

# Planters' Banner.

VOLUME XVII.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA. .... JULY 31, 1852.

NUMBER 29.

## A SELECTED TALE.

### The Stolen Rose.

Geraldine Delisle was, the year previous to the late revolution, which in one day shattered one of the great monarchies of the earth, the reigning belle in her circle. Lovely in form and face, she wanted but to correct some trifling defects in character to be perfect. But if she had large black eyes and massive brow, and beautiful hair and white teeth—if she had a lily-white hand and tiny feet, she knew it too well, and knew the power of her charms over man. She loved admiration, and never was so happy as when in a ball-room: all the men were almost disputing for the honor of her hand. But Geraldine had no declared suitor; she never gave the slightest encouragement to any one. Many offered themselves, but they were invariably rejected, until at twenty her parents began to be alarmed at the prospect of her never marrying. Mons. and Madam Delisle had found so much genuine happiness in marriage—the only natural state for adult human beings—that they had promoted the early marriage of two sons and an elder daughter, and now that Geraldine alone remained, they earnestly desired to see her well and happily married before they died. They received numerous offers, but the young girl had such winning ways with her parents, when she declared that she did not like the proposer, they never had the courage to insist.

During the season of 1847, Geraldine never missed a party or ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendid saloons of the Princess Menzickoff. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of someone. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with large eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who, like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes, and she asked her mother who he was.

"He is a very bad man," said Madam Delisle. "Of noble family, rich, titled, young and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He throws away thousands on every questionable pleasure, and has the unpardonable fault, in my eyes, of always ridiculing marriage."

"I cannot forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry."

"My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may from caprice, or from any motive, object to marrying; but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection—and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen."

"Ah! mamma, you have been so happy that you think all must be so, but you see many who are not."

"Madam Delisle," said the Princess Menzickoff, who perceived had come round to her, "allow me to introduce to you my friend Alfred de Rougemont. I must not call him Count, he being what we call a democrat, with a clean face and white kid gloves."

"The princess is always satirical," replied M. de Rougemont, smiling, "and my harmless opposition to the government now in power, and which she honors with her patronage, is all her grounds for so terrible an announcement."

Madam Delisle and Geraldine both started and colored, and when Alfred de Rougemont proposed for the next dance he was accepted; the next minute the mother would gladly have found some excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougemont was the very "bad man" whom she had the instant before been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many invitations from most unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke. The dance once over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word; coming back when his turn again came with clock-work regularity. In their drives they were sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysees before he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however, keeping constantly in view, without endeavoring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early soiree and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their minds, and decided on going to the opera at the very opening, to hear some favorite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from dessert, when a note came from Albert de Rougemont, offering them his box, one of the best in the house!

"Why, he is a regular Monte Cristo," cried Madam Delisle impatiently. "How can he know our movements so well?"

"He must have bribed some one of the servants," replied Geraldine. "We talked just now of where we were going before they left the room."

"But what does he mean?" said Madam Delisle. "Is he going to give

up his enmity to marriage, and propose for you?"

"I don't know, mamma," exclaimed the daughter, coloring very much; "but he may spare himself the trouble."

"Geraldine! Geraldine! you always will then make me unhappy," said her mother, shaking her head.

"But you cannot want me to marry Alfred! You told me everything about him yourself."

"But if he is going to marry and be steady, I owe him an apology. But go and dress—you want to hear the overture."

They went to Alfred's box—father, mother and daughter—but though in the house he scarcely came near them. He came in to inquire after their health, claimed Geraldine's hand for the opening quadrille, and went away. The young girl rather haughtily accepted this offer, and then turned around to attend to the music and singing.

