

# Planters' Banner.

VOLUME XV.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA..... MAY 16, 1850.

NUMBER 19.

## PORTS' CORNER. TO ONE NO MORE OF EARTH.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be:  
It never through my mind had past,  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak—thou dost not say,  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill, bleak course I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may sooth this heart,  
In thinking too of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

Through pride may show some nobleness  
When honor's its ally,  
Yet there is such a thing on earth  
As holding heads too high!  
The sweetest bird builds near the ground—  
The lowliest flower springs low—  
And we must stoop for happiness,  
If we its worth would know.

Like water that encrusts the rose,  
Still hardening to its core,  
So pride encases human hearts  
Until they feel no more.  
Shut up within themselves they live,  
And selfishly they end  
A life, that never kindness did  
To kindness, or to friend!

Whist! Virtue, like the dew of Heaven,  
Upon the heart descends,  
And draws its hidden sweetness out  
The more—as more it bends!  
For there's a strength in lowliness  
Which nerves us to endure—  
A heroism in distress  
Which renders victory sure!

The humblest being born is great,  
If true to his degree—  
His virtue illustrates his fate,  
Whatever that may be!  
Tear not us daily learn to love  
Simplicity and worth,  
For not the eagle, but the dove,  
Brought peace unto the earth!

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was secreted, and that she was the person for whom it was destined. All her thoughts were accordingly bent on securing the treasure.

Taking an affectionate leave of her Kate, she set out on her journey, the object of which she kept a profound secret. A few days brought her to its termination. It was the close of a dark November evening when she came in sight of the old mansion-house of Pallas, the object of her toils and hopes. With agitated steps she hastened on, regardless of danger, crossed the rapid stream, swollen with the rains of the season, that flowed at the foot of the eminence on which the house was situated, and soon arrived at the door, which, in Ireland, is ever cheerfully opened to the wanderer. Her age, the inclemency of the night, all served her for a passport.

She had not been seated by the brightly blazing turf fire, when her scrutinizing eye was caught by a stone in one corner of the kitchen—just such a stone, and in the precise situation of that which she had seen in her dream, and beneath which the hidden treasure had been deposited ever since the time of the Danes; for that is the period to which all secret stores of this kind is ascribed. Amazed and awe-struck at the prospect of the speedy fulfillment of her dream, she joined not in the innocent mirth and the tales of fear and wonder with which the happy circle of dependents beguiled the long evening after the toils of the day. Conceiving that her silence was occasioned by fatigue, they pressed her to take refreshment, and then left her to her own thoughts, and undisturbed to form plans for gaining possession of her treasure.

The voices of the spinners, with the soft hum of their wheels, which had seemed to sing a lullaby to the storm, had long ceased, and were succeeded by the harsh voice of the wind, touching every note of discord, from the shrill, wild whistle to the loud, awful blast which spoke of danger. The remains of the cheerful fire now only threw a dim uncertain light on objects to render them fearful from their indistinctness; and thus it fell on the tall and spectre-like figure of Biddy Mann, as she rose from the humble pallet which had been allotted to her in the kitchen. With stealthy step she approached the stone, which resembled the broken shaft of a small pillar, and now served the purpose of a low seat. As the kitchen was paved with small stones, and Biddy was provided with implements for her work, which she had carried in her bag, there appeared but little opposition to her undertaking, except the danger of waking one of the sleepers in the kitchen.

She commenced her operations with anxious yet cautious haste. Already had she bared the foundation of the stone, which she raised with a vigorous effort, but it slipped from her hands, not, however, before she saw, or thought she saw, the object of her search, the antique earthen pot containing the treasure. The loud noise of the fall roused the sleepers, who started up in affright with exclamations of "The Lord save us! The Lord have mercy upon us!"—In a few moments the alarm was general, and the kitchen was filled with the males of the family.

There stood Biddy, the spirit of the alarm, with an air of desperate determination to overcome all difficulties. The state of the stone, the implements scattered around her, and that which she held in her hand, plainly told the cause of its disturbance and its author. The master of the house advanced towards her, and in an angry tone inquired what she was doing, and how she dared to remove any thing in his house. Beckoning him to come nearer and inclining her body, without quitting her position, she said, "What, alanna, send them away; and I'll be after telling you something you will like to hear." All the servants, as if struck with fear, fell back to the further end of the room, when she whispered— "There's gold, pure gold, under that stone; it never belonged to you or your's. I alone knew of it; to me alone then it belongs. Help the poor widow to get it this night. With a heart and a half I'll share it with ye, and may the Almighty pour his blessing on you!"

