

Planters' Banner.

PORTS' CORNER.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn—not the ray which falls the
 summer's boughs among,
 When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all
 her light and song;
 'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon
 the lonely vale,
 And shadows, like the wing of death, were out
 upon the gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations
 into life,
 That o'er the waste and barren earth spread
 flowers and fragrance life—
 Whose genius, like the sun, illumined the mighty
 realms of mind—
 Had fled forever from the fame, love, friendship
 of mankind!

To wear a wreath in Glory wrought, his spirit
 swept afar
 Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of
 moon or star,
 To drink immortal waters, free from every taint
 of earth,
 To breathe before the shrine of life, the source
 whence worlds had birth!

There was walking on the early breeze, and dark-
 ness in the sky,
 When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a
 funeral train swept by!
 Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that
 other forms moved there,
 Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble,
 young and fair!

Was it a dream? How oft in sleep we ask—
 "Can this be true?"
 Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to
 our view,
 Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that
 which we behold,
 When dreams enchant our sight with things
 whose meanness garb is gold!

Was it a dream? Methought the "dauntless
 Harold" passed me by—
 The proud "Ella James," with martial step, and
 dark, intrepid eye;
 That "Marmion's" laughly crest was there, a
 mourner for his sake;
 And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady
 of the Lake."

The "Minstrel," whose fast lay was o'er, whose
 broken harp lay low,
 And with him glorious "Waverly," with glance
 and step of war;
 And "Stuart's" voice was there, as when 'midst
 Fate's disastrous war,
 He led the wild, ambitious, proud and brave
 "Vich Ian Vohr."

Next, marveling at his sable suit, the "Dominie"
 stalked past,
 With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose
 tears were flowing fast,
 "Guy Mansering," too, moved there, o'erpower'd
 by that afflicted sight,
 And "Merrilies," as when she wept on Ellan-
 gowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Mankbarns" approached,
 amidst that burial line;
 And "Ochiltree" leant on his staff, and mourned
 for "Auld lang syne";
 Slow marched the gallant "M'Intire," whilst
 "Lovel" mused alone—
 For once "Miss Wairour's" image left that
 bosom's faithful throne!

With coronach and arms reversed, forth came
 "McGregor's" clan—
 Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd thrill and wild,
 "Rob Roy's" bold brow looked wan;
 The fair "Diana," kissed her cross, and bless'd
 its mirrored ray;
 And "was it he," the "Billie" sighed, "that
 I should see this day?"

Next rode in melancholy guise, with sombre vest
 and seal,
 Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renown'd
 "Black Dwarf";
 Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks
 fl-wing free,
 The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old
 Mortality";

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord
 of Evandale,
 And stately "Lady Margaret," whose we might
 thought avail!

Fierce "Bothwell," on his charger black, as from
 the conflict won;
 And pale "Habakkuk Macklewrath," who cried,
 "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms
 mid wildest scenes,
 Passed she—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous
 "Jeanie Deans";
 And "Dumbiedikes," that silent maid, with love
 too deep to smile—
 And "Ella," with her noble friend, the good
 "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ra-
 venwood" advanced,
 Who on the false "Lori Keeper's" mien with
 eye indignant glanced;
 Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, beneath covert
 close and sure,
 Approached the beauty of all hearts, the "Bride
 of Lammermoor";

Then "Annot Lyne," the fairy queen of light
 and song, stopped near
 The "Knight of Ardenval," and he, the gifted
 "Hugh";
 "Duncan," "Duncan," "Lord Monteth," and
 "Ronald" met my view—
 The hapless "Children of the Mist," and hold
 "M'Rich Connell Dhu";

On swept "Bois Gilbert," "Font De Bonif," "De
 Bracy's" plume of war;
 And "Cair de Lion's" crest shone near the
 valliant "Ivanhoe";

Whilst soft as glides a summer's cloud, "Row-
 an's" closer drew,
 With beautiful "Rebecca," peerless daughter of
 the Jew.

Still onward, like the gathering night, advanced
 that funeral train—
 Like billows when the tempest sweeps across
 the shadowy main;
 Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble
 ranks were seen
 Dark phans and glittering mail and crest, and
 weapons' beautiful mien!