Next day, to the astonishment of both Monsieur and Madam Delisle, Alfred de Rougemont proposed for the hand of their daughter, expressing the warmest admiration for her, and declaring with earnestness that the happiness of his whole life depended on her decision. Geraldine was referred to. She at once refused him, giving no reason, but expressing regret that she could not share his sentiments. The young man cast one look of reproach at her, rose, and went away without a word. When he was gone, she explained to her parents, that though in time she thought she should have liked him, she did not admire his mode of paying addresses, and thought he should have spoken to her first. Madam Delisle replied that she now very much admired him, and liked his straight-forward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that all discussion was now useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times with her cousin, Edward Delisle, a young man who for a whole year had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ball-room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edward had been dancing with her, and now sat by her side. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door. Edward once again spoke of his love and passion, vowing that if she would not consent to be his he should never be happy; all this in a voice which showed how fully he expected to be again refused.

"If you can get mamma's consent, Edward," she replied quickly, "I am not unwilling to be your wife."

Edward rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment. Geraldine rose at the same time.

"But where is your rose?" said the young man, still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

"It is gone—cut away with a knife," replied she thoughtfully. "But never mind; let us look for mamma."

Edward took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card-table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his aunt and cousin to their carriage, he got in after them, quite an unusual thing for him.

"Why, Edward, you are going out of your way," said the father.

"I know it, but I cannot wait until to-morrow. M. Delisle, will you give me your daughter's hand? Geraldine has given her consent."

"My dear girl," cried her mother, why did you not tell us this before?—You would have saved us much pain, and your other suitors the humiliation of being rejected."

"I did not make up mind until this evening," replied Geraldine. "I do not think I should have accepted him to-morrow. But he was cunning enough to come and propose before I had time for reflection."

"You then authorize me to accept him?" said M. Delisle.

"I have accepted him papa," replied Geraldine.

That evening Edward entered the house with them, and sat talking for some time. When he went away, he had succeeded in having the wedding fixed for that day month. Geraldine looked pale the next day, and when her mamma noticed it, said she should go to no more parties, as she wished to look well the day she was married, and expressed a wish to go on excursions to the country instead. Edward came to dinner, looking much pleased but still under the influence of the astonishment which had not yet been effaced from his plump and rosy face.

"Why, what do you think?" he said, towards the end of the dinner—"Alfred de Rougemont has left Paris! All his servants were dismissed this morning, and his steward received orders to meet him at Constantinople."

"Indeed!" replied Madam Delisle, gravely, while Geraldine turned deadly pale. "But this room is too close for you, my child."

"No, mamma," said she quietly; "but we are forgetting all about our excursions. I should like to go to Versailles to-morrow, and take all the pretty places round Paris in turn."

"Bonne!" cried Edward; "that suits me. I shall be with you early, for I suppose you will go in the morning."

"I want to breakfast at Versailles," replied Geraldine; "so we must go to bed early."

"That I vote to be an admirable proposition. At 11 o'clock I will go. But you are going to practice the new variations on Pastorale, are you not?"

"Yes, and you are going to sing,

monsieur," said Geraldine, rising from the table. "So come along, and mamma can play triquetra all the time."

That evening the cousins played and sang together until about ten o'clock, when they took tea, which Edward, good-natured fellow, pretended to like prodigiously, drinking three cups of milk and water, under the serious impression that it was genuine infusion—a practice very common in France, where tea is looked on as dangerous to the nerves. Next day they went to Versailles, breakfasted at the Hotel de Frangais, visited the interminable galleries of pictures, and dined in Paris at a late hour. The next day they visited Montmorency.

Swiftly passed the hours, and days, and weeks, and soon Geraldine saw the last day which was to be her own. In twenty-four hours she was to leave her mother's home forever, to share that of a man to whom it must be supposed she was very much attached, but who was not exactly the companion suited to her. Geraldine was very grave that morning. It had been arranged that they were to go to St. Germain, and though the sky was a little dark, the young girl insisted on the excursion not being put off.

"This is the last day I shall have any will of my own," said she, "so let me exercise it."

"My dear Geraldine," said her cousin kindly, "you will always find me ready to yield to you in everything. I shall be a model husband, for I am too lazy to oppose any one."

