

# THE PLANTERS' BANNER.

No. 2.

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## WASHINGTONIAN WAR SONG.

Att.—Lucy Neal.

The temperance folks are in the field,  
And gathering strength each day;  
They'll make old Aledy run or yield,  
The Sons of Temperance say.  
Old Alcohol's a villain quite—  
Of murderers the chief;  
A pauper-maker day and night,  
A robber and a thief.  
Hurrah for the Sons of Teche—  
Of Atchafalaya too;  
We'll drive old Aledy from their banks—  
Yes, that's the way we'll do.

There are his imp—rum, brandy, wine,  
Gin, whiskey, cider, beer,  
Ale, port—  
All must cease to shine  
Or sparkle soon, that's clear.  
Though licensed long mankind to slay,  
At retail wholesale, too,  
By right of law protection, still,  
'Twill not much longer do.

Hurrah! &c.  
The Supreme Court has said each state  
The rum-trade now may cease,  
And banish, kill, or regulate  
Just as the people please.  
And they will please, no doubt to make  
A demonstration strong,  
That selling rum is a mistake  
That's winked at been too long.  
Hurrah! &c.

We have resolved our strength to try,  
In "conquering a peace"  
And till the foe shall prostrate lie,  
This war shall never cease.  
We're ready, and we can be rough—  
Like "Rough and Ready" move;  
With suasion for the foe enough,  
What'er his force may prove.  
Hurrah! &c.

With law and gospel, truth and right,  
Invincible we stand,  
Then on—on brothers, to the fight,  
To conquer, save the land.  
The temperance folks are in the field,  
And gathering strength each day;  
They'll make old Aledy run or yield,  
The Sons of Temperance say.  
Hurrah! &c.

## THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AN OVER TRUE TALE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and passed at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by his friends. But alas! the social glass had first allured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread—  
"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, wretch to the skin—curse it," said the man—"why ain't you abed and sleep you brat!"  
The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" said the wretch. "It's had enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in the morning—get to bed, you imp—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still heeding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parents would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury. "Give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."  
"Oh! father don't talk so loud," said the little fellow, bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep all night, and as the man made an effort to smother the candle, the boy, losing all personal fear in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path, and said, "you mean't you mean't you mean't?"

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily—"this comes of leaving you to watch on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me?—take that, and that you imp," and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a wretch as he. The walls were low, covered with cracks, and smeared with a hundred stains. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the green lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain, soaking through dripped with a sometimes tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gaze.

On a rickety looking wife of his, the once pink and beautiful Emily Langens, who, though poverty, shame and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy destiny the world cannot shake, nor change thy misery's chain.

There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—"in this way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but—why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke—"Oh!—mother's dear!" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked the saints to awake.

"Dead?" said the man, and he was sobered at once—"dead dead?" he continued, in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes staring from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow—"then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead—say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed by name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was him weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily." It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long passed. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for every joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily?—I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt."  
"Charles," said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish.

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him. "Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."  
"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too?" murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in. I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.  
"Oh, no!—you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame—"you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her hand on his and continued feebly:  
"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world, but God's will be done!—I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it and then laying it within her husband's, continued—  
"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live—the paused and struggled to subdue her feelings." Will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.  
"And you, Henry, you will obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother, will you?"

"Oh, yes," sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"  
"This is so hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still; and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he looked his wife, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.  
The boy answered in his low, mournful voice: "Henry, Henry," she said in a leader tone, and then, after a second, added, "poor babe, he doesn't know me."  
The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears curved down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—come—the candle it wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind blown out the light?"  
The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh, God!" murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter—"is it death?—Charles—Henry—love—"  
The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clung to, and looking up, as that his mother had fallen back dead upon his pillow, he knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and

fell senseless across her body.  
That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.  
Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased!

