

Planters' Bazaar.

VOLUME XVII.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA. . . . FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

NUMBER 7.

PORTS' CORNER.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK CARY.

A fellow near Kentucky's clime
Cries "Bostman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who would cross the Ohio
This dark and stormy weather?"
"Oh, I am this young lady's beau,
And she's John Thompson's daughter."

"We've fled before her father's spite
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation."

"They've missed the girl and purse beside,
His horsemen had have pressed me,
And with the light of bonny bride,
If yet they shall arrest me!"

Out spoke the bostman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit."

"And by my word the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain, their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearier,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but funny—
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the fear
Of wind and rain descending;
John Thompson reached the landing-place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discern,
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water,
"But leave the purse and you may go,
My daughter, ah! my daughter!"

"Twas vain—they reached the other shore,
The gold he piled went with his child,
And he was left there wailing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wonders of the Spider.

The cultivation or neglect of the senses makes most of the difference between one man's knowledge and another's. One sees, the other observes; one hears, the other listens. What follows may serve as an exemplification of this. I was sitting in the library of a friend, when a childish visitor there said to my friend's daughter, a bright girl of eleven years: "What are you looking at so steadily Sara?"

"A spider!"

"A spider! Horror! Why don't you kill it? There, there it goes towards you, Mrs. Rodney."

"The little beast!" said or rather shrieked the lady addressed, jumping from the chair and gathering her dress closely about her: "do ring the bell, Sara, if you don't like to kill the detestable thing, and let Patrick take it off!"

"Oh, I'll take it away myself, if you dislike it so much."

"Dislike it! my dear child, I have a horror of spiders. I cannot forgive a servant that leaves a cobweb in my room."

"Mrs. Rodney" exclaimed Sara, with simple wonder at the grown-up lady's excessive hatred of the poor little animal: "they will not hurt you; there are some species of spiders that are venomous, but the house spider is perfectly harmless. See the poor thing now when I touch him with my pencil, how he rolls himself up into a ball, and shams dead; and pray, just look at that beautiful web. See the circles concentric, and the radiations from the centre. I love dearly to watch a spider constructing one of these beautiful networks—perfect geometrical forms, my father says."

"And did you ever reflect what he weaves these lovely things for?" asked Mrs. Rodney, expressing in her face contempt for Sara's admiration.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; it is a storehouse for his provender."

"Rather say a prison for his prey, where he devours it at leisure."

"All animals, I believe, Mrs. Rodney, have some mode appointed by their Creator of supplying their hunger. Man kills, and men, women and children eat. The poor spider does no more than the rest of us. Now do, Mrs. Rodney, and you Anne, come and examine this web, and I think you will feel some interest in the little spinner that made it."

"Mrs. Rodney did examine it, and confessed that it was wonderful; but little Miss Anne asked, with an air of great superiority, if Sara thought it was a cleanly fashion to have these spider draperies about one's room. Sara confessed with a sigh that it was not, but said, at the same time, that she never saw the sweeping away of cobwebs without a pang."

"But pray, Sara, what gave you such an interest in spiders?"

"Looking at them at their work, Mrs. Rodney. My uncle was always telling me to keep my eyes and ears open. He turned my attention to the observation of insects and of all domestic animals, and to the wonderful instincts their Creator had given them to sustain life. He once showed me, when I was quite a child, a spider through a microscope. Do you know that they have eight bright little eyes, without lids, and eight feet with claws at the end of them? Papa read me a charm-

ing account from Irving's Life of Goldsmith, of a spider that loved good company, I suppose, as he made himself a habitation in that pleasant man's room; and pleasant and gifted as he was, he seems to have had some delightful moments in observing the spider's way of going on. Do read it, and read it to Anne, Mrs. Rodney. I have read some very curious particulars of a spider, in a delightful book called 'La Roche.'—A lady placed a spider in a glass goblet on her mantle piece, that she might observe its habits. This spider, like all others of its kind, had a taste for music. Whenever she played on her harp, the spider came to the edge of the goblet to listen more at its ease. It is told of Pilosion, in the Bastille, that he had a spider which he called to him by music. In this same book—'La Roche,'—there is a pretty oriental legend cited, in answer to some one who asks, 'Of what use is a spider?' King David often asked of God why he made spiders, which were, as David said, of no use. God showed him that they might be useful. One day, while he was endeavoring to escape from his enemy Saul, he took refuge in a cave where he remained for several hours. During this time a spider wove his web over the opening of the cave. Some time after, David heard the King and his soldiers passing. One of them said to the King:

"Sire, he is there perhaps?"

