

Inauguration

Planters' Banner

VOLUME XVIII. FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA. . . . APRIL 7, 1853. NUMBER 13.

THE POETS' CORNER.

MY PHILOSOPHY.
Bright things can never die,
Even though they fade;
Beauty and melody
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day,
Passes at eye away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?
Bright things can never die,
Saith my philosophy;
Phobos, though he may pass by,
Leaves us the light.
Kind words can never die,
Charished and blessed;
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast,
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Told o'er a thousand times,
Aye, in all years and changes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.
Childhood can never die—
Wracks of the past
Float on the memory
E'en to the last;
Many a happy thing,
Many a blissed spring
Flow, on time's ceaseless wing,
Far far away.
Childhood can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Wracks of our infancy
Live on for aye.
Sweet fancies never die,
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as a day's earliest beam,
Kissing the grade stream,
In the lone glade.
Yet though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy,
Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abolitionism in Yale College.

Mr. James Hamilton, a southern student in Yale College, has addressed to the editor of the New Haven Register, a very able and eloquent letter, in which he vindicates the South from the calumnies of the abolitionists, who seem to have become newly inspired with the spirit of evil since the publication of Mrs. Stowe's infamous book. In the course of his letter he discloses a mortifying state of things in Old Yale, which will not fail to attract the attention of those southerners who have sent or contemplate sending their sons to that institution. The writer says:

I shall now, sir, close this communication, by considering another agency to which I have but hinted—an agency more powerful than at first sight might appear, and with whose assiduous employment in this unholy crusade I am satisfied the country at large is but imperfectly acquainted, and which indeed, may not be fully appreciated by men, even of the North. This agency is your College. Notwithstanding the effort to put forth by your clergy, your literati, your daily press, your quarterlies, and monthlies, to bring odium upon the South and her institutions, it has generally been thought that a healthy, national conservatism existed in your institutions of learning. The South, believing that they afforded facilities superior, in some respects, to those of his own section, and besides, wishing by observation and travel to expand his son's mind, has patronized your schools and colleges, not dreaming that these two have become infected with the prevalent hostilities to his section. Now, what are the facts? Since the enactment of the "Fugitive Slave Law," reports from several of the more prominent colleges and universities in New England have been published, purporting to give expression of their views upon this law—and invariably in opposition to it.

To but one college in New England has of late been accorded the honor of being National. Yale alone has enjoyed this reputation; and the scores of southern names upon her catalogues show how general has been, and is yet, this belief through the southern States. But does Yale foster that sound, national conservatism, for which her authorities have the credit? No one has heard of public gatherings of students here to denounce, ex-cathedra, Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law. It is true, the subject has been discussed at times, but always on such occasions, and under such circumstances, as to implicate, in no respect, the opinions of the Faculty. But, within the last few months, Yale has caught the infection, and now raises her official hue and cry against Slavery, as an "outrageous institution," and does reverence to the supremacy of the "higher law"—not, indeed, through public channels, but through the professional chair, she seeks to instill into the minds of the youth entrusted to her care, a detestation for the institution of Slavery, a contempt for those who sustain it, and a hostility to the Constitution which sanctions it. For the truth of these statements, I submit the following facts:

At the conclusion of the reading of "disputes," a few weeks since, before the President of the College by members of the Senior Class, upon the subject of the acquisition of Cuba, (all of the disputants save one having taken strong negative grounds, and chiefly because

of the increase of slaves and slave territory,) the President expressed himself, in substance, as follows: "I have several objections to urge against the measure; and after citing our treaty obligations with Spain, and other considerations not necessary here to repeat, he continued, 'but waiving all these objections, and supposing the Cubans, by their own acts, to have established an independent government; to be possessed of full powers to dispose of themselves—nevertheless, should they desire to be incorporated into our Confederacy, I should oppose the measure so long as it involved the necessity of bringing us more slaves. There is, said he in conclusion, 'a deep seated conviction on this subject of slavery throughout a large class, who have hitherto, for the sake of peace acquiesced in legislative enactments; but who, if they are to be forced farther against their convictions, will spring an agitation such as this country has never experienced. For my own part, (said he,) rather than Cuba, with her slaves should be annexed to this country, I should oppose the measure—even to the dissolution of the Union?'