**POWERS' LAST STATUE.**—The last work of Powers is an allegorical statue of America, which is as yet however only in the cast. Beside it lies in the magnificent block of Serravezza marble in which it will be cut, larger than life—This is briefly the design of the statue: a young female figure erect, supported firmly upon the right foot; the left slightly advanced, crushing a crown beneath. At the right of the figure stands a bundle of fasces reaching to the hand which without resting is in the act of offering them. The fingers are mingled in the leaves of a laurel crown which falls over the fasces. The left arm is bent and elevated at a right angle. The fore-fingers of the open hand are to support lightly a liberty cap, which falls backward upon the wrist. The figure is to be delicately draped about the loins and right leg, to fill up the too much openness around the base.

The action of this figure is remarkable. The aspiration—the radiant glow of commanding are fascinating. You will appreciate at once the conception. The statue says briefly: From that through this to that. The trampled crown the fasces of union wreathed with victorious laurel. Victory, however, only upon union. Yet across of victory so indicating popular sovereignty; and the liberty cap, emblem of no selfish personal aggrandizement. It is extremely simple and intelligible, and the treatment is so inspiring and truthful that every American will realize in it the genius of his country.—N. Y. Organ.

**THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.**—Edmund Burke was a philosopher as well as a man of genius, and the following admonition to his fretful friend Barry the Painter, is worthy of being stamped on every youthful mind. Writing to Barry at Rome, he thus gives the results of his own experience:

"That you have just subjects of indignation always and of anger often, I do not doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to repose and fortune: for nothing can be so unworthy of a well composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and cuffing with every one about us. Again, and again my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species if not for their sakes yet very much for our own."

**SELF-TRAINING.**—The late Sir T. F. Buxton had great faith in the self-training power of men. He thus expresses himself:—  
"I am very sure that a young man can be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learned little or nothing, about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me. \* \* \* \* \* I made my resolutions, and acted up to them; I gave up all desultory reading—I never looked into a novel or newspaper—I gave up shooting during the five years I was in Ireland. I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place—I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions, and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment—I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic, depend upon it you will, for your whole life, have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

A reviewer adds: No man ought to be convinced by anything short of assiduous and long-continued labors, issuing in absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God and the good of man.

**SONG OF THE TETOTALER.**  
BY G. W. BETHUNE.  
Let others praise the ruby bright  
In the red wine's sparkling glow;  
Dearer to me is the diamond light  
Of the Fountain's cleaver flow:  
The feet of early men have trod  
The juice from the bleeding vine;  
But the stream comes pure from the hand of God,  
To fill this cup of mine.  
Then give me the cup of cold water,  
The clear, sweet cup of cold water,  
For his arm is strong, tho' his toil be long,  
Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The dew-drop lies in the floweret's cup,  
How rich is its perfume now!  
And the fainting earth with joy looks up,  
When Heaven sheds rain on her brow:  
The brook gurgles forth with pleasant voice  
To gladden the vale along;  
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice,  
To hear her quiet song.  
Then give me the cup of cold water,  
The clear, sweet cup of cold water,  
For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,  
Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The lark soars up with a lighter strain,  
When the wave has washed her wing;  
And the steed flings back his thundering mane,  
In the night of the crystal spring:  
This was the drink of paradises,  
Ere blight on her beauty fell;  
And the buried streams of her gladness rise  
In every man's-grown well.  
Then here's to the cup of cold water,  
The pure, sweet cup of cold water,  
For nature gives to all that lives,  
But a drink of the clear cold water.

## THE REVEL IN THE MAELSTOM.

"Come dance around, my jolly boys," said the captain. And away went the merry tars in a continued circle around the deck, shouting till their lungs were spent. It was a drunken revel.  
"Captain," said the sober pilot, who alone refused to join the jollification, "we must drop anchor at once. The wind has died away, and the ship has performed a quarter circle within the last half hour."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the captain, "Fill your glasses, my merry lads. Dance around, I say, the good old ship is keeping us company."  
The pilot rushed with a pale and concerned look, to note indications of the tale telling compass. Presently he returned with a face livid from fear.

