

Planters' Banner

VOLUME XVI.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA. . . . AUGUST 9, 1851.

NUMBER 30.

PORTS' CORNER.

"WHAT FLAG SHALL WAVE?"

What flag shall wave when from on high Disunion drags our ensign down, And where its stars now deck our sky, The clouds of hate shall darkly frown?

What hand to read that flag shall dare, When all may claim the nation's sign? And not a gleam of glory there, But each proud State may say, "Tis mine."

'Tis mine! 'tis thine! 'tis theirs! 'tis ours!— We all have trusted in its might, And in the nation's darkest hours Our fathers bore it to the fight!

The memories of the past are there, Fast clinging to each silken fold: The pious hope, the vow, the prayer, From hearts and lips now still and cold!

Our sires' strong faith, their war-worn years, Their dying groans, their conquering cry, Their orphan's wail, their widows' tears, Their martyr-truth that ne'er shall die!

Their sacred blood, in wild alarm, Would call that traitor hand to stop, As once God's angel stayed the arm Of Abraham on the mountain top.

And vale to vale, and crag to crag, The deep-toned curse would echo far On him who rends the Union's flag, Or from the azure tears one star!

Then, patriots, since our flag alone Belongs to our fathers' hand; Still let that one which o'er them shone, Shine on their sons—a brother's band!

Yes, let it shine! 'Tis ours shall be A bow of promise to our eyes; O'er-arching wide, from sea to sea, The noblest land beneath the skies.

A SELECTED TALE.

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

A Thrilling Sketch, founded on Fact.

BY AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.

At a period towards the close of my professional career, a domestic tragedy occurred, with the persons concerned in which I was in some measure mixed up—a tragedy of so dreadful a nature, involving, as it did, destruction to several, and unhappiness to many, that for a long time I had hesitated whether or not to give it record on these pages—And yet, so true a picture of human nature do the events portray, and so much is there that may be learned from this recital, suppressing the real names of the actors in the melancholy drama, I am at last tempted to lay before my readers one of the most secret, if not the most sacred passages of my diary.

Although I did not become acquainted with the facts in the order in which I shall relate them, still, from diligent and patient inquiry, I was enabled to collect the fragmental pieces of the family history, which from time to time I heard, into one perfect whole in my diary, and then, not until then, was I fairly enabled to judge of what appeared to me at first, and without perfect and complete information, the most extraordinary and contradictory circumstances.

I was not called upon to interfere in the calamitous affairs which my story will comprehend until a frightful catastrophe had occurred; but I will begin earlier, so that my reader shall have the advantage, which I had not, of really beginning at the beginning.

One of the most opulent and respected merchants which London had ever produced, was Mr. Markham. What he exactly called himself, or dealt in, I don't know, but he had many ships, and it was well known that his commercial transactions extended to all parts of the habitable globe. He was a man of considerable ability, and possessed great tact in his commercial undertakings.—His only fault was a petulant irritability of temper, which always tempted him into disputes about trifles which were really undeserving of notice.

It was late in life before Mr. Markham thought that his accumulated fortune would, with the addition of an amiable woman as his domestic partner, make an exceedingly happy home; and when once possessed of this idea, he was unceasing in his endeavors to discover some young person possessed of the qualifications which he looked for and expected in a wife. Fortune he sought not—he had enough himself to satisfy his wildest wants. He wished for a loving, kind, amiable companion; nor was he long in fixing his choice upon one whom he considered, and who was in every respect qualified to make any home happy.

This young lady's name was Emma Dorrington. She was the youngest child of a poor gentleman who had for years been struggling with a very large family to preserve the station in life which, in the earlier part of his career, he had been accustomed. Beneath that struggle he sank into an early grave, leaving a widow and five children to the tender mercies of a tender and merciful (?) world, and the scanty comforts attainable from an annuity of sixty pounds per annum.