"Oh," replied the King, laughing, "don't you see that cobweb?"

"David, thus preserved, prayed God to pardon him for having supposed that any one of his creatures could be useless. This is but a fable," added Sara, "but fables sometimes teach us truths. I believe that it is told in the true history of Mahomet, that he was preserved from a pursuing enemy in the very mode here intimated to King David."

By this time Anne's feelings had considerably changed, and she stood in a chair to observe more closely the spider's web.

"What in the world," she asked, "does he spin the web of—out of nothing?"

"Oh, no, dear Anne; from a viscous secretion; threads so fine that they can only be seen by a microscope issue through a multitude of little holes and, joined together, form but one thread. It is stated in 'La Roche,' that these imperceptible threads issue in a shower of five thousand. A great naturalist asserts that it would require five millions of these threads to make us as coarse as a single hair of his beard."

"So you see, dear Anne, that man with all his art cannot equal that poor little lifeless spinner, yet lying there like a scarred ball—that odious, detestable little beast!"

Both Mrs. Rodney and Anne began to feel some respect for the spider, but Anne was not yet ready to abandon the whole ground.

"You must own, Sara," she said, "that they are dirty creatures."

"No, I shall not allow any such charge; their web is at first white, but it is soon discolored by the dust. This annoys the spider, and he beats it off the web with his foot. Sometimes, by running over the web he sweeps the dust into little balls and throws it out of his habitation. There is an anecdote of the maternal love of the spider, told by Bonnet, the naturalist; but you will laugh at it, Mrs. Rodney."

"I promise you I will not."

"Here it is, then. The eggs of a spider are contained in a sack of the size of a pea, attached to its body. Bonnet, desirous to test their maternal love, threw a spider with its sack into the nest of a non-ant, a cruel insect which hides itself in holes in the sand. The poor mother-spider tried to escape, but could not save its sack. She tried in vain to defend it. The rapacious insect seized it. The mother might have escaped, but chose to remain and perish with her young."

"Dear Sara," exclaimed Mrs. Rodney, "you have cured me of my antipathy. You have taught me that it is far better to study God's creatures than ignorantly to condemn them. I, by shutting my eyes and indulging a silly recollection, have remained in ignorance; you, by keeping yours open, have acquired pleasing knowledge."

"And as for me," said Anne, "I will henceforth adopt your uncle's motto, and keep my eyes and ears open."

We recommend it to all our young friends likewise to adopt this wise motto. They will perceive in their every-day walks, under their own roofs, in the meanest insects that creep over the ground; illustrations of the wonderous skill and infinite love of their Creator which will expand their minds and also raise their thoughts from the creature to the Creator, from earth to heaven.

Very Curious Adventure.

"I never attended but one temperance lecture," said our friend B—, with a peculiar smile, "and I don't think I shall ever attend another."

"You probably found it dry?"

"Well, yes—but that isn't it. The lecture was well enough, but I got into such an awful scrape after it was over, that I never think of temperance meetings without a shudder. I'll tell you about it. I was in Jersey city, where I was something of a stranger, and the night was one of the worst of the season. Boreas! how it blew! It was enough to take your breath away. Well, sir, the lecture was over, and making out with the crowd, I lingered in the doorway, contemplating the awful scene, when somebody took my arm.

"Where have you been?" said the sweetest voice in the world. "I have been looking for you everywhere." Very much surprised, I turned my head and saw—but I can't describe her! It makes me mad now to think how prodigiously pretty she was! With her left hand she leaned on my arm; she was arranging her veil with her right, and did not appear to notice my surprise.

"You have been looking for me?" I faltered.

"Come, let us be going," was her reply, pressing my arm.

A thrill went to my heart. What to make of my lady's address I did not know; but she was too charming a creature for me to refuse to accompany her. We started off in the midst of the tempest, the noise of which prevented any conversation. At length she said with a scream—

"Put your arm around me, I shall blow away!"