Said a Professor, not long since, to a New England student, during a conversation which happened to turn on Mrs. Stowe's book—"I have lived in Georgia, as a teacher, and can bear witness to its truthfulness from my own observation." Again, in a series of lectures, now in course of delivery before the Senior Class, by the President—upon the "Origin of Rights, and the Duties of States"—he has taken special pains to dwell upon the "unjustice of Slavery," and our obligations to a "higher law." In order to bring the subject before the great body of the students, he has within the last week, in connection with a Professor in the law Department, given as a question for a prize debate before one of the Societies: "Ought the Fugitive Slave Law to be obeyed?" He has also taken occasion to congratulate himself upon the efficiency of this law; and to express his indifference to the time when the final crash may come, which shall determine whether or not this is to be a free government.

In what, now, consists Yale's further claims to nationality—of which her friends, everywhere, have so long boasted? What cord of sympathy or interest is left to bind her hundreds of southern alumni, who have looked back with pleasure and pride to their college days, and who have annually travelled weary miles to pay their tribute of love and veneration to Alma Mater? The society, which they formed thirty years since, for the cultivation of mutual friendship, and to enjoy the advantages of debate freed from the angry contentions which slavery disputes would beget in the other societies, is dissolved; and the southern students, at this epoch of hostility to his section, is thrown out to fight his way in weekly broils—or submissively listen to the most hostile denunciations against the institutions under which he was born. Such has of late been the state of feeling, that a proposition had been mooted by a number of southern students, to withdraw in a body. The alumni, of a few years back, can hardly appreciate the full force of the present state of things. The indignant course has, in too great a degree, taken the place of the cheerful song and the laugh-provoking jest. Men retire from the lecture room—some, indignant and engaged—some, with painful surprise ask—"What can the President mean by the course he is pursuing?"—others, elated with the sanction of such high authority, unscrupulously re-echo the doctrines there promulgated.

Once more and I have done. This communication has been prompted by no mere desire to assail any one—least of all—those under whose direction I have pursued a course of study for the four years nearly passed. The uniform courtesy, which as an individual, I have invariably received, will remain a source of pleasant reflection—and I shall continue to do honor to the "Genius of Yale"—as she was in former years. I gladly acknowledge, that among her present governors, there are some patriotic and national minds; but these exceptions, as high a regard as they inspire me with, I cannot allow to swerve me from the performance of a duty which I feel how to the public at large, and especially to my section. Connected with every section of the Union by hundreds of alumni—among the best educated men in the country—this college has wielded a powerful influence over the National will—and, sending forth a hundred graduates annually, imbued with the teachings here received, it becomes a query of no trivial import—whether this influence shall be exerted for good or evil?

The editor of the Augusta Constitutionalist learns from a private letter from New Haven, that Mr. Hamilton has lost his diploma on account of his authorship of this manly exposure of the abolition influences at work in the institution so largely patronized by the southern public. Commenting on this fact, the editor asks—"And has it come to this, that abolitionism has taken such deep hold upon that venerable institution, that a southern student is to be ignominiously denounced and arraigned by the learned faculty as a criminal, for having dared to vindicate the institutions of his native South from the vile slanders of its fanatical assailants."

Has it come to this, that the pious and philanthropic sympathies with the maudlin sentimentalism of a female reformer, who has woven fantastic tissues of improbable events, and wept false tears over imaginary woes of the negro race, can tolerate no criticism

upon the absurdities, and would strange all investigation of the extent to which abolitionism has possessed itself of their own lecture room. Verily, if half of what is here narrated be true, Yale College is an unfit place for a southern student. She is utterly unworthy the countenance of southern men—her Alumni, scattered throughout the southern States, should be among the first to denounce her fanaticism, and turn the footsteps of our youth, seeking collegiate advantages, away from her abolition stained portals."