These words were unheard by all save the person to whom they were addressed. Her whisper ceased—a pause succeeded. A moment of dark thought passed over the countenance of her auditor, and was followed by one of angry decision. Seizing the arm of the old woman, he exclaimed: "Think not to fool me with your tale of falsehood. Leave my house this instant!" He pushed her from him with violence. Turning to his servants, "Why stand ye staring there?" he cried. "Turn her out, I say!"

His second son, Bernard, a fine lad, now ran up to him, and with a look of earnest entreaty, laid his hand on his father's arm. "She is a poor helpless woman, who cannot harm us," said he. "Surely, father, you would not turn her out in such a night as this?"

"May God bless you, child!" ejaculated Biddy. "Dictate not to me!" vociferated the father: "if mine of this useless gang will do it, I must rid my house of the old witch myself!"

Not till then did she recover the power of utterance. With a voice loud, wild, shrill as the winds against which it contended, she cried: "O'Higgins, ye'll sup sorrow for this. My curse, the widow's and the orphan's curse, be on ye!"

"Hold, good woman," said Bernard interrupting her; "do not utter wicked curses. Here's money, which will procure you comforts and shelter."

"Keep your money," replied Biddy; "I'll not sell my blessing or my curse. On you, child, be my blessing, for you have pitied me; may you never, never stand in need of pity yourself, and never know sorrow! May riches bless you in a strange land, and give you every comfort in life; and may heaven be your bed at last! But on the father of ye, on all belonging to him save myself, may a blight rest! May the riches he has got cause his destruction! May he be low as me and my darling Kate this night—and that won't be long—Dead or alive, I'll have revenge!"

The door was closed. The solemn words of the imprecation had sounded the more awful from the storm which was raging. By the following day that had subsided, and Nature again appeared gay and cheerful; but gloom hung over the house of Pallas. The servants whispered their fears of the old woman's curse; the very walls seemed to repeat it. From that fearful night the old woman was never heard of there or at her own home.

Time passed on. O'Higgins seemed to have acquired sudden wealth—made purchases, appeared to be blessed, not cursed; when, one fine moonlight summer night, which he was enjoying on the lawn before his house, the calm silence of the scene was broken by a sudden piercing cry; another and another followed, and then a fearful laugh of exultation. He ran towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded, till he came to the clear and rapid though shallow stream at the end of the lawn. Here he found two of his servants, who, with loud lamentations, had just lifted some burden out of the water. "Oh, master!" they exclaimed, on seeing him; "poor dear nister Harry! The old woman has fairly murdered him. Sure, I saw her myself strangle him in the ford."

The wretched father was horror-struck, on a nearer approach, to behold his favorite, his idolized son, a corpse. He had perished, and as all the peasantry firmly believed, by the supernatural agency of Biddy Mann. This was the beginning of O'Higgins's misfortunes; he became silent, morose, litigious, went to law, in a short time lost all his property, and was so reduced as to live in a small cottage on his own grounds.

From the fulfilment of the curse pronounced on the father, the blessing bestowed on young Bernard was confidently expected to prove true. Seeing the most gloomy prospects at home, he collected his little property, determined to try his fortune in foreign lands, went to Spain, where success favored him, and thence to South America, where he acquired wealth and honors, and became one of the most distinguished republican leaders, under the name of Don Bernardo O'Higgins. Thus were alike fulfilled Biddy Mann's blessing and her curse.

WOMEN VS. LADIES.—What blundering, miserable folk made of it when they endeavor to elevate things by giving them new or affected titles! What vulgarity is equal to the three-solden vulgarity of "refinement"! We think it was Dickens who complained that there were no longer any boys in all England—that "the boys went out with George the Third." A similar calamity has befallen us in America. We have no longer any women, or, at least, no acknowledged specimens of that interesting portion of the human race. The women have gone, extinct, (according to the popular phraseology,) and have been superseded by "ladies!" Alack-a-day for the change! We regard woman as "the noblest work of God," but "a lady" at her highest pitch of perfection is only the noblest work of a French milliner. Just apply the term, for example, as well to the highest as the lowest grades of the gentler sex, and the ludicrous absurdity of its use will make you chary of the word forever after. A person wishing to see the female wards in a prison, was answered by the jailer—"Sir we have no ladies here at present." A clergyman discoursing of the religious inclinations of woman, inquired, with much emphasis—"Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies." Ladies—God forbid.