Emma, at the time of her father's death, was but ten years of age, and it was seven years after this event that Mr. Markham saw her, and at once felt that she was the person destined to meet his wishes in every respect. His age was then forty; but this disparity of years did not strike him as any particular objection, seeing that his great wealth enabled him at once to settle a handsome competence upon his young wife, who, in the natural order of events, would outlive him.

although not couched in the usual manner of such epistles, yet showed so much real sense and goodness of heart, that it was impossible to give it other than a respectful reception.

At the time this offer was made, there was one circumstance which Emma Dorrington knew, but which Mr. Markham did not, and that was, that the gentle and affectionate heart of the young girl had been struck by the estimable qualities and good looks of a young gentleman of the name of George Grant, who, although distantly connected with a noble family, and a far off heir to estates and a baronetcy, was, notwithstanding, about as poor as any gentlemanly young man could very well be.

Now, what made the business more complicated and unhappy for all parties, was the circumstance that Mr. Markham owed his introduction to the family of the Dorringtons to this very George Grant, whose family was very well known to the rich merchant, and for whom he had always, from a boy, ever had the greatest affection.

Had George Grant, when he introduced Mr. Markham to the humble home of the Dorringtons, mentioned that he loved Emma, what heaps of future misery and wretchedness might have been spared; but with the natural sensitiveness of a young man, he shrunk from such a confidence, and Mr. Markham was the last man in the world ever of his own accord to find out or even suspect an affair of the heart.

The motive of George Grant in introducing Mr. Markham to the poor family is easily explained. He wished him to become acquainted with their worth, and then he knew well that the kind-hearted merchant would soon find some means of bettering their condition in his own way.

The reader then, being cognizant of all these circumstances, may imagine the dismay of poor George Grant, when, upon calling one day at the Dorringtons, the mother of Emma placed Mr. Markham's letter in his hands, which ran thus—

TO MRS. DORRINGTON: My Dear Madam—I trust you will believe me sincere in every word which this letter conveys, and from a conviction that sincerity, pardon the bluntness of the language; and I think—may, I am sure—your daughter Emma would, as my wife, merit my esteem and affection; and in here proposing marriage to her, I say it shall be my earnest endeavor to promote her happiness. Should she accept me for a husband I will settle upon her five thousand pounds per annum, which shall be entirely at her own disposal, because I know that the use she would make of such a sum would be gratifying both to me and to herself. Awaiting your and her answer, believe me, madam, your obedient servant. JOHN MARKHAM.

George Grant was perfectly confounded at this letter, and sat with it in his hand, glaring at Mrs. Dorrington without being able to say a word.

It must be presumed that Emma's mother was quite ignorant of the existence of any attachment between her youngest child and George, when she said earnestly—

"Now, Mr. Grant, you know more of Mr. Markham than we do. What is really your opinion as to his principles and disposition?" "He is the best and kindest of men," said George, who scorned any other but the truth, even of his rival; "his acts of private benevolence, which have by accident only occasionally been heard of, are munificent."

Mrs. Dorrington heard this with evident pleasure, and she replied in an animated manner— "I am glad to hear that Mr. Grant; and I, who know too much, alas! of the world and its miseries, would wish my child no better fate than to be married to such a man."

This was enough for poor George.—He rose trembling and took his leave. Hurrying home to his obscure lodgings, he leaned his head upon his hands and wept bitterly. Then sober reason came to his aid, and he began to think what he ought to do, which thought ended in one of the most heroic acts of self-devotion which it is possible to conceive, and which the following note to Emma will explain. I have the original now before me. It is discolored by tears, and the trembling way in which it is written would never be supposed to be that of a young man in the prime and vigor of life.

My Dearest Emma—Mr. Markham has just made, through your mother, an offer of his hand. Accept him for the sake of yourself, and all you love. Accept him for your mother's sake, who now, in the decline of life, requires its comforts and its luxuries. Accept him for the sake of your brothers and sisters, who will live to bless you as the architect of their fortunes. Accept him for his own sake, for he is kind, generous, and good, and forget that you ever knew or ever heard of GEORGE GRANT.

Oh! what a bitter agony it was to write this to her he loved so fondly.—But it was done. He had made the sacrifice, and composing his convulsed features as much as he could, he sealed the note, and packing up all the valuables he possessed, he went forth from his humble abode. The first letter-box received the note to Emma, and then he took his course to the London docks.

