

Planters' Banner.

VOLUME XV.

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NUMBER 18.

FOUR CORNER.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble? to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span:
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked in something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being—
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is a dignity in labor
Truer than o'er Pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the Mind's improvement
Aids the world—in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one—but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labor lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour;
There is genius still extending
Science—and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed and clamor
Of the loom-and the mill;
'Mid the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Thought too oft by Fashion's creatures
Work and workers may be blamed;
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps—like angel-traces—
That mankind may follow still!
That making may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the Noble—who advances
Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

GRAY'S ODE TO SPRING.
Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untamed harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the cat's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude or moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Besides some water's rusky brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how futile are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the falling hand of Care;
The pasting boards repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy stormer glows!
The insect youths are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid nook:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alas the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying clouds dressed;
Brushed by the hand of rough Misfortune,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

THE RECONCILED FATHER.
BY MISS SEDGWICK.
"I am going round by Broad street
to inquire of Ross, the glover about
little Lucy Wendall?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl,
who lived opposite to me in that bit
of a dwelling, that looks like a crack
or seam between the two houses on each
side of it. She lived with her grand
parents, natives of this city, and once
possessor of many a lot within it; but
they had been out-bargained and out-
witted till they were reduced to this
little tenement, some twenty feet by
fifteen. Their only surviving descendant
was a little friend Lucy, a pretty
faint-hearted, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl,
of most modest, quiet, engaging dis-
position. For many months after we
moved to State street, I knew nothing
of the family; but, from such observa-
tions as my eye could take, no less than
the rising position of the household.
Their only servant, Misperva, (the God-
dess of wisdom should have known bet-
ter,) used to scrub the house weekly
from garret to cellar; their only carpet
was shag every Saturday, the steps
were scoured daily, and I never in my
life saw the old woman without a dust-
ing cloth in her hand. Such a war of
annihilation did she carry on against
the intruding particles, that my friend
B. used to say, it must be hard to her to
think of turning to dust."

"Lucy had no visitors, no compan-
ions; and of the only indulgence of the
old people, which was, sitting on the
steps every afternoon, according to the

ancient Dutch custom, she never par-
took. She never went out, excepting
on Sunday to church, and then she re-
minded me of one of those bright pret-
ty flowers, that hang on the cragged,
bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her,
her spring of life seemed passing away
so drearily. My pity was misplaced;
and I felt it to be so when I looked into
her sweet and serene countenance, and
saw there the impress of that happi-
ness which flows from duties religiously
performed. It is a great matter, Grace,
to have your desires bounded within
your station; to be satisfied with the
quiet, unnoticed performance of the
duties Providence has allotted to you,
and not to waste your efforts or strength
in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure,
beyond our sphere. This is true wis-
dom, and this was Lucy Wendall's.
At last there came to this obscure fam-
ily what comes to all—death and its
changes. The old man and his wife
died within a few days of each other,
of the influenza that then raged in the
city. The hope of serving the pretty
orphan induced me to go to the house.
She received me gratefully, as an old
friend; for though we had never ex-
changed a word, there had been an
interchange of kind looks and friendly
noods—those little humanities that bind
even strangers together. On inquiry
into her affairs, I found she was left
almost penniless, but a discreet and
kind female friend had procured a place
for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy
was skilled in all the art and handicraft
of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very
thriving tradesman; and to the warm
recommendation of Lucy's friend, he
had promised to board her in his family,
and allow her sufficient compensation
for her labor.

"In a few days she removed to her
new home. It is now fifteen months
since she left our street. She came
once to tell me that she was perfectly
satisfied with her place, and since then
I have heard nothing of her. Do not
look so reproving, my lady Mentor.
I have been intending for some time
to call at Mr. Ross's, to make inquiries
about her. My story has brought you
almost to the shop; John Ross, glove
manufacturer. This must be the place.
Stop one moment Grace, and look
through the window; that man, no
doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine
head! You might know such a man
would succeed in the world, let his lot
be cast where it would. He would have
made a resolute general, a safe states-
man; but he is an honest, thriving
glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well;
nothing truer than the trade old couple:

"Honor and fame from an condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
"The old man looks as though he
might be a little tyrannical though.
Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not
have suffered from that trait in his
physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out;
now we have a clear field, let us go in."
"Mr. Ross, I believe."
"The same, ma'am."
"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a
young woman who came to live with
you last Christmas?"

