the future, without beclouding *their* intellectual consciousness of it. And both, at about the same hour of the night, and almost precisely the same way, terminated their existence.

The occasions of most apparent causes for such acts are not always the most *real* causes. Other things may have operated and did operate beyond doubt in this last case; but the utter exhaustion arising from over mental effort in *imaginary* and intellectual efforts, leaving the will too powerless and exhausted to contend with the difficulties of simple existence in real life, was one great cause lying at the bottom of both acts. It was the *only* cause in Hugh Miller's case.

The literary man lives in an *ideal world*—a most unnatural life. Give him his garret, his inkstand, and his book, and he has a world within himself, a world of delight in which he can escape all calamity for the time being. But, when utterly exhausted by this kind of life, he awakes to the body and finds trouble on every side from little neglects, or whims or errors. His mental power being all exhausted, he readily sinks into dispair. His *faith* in every thing, except some one present and pressing, sometimes quite imaginary, is gone.

In Hugh Miller's case, it might be said, and was said, "See the effects of being overmuch righteous. Had he only relaxed, and hunted, and sported, and taken violent fits of exercise to atone to his body for those of mental work, all had been well. Had he only eaten more, and drank more freely and mirthfully, it had not been thus." This could not be said in the latter case. The relaxation was as extreme and exhaustive as the mental work. But both, in different ways, failed to seek or to obtain that quietude which a more gently relaxing life would have given. Could both have lived more immediately in communion with a wife and children, on a quiet farm, both might have been alive now and happy.—*Phil. Ledger.*

Henry A. Wise, Jr., son of Gov. Wise, says the Virginia Herald, was ordained a Minister at the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria on Friday, the 2d inst.

EMINENT CLERGYMAN DEAD.—The Philadelphia papers announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Janeway, one of the most eminent Presbyterian clergyman in the country.

☞ A subscriber living near Lebanon, Te., informs us that a negro woman, living in his neighborhood, who is eighty-four years of age, recently gave birth to two children. The mother and children are doing well.—This is a remarkable "freak of nature," and we do not ever remember of hearing of a similar one.—*Russellville Ky., Herald.*

One thousand barrels of flour are contracted for in Cincinnati, Ohio, by parties in Indiana, at $1 per barrel.

GOV. CUMMING'S RECEPTION

At Salt Lake City, by a Gentile Refugee.

Thos. Corndale, a Gentile, who passed the winter among the Mormons, and who took advantage of Gov. Cumming's protection to escape from Salt Lake City, thus describes his reception by Brigham Young and the twelve Apostles and the Saints of Utah:

Brigham passed out into an ante-room, and returned with two gentlemen, whom he introduced to the audience as Gov. Cumming and Col. Kane. Kane never said a word. Gov. Cumming said to the people he had come there as Governor of Utah, to do them good—not harm.

The people cried out, "Speak louder."

The Governor repeated what he had said and added, "I am your friend."

Voices—"I don't believe it"—"It is a lie."

"Governor Cumming—I have come out here to see that justice is done to you—to see that you are protected from the Indians. I have come on my own responsibility, without an escort, or guard, or any arms, not even a penknife."

Audience—"It is not true; it is false. You have come supported by 2,000 bayonets." This was halloed out with great noise and rage. It was then added, "We won't believe you are our friend until you send these soldiers back." It was a perfect Bedlam, the people halloed out any and every thing, and gross personal remarks were made. The audience became so violent that Brigham frequently had to interfere to quiet them.

One man said, "You are nothing but an office seeker." The Governor replied that he obtained his appointment honorably, and had not solicited it. The people then cried out, "We will not have a Missourian to rule over us." The Governor replied that he was not a Missourian, that he was a Georgian.

John Taylor got up and apologized, saying that Mr. Cumming must excuse them—they had thought he was a Missourian; then he went on to recount what they had suffered from the hands of the Missourians, when Brigham stopped him by saying there was no necessity for narrating that. The hallowing, talking and screaming lasted over two hours.

John Taylor made a speech, saying, "We are free from the Gentile yoke, and we never will be under it again; we will remain free forever." The whole assembly clapped their hands at this sentiment. Brigham," continued Taylor, "has slipped out of the yoke, and old Buchanan is nearly crazy because he has to carry it alone. We never intend to be yoked up with Gentiles again; no, never, world without end, for their dominion is sealed,"

Governor Cumming had a paper read which sounded like a proclamation. The Governor said in it that he governed the Territory—that all its armed citizens were under his command—that all the roads in the territory were open and free for travel.

An Irishman named Clemmens, who is not a citizen of the United States, spoke two hours. He called all persons who desired to leave, rascals and scoundrels.

Brigham Young then got up and said: "If there is any man or woman here who really wants to go away, and feel that they have been deprived of their rights, I want them to hold up their right hands." I looked around to see if any hands were held up, expecting a good many would be, but there was not one. I then raised my hand, and the people cried, "Here is a hand," Right after, others were held up.

Brigham Young then asked me if I had been treated right while in the territory. I said, as regards that, some two or three of the Bishops have treated me very kindly; but I must say, there are a great many people in here who are not as honest as they should be.

Brigham said, "That is so." The people applauded that. Brigham said, "Let every man and woman who wants to go away, give his name to Governor Cumming, and they can go and welcome."

EXTRAORDINARY DECEPTIONS.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writing under date of May 20th, says that a singular fraud has been discovered at Versaillas. A lady known by every person in that decayed city, and honored for her name, position and piety, died four or five days ago, and when she was shrouded it was discovered that she was a *man!* This pseudo lady who has played her part for forty-two years—ever since 1816—pretended to be the Countess de Solege de Lauge, and the last member of that noble family. Having been the Superior of a convent suppressed at the first revolution, she wore a monastic costume, which singularly favored her deceit, and she enjoyed a pension of $1,200, which seems to have been the principal motive for this bold imposition. It is not strange that this imposter, who took possession of all the papers of the true Countess, (who, as it is believed, died abroad as an emigrant,) should have played the part forty-two years without exciting the least suspicion, and without being exposed for a knave by any accident. The pretended Countess lived in great retirement, and visited only the Faubourg Saint Germain families, who treated her with marked attention, and sent her the earliest vegetables and fruits of their gardens.

The police are endeavoring to ascertain who this adventurer is, but a mask worn forty-two years is likely to prove impenetrable. This is the most extraordinary imposition I have ever heard of, although the adventure of the Count of Saint Helena is more dramatic. You may rely upon it, this story is no hoax. Versailles is in a fever about it. Something like it occurred a few years ago at Brussels. On the death of a chief clerk in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, it was discovered that *he* was a woman. *He* had entered the public service as a supernumerary clerk, and had gradually risen from post after posts to the chief clerkship, whose duty it was to manage the political correspondence which *he* did with extraordinary ability. And it is not long since an old soldier at the Hotel des Invalides, having fallen violently sick, was discovered to be a woman; she had served as an artillery-man through most of Napoleon's battles from Egypt to Waterloo.

Gentlemen, listen, one and all,
Big, thick, little, short and tall,
Of this well-behaved community—
Don't read the 'copy,' laugh or talk,
While the printers are at work;
It can't *be did* with impunity!