"My dear Edward," put in Madam Delisle, "a man who consults his wife's happiness will always be happy himself. We are very easily pleased when we see you try to please us. The will is everything to us."

"Then let us start," said Edward, laughing; "it will pass the time, and I am eager to try."

They entered the open carriage, which they usually used for their excursions, and started—the sun now shining very brightly. Edward was full of spirits; he seemed bursting with happiness, and was forced to speak incessantly to give it vent. Geraldine was very grave, though she smiled at her cousin's sallies, and now and then would answer in her playful, witty way.

The parents, although happy, were serious too. They were about to lose their last child, and though they knew she would be always near them, a feeling of involuntary loneliness came over them. A marriage day for affectionate parents is always a day of sorrowful pleasure—a link in the chain of sacrifice which make a parent's love so beautiful and holy, so like that we can faintly trace in thought as the love of the Creator for man.

They took the road by Bongival, and were within a mile of that place when they suddenly found themselves caught in a shower of rain. The coachman drove hastily for shelter into the midst of a grove of trees, which led up to a villa that appeared totally uninhabited. But it was not so, for the porte cochere flew wide open as they drew up, and two servants advanced and requested them to take refuge in the house.

"But we are intruding," said Madam Delisle.

"No, madam; our master is out, but had he been at home he would insist as we do."

Edward leaped out, and set the example of compliance. The whole party followed the servants, who led the way into a splendidly furnished suite of rooms. The style was that of the renaissance of the richest materials, while the walls were covered with genuine paintings from the first masters. The servants then left them, and they were heard the next minute assisting to take the horses from the carriage. The rain fell heavily all the time.

"Upon my word, we are very fortunate," said Madam Delisle, "for in ten minutes we should have been soaked through. The master of the house must be some very noble-minded man; no ordinary person would have such polite and attentive servants."

"Come eccentric foreigner," cried Edward. "All his servants are men; I don't see a single petticoat anywhere."

"Some woman-hater, perhaps," said Geraldine, laughing at the last from the table before her a celebrated satire against the sex.

"All the more polite of him," said Madam Delisle, while looking with absolute horror at a book which she knew spoke irreverently of marriage.

"If you will pass this way," said a servant, entering, "we shall have the honor to offer you breakfast. The rain has set in for some hours, and your servants spoke of your wishing to breakfast at St. Germain; but you will not be able to wait so long."

The whole party looked unfeignedly surprised, but there was no resisting a servant who spoke so politely, and who threw open a door, whence they discovered a table magnificently laid out. Several servants were ready to wait.

"Ma foi!" cried Edward, "there is no resisting such temptation. You seem to know your master's character, and we take your word for it that he would make us welcome."

With these words he gave Geraldine his arm, and led the way, setting the example also of attacking the delicate viands offered to them so unexpectedly. All breakfasted with appetite after their ride, and then returned to the room they had first occupied. The shower was now over, and the warm sun was quickly clearing away all sign of the rain.

"What a beautiful house and grounds your master has here!" said Edward.

"The garden appears even better than the house."

"It is beautiful," said the servant addressed.

"Can we go over it?" continued the young man.

"Certainly, sir: I was about to offer to show it to you."

"I shall remain here," said Geraldine. "My shoes are very thin; besides I wish to have another look at the pictures."

Edward demurred, but the young girl bade him go at once, and the obedient lover took the mamma's arm and went into the garden.

The instant all were gone, Geraldine rose from her chair and tottered across the room. She was pale, and looked cautiously around, as if about to do some guilty act. Presently she stood before a certain which had been hastily drawn before a kind of niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it was done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and on a small table something under a glass case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil sketch of herself.

"My God!" she cried, passionately, "he did love me then! What a fool I have been! Wicked pride, to what will you lead me?"

"My Geraldine!" exclaimed Alfred, who rose from a chair where he had been seated in a dark corner—"pardon me, but I could not resist the temptation—to see, to hear you once more, for the last time, was my only wish. Do you forgive me?"