CHARCOAL DUST.—In a communication on this subject, from Mr. Thos. Smith to the secretary of the London Horticultural Society, it is remarked, in substance, that charcoal dust, in a state of minute sub-division or pulverization, was spread upon the ground to the depth of half an inch before sowing the seed, and thoroughly mixed with the surface soil, by sowing with a spade. Six years' experience had convinced the writer that this material is not only a remedy for the grub evil, but that it operates as an effectual preventive against mouldiness in onions, as well as of the disease called "clubbing" in roots of cabbages and cauliflowers. Charcoal dust is also a most efficient manure when applied as a top dressing to lands in wheat and other cereal grains.

People take liquorice in winter to cure a cold, and liquorice in summer to get cold.

## Marriage.

The following from the pen of Major Noah, is in his best vein:

A practice prevails in the publication of marriages to announce that Miss A. married Mr. B. it may be a species of gallantry to name the lady first, but it is entirely out of place.—She does not marry the man—the man marries her. The woman only consents that he shall take her; and in consequence of this willingness on her part to take upon herself all the cares of wedded life, the husband is required to cherish and protect her. The wife agrees to love, honor and obey, which are only promises contingent on the good conduct of the husband. The scripture mentions that "he took unto himself a wife," but we hear nothing said about her taking to herself a husband. When Jacob set out on his travels in search of a wife, he found Rachel at the well, drawing water for the family. He stood on no ceremony. He did not wait for the usual salutations of the day, or a formal introduction, but forthwith kissed her, "and lifted up his eyes and wept." The joy that overwhelmed him, in finding such a pretty domestic girl in the wilderness, gushed forth in a torrent of tears. All the while Rachel was passive. She did not kiss Jacob, nor did she coolly resent the liberty he had taken. Here we have the negative consent—the submission of the female, and the successful advances of the gentleman.

We should not, therefore, say in our journals that the lady married the gentleman. She puts a ring on his finger to bind the obligation. She does not present her husband with a gold watch and chain, a diamond breast-pin, a pair of white kids, a Spanish cloak, or an upper Benjamin. Ophelia says, in reference to bridal presents— "Rich gifts was poor, when givers prove unkind."

In the oriental countries the parents make up the matches for parties.—Making love, making engagements, quarreling and making it up, dining together, going to church, getting married, and starting up the North River in a steambot to pass the honeymoon on the Catskills, were unknown in ancient times.

When we lived among the Turks, a dapper little fellow, son of our broker, called one morning upon us, with a message which he delivered in good substantial Hebrew: "My lord-and father makes his submissive obedience to your lordship, whom God protect, desires to know if he shall have the honor to kiss your hand at the wedding to-day?"

"What wedding, Muchacha?" "Mine, sir." "Years! Why you little villain, how old are you?" "He raised his hand thrice, being superstitious about repeating numbers. "Fifteen! And how old is your wife, that is to be?" "He counted eleven on his fingers. "Why, Chica, can you possibly do with a wife? Is she pretty?" "Don't know, excellenza. I never saw her."

Here's a vile country for you! Boys and girls who should be in school, learning their lessons, getting married without having seen each other—without love, sentiment, vows or protestations.

"Did you make her any presents?" "Oh, yes, sir. The presents went last night. We had a camel load, your lordship—a band of music, a trunk full of fine silk dresses, embroidered slippers, gold ear-rings, two silver waiters, plenty of oil and sweet cakes, and a dish of kuskieus."

Shall we go to this oriental wedding? thought we. Yes, we will go, if it's only to see the bride and groom.

It was noon. We ordered the mules to be attached to the chaise, and rode to the comfortable mansion of Signor Solomon Benbanon. The long *salle* was thronged with men wearing blue turbans and heavy black beards. The little bridegroom, with a pair of wide cotton trousers, an embroidered jacket, and a crimson velvet skull-cap, was seated on an ottoman, gazing attentively around, as if he was not a party to the important ceremony about to take place. After prayers, a canopy was produced, under which the little fellow was placed; a curtain in front of an alcove was withdrawn, and a little bride, who had a white lace veil thrown over her head, no stockings on her feet, with heavy anklets of cinctures of gold, and her tiny feet, encased in red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold. The bride stood opposite the groom. He eyed her closely, and she peeped at him through her veil. He tried to look grave, but ever and anon would twitter and laugh. When they gave him the ring to put on her finger, he put it on his own, rubbed it, looked pleased with it, as if unwilling to give it to her. After the ceremony, they were both seated on an ottoman, and received the congratulation of all present. *Pauvre Cito!* they looked like children ready for any sport—blind-man's buff, or hunt the slipper—anything in short, but being married. Such are the oriental customs.