I need not describe to you my sensations, as I pressed her to my side and hurried on. It was very dark; nobody saw us; and allowing her to guide my steps, I followed her motions through two or three short streets, until she stopped before an elegant house.

"Have you your key?" she asked.

"My key?" I stammered; "there must be some mistake."

"Oh, I have one."

And as she opened the door I stood waiting to bid her good night, or to have some explanation, when turning quickly she said—

"How queer you act to-night! Ain't you coming in?"

There was something very tempting in the suggestion. Was I going in? A warm house and a pretty woman were certainly objects of consideration, and it was dreary to think of facing the storm and of seeing her no more. It took me about three quarters of a second to make up my mind, and in I went! There was a very dim light in the hall, and as my guide ran rapidly up stairs, why, I thought I could do nothing better than to run up too. I followed her into a very dark room.

"Lock the door, John," said she.

Now, as if I had been the only John in the world, I thought she knew me. I felt for the key and turned it in the lock without hesitation, wondering all the time what was coming next. Then an awful suspicion of some horrid trick flashed upon my mind, for I had often heard of infatuated men being lured to their destruction by pretty women; and I was at the point of re-opening the door, when my lady struck a light. Then (being an excessively modest man) I discovered to my dismay that I was in a bedroom! With a woman in a bed-room!—alone with a woman in her bed-room! Oh! I can't describe my sensations! I said something; I don't know what it was, but the lady having lighted her lamp, looked around, stared at me an instant, turned as white as a pillow-case, and screamed—

"Who are you? How came you here?"

I made some sort of reply, by way of apology; then sinking on a chair, she cried wildly—

"Go quick—leave this room—I thought you were my husband!" And covering her face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically.

I was petrified. Of course I was quite as anxious to leave as she was to have me. But in my confusion, instead of going out through the door I came in at, I unlocked another door, and walked into a closet!

Before I could rectify my error there came a terrible thundering at the first door. The lady screamed, and I fell peculiar, knowing very well that now the lady's real husband was coming, and that I was in a rather bad fix.

Well aware that it would not do to remain in the closet, and convinced of the danger of meeting a man who might fall into the vulgar weakness of being jealous, I was trying to collect my scattered senses in the dark recess, when the lady rushed to me and whispered in a wild manner—

"What shall I do? If you do not go he will kill me!"

"Oh—but consider!"

The thundering at the door drowned my voice. She flew to open it. As the wrathful husband burst into the room I thought I felt a little cold, and crept under some garments hanging in the closet.

A gruff voice roared, and stormed. A tender, silver voice remonstrated. Othello was jealous and revengeful. Desdemona innocent and distressed—then I heard an ominous sound as of some one looking under the bed!

"I know he is here! I saw him come into the house with you! You locked the door or-r-r!—I'll have his heart out!"

"Hear me! Hear me! I will explain."

As I was listening very anxiously for the explanation, the garments under which I was concealed were gently lifted, and fancy my feelings—discovered in such a situation by such a husband!

"Well, B—," we cried, deeply interested, for we knew that every word of his story was true; "how did you get out of the scrape?"

"I used a violent remedy for so violent a complaint. Driven in a corner—my life in danger—perceiving at a glance that Othello was not as strong as I was, I threw myself upon him, fell with him to the floor, and held him there until I had given a full explanation of the error, made him hear a reason, and tamed him to be as quiet as a lamb. Then I left rather unceremoniously, and I have never seen either Othello or Desdemona since."

The Sultan at a Catholic Wedding.—The Courier de Marseilles states that the Sultan has attended the solemnization of the marriage, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, between the son of M. F— with the daughter of the Prince of B—. The report has long been spread that the Sultan intended to be present at this ceremony, but no one would believe that a thing so unprecedented could take place. The Sultan, however, arrived at the nuptial mansion without ceremony, escorted by two horsemen only, followed by a few domestics. He was received with gratitude by the clergy and the family of the bride and bridegroom. A throne was prepared for him, and after he had taken coffee and smoked the sacramental pipe, the ceremony commenced. His Majesty stood up the whole time, saying that he ought not to hear the name of the Almighty God called upon in any other position.