[Savannah Morning News.

The Fool's Pence.

In the year 183—, in a handsome furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin shop, called "The Punch Bowl," sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens! all so bright and fresh! Then the elegant stone copings to your windows, and these beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the genteel boarding-school; your shop is the best fitted in all this part of London. Where can you find the needful for these things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of simple contempt through the half-opened door, into the shop filled with draughty customers. "The fool's pence—'tis the fool's pence that does it for us," she said—and her voice more shrill and louder than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached one customer, George Manley, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned upon the stately apartment; he looked through the door into the parlor, saw looking glasses and pictures, and gilding, the fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano; and he thought to himself how strange it is! how curious it is that all this wretchedness on my left hand, should be made to run into all this rich finery on my right.

"Well, sir—and what for you?" said a shrill voice, which made the "fool's pence" ring in his ear.

"A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I am waiting for; but I think I've paid the last fool's pence that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day."

Manley hastened home. His wife and two little girls were seated at work—They were thin and pale, really in want of food. The room looked very cheerless and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt, yet the dullest observer would be struck with the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them, his returning so early that night, and returning sober and in good humor.

"Your eyes are weak to-night, wife," said George, "or else you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too much by candle light."

His wife smiled, and said, "Working does not effect my eyes," and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart in a corner—evidently as a culprit.

"Why, John, what's this I see?" said his father. "Come and tell me what you have been doing."

"The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say any thing. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hand, and then I said bad words, and mother put me in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father, "not swearing, I hope?"

"No," said John, coloring; I said you were a bad man—I said, bad father."

"And they were bad words sure," said his mother, "but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild blue eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise to his own. He rose up, and putting money into her hands, he said, "There are my weeks' wages. Come, come, hold out both hands for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children had gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard working and uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he might at night, destroying his health and strength, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards on Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch Bowl was walking with her daughters to the tea-garden, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, and had become at least half drenched, when they entered a comfortable looking house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness from all others near it. Its good natured mistress and her two girls did all they could to try and wipe away

the rain drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine silk dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and, as Miss Lucy said, "they began to look like themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was lounging in a huge arm chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and everything in the room, suddenly started forward and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose face had just caught her eye. "Why my good man, we are old friends; I know your face, I'm certain; still, there is a change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health," said George Manley, smilingly: now thank God I am comfortably clad and in excellent health."

"But how is it?" said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never get a sight of you?"

"Madam," said he, "I am sure I wish you well; nay, I have reason to thank you, for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half-naked and half-starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now—for sweet contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you as you told a friend of yours one day last year—'tis the fool's pence, that have done all this for us. I ought to say, the pence earned by honest industry, and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

A "Tramping" Printer.

Among the prisoners before the mayor this morning, was one Washington Franklin Thompson, who was found by a city officer sleeping in an open lot—A plush cap, jeans coat, and a striped pair of cassinets completed his dress, and although much the worse for wear, had been so nicely brushed in the watch house that he made quite a respectable appearance in the dock. He seemed impatient for his turn; and when called up, arose with a dignified air and solemn demeanor.

"The watchman tells me you were drunk last night," said his Honor to him.

"Quite likely," he replied, "but greater men than I have been in the same condition. The whigs say Frank Pierce is a drunkard, and the locofocos always urged that 'Old Harry' took his tod in his young days."

"That may all be true, sir, but drunkenness is punishable here. Where did you come from?"

"That's rather a tough question. I have no particular abiding place."

"What is your business?"

"A printer by profession, and a peddler by practice."

"Do you work at the printing business?"