Now the puzzle for editors would be in this case—did the boy marry the girl or the girl marry him? Neither we should say. The married parties had no agency in the matter. They were strangers to each other; and, after the wedding, the girl went back to her father's house, and the boy played marbles, for we saw him the next day selling otto of rose and preserved figs, and sporting with a gang of little loafers not larger than himself. When he was big enough to be able to maintain his wife, we presume he claimed her.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

Estate of Louise Bowles, deceased. STATE OF LOUISIANA.—District Court, Parish of St. Mary.—Whereas ALEXANDER L. FIELDS, of the parish of St. Mary, has filed in this court an account of his administration of said estate, together with his petition, praying that the same may be homologated. 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 9, 1850.

Succession of Louise Bowles, decedée. ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE.—Cour de District, Paroisse Ste. Marie.—Attendu que ALEXANDER L. FIELDS, de la paroisse Ste. Marie, a enregistré dans cette cour un compte de son administration de la dite succession, ainsi qu'une pétition demandant que le dit compte soit homologué. Avis est par le présent donné à tous ceux qui cela peut concerner d'avoir à décrire dans les dix jours qui suivront la date du présent avis, les raisons (si aucunes ils ont) pour lesquelles il ne serait pas fait droit à sa demande. J. V. FOURMY, Greffier. Bureau du Greffier, le 9 Mai, 1850.

Estate of King Choate, deceased. STATE OF LOUISIANA.—District Court, Parish of St. Mary.—Whereas JAMES S. GROUT, of the parish of St. Mary, Administrator of said estate, has filed in this court a partial annual account of his administration of the said estate, together with his petition, praying that the same may 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 9, 1850.

Succession of King Choate, décédé. ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE.—Cour de District, Paroisse Ste. Marie.—Attendu que JAMES S. GROUT, de la paroisse Ste. Marie, Administrateur de la dite succession, a enregistré dans cette cour un compte annuel de son administration de la dite succession, ainsi qu'une pétition 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 décrire dans les dix jours qui suivront la date du présent avis, les raisons (si aucunes ils ont) pour lesquelles il ne serait pas fait droit à sa demande. J. V. FOURMY, Greffier. Bureau du Greffier, le 9 Mai, 1850.

Estate of Richard R. Smith, deceased. NOTICE.—All persons having claims against this estate will present them to the undersigned for settlement, and those indebted are requested to come forward and settle the same immediately. W. S. CARY, Agent. Centreville, May 9, 1850.

Hélène Sidonie Perret, wife of P. Delahoussaye, husband. DISTRICT COURT, No. 4063, 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 term, and the costs of this suit to be taxed: that because 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 recognised. The slaves Manoth, Valentine, Justine, Martin, Joseph, Marianne, Victor, Ann and David are hereby decreed to be the separate property of the plaintiff, and she hereby certifies the plaintiff have the administration of her property, free from any interference 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 Fourteenth 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 office this 8th of April, 1850. J. V. FOURMY, Clerk.

Hélène Sidonie Perret, épouse, Cour de District No. 4063, 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 conséquence ordonné, adjugé et décrété que la demanderesse soit séparée de biens d'avec son mari, P. Delahoussaye, le défendeur; qu'elle ait jugement 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 paiement 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 jugement reconnue. Les esclaves Manoth, Valentine, Justine, Martin, Joseph, Marianne, Victor, Ann et David sont reconnus comme faisant partie des biens paraphénaux de la demanderesse, et comme lui appartenant en propre. Il est de plus ordonné que la demanderesse ait l'administration 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 que ce qui précède est une copie fidèle et exacte de l'original, resté en ma garde, en loi de ce jour j'ai signé. J. V. FOURMY, Greffier.

DENTISTRY. The undersigned, who has practised Dentistry for seventeen years, begs leave to inform his friends that he continues to do so at his office, in Franklin. Though he has not an instrument for every tooth in the head, he has instruments which suit every tooth in the head. Being practically acquainted with working in gold and jewelry, he believes he can give peculiar satisfaction in setting teeth on gold plate or otherwise. He invites particular attention to his new *Grand Clear*, and hopes the ladies will honor him by taking a seat in it. (Jan 16) G. R. HANKINS.

LEAF LARD—5,000 lbs. for sale by M. WALKER & CO. NAILS—100 kegs assorted, cut and wrought, for sale by M. WALKER & CO. Franklin, May 9, 1850.

OSGOOD'S "INDIA CHOLAGGUE" never fails to cure Fever and Ague. For sale at the Apothecary's Hall, where certificates from planters of this parish may also be seen. Franklin, May 9, 1850. C. RABE.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

ANTHONY W. BAKER, Attorney-at-Law will open the Court House, Franklin. #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. #21—3m

DAVID KER, Counselor and Attorney-at-Law, will attend promptly to all business confided to his care. #7 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. #7 Office second door from the Reading Room. #14

A. E. SPLANE, H. C. COOK, S. PLANE & COOK, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, have associated themselves in the practice of their profession. Legal business of all kinds promptly attended to. #7 Office on Main street, Franklin, La.

NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been duly commissioned and sworn, offers his services to the citizens of St. Mary, as NOTARY PUBLIC in and for said parish. All business entrusted to his care will meet with every possible attention and despatch. #7 His office is open at all hours. L. R. CURTIS, #14 Office No. 2 Carson's Building, up stairs.

NOTICE.—The undersigned being duly commissioned and sworn, respectfully tenders his services to the people of the parish of St. Mary, as NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said parish. All business entrusted to him will receive his personal attention, as well as all possible despatch. #7 Office open at all hours. GEO. N. SEAGRAVE, #14 Office under the Odd-Fellows' Hall.

D. A. LANAUZE, Rue de la Liberté, No. 79, entre les Rues St. Louis et Conti, à la Nouvelle-Orléans.—Un Assortiment de QUIN-CAILLERIE, telle que Française, Anglaise, Américaine et Allemande; Clous Coupés, Forçats Hautes, Poches, Pelles, Scies, et Fourniture de Bataisse. #2—1y

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS. FELT & REED, No. 16 Customhouse street, New Orleans, have in store, and are constantly receiving, direct from the manufacturers, a full assortment of men's, women's, misses, boys and children's Boots, Shoes and Brogans, which they offer for sale at the lowest market rates, for cash or approved paper. #2 6m

ROBINSON & OLIVER, Commission Merchants, No. 34 Gravier street, New Orleans, for the sale of Sugar and Molasses on consignment. #7 All shipments to our address are covered by open policy of insurance, for the full value thereof, to guard against loss, which, when received, will prompt attention and quick and faithful returns. ROBERT R. ROBINSON, JOHN B. OLIVER.

ROBINSON & OLIVER, Marchands de Commission, No. 34 rue Gravier, à la Nouvelle-Orléans, pour la vente des Sucre et Melasse en consignation. #7 Toute consignation à l'adresse des soussignés est assurée d'avance par police d'assurance couverte, à cet effet, et ceux qui voudront bien les favoriser de leur patronage obtiendront des retours fidèles et prompts. ROBERT R. ROBINSON, JOHN B. OLIVER.

ISAAC W. ARTHUR, JOHN THOMAS, I. W. ARTHUR & CO., Commission Merchants and General Grocers, Nos. 28 and 29 New Levee, New Orleans. #7 A large assortment of Groceries and Provisions, Wines and Liquors, always on hand, at the lowest rates. #28—4m

TO WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS. DAVID MELVILLE, Wholesale Dealer in Watches, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, No. 37 Canal 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. #7 The attention of all who take delicacy-type likenesses is called to a large assortment of Lockets, Medallions, &c. #11y

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES will be made on consignments of Sugar and Molasses to Messrs. Haven & Co., New York, or William G. Heves, Esq., New Orleans, by J. W. BAILEY, Franklin. Nov. 20, 1849.

TENNESSEE SUGAR KETTLES.—A Constant supply of the above superior kettles, cast from the ore, from 20 to 84 inches, in store. Also—Furnace Mouths, Grate Bars and English Fire Bricks, for sale by SLARK, DAY & STAUFFER, corner of Canal and Magazine streets, Jan. 17, New Orleans.

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 different shippers as they may direct—the whole amount of commissions for the benefit of the widow, and to be subject to her order only. #7 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 letter containing the same. JOHN HALL, No. 1 Front Levee, New Orleans. Jan. 21.

JOHN DURBRIDGE & CO., Wholesale Manufacturers and Dealers in Hats and Caps, No. 28 Customhouse street, New Orleans. Manufactory, Harrison street, Newark, New Jersey. #7 Always on hand, a very large and superior assortment of the above-named goods. Country merchants will here find the largest and best assortment of Hats and Caps, adapted to their business, in the city, and at the manufacturers' prices. N. B.—Negro Hats in any quantity. Feb. 21

THE PLANTERS' SHOP. I have completed my new Blacksmith Shop, and hereby notify planters, and the public in general, that I am prepared to execute all kinds of work in my line of business. The shop is situated on the lot below Messrs. Gates & Barnard's new mill, and is easy of access by land or water. Please give me a call, as I promise to do the right kind of horse-shoeing, and no mistake. #21 ABEL COOPER.

A. F. McLAIN, Jeweller, Franklin has always on hand a complete assortment of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods. #7 Clocks repaired and Jewelry made to order or repaired in the nearest style. Aug. 2—ly