Horrible Affair.—The Lyons papers detail a dreadful event which had taken place near Yeuus. M. Cotarel had gone to attend the wedding of a friend, but not returning on the following day, nor for three days afterwards, a minute search was made for him, horrible suspicions being excited by the return of his two sporting dogs, with mouths covered with blood and bodies puffed out, as if they had been making an extraordinary meal. Search was made, and at length the mutilated body of M. Cotarel was discovered. Whilst shooting he had been killed by the bursting of the gun, and it is supposed the dogs, having kept with him for some time, at length became ravenous with hunger, and had devoured a great part of the flesh of the body.

LEE'S AFRICAN TONIC.

THIS Preparation is the most efficacious remedy yet discovered for DROPSY and diseases produced by eating Dirt, Ashes, Charcoal, Soot, or any ant-nutritious or indigestible substances. It is here where negroes are ad-stances. It should give it a fair trial. Dose:—One or two spoonfuls of the Tonic, just before each meal; at bedtime half a table spoonful, with equal portions of castor oil, for three nights; after which the Tonic, alone, as above directed.

The above can be had at the stores of—
W. BAILEY, Cheneyville,
T. C. ANDERSON & Co, Alexandria,
A. J. HARRISON & Co, Opelousas,
CAMPBELL & GIBBY, Vermilion,
CAMPBELL & BULLARD, Breauk B.
JOSEPH GONDOLFI, St. Martinsville,
HARR & BRIDGELL, Jeanerette,
G. S. TRAYER, Indian Bend.

Read the following few Certificates:
Cheneyville, La., Dec. 17, 1850.
MR. W. LEE—With pleasure I certify that I have used your African Tonic upon ten negroes addicted to eating dirt, charcoal, raw corn and ashes, without a single failure. Some of my hands were so far exhausted that they were incapable of walking any considerable distance, without complete exhaustion. They have all been restored and have made our crop in good health. For proof of these facts I refer you to Mr. W. Crittendon, who managed my business this year. I believe that if properly used it will cure in any and every case above mentioned.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
PETER TANNER.
Cheneyville, La., Dec. 18, 1850.
I have used the above medicine which Mr. P. Tanner speaks of, and find it very successful in each and every case.
G. B. MARSHALL.
Bayou Lafourche, La., Dec. 19, 1850.
I hereby certify that I have used Lee's Tonic for the last eight months on eight or ten negroes, and they are all able to do a good day's work; and in all probability had I not used Lee's Tonic, half or more would have died.

JOSHUA PEARCE.
Bayou Lafourche, La., Dec. 19, 1850.
MR. W. LEE—Sir, from my knowledge of your African Tonic I feel no hesitation in saying that it is the most effectual remedy for the cure of dirt-eating I ever knew. I have tried it on a young woman who had almost destroyed herself by eating dirt; she is now perfectly well, and has 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 S. UTLIFF.

rs. Banning & Miles
RESPECTFULLY announce 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 adjust. A female is in attendance to wait on ladies. Persons sending for a Brace must send the measure round the hips.

Fresh Groceries, &c.
WM. F. HUDSON having just returned from New Orleans, is now opening a fresh stock of Groceries and Provision of all kinds, and also a very fine selection of China, Glass and Crockery Ware, a large assortment of any stock ever previously offered in this town. He would also call particular attention to his present stock of Cigars, some of which cannot be surpassed for excellence of flavor by any establishment in New Orleans. The public are invited to call and judge for themselves.
Franklin, Sept. 27, 1851

WINDOW GLASS.—50 boxes assorted, from 8 by 10 to 12 by 20.
100 pounds putty.
Received per Schooner Warrington, and for sale by
Franklin, Dec. 27, 1851.
CARPENTERS in want of Tools would do well to examine the stock to be found only at Odd-Fellows' Hall, at
TALBOTS.

NAILS.—First quality Boston nails, of every variety and size. For sale at New Orleans prices for cash or short paper.
J. W. & R. E. TALBOT.

RAISINS.—A few boxes and quarter boxes, new crop, for sale at
TALBOTS.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. W. WALKER,
Attorney at Law.
FRANKLIN, LA.
Office opposite Mde. Pécot's, on Main street, the same formerly occupied by the late Wm. C. Dwight, Esq.