"When my pockets or my stomach requires it I do. To explain, I have always had a strong desire to see the world, and although as poor in pocket as Bill Allen is in flesh, I have endeavored to gratify this burning curiosity. I have tramped, through twenty-three states, two territories, and the British provinces, and am now on my road to California, by way of the plains."

"But you say you are poor. How do you manage to feed and clothe yourself?"

"Easy enough. When on tramp country people are always glad to accommodate me with meals or lodging for the news I bring them. I generally manage to replenish my wardrobe by sharp trades with verdant persons. My refreshment money I earn by the sweat of my brow at printing offices in small towns."

"But do you not often suffer, in your travels?"

"Never, unless I get into a temperance country. I own nothing—therefore have no fear of loss. Walk on turnpikes—have no fear of tolls. Am a good talker—have no fear of losing a meal. Always keep within the bounds of civilization, and am confident I can humbug somebody."

"But you get drunk—was drunk last night?"

"That was purely accidental. I started from Columbus for Indianapolis, but took the wrong road, and before I was aware of the mistake, found myself here. This induced me to take an extra tod, and the liquor you keep here is so d—d bad that it destroyed my equilibrium. Miserable liquor down here—haven't been dead drunk for ten years before."

"You said you were anxious to pursue your journey?"

"Nothing shorter, as the b'hoys say, and by your leave, I will forthwith turn my face towards the Father of Waters, on the bosom of which Tom Benton once saw the 'yellow boys' floating up stream. Do you know, of all your statesmen, Tom's my favorite?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and Bill Allen stands second best with me. What does your honor say—shall I depart?"

"Why, if you'll promise—"

"Promises I never make. But if any of your vigilant watchmen catch Franklin inebriated again, punish him, that's all. I've never visited the interior of a prison, except in the capacity of a philanthropist, and by your leave never will."

"From your manner I think I can trust you. You may go."

"Much obliged. If I should turn my attention to mining after I get to California, and I return this way, you shall have a snuff of my maiden dust. I wish you good morning. And you, (to the watchman) I wish you promotion in the ranks."

[Dollar Weekly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Notice.
THE undersigned (of the late firm of S. Hubbard & Co.) will continue the GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS in his own name and upon his own account.

MR. ISAAC A. TUTTLE, of the Parish of St. Mary, La., is authorized to act as Agent in Louisiana, and will make advances on all consignments to my address.

S. G. HAND,
No. 101 Smith's Wharf,
Baltimore, Oct. 1, 1852.—46-6m.

C. H. MINGE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
MOBILE, ALA.
Refer to RICHARD WILKINS, Franklin, La.

We will accept, payable in New Orleans at sixty days, for half the market value of Sugar or Molasses, accompanied by bill of lading and invoice.

N. B.—Shipments to us covered by insurance.
C. H. MINGE & CO.
[4-6m]

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SANDS & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Particular attention given to the sale of Sugar and Molasses. All consignments to us are covered by insurance. 45-6m

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

KENNEDY & FOSTER,
No. 75 Tchoupitoulas street,
NEW ORLEANS.

HAVING transferred our business to the house of KENNEDY & FOSTER, all consignments of Sugar, Molasses, &c., and orders for supplies, from our friends to their address, will be under the management and receive the individual personal attention of JAS. B. WITTER, who is also authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm of WITTER & BROTHER.

JAMES B. WITTER,
B. M. WITTER.
New Orleans, Sept. 1, 1852.

BENJAMIN F. SHIELDS & CO.,
Commission Merchants & Sugar Brokers,
No. 68 Magazine Street,
NEW ORLEANS.

References—Messrs. Carlin, O. & N. Corney, Capt. A. L. Fields, John L. Hudgens, Esq. St. Mary, La.

BENJAMIN F. SHIELDS & CO.,
MARCHANDS COMMISSIONNAIRES
ET COURTIERES DE SUGRE,
Rue Magazine, No. 68,
NOUVELLE ORLEANS.