A sound thrilled through that lengthened host—
 methought the vault was closed
 Where, in his glory and renown, fair Scotia's
 bard reposed;
 A sound thrilled through that lengthened host—
 and forth my vision fled—
 But, ah! that mournful dream proved true,—the
 mortal Scott was dead!

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO CURE A TOPER.

[The following story, literally true in its leading particulars, was told by a reformed man who knew W— very well. In representing it, I do so in the first person, in order to give it more effect.]

I was enjoying my glass of flip one night at the little old "Black Horse,"

that used to stand a mile out of S—, (I hadn't joined the great army of teatotalers then.) when a neighboring farmer, came in whose moderation, at least in whiskey toddies, was not known to all men. His name was W—. He was a quiet sort of a man when sober, lively and chatty under the effects of a single glass, argumentative and offensively dogmatic after the second toddy, and downright insulting and quarrelsome after getting beyond that number of drinks. We liked him and disliked him on these accounts.

On the occasion referred to he passed through all these changes, and finally sank off to sleep by the warm stove—Being in the way, and also in danger of tumbling upon the floor, some of us removed him to an old settee, where he slept soundly, entertaining us with a very unmusical serenade. There were two or three mischievous fellows about the place, and one of them suggested it would be capital fun to black W—'s face, and "make a darkey of him." No sooner said than done. Some lamp black and oil were mixed together in an old tin cup, and a coat of this paint laid over the face of W—, who, all unconscious of what had been done, slept on as soundly and snored as loudly as ever. Full two hours passed away before he awoke. Staggering up to the bar, he called for another glass of whiskey toddy, while we made the old bar room ring again with our peals of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" said he, as he became aware that he was the subject of merriment, and turning his black face around upon the company as he spoke.

"Give us Zip Coon, old fellow!" called out one of the "boys" who had helped him to his mask.

"No! no! Lucy Long! Give us Lucy Long!" cried another.

"Can't you dance Jim Crow? Try it. I'll sing the 'wheel about, and turn about, and do just so.' Now begin."—And the last speaker commenced singing Jim Crow.

W— neither understood nor relished all this. But the more angry and mystified he became, the louder laughed the company, and the free became their jests. At last, in a passion, he swore at us lustily, and leaving the bar-room in high dudgeon, took his horse from the stable and rode off.

It was past eleven o'clock; the night was cold, and a ride of two miles made W— sober enough to understand that he had been rather drunk, and was still a good deal "in for it"; and that it wouldn't exactly do for his wife to see him just as he was. So he rode a mile past his house, and then back again, at a slow trot, concluding that by this time the good woman was fast asleep. And so she was. He entered the house, crept silently up stairs and got quietly into bed without his better half being the wiser.

On the next morning Mrs. W— awoke first. But what was her surprise and horror upon rising up to see, instead of her lawful husband, what she thought a strapping negro, as black as charcoal, lying at her side. Her first impulse was to scream, but her presence of mind in this trying position enabled her to keep silence. You may be sure that she didn't remain long in such a close contact with Sir Darkey. Not she! For, slipping out of bed quickly, she glided from the room, and was soon down stairs in the kitchen, where a stout two-holed Irish girl was at work preparing breakfast.

"Oh! dear, Kitty!" she exclaimed, panting for breath, and looking as pale as a ghost. "Have you seen anything of Mr. W— this morning?"

"Oh! no! But what ails ye? Ye're as white as a shate!"

"Oh, mercy! Kitty! You wouldn't believe it, but there's a monstrous negro in my room!"

"Gracious me! Mrs. W—, a nager!"

"Yes, indeed, Kitty," returned Mrs. W—, trembling in every limb—"And worse and worse, he's in my bed! I just woke up, and thought it was Mr. W— by my side; but when I looked over and saw, instead of his face, one as black as the stove,—mercy on me!—I was frightened almost to death."

"Is he asleep?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, sound asleep and snoring. Oh, dear! what shall we do! Where in the world is Mr. W—? I'm afraid this negro has murdered him!"