"I have had a great many young
women living with me, ma'am."
"The old man's humor requires me
to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross,
was Lucy Wendall."
"Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into
the factory about that time."
There was an expression in his face
at the mention of her name, that might
betide good, and it might betide evil
of Lucy.

"I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross,
whether Lucy had given satisfaction,
and whether she still remains with
you?"
"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendall,
ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call
myself so, but I could hardly claim
that name. She was my neighbor, and
interested me by her correct depart-
ment, and uncommon dutifulness to her
old parents."

Ross made no reply, but fumbled
over some gloves that were on the
counter, then tied up the bundle and
laid it on the shelf.
"You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to
answer my inquiry. I am afraid some
accident has happened to the poor girl?"
"Would you like to know, ma'am,
what has happened to her?" He leaned
his elbow on his desk, and seemed
about to begin a story.

"Certainly I would."
"Well you know when Lucy Wen-
dall came to me she was a little demure
thing—not a beauty, but so comely
and so tidy, that she was a pretty resting
place for the eye of old or young. She
was as great a contrast to the other
girls in the workshop, as white is to
black. She just sat quiet in one corner
and minded her work, and took no part
in their prattling. You know what a
parcel of girls are ma'am, dinging away
from morning till night, like forty thou-
sand chimney swallows. Lucy was
very different; she made herself neat
and tidy in the morning, and did not
lose half an hour at noon when the
apprentice boys were coming to dinner,
twisting out curl papers and furbelow-
ing her hair. The boys and girls used
to have their joke about her, and call
her the little parson; but she only
preached in her actions, and that is what
I call practical preaching, ma'am; she
was a little master workman at her
needle—I never had a match for her
since I began business; but you know
there's always a but in this life, she
gave me great offence. She crossed
me where I could least bear to be con-
tradicted."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr.
Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an
only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-look-
ing, good-natured, industrious lad. I
set my heart on his marrying his cousin,
Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of
my younger sister, and had a pretty
fortune in hand, enough to set John up
in any business he fancied. There was
no reason in the world why he should
not like Amy. I had kept my wishes
to myself, because I knew that young
folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that
will not mind spur or bit. I never mis-
trusted that anything was going wrong
till one day I heard the girls making a
great wonderment about a Canary bird
that they found when they went in the
morning into the workshop, in a cage
hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I
remembered that John had asked me
for five dollars the day before, and when
I asked what he wanted it for, he looked
sheepish, and made no answer. I
thought it prudent before matters went
any further to tell John my wishes about
his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am,
I have always made a law to my chil-
dren. To be sure, I have taken care, for
the most that they should be reasonable.
I am a little wilful, I own it; but it's
young folks' business to mind; and
children obey your parents, is the law
both of scripture and of nature. So I
told John. I did not hint any suspicions
about Lucy, but I told him this marriage
with his cousin he had long set my heart
upon, and what he must set about with-
out delay or peril of my displeasure—
He was silent, and looked down-cast;
but saw that I was determined, and I
believed he would obey me. A few
evenings after, I saw a light in the
workshop after the usual time. I went
to inquire into it. I had on my slippers
and my steps made little or no sound.
The upper part of the door was set with
glass. I saw Lucy finishing a pair of
gloves—my son was standing by her.
It appears that they were for him, and
he insisted upon her trying them on his
hand. Her's, poor thing, seemed to
tremble. The glove would not go on,
but it came off, and their hands met
without gloves, and a nice fit they were.
I burst in upon them. I asked John if
this was his obedience to me, and I told
Lucy to quit my service immediately.
Now the whole matter is past, I must
do John justice to say he stood by her
like a man. He had given his heart
and promised his hand to Lucy, and
she owned she loved him—him who
was not worthy of her love. He said,
too, something of my being a kind father,
and a kind man; and he would not
believe that the first case of my doing
a wrong would be to the orphan girl
whom Providence had placed under our
roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I
hardened my heart to all this, but you
know that anger is a short madness,
and so it is; and besides, there is nothing
makes us so deaf to reason and true
feeling as the strong sense we are wil-
fully doing wrong. I was harsh, and
John lost his temper, and poor Lucy
cried, and was too frightened to speak;
it ended by my telling Lucy she should
not stay another day in my house, and
John, that if he did not obey me, my
curse should be upon him.