"Do you forgive me?" said Geraldine, hanging down her head, and speaking in a low, soft, sweet voice, that never had been her's before.

"My God! what!" exclaimed Alfred, who, pale and trembling, stood by her side.

"You will not force me to say, Alfred," she continued, in a beseeching tone.

"Do I understand aright? Oh! forgive me, Geraldine, if I say too much—but is it possible that you do not hate me?"

"Hate you, Alfred! How can I hate one so generous and good! If you think me not bold to say it, I will say I love you. After behaving as I did, that confession will be my punishment."

"My Geraldine! why then did you refuse me?" cried Alfred, in passionate delight.

"Because you did not seem to love me—because you only, in my eyes, sought to marry me because others did."

Geraldine seemed cold because I loved you with all my heart and soul. But I was a known satirist on marriage, and I was ashamed to let the world see my deep affection. I wanted them to think that I married merely because it was a triumph to carry off the reigning belle."

"You deceived me and all the world together," replied Geraldine; "but to own the truth, after you were gone, and took my rose with you, I guessed the truth."

"The rose! but did you know—"

"I guessed—"

"My God!" cried Edward, returning alone to fetch Geraldine, to whom he wanted to show the garden—"what is the meaning of this?"

"My good cousin," said Geraldine, advancing and taking both his hands, "come here—you will forgive Geraldine, won't you? I have been very wicked. Do excuse your cousin, will you not? but I was only going to marry you because I thought Alfred did not love me."

"Eh!" exclaimed Edward quite bewildered.

"Don't be angry with me," continued Geraldine; "I should have been a very good wife, and have loved you very much, had I married you."

"Oh! then do you not mean to marry me now?" said Edward in a tone of deep sadness.

"What am I to do?" cried Geraldine. "See, my dear cousin, how he loved me. How can I marry you when my heart is given to another?"

"You were going to do so but for a shower of rain," said Edward, with a vain attempt at gravity. "But take her, Mr. Alfred—I think after all I'm lucky to have escaped her! I don't forgive you a bit, because it's hard to find out that when, at least, one thinks one's self beloved, the lady was only pretending."

"You forgive me?" inquired Geraldine, shaking her head and putting his hand into that of Alfred, who shook it warmly.

"Yes, yes! of course you're pleased! But I must marry now. I shall ask Helen, of Bordeaux, to have me, as nobody there will know anything of my present mishap."

At this moment Mons. and Madam Delisle returned. Their astonishment was of course very great. Edward gravely introduced the young couple.

"You see, madam," he said, "that while you were walking round the garden I have managed to lose my wife and you to find a new son-in-law."

"But, my Geraldine," exclaimed the mother, "are you not behaving very badly to Edward?"

"Not at all!" said the young man; "I could not think of marrying her—Look at her! Five minutes with Alfred has done her more good than all her excursions in search of roses."

"Mischievous man to betray me!" said Geraldine in her turn, shaking his hand.

"But what will the world say?" exclaimed Mons. Delisle.

"I will tell the truth," said Alfred, and in a few words he explained the cause of the refusal of Geraldine to have him.

It was now settled that the day should be spent at the villa, that in the evening they should return to Paris without the count, who was to present himself early the next day. He agreed to own frankly to all his friends the depth and sincerity of his affection, while Edward good-naturedly volunteered to tell every one that he had been turned off—a promise which he gravely kept, relating his discomfiture in a way that drew tears of laughter from all his hearers.

And Geraldine and Alfred were married, to the surprise of the world. They were both cured of their former errors, and I know of no instance of a happier marriage than that of Monsieur and Madame Rougemont. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly, and is remarkable for the liberality of his opinions, being one of the many ex-legitimists who have gone over to the moderate republican party. Edward married his country cousin. Both young couples have children, and both are happy. The only revenge the young man has taken is, on all occasions, even before his own wife, to persevere in calling Geraldine "The Stolen Rose!"

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## PROFESSIONAL.

