

# Planters' Banner.

VOLUME XVI.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA. . . . MAY 3, 1851.

NUMBER 16.

## POETS' CORNER.

### CHERISHED TOKENS.

I have a bird—a lovely bird,  
With saffron color'd wings,  
And when the blessed morning breaks,  
Ah, me! how sweet its songs!  
He perches on the window, where  
It looks upon the sea,  
And oh! its every note is soft  
As melody can be.

I have a tree—a scented tree,  
Brought from far southern bowers;  
And every month it bears for me  
A coronal of flowers.  
Though fragile be that wreath it weaves,  
And soon its bloom is past,  
Tis sweet to watch the opening leaves,  
And love them while they last.

I have a lute—a deep toned lute,  
With chords of magic thrill;  
And when at night the birds are mute,  
And winds and waves are still,  
(Sometimes even by daylight's hour,  
It sings, or seems to sing,  
Such wild and strains, I've almost thought  
An angel touch'd its string.

I have a braid—a silken braid  
Of softest flaxen hair,  
With clasp, which part of gold is made,  
And part a jewel rare.  
They say the gold is thrice refined,  
And costlier far the gem,  
And yet the simple lock they bind,  
I value more than them.

And I have—ah, me!—how little priz'd  
Of all my cherished things—  
Hid in my bosom's deepest nook,  
A heart of passion's strings.  
I have—no, no, I have it not—  
It once was in that cell—  
But now I fear, its flower away,  
Whither—I may not tell.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LOVE AND COURAGE.

The shores of the Mediterranean, in what is called the Gulf of Genes, are covered with little towns, such as the Savone, Noli, Feuale, Albengue and Onelle, which, though formerly republics, have preserved something of the virtues necessary to a democratic government and something of that spirit of independence which attaches a people to its manners, customs and privileges. Onelle, above all the other fortified places of that locality, has brave inhabitants, of a bold character, faithful, and at the same time obstinate. Onelle is the birth-place of excellent seamen and of merchants as active as talented. The neighboring country is covered with olives, from which is obtained the best oil—the riches of the land.

One of its richest proprietors, Matteo Pedamonte, in 1830, at the time of the visit of Doctor L., was on the point of marriage. The doctor had introduced to Matteo, whom he found in the midst of his nuptial preparations, and he was about withdrawing, when the young man insisted that he should become his guest, that he should take up his quarters in his house, and even that the doctor should fill the place of his father in the ceremony which was to take place on the morrow.

"I am an orphan," said he; "I have no relations, and since chance has sent you hither and we are united by the ties of hospitality, fill the office of the dearest of friends—accompany me to the altar."

This Matteo was a handsome bachelor of twenty-five years of age, dark complexion, a bold aspect, and whose whole person, at the time he received the doctor, betokened contentment and joy.

"Monsieur," said the doctor, "you have great love for your affianced one."

"Ah! yes. It is a marriage of pure love; she has nothing but that which passes all riches and which all the gold in the world cannot give—beauty, grace and that charming manner which intoxicates. I feared I never should win her."

"How! you are rich and handsome, and yet you despair?"

"It was," replied Matteo, "because—but you do not—there was—"

And Matteo stopped, muttered something and left what he had to say unsaid.

The doctor did not push his question. He accepted the use of a chamber contiguous to that of his host, dined *tele-ate* with Matteo, and saw him immediately run away to the residence of his betrothed. At 10 o'clock in the evening the young man returned home, passed rapidly through his room and presented himself before the doctor, who had not yet retired to bed. Matteo was pale and depressed.

"What is the matter, my friend?" demanded the doctor; "is your marriage broken off?"

"No, monsieur, no."

"Has a quarrel taken place between you and the relatives of the girl?"

"None whatever, monsieur—none whatever. It is thus—but, good Heavens! I cannot conceive—"

"Speak out, my friend; although we have known each other scarcely for a moment, since I am to be the witness of your marriage, I have a right to your confidence."