"The next morning, they had both
cleared out, and everybody thought
they had gone off to get married, and
so I believed till night, when John came
in like a distracted man, and said he
had been all day seeking Lucy in vain
—that the only friend she had in the
city knew nothing of her—and when I
answered 'so much the better,' he ac-
cused me of cruelty, and then followed
high words, such as never should pass
between father and son; and it ended
in my turning him from my door. I do
not wonder you turn away—but hear
me. Saturday night, three days after,
John came home an altered man. He
was as humble as if he only had been
wrong. He begged pardon, and prom-
ised to obey me in all things but marry-
ing Amy Bruce. 'I give up Lucy, father,'
said he, 'but I cannot marry any-
body else.' I forgave him, and from
the bottom of my heart I forgive him—but
I longed to ask him to forgive me—but
I have not come to that yet. I asked
him what had brought him back to
duty. He put into my hands a letter
he had received from Lucy. She had
persevered in not seeing him—but such
a letter, ladies! If ministers could
so speak to the heart, there would be
no sin in the world. She said she had
deserved to suffer for carrying matters
so far without my knowledge. She
spoke of me as the kindest of fathers
and the kindest of masters. Then she
spoke of the duty a child owed a parent
—said she should never have any peace
of mind till she heard we were recon-
ciled; and told him it would be in vain
for him to seek her, for she had solemnly
resolved never to see him again. The
paper was blistered with tears from the
top to the bottom; but saving and ex-
pecting that ma'am, there was nothing
from which you could guess what it cost
her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; me heart
melted within me; I found her that very
night, and without loss of time brought
her back to my house, and then," he
added, walking hastily to the farther
end of the shop, and throwing open a
door that led into a back parlor, "there,
ma'am, is the long and short of it."
And there was one of the most touch-
ing scenes of human life. My pretty,
dutiful friend, become a wife and moth-
er, her infant in her arms, and her hus-
band sitting beside her, watching the
first intimations of intelligence and
love in its bright little face. Such
should be the summer of happiness
when the spring is consecrated to virtue.

"Geologically, the rock on which
the hard drinker splits is quartz!"

Raising the Wind.

"We're out of funds," said Digges
and there was no denying this. But at
this moment, a very respectably clad
personage, who was going down Broad-
way at New York speed, tipped his hat,
and said, "Good morning, Mr. Digges."
When he had said this, he was gone,
but his words made a great impression
on the mind of Bob.

"Who's that?" he asked.
"I don't know his name; he belongs
to my lodge; a very clever fellow."
"Your lodge?" he echoed—"You are
an Odd Fellow, then?"
"Yes."
"And a Son of Temperance?"
"Yes."
"And a Rechabite?"
"Yes."
"And a United American mechanic?"
"Yes."

Bob's face grew radiant.
"Are you dues paid up?"
"Yes, why do you ask?" exclaimed
Digges, astounded at the sudden delight
of his friend.

"How much do these societies give
to a sick brother?"
"Some three and four dollars a
week."
"What proof do they require of his
sickness?"

"The certificate of a respectable phy-
sician," answered Digges.
A pause ensued. Bob seemed run-
ning over with a superabundance of
delight.

"And with these facts before you,
my misguided Digges, you have perished
in the enjoyment of good health?"
"Never was sick a week in my life
only"—he paused—"in the pocket."