To the first lounge he saw, he said, "What ships sail to-day?" "There's one just dropping down with the tide now," said the man.

"Where is she going?" "To Hamburg."

"Do they take passengers?" "Yes. Shall I give your honor a cast on board her? I have a wherry here."

"Yes," said George; and in an hour he had settled for a passage and was off for Hamburg.

love of one who was capable of making such a sacrifice.

She wrote him an answer—an answer full of clinging affection; offering to be his in poverty, rather than another's with the world's wealth at command. Her letter came back to her unopened, for George had gone. Then did a feeling of desolation creep over the young girl's heart; and, deserted by her lover, she yielded to the solicitations of her mother, and became the wife of Mr. Markham.

And now, had no previous passion lingered in her heart, she might, she must have loved her husband, for he idolized her. He anticipated her least wish; and there was not one word or act of his towards her, that did not flow from and indicate the purest and most unbounded affection.

Emma knew all this. She felt it fully, and was deeply grateful. Her husband possessed all her esteem and deepest gratitude; and she felt it to be a sacred duty to promote the happiness of one who did so much for her. Here, then, were good grounds for steadfast and enduring happiness and contentment.

If there were none of the sweets of passion, there were none of its doubts and fears—if there was no ecstasy, there was no disappointment. Thus passed two months of Emma's wedded life.—She saw all around her happy and contented; and had it not been that occasionally the thought would cross her mind, that what a paradise upon earth she would be dwelling in, if George Grant were her husband, with the same means of doing good that Mr. Markham possessed, she too would have searched her heart in vain for one cankerous care.

They (Mr. and Mrs. Markham) were sitting together at breakfast, when, for the first time since their marriage, the name of young Grant was mentioned between them.

"I wonder," said Mr. Markham, "we have had no visit from my young friend, George Grant?"

Emma started at the mention of that familiar name, and for a moment or two she could scarcely command her feelings.

"He is a most estimable young man," continued Mr. Markham; "I have a high esteem for him, and I have been casting in my mind, Emma, for some means of doing him a permanent and lasting good."

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Emma, faintly. "I would take him into partnership directly," added Mr. Markham, "and then he would be constantly with us, were it not for Mr. Colletti, my partner, who will not consent to have any one in the business beside ourselves; and he has brought such large sums from time to time into the business, that I cannot, in any decency, force a junior partner upon him, merely to gratify my own feelings of partiality towards a young man whom I esteem so much as I do George Grant."

"Yes, yes, certainly," was all Emma could muster strength to say.

"By-the-by," continued her husband, "Colletti will be back from the continent in a day or two, and I wish him to dine here, Emma, immediately on his arrival that I may formally introduce him to you."

Emma was glad to change the conversation, and she replied— "What kind of person is this Colletti, your partner, of whom I have heard so much?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Mr. Markham, "he is not a very lovable or agreeable person. His appearance is rather against him, inasmuch as he squints awfully."

"Indeed?" "Yes, and his manners are a trifle uncouth. But I have always found him upright in all his dealings, and I believe him to be a strictly honest man."

"This is a cloak which does, and ought to cover a multitude of faults," said Emma.

"I shall have no fear of your falling in love with Colletti," added Mr. Markham with a smile, as he rose from his breakfast, "however much you may admire him as a curiosity."

"You expect him soon?" inquired Emma.

"Yes, possibly to-day; although not very likely so soon."

"It is very strange," said Emma to herself when alone; "I have never seen this man, Colletti, yet a shudder comes over me, and my heart feels chilled, whenever I hear his name mentioned. It seems, too, as if the shadow of some awful event, connected in some way with him, preceded his coming, and warned me of him. How childish are such fancies?"

After a pause she added— "I must combat such silly sensations—what can Colletti be to me, or I to Colletti?"

Notwithstanding all her efforts, the same dark foreboding came across her mind whenever she thought of her husband's partner; and when Mr. Markham returned from his counting-house to spend the remainder of the day in the society of his wife, and announced that Mr. Colletti had returned, and was to dine with them on the morrow, a feeling of apprehension came across her mind which was absolutely sickening.