"Captain," he cried, "for the love of Heaven drop anchor at once till the wind springs up, for we have entered the maelstrom. See with the glass. Yonder ship has cast anchor, and she is now making signals to us."  
"Away! thou white livered fool!" screamed the captain. "My lads, I'll give you a song."  
"He began—

"Away, away, with the brow of care,  
The devil is blithesome and merry—  
Odd boots it were, if there's pleasure there,  
With plenty of champagne and sherry."  
The pilot became frantic. No one volunteered to aid him in dropping anchor—it was a feat impossible for one to perform. Now a single shot boomed from the other ship. A boat put forth with a line securing it to the vessel. The pilot ran to the heavy life-boat but could not move it. In vain he called for aid. Still the dance and shout and song of revelry went on—Once again he flew to the compass and in despair seized the useless helm, for no wind filled the sails and still the ship moved on the mysterious circle. For the last time he came to give the solemn warning to the now reclining captain and crew. He begged and prayed to them to heed their danger; danger seemed to have fascinated them, and he was answered with a laugh. As they laughed, he wept, cautioned them with fears, and threw himself into the sea. With strong frame he swam through the fatal current towards the boat put forth to rescue, and reached it in safety. As long as a boat could be found in the anchored vessel, the boat continued its way towards the ship with the drunken crew. They came within hail, and called on them to save themselves. One or two sobered by the sense of danger, threw themselves into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat; but the others had become stupid. The line was at length exhausted. The ship could now be seen slowly moving on its narrow circle, yet those on board put forth no effort for their own preservation. It was a fearful sight. From the other ship every eye was strained with an intense gaze. Rapid, hurried action was there. Still the line was extended with every species of material that could be found for the purpose. Necessity became the inventor of hopes never heard of in ordinary emergency. It availed not to reach the vessel of the drunken crew. Without power to aid those in the boat, beheld them hastening on into a terrible grave, with the agony and excitement each moment increasing. Still they waited. Night was coming on. Faster and faster grew the motion of the ship. At last the approaching shadows warned them to return. Darkness soon settled upon and veiled the scene and when the morning again dawned the ship with the drunken crew had vanished forever from the sight.

How fearful is the warning conveyed by such an accident! Yet the dread circle of the fearful maelstrom, is scarcely more certain in destruction than the giddy whirl of intemperance.

**Goods by Schrs Nimrod, Aurora Borealis, &c.**  
The undersigned will receive per sch. Nimrod, which has just arrived in the Bayou direct from New York,  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PLANTATION AND FAMILY GOODS,  
of every variety to suit the demand of my old customers. The balance of my goods will arrive in a few days in the Aurora Borealis and the Friends, the whole comprising a very large and well assorted stock. Old customers and friends are invited to call—prices will be moderate and satisfactory.

S. SMITH.  
Franklin, Sept. 18, 1849.

Mr. LEW would respectfully inform the citizens of St. Mary, that he has just received, per schr Lanier, a  
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING, CARPETING, BLANKETS, FRONTS, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, HATS, BOOTS & SHOES  
made to order;  
and also a superior article of CUTLERY, and a GENERAL ASSORTMENT of Goods to suit the Season and Customers.  
Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine.  
Franklin, Sept. 18, 1849.

**GOODS FOR CENTREVILLE.**  
The Schrs. Nimrod brings an ANGLE Stock of GOODS, for the new store of  
SMITH & HINE,  
at Centreville. The Stock is varied, and larger and more complete than the previous assortment. Their friends on Bayou Salé and elsewhere will please call and examine the new supply. Prices will be as reasonable as those of any store in Franklin.  
Centreville, Sept. 18, 1849.

**MAYER'S NEW GOODS.**  
Just received from New Orleans, a fresh supply of FASHIONABLE FANCY GOODS,  
SELECTED WITH CARE, and purchased on terms that will enable him to sell them on the most moderate terms. The LADIES will please call and examine the Goods and Prices.  
Also, an assortment of Gentlemen's FINE CLOTHING, all of which are of superior QUALITY. Gentlemen wishing fine Clothing at moderate prices will please call.  
MAYER MAYER.  
Franklin, Oct. 3, 1849.