Without another word, Bob took
the arm of Digges within his own, and led
him into a neighboring oyster-cellar.—
Seated within the box, he closed the
curtains, and said, in a tone of deep
feeling:

"Digges you really ought to take
care of yourself! You now exhibit all
the premonitory symptoms of a bilious
attack."
"Eh!" cried Digges, jumping from
his seat.

"Your skin is sallow, your tongue
furred, and your eye feverish. In an
hour, my friend, you will be in bed,
with a raging fever; by night will be
delirious; to-morrow you will not be
expected to live, and next week"—
"Next week!" echoed Digges, be-
coming pale.

"Next week," resumed Bob, "you
will—your listening!—you will draw
at least twelve dollars from these soci-
eties. I will sign your certificate; and
as you will be sick a great many weeks
you will continue to draw twelve dol-
lars per week for a considerable time.
Digges, I pity you."

At these words the countenance of
Digges became overspread with a mild
resignation. He extended his hands,
he clutched Bob with a hearty grasp.
"It's a great deal of sickness to look
forward to, but I am resigned. You see
I am. 'Spose you go home with me,
and put me to bed?"

For twelve weeks Bob watched night
and day by the bedside. Every one
remarked his devotion. The committees
of the various societies who came with
the "weekly kindness" for the sick
brother, were delighted with Bob.—
They spoke of the devotion of the young
physician to their sick brother, in all
their lodges and divisions.

"Sit down my friends," Bob would
remark, in a subdued voice, when a
committee appeared, "our poor friend
falls fast. He has been delirious all
night. Speak low—the least noise dis-
turbs him."
And then the committee would sit
down in that darkened room, in the
fourth story of a boarding-house, and
gaze through the gloom upon the form
of poor Digges, who was stretched upon
a bed, his cadaverous face appearing
above the edge of the coverlet.

After a few moments they would
leave, first placing in the hands of Bob
the sum due his sick friend.
And after the committee had left,
and gone down stairs, Bob would give
orders that his patient should not be
disturbed. He would then lock the door,
and would then approach the bed,
address his patient in these words—
"Digges, my boy, will you take your
toddly hot or cold?"

To which the patient, flinging off
the bed-clothes, and jumping out of
bed, would respond—"I'll take it hot,
Bob!"

WASHING MADE EASY.—Those who
engage in the pursuit of washing under
difficulties may find the following worth
a trial. It is the system about which
myristic advertisements have of late
appeared so frequently:

Dissolve 1/2 lb. of lime in boiling water
straining twice through a flannel bag;
dissolve separately 1/2 lb. of brown soap
and 1/2 lb. of soda—boil the three to-
gether. Put six gallons of water into
the boiler, and when boiling add the
mixture. The limes, which must have
been steeped in cold water for twelve
hours, are wrung out, any stains rubbed
with soap, and put into the boiler, where
they must boil for thirty-five minutes.
They are then drawn, (the liquor being
preserved, as it can be used three times),
placed in a tub and clear boiling water
poured over it. Rub them out, rinse
them out in cold water, and they are
ready for drying.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Estate of Jude Verdun, deceased.
STATE OF LOUISIANA.—District Court,
Parish of St. Mary.—Whereas J. B. BIRD-
SALL, Administrator of said estate, has filed
in this court his account of administration, to-
gether with his petition, praying that the same
be homologated and approved:
Notice is therefore given to those whom it doth
or may concern, to show cause, if any they have,
within ten days from the date thereof, why the
prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.
J. V. FOURMY, Clerk.
Clerk's Office, May 2, 1850.

Succession of Jude Verdun, decédé.
ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE.—Cour de
District, Paroisse Ste. Marie.—Attendu que
J. B. BIRDSALL, Administrateur de la suc-
cession, a enregistré dans cette cour son
tableau d'administration, avec une pétition de
mandant que le dit tableau soit homologué et ap-
rouvé:
Avis est par le présent donné à tous ceux qui
cela peut concerner d'avoir à déduire dans les dix
jours qui suivront la date du présent avis, les rai-
sons (si aucunes ils ont) pour lesquelles il ne se-
rait pas fait droit à sa demande.
J. V. FOURMY, Greffier.
Bureau du Greffier, le 24 Mai, 1850.