"That is just the thing," said Matteo, squeezing the hand of the doctor. "I was this evening, as you know, at the residence of Madame Balbi—that is the name of the mother of her I love—there were a great many people, her relatives, her friends, mine—all the town, in fact. Louisa found means to quit her mother's side a moment, to escape the regards of her brother, to whisper in my ear:—"

"Matteo, will you be at home this evening—at midnight?"

"Yes," said I, with an astonished air.

"Well," replied she, "keep your servants aloof, and I will come and knock lightly at your door; open it to me, and I will join you. I must see you before to-morrow."

"And then," continued Matteo, "she hastened from me, and I was unable to

rejoin her. What do you think of it, monsieur; a young and modest girl, and timid, too, to steal away from her mother this night, to come and join me here at midnight—me, whom she is to marry to-morrow! What is concealed under such a mystery and project?"

"She loves you!" demanded the doctor.

"As ardently as I love her; she has vowed it to me a thousand times."

"Be tranquil, then, my friend; it is nothing—some confidence of a young maid, who already has more trust in you than in her own mother."

"No, no!" exclaimed Matteo, "there is some storm about to burst—some fatal secret which will hinder our marriage; but let me die a thousand deaths rather than not marry Louisa."

Matteo threw himself into a fanteuil and fell into a profound reverie. The doctor's position was a painful one. But recently arrived in the country, compelled by the whim of a young man to take part in a marriage near at hand, ignorant of the customs of the country, and the persons and relations of the two families, he feared to put any more questions, and yet he had a confused notion that the happiness of his host was compromised. Twenty minutes passed, and Matteo shook off his lethargy.

"Doctor," said he, rising, "you are a friend sent to me by Providence, you shall be my guide and counsel—Place yourself there against those hangings; they do not cover a wall, but merely a wooden partition put up to make two rooms out of one, my chamber and yours. You shall overhear all—you shall know what powerful motive forces Louisa to take a step so singular. Make no noise, I will go and meet her."

At Onelle every body retired at an early hour; there midnight was truly the middle of the night; it was an hour which found every one asleep and the streets deserted. Louisa Balbi had well chosen her time; she arrived before the appointed moment. The doctor heard the hurried steps of the two young people, and their fast words broken with questions and sighs.

"You are astonished," Matteo said Louisa; "you ask why I come to your residence in the dead of the night, like a foolish or guilty young girl? It is because I love you, Matteo, and because I may not marry you."

At this declaration Matteo uttered a piercing cry.

"No!" replied Louisa, wildly; "I do not wish to marry you. I must shun you, you must leave us; and my heart would have broken if another had forced this fatal separation upon you, if I had not been able to tell you that it is because I love you that I refuse my hand."

Matteo furious walked the apartment with hurried steps; his tongue refused to express the diverse sensations which oppressed him. The young girl drew him near to her.

"We were children who loved each other, and who because we were full of love, believed there was nothing but love in the world, whilst another age and other interest have other passions. Do you remember your father, Matteo, and mine—your fortunes and ours?"

"Well—well!" said Matteo, with precipitation.

"Well, my love," replied Louisa, "those beautiful olive plains which have made your riches, once belonged to my father. They should have been my marriage portion; they formed part of my mother's fortune, and should have been the patrimony of my brother Giuseppe."

"Yes, Louisa," replied Matteo, "those lands once belonged to you, but your father became indebted to mine far beyond their value; and if they have become our property, it is because my father took them as a compensation very much below what was due to him."

"I know it, Matteo, but every thing connected with that debt was a wound to my mother's feelings—the debt itself and the manner in which it was paid. And that was not all, Matteo; there is blood between our families—and what blood! Good Heaven! that of my father!"

"You are right, Louisa; but—"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the young girl, almost frantic; "a woman—a mistress beloved by both! They fought, and your father killed mine! So, see the motives of the hatred that separates us; the mother and the children ruined by a gambling debt—the mother deprived of a husband whom she adored, notwithstanding his misconduct—the children made orphans!"