## NEW GOODS.

The undersigned beg leave to direct the attention of their friends and the public to the  
**Stock of Goods**  
received by them per schr, Aurora Borealis, comprising a general assortment of plantation and Ladies and Gentlemen's FANCY and DRESS GOODS; also a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every description.—Alap, Saddlery, Harness, Groceries, &c.  
W. S. CARY & CO.  
Centreville, Oct. 1st. 1849.

## Franklin Saw Mill.

The subscribers, now ready to receive and fill orders for Sawing or for Planing Lumber at the following prices, to wit:  
For all merchantable Lumber sawed to fill any bill as per direction at \$30 per thousand.  
For Palings sawed or ripped, from one inch stuff, at \$10 per thousand.  
For Lattice work at \$5 per thousand, running measure.  
For planing, tonguing and grooving, flooring or ceiling, \$10 per thousand.  
For planing the face without the tongue and groove, \$7.50 per thousand.

They feel confident that the quality of their Lumber, and neatness of their work will please the most fastidious—and feeling thus, they would respectfully invite all those who want Lumber, to call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. All they ask is a reasonable share of patronage, which they will endeavor to merit.  
April 24. GATES & BARNARD.

**Grave Stones, Tombs, &c.**  
The undersigned having opened a shop in Franklin for the manufacturing of TOMBS, GRAVE STONES and MARBLE WORK of almost all descriptions beg leave to inform the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity that they are prepared to furnish work in their line of business as cheap, and of as good quality as that obtained from New Orleans. Mr. Guy has had long experience as a sculptor in Italy and other parts of Europe, and has been employed on the Girard College at Philadelphia, and he is prepared to execute any work in his line of business in a style not to be excelled in the State.

Any person wishing marble work for purposes above noticed, or for CENTRE TABLES, MANTLE PIECES, or PLAIN MARBLE SLABS of any shape or size, are invited to call at our shop opposite the Court House, and examine our work, and enquire personally in regard to prices, &c. &c.  
GUY & GUAUILLA.  
Franklin, Nov. 29, 1849.

**LATEST ARRIVAL YET!!**  
Call at BLOCH & GODCHAUX'S, and examine their fine stock of  
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BLANKETS, CLOAKS, FANCY ARTICLES, PERFUMERY  
just received and for sale at low prices.  
Their stock of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Fancy Goods, including a General Assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, offer great inducements to purchasers.  
Franklin, Oct. 11th, 1849.

**New Goods.**  
The Schooner Lanier has arrived and  
CHARLES B. BAYLIES  
Is now opening at his new store as rich and desirable a Stock of Goods (direct from New York and Boston) as has ever been offered in this market, to which he would invite the attention of his numerous customers and the trading community generally. His stock comprises the following: London, French and American prints, Ginghams, Rich Dress Camelots, Figured Mohair and Vionnesse Laines, De-Laines, Swiss and Jaconet Edgings and Insertings, Embroidered Laces, Capes, Black Silk, Velvet and Woolen goods of all kinds.

**CLOTHING**  
Of the most extensive and elegant styles ever before offered in Pattersonville.  
**BOOTS and SHOES**  
Of every description.  
**OILS,**  
Winter and Summer strained bleached Sperm. do. do. superior Whale.  
ALSO  
Saddlery, Crockery, Tin and Hardware, Cordage, Groceries, &c.  
**GOLD WATCHES.**  
Pattersonville, Sept. 29, 1849.—2m.

**Sugar Plantation for Sale.**  
A VALUABLE SUGAR PLANTATION on lower Vermillion for sale, containing upwards of 700 arpents, all arable land and heavy timbered, improved and under cultivation; new sugar-works completed, with other requisite buildings. Other lands adjoining could be purchased. The plantation will be sold at a bargain, delivered on the 1st of January next; or a co-partnership will suit as well. For further particulars apply to  
A. J. MOSS,  
Vermillionville.

**Notice.**  
The undersigned has this day entered into partnership for the practice of the Law in and for the Parish of St. Mary, and will punctually attend to any business entrusted to them.  
THOS. MASELL,  
A. S. MAGILL.  
Franklin, June 20, 1849.

**Town Lot for sale.**  
Opposite Carson's Building on Main street—  
Eugene of S. GUY.  
Nov. 21st 1849.