The morrow came, and Emma had succeeded in reasoning herself into comparative calmness with regard to Colletti, whom she longed to see, in order to judge if his personal appearance coincided with her preconceived notion of him.

The dinner hour was close at hand, when a servant announced Mr. Colletti, and in another moment her husband's partner stood before her.

Mr. Markham formally introduced him, and after a few moments Emma ventured upon a closer scrutiny of his face and general appearance.

He was very tall, but his limbs did not seem to belong to him. He looked as if, like the monster in Frankenstein, he had been made from odds and ends, picked up in some popular grave-yard. His complexion was more that of a corpse than a living being, and the squint, which Mr. Markham had mentioned, gave a peculiarity to his features that was at times perfectly awful.

Emma shuddered as she looked at this man, and the undefinable feeling of dread connected with him came more strongly than ever across her disturbed mind.

One circumstance, too, contributed greatly to annoy Mrs. Markham, which was, that in consequence of the peculiar obliquity of vision of Colletti, she never could tell whether he was looking at her or some object quite in another direction; and once when she felt quite sure that he was examining very critically a painting at the other end of the room, and she took the opportunity of, as she thought unobserved, studying his singular physiognomy, he suddenly bowed to her with an amorous expression, as much as to say—

"You do me a great deal of honor, madam, by your distinguished notice."

After this circumstance, Mrs. Markham scarcely dared to trust her eyes in the direction where Colletti sat, and it was quite a relief to her when the cloth was removed, and she felt herself at liberty to retire from the table.

The moment, however, she rose, Colletti sprang from his seat, and with obsequious politeness handed her to the door, and as she was passing out, he squeezed her hand and assumed such an awful leering expression of admiration, that Emma was thoroughly alarmed, and when she reached her own room, was very nearly in a fainting state.

The first thought was to take the earliest opportunity of telling her husband of Colletti's singular conduct, but upon mature reflection, she thought how very slight a subject of complaint she had, for the pressure of her hand might have been accidental, and, indeed, with many persons, it is quite a thing of habit; and she could not very well complain to her husband because his partner was an exceedingly ugly man, and squinted awfully.

With this kind of reasoning Emma strove to laugh away her fears of Colletti; but yet there was a something lurking in her heart which assured her that some evil would arise in which he would be the prime agent and mover, but what that evil was particularly to consist of, or what precise shape it was to assume, she had no possible way of judging.

Colletti at length left the house, and Mr. Markham asked his young wife in a jocular manner what she thought of his "handsome" partner.

"He is the most alarmingly ugly man I ever saw," replied Emma.

"Well," said Mr. Markham, "Colletti is not an Adonis certainly; but I believe he is a good-hearted man. Over our wine to-day he gave his consent to something which I know will give you a great deal of pleasure, and make us all much happier."

"What is that?" asked Emma.

"Why, he agrees that I should offer George Grant a small share in the business."

A sudden faintness came over Emma, and she felt as if she was involved in some combination of horrors, of which this was the commencement.

Mr. Markham could not but see the changing color of his wife, and he rang the bell in great alarm for her maid.

By a great effort of mind, however, Emma recovered, and attributing her illness to the heat of the room, she begged to be left alone for a time, in order that she might lie down.

"What will become of me," thought she, "if I am to see, and be constantly seen by George Grant! Alas! alas! my own heart tells me that I honor and respect my husband—but—I—God of heaven! what was I about to say? that I love George! Oh! heaven protect me—save me—save me from myself. He must not come. I must see him, and beg—implore him to accept of a provision abroad, and never to set foot within this house."

In these and similar reflections Mrs. Markham passed several hours, until, exhausted by the tumult of her own feelings, she sank into a troubled and very uneasy slumber, in which she was haunted by fearful visions, in which Colletti, with the horrible leer upon his face, was ever present to her excited imagination.

(To be continued.)