### Law Notice.

**WILLIAM B. LEWIS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
WILL practice his profession in the parishes of St. Mary, St. Martin and Rapides. Residence at Bayou Chicot, parish of St. Landry. 19—fm

**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. 39.

**R. N. McMillan,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office on Willow street, next door to Thomas Maskell, Esq.  
Indicated to him as "NORALY" & "GALL" business partner of the parish of St. Mary, Franklin, Nov. 8, 1851.

**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. 39

**JOHN B. LEA,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
PRACTISES in the Courts of the Fourteenth Judicial District, on Main street, opposite the Court House, Franklin. 8

**WILLIAM S. CARY,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
OFFICE AT CENTREVILLE, LA.  
Business in the above line will meet with prompt and faithful attention. 19

### ATTENTION ALL!

I BEG leave to say to the community at large that I am a NOTARY PUBLIC, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and AUCTIONEER in and for the parish of St. Mary, and will be pleased to attend to any of the above, to the best of my ability, at all times, and in any part of the parish.  
L. R. CURTIS.  
Franklin, March 27, 1852.

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. D. SEAGRAVE,  
at 14 Office under the Odd-Fellows' Hall.

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JAMES TAYLOR,  
Indian Bend, Aug. 2d, 1851. 16

**A. F. McLAIR,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
FRANKLIN, LA.  
Still continues the practice of his profession as a Dentist in all the branches pertaining to the art, at the same place which he has occupied for some time past, on Main street, next door to Mrs. Requeard's dress-making establishment. All operations on the Teeth performed skillfully and with the utmost care.  
Persons in the country requiring dental aid can secure his services by dropping a note at his office or by post.  
Franklin, April 3, 1852.

**JOHN A. TROUSDALE,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
PATTERSONVILLE, LA.  
Returns thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him and takes pleasure in informing the ladies and gentlemen of St. Mary, and the public in general, that he is about to locate himself permanently in Pattersonville, for the purpose of pursuing his profession as a Dentist, in all the branches pertaining to the art, such as plugging, extracting, inserting Teeth on pivots, and from one to an entire set on plate.  
All operations performed in a durable and skillful manner. Families visited when desired.  
N. B.—Clocks and Jewelry repaired, and Jewelry made to order.  
Pattersonville, April 10, 1852.

**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 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. 16

**Last Notice!—Save Costs!!**  
TO OUR DEBTORS.—All those indebted to the firm of J. W. & R. E. TALBOT will find their accounts and notes in the hands of an attorney, for collection, on the 1st of August next unless previously settled.  
23 64 J. W. & R. E. TALBOT.

**PARKERSON, RANDLETT & FOOTE,**  
Agents for Bushes & Little's (of Wheeling, Va.) Iron axle-tree Hoes and Ox Carts and Wagons. Any orders left with them will be filled in the shortest and best manner possible.  
Please Look at this and Economise!

**A. COOPER**  
thanks his customers and friends for past favors and hopes a continuance of the same. I propose to work at the following prices for cash—  
New—Old—  
Shoeing horses, 4 new shoes \$1 50. \$2 00  
Laying plows with steel \$1 50. \$2 00  
Heavy work, per pound 15. 25  
Set buggy and sulky tire 75. \$1 00

All other work done at the reduced prices, for cash. For the accommodation of planters and others, I would say, payment made once a month will be considered as cash payment.  
Franklin, March 6, 1852.

**WALTER BRASHEAR,**  
Pres. of Convention and Ch'n of Com.  
J. B. WALTON, } Secretaries.  
JOHN E. LAYET }

**Ice and Refrigerators!**  
THE Subscriber respectfully notifies the citizens of Franklin that he has established a DEPOT for the sale of ICE at the warehouse of Mr. Marcus Walker, where the public will always find an adequate supply. He also furnishes all orders addressed to him at Centerville at the shortest notice.  
Also—Just received a superior lot of the most approved REFRIGERATORS, which will be sold cheap for cash.  
W. S. CARY.  
May 15, 1852.

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