"Och, the blasted murderin' thafe!" exclaimed Kitty, her organ of combativeness, which was very large, becoming terribly excited. "Get into mistress's bed, and the ledly there herself, the omadhaun! The black murderin' thafe of a villain!"

And Kitty, thinking of no danger to herself, and making no calculation of consequences, seized a stout hickory clothes pole that stood in one corner of the kitchen, and went up stairs like a whirlwind, banging the pole against the door, balusters, or whatever came in its way. The noise roused W— from his sleep, and he raised up in bed just as Kitty entered the room.

"Oh! you murderin' thafe of a villain!" shouted Kitty, as she caught sight of his black face, and pitching at him with her pole, she swept off his night-cap, at the imminent risk of taking his head with it.

"Hallo!" he cried, not at all liking this strange proceeding, "are you mad?"

"Mad, is it, ye thafe!" retorted Kitty, who did not recognise the voice, and taking a surer aim this time with her pole brought him a tremendous blow alongside of the head, which knocked him senseless.

Mrs. W—, who was at the bottom of the stairs, heard her husband's exclamation, and, knowing his voice, came rushing up, and entered the room in time to see Kitty's formidable weapon come with force against his head. Before the blow could be repeated—for Kitty, ejaculating her "murderin' thafe of a villain," had lifted her pole again—Mrs. W— threw her arms around her neck, and cried, "Don't, don't, Kitty, for mercy's sake! Its Mr. W—, and you've killed him!"

"Is Mr. W— a thafe of a nager, ma'am?"

But even Kitty's eyes, as soon as they took the trouble to look more closely, saw that it was indeed all the mistress had said. W— had fallen over on his face, and his head and his white neck were not to be mistaken.

An Exciting Case.

I give the following facts as related to me by a credible witness. A great "experience meeting" was to be held one evening in — church, where the speakers were, as usual, to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman, who I will call Alice, was induced to attend. When the meeting was somewhat advanced, a late member of Congress arose with apparent sadness and hesitation—

"Though I had consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this meeting to night," he said, "yet I have felt so great a reluctance to do so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty I could drag myself forward. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. I could wish that the memory of ten years of my life were blotted out." He paused a moment, much affected, and then added in a firmer voice: "Something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make the impression on your minds that I wish to produce.

"Your speaker once stood among the respected members of the bar—Nay, more than that, he occupied a seat in Congress for two congressional terms, and more than that," he continued, his voice sinking into a tone expressive of deep emotion, "he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings, have departed from him; he was unworthy to retain them; his constituents threw him off because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And more than all, she who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his two babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to debase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away, heart-stricken from me? Alas! my friends, it was a mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks! But for this, I were an honorable and useful representative in the halls of legislation, and blessed with a home and with wife and children.

"But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts; I drank more deeply, and was rarely, if ever, free from the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. At last I became so abandoned that my wife, urged by her friends no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could be readily shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared; and to complete my disgrace, at the congressional canvass I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district.

"When I heard of this new movement—the temperance cause—at first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was rolling onward, in hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have desired.—It set me once more upon my feet, and once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I have lost; but not all—not the richest treasure that I have proven myself un- worthy to retain—not my wife and

children. Between myself and these the law has laid its stern impassable interdictions. I have no longer a wife, no longer children, though my heart goes towards these dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of waddled love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle; I see ever before me the placid face of my Alice as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence—the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears."

Here the speaker's emotion overcame him: his utterance became choked, and he stood silent, with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people was hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half stifled sobs.

At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by the speaker until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and his eyes that instant fell upon Alice, who, by the kindness of those near her, was conducted to his side. The whole audience were moved by the scene, and were upon their feet and bending forward, when the speaker extended his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom.

An aged minister then came forward and gently separated them.

"No, no," said the reformed congressman, "you cannot take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should!" said the minister; "but by your own confession, she is not your wife."

"No, she is not!" replied the speaker mournfully.

"But is not to take her vows again," modestly said Alice, in a low tone, smiling through her tears.

Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, the marriage ceremony was again performed, that gave the speaker and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man with thin white locks, completed the marriage rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two, he had joined in holy bonds, and lifting up his streaming eyes, said in a solemn voice, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

"Amen!" was cried by the whole assembly as with a single voice.

A Financial Operation.—We lately heard a story illustrative of the early days of York county—those good old times when every body was "honest as the days were long." The parties were two of the early settlers in the western part of York (now Adams county), both were of honest German stock—and as one of them is still living, we suppress the name. Peter, it appears, had increased the size of his farm, by annexing thereto a small tract adjoining and lacked about a hundred dollars of the sum necessary to pay for the new acquisition. He called upon his neighbor, George, to borrow the amount—George brought out an old bread basket, and counted down the desired number of "thalers"—and then of course the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider and as many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while, it occurred to Peter that in similar transaction he had seen or heard of something like a note passing between the borrower and lender, and he suggested as much to George. The lender assented to the propriety of the thing—paper, pen and ink were produced—and between the two a document was concocted, stating that George had loaned Peter one hundred dollars, which Peter would repay to George in "dree monts." This Peter signed, and thus far our two financiers had made the thing all regular and ship shape.

But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that notes were made in the operations of borrowing and lending which they had witnessed—but neither of them had observed what disposition was made of the document—neither could tell whether it was en- regle for the borrower or lender to take charge of the paper! Here was a dilemma! At length a bright idea struck George. "You had de money to pay, Peter—so to be sure take dis paper, so as you can see as you haf to pay it!" This was conclusive—the common sense of the thing was unanswerable, and Peter pocketed the money and his own note, "so as he could see as he haf to pay it!" Three months passed over, and punctually to the day appeared our friend Peter, and paid over the promised sum to George. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again paraded. After puffing a while Peter produced the note, and handed it to George, with the remark, "Now you must take de note, so as you can see de money haf been paid!"

A Dutchman passing a number of railroad tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was nonplussed to account for their use. After examining one of them for about twenty minutes, and scratching his head, quite bald, he ejaculated: "They must be iron clamps put dere to keep der earthquakes from breaking up der road!"

A friend of one of our contemporaries says that he has been without money so long that his head aches "ready to split" when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that we live in a world of "change" is a great fable.

Encourage Home Industry.

Sheet Iron Stoves, Cooper's stoves (a new article), Stove Pipes, Stove Furnaces, Oil Cans of all sizes made to order. COPPER STEAM AND HOT WATER PIPES, of any size or form required, manufactured or repaired. All kinds of Brazing done by the subscriber. Sugar-house Lamps, superior to any in this market, Roofing (or galvanized) Tin, Hard and Soft Solder, Zinc and Wire of all sizes. Tin Ware at wholesale and retail at the Franklin Copper, Sheet Iron and Tin Ware Manufactory, on Main street. C. E. CAMPBELL. Franklin, Oct. 11, 1851.

Carriage Making and Repairing.

The undersigned has returned from the West with the best materials for making and repairing Carriages, Buggies, Cane-airs, Ploughs, and all other instruments in general use on plantations. He offers his services to the public, and hopes by reasonable charges and a close attention to business to share a portion of public patronage.

All work done with dispatch and in the most workmanlike manner. E. E. CRAIG. Pattersonville, July 25, 1851.

HOUSE-JOINERY.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Sash Blinds, Doors, Shutters of the best cyprus, or any other work connected with House-Joining, can have the same done at short notice, in good order and at reasonable prices, by calling on the subscriber, at the establishment lately occupied by James Emison & Co, opposite Tattersalls. Terms—Cash on delivery. LUCIUS SUTLIFF.

Sash Blinds and Doors.

THE undersigned having located in Franklin for the purpose of carrying on HOUSE-JOINERY in all its branches, hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage, and promises that all his work will give entire satisfaction.

N. B.—All orders promptly attended to. His shop is located on the corner of Second and Willow streets. J. L. POTTER. ap 31

Cabinet Making, &c.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to make and repair Cabinets and Upholstery work of every description, either at his shop, on Willow street, or at the residences of those who may require his services.