Estate of Claire Allen, interdicted.
STATE OF LOUISIANA.—District Court,
Parish of St. Mary.—Whereas GODEFROY
CARLIN, of the Parish of St. Martin, curator
of said estate, has filed in this court an account
of his administration of said curatship of the
estate aforesaid, together with his petition, pray-
ing that the same may be homologated and ap-
proved:
Notice is hereby given to those whom it doth
or may concern, to show cause, if any they have,
within ten days from the date thereof, why the
prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.
J. V. FOURMY, Clerk.
Clerk's Office, May 2, 1850.

Succession of Claire Allen, interdite.
ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE.—Cour de
District, Paroisse Ste. Marie.—Attendu que
GODEFROY CARLIN, de la paroisse Saint
Martin, curateur de cette succession, a enregistré
dans cette cour un compte de l'administration de
sa curatelle de la susdite succession, avec une pé-
tition demandant que le dit compte soit homologué
et approuvé:
Avis est par le présent donné à tous ceux qui
cela peut concerner d'avoir à déduire dans les dix
jours qui suivront la date du présent avis, les rai-
sons (si aucunes ils ont) pour lesquelles il ne se-
rait pas fait droit à sa demande.
J. V. FOURMY, Greffier.
Bureau du Greffier, le 24 Mai, 1850.

Estate of Lyman Harding, deceased.
STATE OF LOUISIANA.—District Court,
Parish of St. Mary.—Whereas WINTHROP
S. HARDING, of the parish of St. Mary, has
filed in this court a petition, praying to be ap-
pointed Administrator of said estate:
Notice is therefore given to those whom it doth
or may concern, to show cause, if any they have,
within ten days from the date thereof, why the
prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.
J. V. FOURMY, Clerk.
Clerk's Office, May 2, 1850.

Succession of Lyman Harding, decédé.
ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE.—Cour de
District, Paroisse Ste. Marie.—Attendu que
WINTHROP S. HARDING, de la paroisse
Ste. Marie, a enregistré dans cette cour une pé-
tition, demandant qu'il soit nommé Administrateur
de la susdite succession:
Avis est par le présent donné à tous ceux qui
cela peut concerner d'avoir à déduire dans les dix
jours qui suivront la date du présent avis, les rai-
sons (si aucunes ils ont) pour lesquelles il ne se-
rait pas fait droit à sa demande.
J. V. FOURMY, Greffier.
Bureau du Greffier, le 24 Mai, 1850.

Mme Sidonie Perret, wife of DISTRICT COURT.
vs.
P. Delahoussaye, husband, Parish of St. Mary.
IN this case a judgment by default having been
regularly entered, and no steps having been
taken to have the same set aside within the legal
delay, the law and evidence being furthermore in
favor of the plaintiff; it is therefore ordered, ad-
judged and decreed, that the plaintiff be sepa-
rated in property from her husband, P. Dela-
houssaye, the defendant; that she have judgment
against, and recover of the said defendant, the
sum of \$2000, with five per cent. per annum in-
terest thereon from the 13th day of January, 1837,
until paid, and the costs of this suit to be taxed;
that to secure the payment of this sum, plaintiff's
legal mortgage upon the immovables and slaves
owned by the defendant on or since the 13th day
of January, 1837, be recognized. The slaves
Maneth, Valentine, Justine, Martin, Joseph,
Marianne, Victor, Ann and David are hereby de-
clared to be the separate property of the plaintiff.
It is further ordered, that the plaintiff have the
administration of her property, free from any in-
terference on the part of her said husband.

Done, read and signed in open court on this
11th day of February, A. D. 1850.
C. VOORHIES, Judge 14th District.