"I know all that, Louisa, as well as the fact, that from the first moment that I saw your pretty face, when your lovely eyes entranced me, that I at once despaired of winning your love; but at last I softened your mother. She took pity upon your love and mine, and my fortune will again become yours. I cannot render her back a husband, but she will have a son the more."

"Yes," replied Louisa, "I was brought up to hate you—to curse your name; and from the moment that we loved one another, I foresaw, as you did, that our loves would be unfortunate. What was my astonishment then, when I saw my mother approve them. I then thought that her heart had been softened, and that she accepted the reparation you offered her! Why not? It was not you that killed my father! It was not you that ruined us! In what an error have we fallen! Grand Dieu! We thought that hatred could be extinguished—that the desire of vengeance could be allayed! Learn, Matteo, that my mother hates you so far as to wish your death! that she continues to regard you as the offspring of a man

whose memory she curses! Know that if my brother Giuseppe has not demanded of you twenty times an account of the blood already spilled, it was not want of courage, but because my mother threw herself at his feet. She knew that you were strong and skilful, and she feared to lose a son as she had lost a husband, whilst she looked for a sure and safe vengeance! That vengeance you are yourself about to offer; you are on the point of throwing yourself into the arms of those who will surely destroy you! To-morrow you are to marry me, from that moment your life will no longer belong to you; it will fall into hands which, drop by drop, will pour into it the poison that will kill it. At first they strove to make me an accomplice, for they thought that I also thirsted for vengeance; but they soon learned that I had more of love than filial pity; they avoided me, but I discovered all; their criminal joy could not be kept within bounds, and, thank Heaven, I know all. They believe their vengeance sure and without danger. After so long a period, who will accuse them of working against the life of a son-in-law? Fly, then, Matteo; enter not a house in which you will find death; abandon a homicidal betrothal. Fly! leave me to go alone to the altar to-morrow!"

"Shall I fly?" exclaimed Matteo, "shall I abandon you and leave you in the hands of these poisoners?"

"They shall know nothing; they believe that I am asleep within my own little chamber; I shall return with as much secrecy as I left. They are far from even suspecting me; they do not know that I have learnt their secret."

"Eh bien! I am to fly, Louisa, but with you. Louisa, I will never leave you."

"Oh! no," replied the young girl with resolution, "I will never abandon her. It is enough that I have betrayed her."

A long silence followed; for some time the doctor listened in vain; at last Matteo's voice was heard.

"I will fly," said he.

The young girl kissed the forehead of her betrothed, and they both left the apartment. When Matteo returned, the doctor joined him.

"My friend," said the latter, "I hope you will follow the advice of a young girl who loves you to such a point as to beg you not to finish nuptials that she herself calls homicidal."

"How I wish," replied Matteo, "that you had seen her; how beautiful she was. But, doctor, you heard the velvet softness of her voice?"

"It is necessary that you should make preparations for your departure," said the doctor, "the hospitality that you have shown me, I will repay in a few days. I will not leave you; you shall come with me to Paris, and there I will endeavor to make you forget this cruel adventure."

Matteo replied by undressing himself and retiring to bed. "Good evening doctor," said he, "good night."

And hardly was his head upon the pillow, ere he slept profoundly.

This physiological phenomenon occupied the doctor's attention for some time.

"A lover," said he, "whose life and love are both menaced!"

Then as he was neither in love nor in danger of being poisoned, and as he was fatigued with his journey, he passed into his chamber and was not long in meditating matters.

The next day, at early dawn, all the bells in the town were ringing for the marriage of Matteo. He rose, dressed himself in his wedding garments, and entered the chamber of the doctor.

He is truly in love, thought the doctor, he wishes to marry her whom he loves; he is right. For myself, I know what I have to do: I will carry them both off immediately after the ceremony, and will make them pass their honeymoon in Paris.

He gave private directions to his servant to have ready his *chaise de poste* and to order relays, and he then followed the bridegroom. They went directly to the Cathedral of Onelle, already filled with people, curious to witness a marriage which was about to unite two families that had been separated by fifteen or twenty years of hatred. They recalled Balbi's ruin, his death, the grief of the widow, the victory of Pedamonte, and then his son fell under their curse.