In connection with the above, he carries on the Undertaking business in all its branches, being always ready to supply hearses and coffins at the shortest notice. LOUIS KINNEL. Franklin, June 14, 1851.

The Planters' Blacksmith Shop!

ABEL COOPER respectfully informs the Blacksmithing public that he is engaged in all its branches, at his old stand, below Capt. Gates's saw mill, in Franklin, where he flatters himself that planters and the public in general can be better served, and on more reasonable terms, than they can be at any other shop in the place, and equal to any in Attakapas in every kind of work pertaining to Blacksmithing. All he asks is a fair trial, that the public may judge for themselves.

A liberal discount to those who make cash payments.

BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

Just opened at the FRANKLIN DRUG STORE, a well-selected assortment of Blank Books and Stationery, consisting of Letter, Record, Note, Bill and Foolscap Paper; Inkstands, Steel Pens, Quills, Envelopes, Letter-folders, Portfolio, Stamps, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Book Sand, Calendars, &c., for sale, wholesale and retail, by G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO. Call and get an Almanac for 1851.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. G. A. FRIEND, Practical Architect and General Builder, FRANKLIN, LA.

Partnership. J. B. WITTER having purchased the interest of D. E. Crossland, in the late firm of WITTER & CROSLAND, the business will hereafter be carried on by the undersigned, under the firm of WITTER & BRO.

JAS. B. WITTER, B. M. WITTER.

WITTER & BRO. Commission and Forwarding Merchants, No. 8 Customhouse street, New Orleans. Sept. 20, 1851.

HENRY TETE. A. VERLOIN DEGRUY. HE RY TETE & CO. Commission Merchants, No. 28 Conti Street, New Orleans, are prepared to receive consignments of sugar, molasses, cotton, &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. Nov. 1—6m

CHARLES N. OLIVIER, AGENT, Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and Western Produce and Commission Merchant, No. 14 New Customhouse street and No. 14 Crossman street, ... New Orleans.

Where SHIPS, STEAMBOATS and FAMILIES can be supplied with the CHOICEST PROVISIONS at the lowest cash price. 19-ly

J. H. MORRISON & CO. Wholesale Grocers, No. 1, corner of Canal and Customhouse streets, New Orleans. A large and general assortment of GROCERIES for sale for cash or city acceptances.

Country merchants and planters are respectfully invited to give us a call. 1—ly

A CARD.

THE undersigned takes this method to inform the planters and public generally of this parish and of Attakapas that they have entered into a special arrangement mutually to carry on the Forwarding of Crops and Ship-brokers business for the coming season this winter. Planters wishing their crops of sugar and molasses forwarded by vessels to any port will please direct a line to them at Pattersonville, or SIMCOE Smith's store at Franklin.

E. BEERS, C. E. G. WHELLEN. Pattersonville, Sept. 1, 1851. 34—6m.

JEWELRY—JEWELRY!

Just received an assortment of fine Jewelry, Watches, Parlor and Office Clocks, and Fancy Goods. Ladies and gentlemen will please call and examine the stock. Clocks repaired and Jewelry made to order or repaired in the neatest style.

Franklin, May 9, 1851. A. F. McLAIN.

Encourage Home Industry.

Sheet Iron Stoves, Cooper's stoves (a new article), Stove Pipes, Stove Furnaces, Oil Cans of all sizes made to order. COPPER STEAM AND HOT WATER PIPES, of any size or form required, manufactured or repaired. All kinds of Brazing done by the subscriber. Sugar-house Lamps, superior to any in this market, Roofing (or galvanized) Tin, Hard and Soft Solder, Zinc and Wire of all sizes. Tin Ware at wholesale and retail at the Franklin Copper, Sheet Iron and Tin Ware Manufactory, on Main street. C. E. CAMPBELL. Franklin, Oct. 11, 1851.

Carriage Making and Repairing.

The undersigned has returned from the West with the best materials for making and repairing Carriages, Buggies, Cane-airs, Ploughs, and all other instruments in general use on plantations. He offers his services to the public, and hopes by reasonable charges and a close attention to business to share a portion of public patronage.