I, J. V. FOURMY, Clerk of the
Fourthward District Court, do
hereby certify the foregoing to
be a true copy of the original,
on file in my office.
Witness my hand and seal of of-
fice this 5th of April, 1850.
J. V. FOURMY, Clerk.

Mme Sidonie Perret, épouse, Cour de District
vs.
P. Delahoussaye, son mari, Ste. Marie.
DANS cette affaire un jugement par défaut
ayant été régulièrement rendu, et aucune
mesure n'ayant été prise pour le faire annuler
dans le délai voulu par la loi, et la loi et l'évidence
étant en faveur de la demanderesse, il est en con-
séquence ordonné, adjugé et décrété que la de-
manderesse soit séparée de biens d'avec son mari,
P. Delahoussaye, le défendeur; qu'elle ait juge-
ment contre, et recouvre du dit défendeur la
somme de \$2000, avec cinq pour cent d'intérêt
par an du 13 Janvier, 1837, jusqu'à parfait paye-
ment et les frais du procès, et pour garantir le
paiement de cette dite somme l'hypothèque légale
de la demanderesse, sur les immeubles et les
esclaves dont le défendeur a été propriétaire à
partir du 13 Janvier, 1837, est par le présent juge-
ment reconnue. Les esclaves Maneth, Valen-
tine, Justine, Martin, Joseph, Marianne, Victor,
Ann et David sont reconnus comme faisant par-
tie de biens paraphernaux de la demanderesse,
et comme lui appartenant en propre. Il est de
plus ordonné que la demanderesse ait l'adminis-
tration de ses biens, libre de toute intervention de
la part de son dit mari.

Fait, lu et signé en pleine cour le 11 jour de
Février, A. D. 1850.
C. VOORHIES, Juge du 14ème District.
Moi, J. V. FOURMY, Greffier de
la Cour de District dans et pour
la paroisse Ste. Marie, certifie
ce qui précède être une copie
fidèle et exacte de l'original,
resté en ma garde, en loi de
quoi j'ai signé.
J. V. FOURMY, Greffier.

A. F. McLAIN, Jeweller, Franklin
has always on hand a complete assort-
ment of Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, and
Fancy Goods.
Clocks repaired and Jewellery made to
order or repaired in the neatest style.
Ang. 2-1y

BUSINESS CARDS.

ANTHONY W. BAKER, Attorney-at-Law
will open the Court House, Franklin, at 7
WILLIAM C. DWIGHT, Attorney-at-Law,
has removed his office to the front room
over the store lately occupied by Messrs. Hare &
Birdsall, at the corner of Main and Jackson
streets. m21-3m*

DAVID KER, Counsellor and Attorney-at-
Law, will attend promptly to all business
confided to his care.
Office opposite the residence of Thomas
Maskell, Esq., Willow street. Dec. 27

HENRY C. WILSON, Attorney at Law,
having located in Franklin, will attend to
the practice of his profession in the several courts
of the Fourteenth Judicial District. Professional
business confided to his care will be promptly
attended to. Office second door from the
Reading Room. m14

A. R. SPLANE. H. C. COOK.
SPLANE & COOK, Attorneys and Coun-
sellors at Law, have associated themselves
in the practice of their profession. Legal busi-
ness of all kinds promptly attended to.
Office on Main street, Franklin, La.

NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been
duly commissioned and sworn, offers his ser-
vices to the citizens of St. Mary, as NOTARY
Public in and for said parish. All business en-
trusted to his care will meet with every possible
attention and despatch. Office his office is open
at all hours. L. R. CURTIS,
Office No. 2 Carson's Building, up stairs.

NOTICE.—The undersigned being duly com-
missioned and sworn, respectfully tenders
his services to the people of the parish of St.
Mary, as NOTARY PUBLIC in and for said
parish. All business entrusted to him will re-
ceive his personal attention, as well as all pos-
sible despatch.
Office open at all hours.
GEO. N. SEAGRAVE,
m14 Office under the Old-Fellows Hall.