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN. MONTHLY—32 Pages per Number: \$1 per annum in advance; 10 copies for \$7. BI-MONTHLY and MONTHLY—768 Pages per annum: \$2 in advance; 10 copies for \$15. THIS is the only journal in Europe or America devoted to a complete and original system of Anthropology. It presents new and well demonstrated systems of Phrenology, Physiology and Physiognomy, and surveys, from a new position, the Humanitarian progress and the great wonders and discoveries of the age. The doctrines of the Journal have been sanctioned generally by Phrenologists and men of science who have given them an investigation. N.B.—Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously. Address the editor, Dr. J. H. BUCHANAN, Cincinnati. Remittances at the editor's risk. Volume I. being stereotyped, copies will be sent by mail for \$2. This volume contains Nine Plates, one being a map of the New System of Phrenology. 27—2a WOOD for sale by PARKERSON & RANDLETT.

FOR SALE OR RENT

For Sale or Rent.

The subscriber offers for sale or to rent his valuable Plantation, situated near the mouth of Bayou Teche, and embracing among its improvements a sugar-house and other necessary buildings. For terms (which will be accommodating) and other particulars, apply on the premises, to THOMAS WILCOXON. 26 11

Timber for Sale.

We have at the mouth of Bayou Teche 370 tiers of the best quality of Cypress Timber, which we are disposed to sell on accommodating terms. Persons wishing to buy this timber can know the terms by calling on N. Parks or M. H. Carroll, at Pattersonville. RICKS & PARKS. Pattersonville, July 12, 1851. 6m

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. 5 HENRY C. DWIGHT, Franklin.

For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale three Lots of Ground on Willow street, each measuring about 80 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. 7 11

\$25 Reward!

Ran away from the "Oxford Plantation" of Dr. Stephen Duncan, in the parish of St. Mary, three miles above Franklin, on or about the 1st of March last, the negro boy JENKINS. Description.—He is about 25 years old, and very black; in height he is about six feet, and proportionally stout in frame; his teeth are good, but placed far apart; he has a downcast look when spoken to, is slow of speech, has remarkably large feet, and is knock-kneed. The above reward will be paid for his delivery at any jail, so that the owner can get him. A. McWILLIAMS, Agent. Franklin, July 29, 1851. 2t

To Planters.

WANTED—By a teacher, a situation in a planter's family. In addition to the ordinary course of an English education, the subscriber also teaches Greek, Latin and French, Rhetoric, Logic and Book-keeping. He can produce the most satisfactory testimonials as to his moral character, &c. A note addressed to "G. H. Post Office, Franklin," postpaid, will be immediately attended to. 28

BLAKE'S METALLIC PAINT.

The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the sale of "Blake's Metallic Fire and Waterproof Paint," is prepared to contract for painting the roofs of sugar-houses and other buildings. Persons desirous of possessing such a security against fire, can know the terms by applying to the subscriber, in Franklin, who is prepared to furnish testimony from the officers of insurance companies, and others who have tested its qualities as a non-conductor of heat, and being impervious to fire and water. Feb. 21 JAS. S. SIMMONS, Agent.

LONG ISLAND GARDEN SEED.

CULTIVATED BY G. R. GARRETSOHN Flushing, near New York. 1800 PAPERS of the above, warranted to be the growth of 1850, assorted varieties, comprising every kind of Vegetable usually cultivated—catalogues of which will be furnished, describing both of variety and mode of cultivation. Just received and for sale by G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO., Franklin Drug Store, under the Odd-Fellows' Hall.

BAYOU ROUTE SAW-MILL.

The subscriber having established a Saw Mill on Bayou Route, is now prepared to fill orders of every description in this line of business, at short notice and on the most reasonable terms, for cash. He will also keep on hand a constant supply of lumber suitable for all purposes. D. P. SPARKS. Feb. 6, 1851. 1-1

FANCY STATIONERY.

In all its varieties—English and French plain, gilt and embossed Letter Paper, with Envelopes to match—is offered for inspection at the Apothecaries' Hall, where the ladies are particularly invited to call and examine his assortments. CHARLES RABE.

Carts and Wagons.