"Why," they said, "why does he come so near to his enemies—why stir up bloody ashes in the hope of offering impossible reparation?"

In all this the populace of Onelle followed in the old ways of Italian vengeance, which sleeps, but never dies. Some thought that at the moment of binding himself as he was about doing, that Matteo would recoil, and that the young Louisa, though her head already felt the marriage crown, would vainly look for her husband at the altar.

"No, no," replied the friends of the young man, "he will come and he will marry her, though he should have to cut his way through a wall of fire."

These persons knew Matteo well, and at the very moment that Louisa, near her mother and already kneeling upon the steps of the altar, offered up prayers that the young man had already quitted Onelle, Matteo appeared upon the threshold of the church, his face radiant with joy and accompanied by Doctor L., whose careful visage contrasted strongly with the joyous countenance of the bridegroom. The ceremony was not long, and scarcely was it finished, ere the marriage party was on its way to Matteo's residence, where a splendid breakfast had been prepared. Louisa, pale and mistrustful, looked as

if she was walking to an execution. The doctor was watching for a favorable moment when he could approach the husband to hasten a departure deemed indispensable. Matteo approached him:

"Doctor," said he, "go and take up your hiding place of yesterday; you know the beginning of the story, you must know the end."

The astonished doctor obeyed, but this time he made such arrangements as enabled him to see as well as hear. Scarcely had he taken up his position, ere Matteo entered his chamber, followed by his new mother and brother-in-law. Giuseppe had a common face without expression, and did not appear to be a very formidable adversary; but the Signora Balbi, with her great height and brilliant eyes, her eagle nose and thin lips, presented a striking contrast to her son, and was, in fact, the only enemy to be combatted. The doctor read in her face stratagem, dissimulation, covert and patient hatred, and in the arched contour of her mouth, the ferocious joy of a vindictive woman who has at last ensnared her prey.

Matteo, as soon as he was alone with these two persons, threw himself into the arms of the Signora Balbi, kissed her writhed forehead and said:

"Oh, my mother, how great is my happiness! To you I owe the only joy I have ever wished—Louisa, your daughter, who now is mine only! Oh, a thousand blessings upon you, my own mother! You forgot your hatred for a time, that I might be thus happy! I shall enjoy it but a little while I know, but what matters it! I am one of those who would give an age for one day of happiness and of love!"

"What is it you say?" exclaimed the Signora, endeavoring to escape the embrace of her son-in-law.

"You have your wrongs to revenge," replied Matteo, "the blood of your husband cries out against me; you wish to poison me!"

"Who says it? Matteo, who has told you so?" exclaimed the Signora Balbi, pushing the young man away.

"Yes," quietly replied Matteo, "your lost fortune, your slain husband, all exact my death at your hands. I know it, and I give myself up; so much do I love Louisa! Another would have fled—I stay; I prefer death to exile! I wish to die under the shade of my beautiful olives, surrounded by the perfume of my orange trees. Here, my mother, is the disposition of my property; it will belong to Louisa, you will enjoy it with her. And here is a sure poison, not too painful, and which leaves no external trace of its existence! Take it, but allow me eight days, only eight days of life and health! At the expiration of that time you may overwhelm your daughter with grief, such as you yourself experienced. Young and beautiful as she is, you may then rob her of her husband."

At these words two springs of tears filled the eyes of the mother-in-law; she threw herself towards Matteo, took the vial of poison which he presented to her and broke it; she seized the will and tore it into pieces. It was then that she threw her arms around Matteo, and covered him with kisses.

"Let us forget the dead," said she, "you are my son."

He is saved, thought the doctor. The door of the chamber opened. It was Louisa, pale and trembling, come to seek out her husband. Her mother hastened towards her, and pressing her hand, said to her with an expression that Italian souls only know how to give to their words:

"He has just taken thee, and I give thee to him!"