All work done with dispatch and in the most workmanlike manner. E. E. CRAIG. Pattersonville, July 25, 1851.

HOUSE-JOINERY.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Sash Blinds, Doors, Shutters of the best cyprus, or any other work connected with House-Joining, can have the same done at short notice, in good order and at reasonable prices, by calling on the subscriber, at the establishment lately occupied by James Emison & Co, opposite Tattersalls. Terms—Cash on delivery. LUCIUS SUTLIFF.

Sash Blinds and Doors.

THE undersigned having located in Franklin for the purpose of carrying on HOUSE-JOINERY in all its branches, hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage, and promises that all his work will give entire satisfaction.

N. B.—All orders promptly attended to. His shop is located on the corner of Second and Willow streets. J. L. POTTER. ap 31

Cabinet Making, &c.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to make and repair Cabinets and Upholstery work of every description, either at his shop, on Willow street, or at the residences of those who may require his services.

In connection with the above, he carries on the Undertaking business in all its branches, being always ready to supply hearses and coffins at the shortest notice. LOUIS KINNEL. Franklin, June 14, 1851.

The Planters' Blacksmith Shop!

ABEL COOPER respectfully informs the Blacksmithing public that he is engaged in all its branches, at his old stand, below Capt. Gates's saw mill, in Franklin, where he flatters himself that planters and the public in general can be better served, and on more reasonable terms, than they can be at any other shop in the place, and equal to any in Attakapas in every kind of work pertaining to Blacksmithing. All he asks is a fair trial, that the public may judge for themselves.

A liberal discount to those who make cash payments.

BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

Just opened at the FRANKLIN DRUG STORE, a well-selected assortment of Blank Books and Stationery, consisting of Letter, Record, Note, Bill and Foolscap Paper; Inkstands, Steel Pens, Quills, Envelopes, Letter-folders, Portfolio, Stamps, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Book Sand, Calendars, &c., for sale, wholesale and retail, by G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO. Call and get an Almanac for 1851.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. W. WALKER, Attorney at Law, FRANKLIN, LA. 39.

Office opposite Made. Pogo's, on Main street, the same formerly occupied by the late Wm. C. Dwight, Esq.

A. L. TUCKER. S. H. M'GILL. TUCKER & M'GILL, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, will practice their profession in the several Parishes of the Fourteenth Judicial District.

Office on the 2d floor of Odd-Fellows' Hall, in Franklin.

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 Vermillion.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main street. 51

Attorney-at-Law.

ROBERT J. BOWMAN intends locating himself for the Practice of Law in the several courts of this district, previous to the next regular term of the District Court. In the mean time any business intrusted to him will receive his personal attention, as well as all possible despatch.

Sept. 6, 1851.

Partnership.

THE undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the firm of BEERS & 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. Goody's Hotel.

EDWARD C. BRENT, ANTHONY W. BAKER. Franklin, March 3, 1851. 81

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.

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. 14

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 appertaining 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 continue 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. 4

McLAIN & 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.

A Card.

G. R. HANKINS, Dentist, tenders his thanks to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore tendered 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 30, 1851.

JAMES MAY, FASHIONABLE HAIR CUTTER AND LADIES' HAIR DRESSER.

Recently from the celebrated establishment of MORSAU, PISKAU & JULES, NEW ORLEANS, RESPECTFULLY tenders his services to the public generally. He will cut and dress the hair in the latest and most fashionable Parisian styles.

Ladies and gentlemen's Wigs, Topsets, &c., and also all kinds of ornamental hair work made to order.

The advertiser takes pleasure in informing the ladies that he will wait on them at their residences, for the purpose of dressing their hair, and from his long experience in this branch of business, he hopes to give perfect satisfaction.

His dressing-room is located on Main street, between the stores of Dr. Rabé and Mr. Levy. 30 6m

PAINTS, OILS, &c.—2000 lbs. Pure White Lead.

Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil; Turpentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Colors, &c. For sale by G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.

GLASS! GLASS!—French window glass, 6 glazed from 24x30 to 10x12—for sale at the Franklin Drug Store. G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.