ROBINSON & OLIVER, Commission Mer-
chants, No. 34 Gravier street, New Orleans,
for the sale of Sugar and Molasses on consigna-
ment.
All shipments to our address are covered
by open policy of insurance, for the full value
thereof, to guard against loss, which, when re-
ceived, will have prompt attention and quick
and faithful returns.
ROBERT R. ROBINSON,
JOHN B. OLIVER.

ROBINSON & OLIVER, Marchands de
Commission, No. 34 rue Gravier, à la Nou-
velle Orleans, pour la vente des Sucre et Mé-
lasse en consignation.
Toute consignation à l'adresse des sous-
signés est assurée d'avance par police d'assurance
ouverte, à cet effet, et ceux qui voudront bien les
favoriser de leur patronage obtiendront des re-
touris fidèles et prompts.
ROBERT R. ROBINSON,
JOHN B. OLIVER.

ISAAC W. ARTHUR. JOHN THOMAS.
I. W. ARTHUR & CO., Commission Mer-
chants and General Grocers, Nos. 28 and 29
New Levee, New Orleans.
A large assortment of Groceries and Pro-
visions, Wines and Liquors, always on hand,
at the lowest rates. r28-1m

TO WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS
DANIEL MELVILLE, Wholesale
Dealer in Watches, Jewelry and Fancy
Goods, No. 24 Chartres street (up stairs)
New Orleans, is receiving by every arrival, from
the manufactory of Melville & Co., New York,
a great variety of new and fashionable Jewelry,
Gold Pens and Holders, &c., all of which will
be sold at New York prices.
The attention of all who take daguerre-
type likenesses is called to a large assortment
of Lockets, Medallions, &c. m119

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES will be
made on consignments of Sugar and Mol-
lasses to Messrs. Haven & Co., New York, or
William G. Hewes, Esq., New Orleans, by
J. W. BAILEY, Franklin.
Nov. 30, 1849.

TENNESSEE SUGAR KETTLES.—A
Constant supply of the above superior kettles,
cast from the ore, from 30 to 48 inches, in store.
Also—Furnace Mouths, Grate Bars and Eng-
lish Fire-Bricks, for sale by
SLARK, DAY & STAUFFER,
corner of Canal and Magazine streets,
New Orleans.
Jan. 17.

NOTICE.—To the Friends and Customers
of the late A. B. BEIN.—I will receive
and sell to the best of my ability, any produce
that may have been intended for Mr. Bein this
season, rendering sales and accounting to the dif-
ferent shippers as they may direct—the whole
amount of commissions for the benefit of the
widow, and to be subject to her order only.
All shipments to me that may originally
have been intended for Mr. Bein I would request
should be so specified on the bill of lading or let-
ter containing the same.
JOHN HALL, No. 1 Front Levee,
New Orleans.
Jan. 24.

TO MERCHANTS AND PLANTERS.
Having made arrangements with several of
the largest Wholesale and Retail Stores in
the city, I am now prepared to fill orders for
every description of Foreign and Domestic DRY
GOODS, Fancy French Millinery, Carpets,
Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Hats, Carriages,
Furniture, Carts, Carriages and Buggies, Crock-
ery, Glass, Lard, Lard, Tin Ware, Wood and
Willow Ware, Groceries, French Wines and
Liquors, Confectionaries, Fresh Garden Seeds
and Shrubs, Saddlery and Harness, Sugar-
house Kettles, Cane Rollers, &c.; also, the Pa-
tent India Rubber and Gutta Percha Goods.
Those who will be so kind as to tender me all
their orders can depend on my taste in making
good selections. Every order will be charged at
the lowest market cash prices.
All merchandise shipped by the steam packers
will be insured, unless I receive instructions to
the contrary.
Terms—Cash or city acceptances on time.
ERANCIS A. FLEETWOOD,
Office No. 30 Camp street (up stairs)
New Orleans. m24-m4

JOHN DURBRIDGE & CO.,
Wholesale Manufacturers
and Dealers in Hats