The nuptials finished gaily, the doctor made a memorandum of the day in his journal, and at this day they talk at Onelle of the unalterable friendship of the mother and son-in-law.

## FOR SALE OR RENT

**LOTS FOR SALE.**  
SIX LOTS, 80 feet front by 600 deep, for sale on long credit; also, the lot and improvements between J. C. Gordy's and Capt. Gates's, fronting on the public road and the bayou.  
HENRY C. DWIGHT, Franklin.

**NOTICE.**  
THE subscribers having determined on changing their business, now offer for sale the stock of goods, and the lease of their store in Odd-Fellows Hall, extending to the 1st of October, 1854.  
Any person desirous of engaging in the above business would do well to call and secure one of the best stands in the State, at a low rate.  
J. W. & R. E. TALBOT.

**For Sale.**  
The subscriber offers for sale three Lots of Ground on Willow street, each lot measuring about 50 feet front by 340 feet deep, more or less. On one lot is a new barn and shed, with a good well of water. For particulars apply to  
JAMES S. SIMMONS.

**FOR SALE.**  
About 10 acres of land situated in the village of Franklin, said lot containing a comfortable dwelling house and out-buildings, together with a variety of fruit trees, and other improvements. Inquire of  
R. E. TALBOT, Franklin.

**NEGRO FOR SALE.**  
A GOOD NEGRO WOMAN, aged about 40 years, a good cook, washer and ironer, and her three children, aged 2, 7 and 11 years. Inquire of  
R. E. TALBOT.

**ON FOR TEXAS.**  
THE subscribers take this method of informing all those indebted to them by note or account that one of the firm will call upon them in a few days, for the purpose of settling, and they hope will be ready to pay up, as we expect and hope to be able to close our business before the 1st of May. One of us will be found at the old stand, ready to deliver the bills and receive the "dust."  
J. W. & R. E. TALBOT.

## STEAMBOATS.

### Regular Attakapas Weekly Packet.

The new and staunch steamboat D. B. MOSBY, J. J. KERR, master, has commenced her regular trips, leaving New Orleans every TUESDAY, at 12 o'clock, M., taking freight and passengers for Pattersonville, Centerville, Franklin, Newtown, and all landings on the route, and on her return trip will leave New Iberia EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, and Franklin on the same evening. For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to  
JOHN HALL, Agent,  
No. 1 New Levee, New Orleans.

### Tow and Job Boat.

The steamboat MONDRIANA is now engaged in the above business, and will tow and light or vessels, or do any kind of job work that may offer. For terms, &c., apply to Capt. Fuller, on board, or to  
C. B. G. WHELDEN,  
Pattersonville

## LEGAL NOTICES.

**ELECTION NOTICE.**—An election will be held for the purpose of electing eight Police Jurors, to serve in the Police Jury of this parish for two years from the day of election, at the following places and before the following commissioners, on MONDAY, the 13th day of May, 1851, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M., and closing at 4 o'clock, P. M.—the said election to be conducted and returns made according to law:

1st Ward—At the house of Antoine Romero, before Richard Wilkins, George Singleton and Wm. Rose.

2d Ward—At the hotel of P. Prevost & Co., before Benj. Borel, Albert Heaton and Lefroy Bonvillian.

3d Ward—At the house lately occupied by M. Davidson, before J. A. Frère, Alcide Pécot and Charles Pécot.

4th Ward—At the office of James Taylor, at Indian Bend, before James Taylor, W. S. Harding and Mason Pilcher.

5th Ward—At the house of H. R. Nerson, before H. R. Nerson, Gustave Perret and A. McWilliams.

6th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

7th Ward—At the coffee-house of Cary & Co., at Centerville, before T. L. Doremus, John Yancy and R. B. Royster.

8th Ward—At the public school-house in this ward, before R. B. Brashers, Charles W. Brien and John Collins.

9th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

10th Ward—At the coffee-house of Cary & Co., at Centerville, before T. L. Doremus, John Yancy and R. B. Royster.