A. L. TUCKER, S. H. MCGILL.
TUCKER & MCGILL, 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.

R. N. McMILLAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Willow street, next door to Thomas Maskell, Esq.
He will also attend to all business confided to him as NOTARY PUBLIC in any part of the parish of St. Mary.
Franklin, Nov. 8, 1851.

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.

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 entrusted to him will receive the hands of Messrs. F. D., E. M., or D. D. Richardson will receive his prompt attention.
Sept. 6, 1851.

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

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.

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.

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 for the last 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 is pleased to announce that he is now 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.

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, Portfolios, Quills, Envelopes, Letter-folders, Steel Pens, Stamps, Sealing Wax, Valers, Black Sand, Calendars, &c. for sale, wholesale and retail, by
G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.
Call and get an Almanac for 1852.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, just received per Calendar. One ton pure white lead, in assorted kegs. Linseed and hard oil, turpentine, alcohol, castor oil, putty, varnishes, and an assortment of paints and brushes, all of which will be sold as cheap as anywhere in the State.
C. RABE.

PAINTS, OILS, &c.—2000 lbs. Pure White Lead, "Atlantic."
Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil.
Turpentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Colors, &c.
For sale by
G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.

50 boxes best quality of Claret and White Wines, for sale at the upper wharf, by
M. WALKER.

BISULPHITE OF LIME, of good strength, for sale, on consignment, at Apothecaries' Hall.
C. RABE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. G. A. FRIEND,
Practical Architect and General Builder,
FRANKLIN, LA. 23

HALL & RODD, (late JOHN HALL) General Wholesale Commission Merchants, No. 1 Front Levee, New Orleans.

"Particular and personal attention" given to the sale of Sugar, Molasses and Cotton, as well as in the purchase of Plantation Supplies.

C. H. MINGE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
MOBILE, ALA.
Refer to RICHARD WILKINS, Franklin, La.
Shipments to us covered by insurance.

Copartnership.
J. B. WITTER having purchased the interest of J. D. E. Crosland, 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.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.
The copartnership heretofore existing in the city of New Orleans between the undersigned, under the style of E. L. NIMMO & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. E. L. NIMMO having purchased the interest of A. B. WOODRUFF is alone charged with the settlement of the affairs of said concern, and will use the name of the same in liquidation.
E. L. NIMMO,
A. B. WOODRUFF.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the style of NIMMO & DUNHAM, for the purpose of transacting a General Grocery, Provisions and Commission Business, at No. 14 Tchoupitoulas and 7 New Levee street, and solicit a continuance of the business lately bestowed on E. L. NIMMO & Co.
E. L. NIMMO,
JAS. E. DUNHAM.

HENRY TETE. A. VERLOIN DEGREY.
HENRY 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, No. 14 Crossman street, New Orleans.

Where SHIPS, STEAMBOATS and FAMILIES can be supplied with the CHOICEST PROVISIONS at the lowest cash prices. 19 1/2

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 CROPPED and SHIP-BROKERAGE 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 Simeon Smith's store at Franklin.
E. BEERS,
C. B. G. WHELDEN,
Pattersonville, Sept. 1, 1851. 34—6m.

Jewelry, &c.
The subscriber takes pleasure in calling the attention of the ladies and gentlemen to a fine assortment of fashionable jewelry, just received, and unsurpassed by any previously offered in this market, either in finish or quality.
He has also a good supply of watches, clocks, and fancy goods, and all such articles usually kept in a jewelry store. Every article sold will be warranted equal to representation.
A. F. McLAIN.

Encourage Home Industry.
Sheet Iron Stoves, Cooper's stores (a new article), Stove Pipes, Stove Furnaces, Tin Pipes, Copper and Tin Gutters, 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 in 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-Carts, 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 despatch and in the most workmanlike manner.
E. E. CRAIG,
Pattersonville, July 25, 1851.

Cabinet Making, &c.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to make and repair Cabinet 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 hearse and coffins at the shortest notice.
LOUIS KIHNEL,
Franklin, June 14, 1851.

The Planters' Blacksmith Shop!
ABEL COOPER respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the Blacksmithing business in all its branches, at his old stand, below Capt. Gate'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.