50 Ox, Mule and Baggage Carts, also a few four-horse Wagons all from the manufactory of Mr. Irwin, Wheeling, Va., and for sale by M. WALKER, Upper Wharf. 26

SHERMAN'S SUSPENSORY BANDAGE

THIS is one of the very useful articles which the present age supplies for the use of the afflicted. Its object is to give support to the serotum and testicles, in cases of disease or relaxation. They also afford comfort and safety to those persons who exercise a great deal on horse-back. m23

FOR SALE—1 set Sugar Kettles, from 64 to 42 inches; 1 Engine, with sugar mill, cane carrier, bagasse carrier, wood work, &c., complete—all of which will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Apply to PARKERSON & RANDLETT.

SHERMAN'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER

USED in all the eastern cities with unparalleled success. The effect produced in the use of this instrument is wonderful: it cures the Falling of the Womb; the sinking, all-gone feeling of the Lungs, Stomach or Sides; it helps the Whites, prevents Miscarriages, strengthens weak Lungs, weak Voice, &c.; barrenness gives place to fruitfulness, the constitution is improved, and restoration to health is the final result. m23

Lumber.

80,000 FEET assorted Cypress Lumber, for sale by M. WALKER. CYPRESS LUMBER—50,000 feet for sale by PARKERSON & RANDLETT.

PROFESSIONAL.

Law Agency.

DURING my absence from the parish of St. Mary, my friend JULES G. OLIVIER, Esq., will represent me in my professional business in said parish. He is also authorized to stipulate for my services, as counsel in cases in which he may be employed with me in said parish. THOMAS H. LEWIS. Franklin, June 28, 1851. 6m

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. 5t

Copartnership.

THE undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the firm of BAKER & 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 Hotel. EDWARD C. BRENT, ANTHONY W. BAKER. Franklin, March 3, 1851. 8t

A. L. TUCKER, Attorney and Counsellor.

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. 7

DENTISTRY.

The undersigned respectfully renews the tender of his professional services in the line of DENTISTRY. Artificial Teeth inserted on gold plate, from one tooth to a full set, with a spring or on the principle of atmospheric pressure. All other work pertaining to the Teeth done on the most approved principles, and with the best materials. Not being able to boast of any new discoveries, he does not expect the patronage of the most credulous, but is willing to confine his practice to those persons only who are aware that fine gold is the only substance known that can be used with certainty in the mouth. Plantations visited when required. WILLIAM CISSNA. Pattersonville, July 19, 1851. 4t

A. F. McLAIN, JOHN A. 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. 1

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.

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. 7

To the Public.

THE undersigned have entered into a partnership or combination, but a combination to accommodate the public, whereby they hope to profit themselves. One of them may be found every day (Sundays excepted) at their office, on the Public Square, next to the St. Mary's Hotel, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.; the other will be at all times ready to go to any part of the parish, to transact promptly and punctually any business entrusted to them.

L. R. CURTIS, Notaries.

B. N. McMILLAN, Public. 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. Office open at all hours. GEO. N. SEAGRAVE. m14 Office under the Odd-Fellows' Hall.

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. Office open at all hours. JAMES TAYLOR. Indian Bend, Aug. 23, 1851. 11

Drs. Banning & Miles.

RESPECTFULLY announces that Mr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 70 St. Charles street, New Orleans, has an assortment of Banning's BODY BRACES. Persons wishing the instrument will find Dr. Sherman well qualified, from his great experience in the business, to apply and fit them. A female is in attendance to wait on ladies. Persons sending for a Brace must send the measure round the hips. m23

FRESH GROCERIES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED—A fresh assortment of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Tobacco and Cigars—all of which are offered cheap for Cash. ap25 PARKERSON & RANDLETT.

HUNGARIAN LEECHES (SANGUISUARIAS) at wholesale and retail, will be constantly kept on hand and disposed of at the lowest possible rates, at Apothecaries' Hall. CHARLES RABE, M. D.

CONGRESS WATER—96 dozen just received and for sale by the bottle, dozen or box. Call and drink it. C. RABE.

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 & Birdall, will receive prompt attention. Sugar