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13th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

14th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

15th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

16th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

17th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

18th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

19th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

20th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

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38th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

39th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

40th Ward—At the house of J. T. Hawkins, before J. T. Hawkins, John Barnard and Julius Johnson.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

### Copartnership.

THE undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the firm of BRENT & BAKER, for the practice of Law at the courts of this district. Their office is the same as heretofore occupied by A. W. Baker and is just below Mr. Gordy's office.  
EDWARD L. BRENT,  
ANTHONY W. BAKER.  
Franklin, March 3, 1851.

A. L. TUCKER, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, will attend promptly to all collections or other professional business entrusted to his care. Office in Odd-Fellows' Hall, over the store of Messrs. Talbot, in Franklin.

EDWARD SIMON, Jr., Attorney-at-Law, will practice his profession in the Courts of the Fourteenth Judicial District, for the parishes of St. Mary, St. Martin and Vermilion.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main street.

FRED L. GATES, Attorney-at-Law, St. Martinville—practices in the courts of Lafayette, Opelousas, Vermilion and St. Mary. June 20, 1850.

WILSON & MCCLARTY, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, will practice their profession in the courts of the Fourteenth Judicial District. All business confided to them will be promptly attended to.

Office in Franklin, Main street, opposite the Court House.

E. L. NIMMO. A. B. WOODRUFF.

E. L. NIMMO & CO., General Grocers, No. 7 Front Levee street, between Customhouse and Bienville streets, New Orleans.

Full assortment of Family and Plantation Supplies constantly on hand. 1-6m

J. H. MORRISON & CO., Wholesale Grocers, No. 1, corner of Canal and Customhouse streets, New Orleans.

Country merchants and planters are respectfully invited to give us a call. 1-1y

WITTER & CROSLAND, Commission and Forwarding Merchants, No. 8 Customhouse street, New Orleans, are prepared to receive consignments of Sugar, Molasses, &c. All shipments to their address are covered by insurance, to prevent loss.

Particular attention paid to the execution of orders for Plantation Supplies, &c. 617

CYRUS FLINT. JAMES H. JONES.

C. FLINT & JONES, Nos. 46 and 48 Royal Street, New Orleans, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Cabinet Furniture, Chairs, Spring Hair and Moss Mattresses, Feather Beds, Hair Cloth, Damasks, Gimp, Carbs and Tassels, Curled Hair, Varnish, Glue, Chair and Sofa Springs, Wedding, Cabinet-makers' Hardware, Castors, &c. 624-1y

A Card.

G. R. HANKINS, Dentist, tenders his thanks to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him in the various branches of his profession, and trusts that he may ever merit a continuance of the same. Having been for many years a practical jeweller, he has every confidence in being able to give entire satisfaction in those operations embracing the working of gold.

For a general and thorough knowledge of his profession he refers exclusively to those of his friends and the public who have patronized him, as they are the best judges of his qualifications; and those who have not experienced such personal proofs may rest assured that all his operations are performed in the most scientific manner, and at moderate rates.

Franklin, March 29, 1851.

A. F. McLain. JOHN A. TROUSDALE.

McLain & Trousdale, Practical Dentists, most respectfully tender their services to the ladies and gentlemen of St. Mary, and the public in general, in the above profession, in all its branches.

Artificial Teeth, from one to a full set, inserted on the most approved plan, with or without artificial Gums.

N. B. All operations performed with the utmost care.

Messrs. A. F. McLain and John A. Trousdale having been under my tuition, (the former four and the latter two years), I take pleasure in recommending them as skillful and competent Dentists, in all the departments of the science.

WILLIAM CISSNA, Surgeon-Dentist. Pattersonville, Feb. 24, 1851.

TO PLANTERS.—I have again commenced The Shipping and Commission business in Pattersonville, and will be thankful for all favors. A line directed to me at this place, or left at the store of Messrs. Hare & Birdsall, will receive prompt attention.

Sugar and molasses bought and sold at low rates of commission.