S'adressez à—MM. Carlin, O. & N. Corney, Capt. A. L. Fields, John L. Hudgens, Esq. Ste. Marie, La.

Building Materials & Naval Stores
Constantly on hand and for sale in lots to suit purchasers—such as Lime, Cement, Plaster of Paris, Tar, Pitch, Rosin, crude and spirits of Turpentine, Plastering Hair, Oakum, Fire Bricks, and Building Materials in general.

N. B.—Particular attention is directed to an article of Sugar Lime, superior to any in the market.

Country orders promptly filled at the lowest market rates.

A. B. BACON, 10 Gravier street,
(between Tchoupitoulas and New Levee)
NEW ORLEANS.

JOHN HALL. E. W. RODD.

HALL & RODD,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
No. 4 Front Levee,
(between Customhouse and Bienville streets)
NEW ORLEANS.

GIVE their particular and personal attention to the sale of Sugar, Molasses and Cotton, as well as to the purchase of Plantation Supplies, Groceries, &c.

New Orleans, Jan. 25, 1853.

92 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS, 92
MARQUETTE & NIMMO,
DEALERS IN
Family, Boat and Ship Stores,
Of Every Description.

CHOICE BUTTER, Cheese, Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Flour, Hams, Pork, Beef, Bacon, Lard, Raisins, Currants, Figs, Candles, Pickles and Preserves, Soap, Starch, &c., together with choice old Brandy, Wines, Liquors, &c., in quantities to suit purchasers.

Notis and Fruits of all kinds. 10-5m

PAPER & STATIONERY WAREHOUSE
No. 57 CAMP STREET,
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PAPER AND STATIONERY
Of every description.

Writing, Printing & Book Paper,
Playing Cards, Printers' Cards and PRINTING INK.

BLANK BOOKS OF ALL KINDS,
And a general assortment of
Foreign and Domestic Stationery,
Adapted to every branch of the trade.

HENRY L. POTTER,
No. 57 Camp street, New Orleans.

OHIO FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.
Capital...\$200,000.
DAVID PAGE, PRES. H. RICHMAN, SEC'Y.

THIS securely established company, with the most ample means for the protection of its Policies, is now prepared to take Fire and Marine Risks on the most liberal terms, at their branch office, No. 80 Common street, corner of Camp, over W. W. White's banking house.

JOHN A. G. FISHER, Agent.
New Orleans, Jan. 30, 1853.

WILLIAM F. HUDSON,
GROCERY AND VARIETY STORE,
MAIN STREET,
(nearly opposite S. Smith's Store)

Tenders his thanks to his friends and the public generally for past favors, and begs leave to inform them that he has now and is continually receiving fresh supplies of all kinds of goods in his line.

His terms hereafter are CASH, or ten per cent. added to bills on a credit.
Franklin, March 1, 1853.

MINERAL PAINT.

Bridgewater Paint Company.
I HAVE been appointed Agent for the county of Attakapas, for the sale of the above Paint. It can be had of me in any quantities, either dry or in oil, at Pattersonville, of William P. Allen, Franklin; or of John Dewalourt, New Iberia, Franklin; or of John Dewalourt, New Iberia, Franklin, Dec. 2, 1852.

Certificate of Capt. St. Clair Thomasson of the steamer Magnolia.
Having painted the hurricane deck of the passenger steamer "Magnolia," under my command, with the Bridgewater Paint, I cheerfully recommend it for its impervious qualities, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it superior, in my judgment to any mineral paint before the public, and believe it to be a certain protection against the effects of sparks and cinders. I have also proved entirely waterproof on my decks after three months use. ST. C. THOMASSON.
New Orleans, Dec. 2, 1851.

Certificate of Capt. William Brown, of the Towboat Porpoise.
I have used the Bridgewater Paint, for which Messrs. G. C. Robert & Co., are agents, on the hurricane deck of the towboat "Porpoise." The paint has been on about three months, and sparks and cinders constantly falling upon it has had no effect whatever. In about four weeks it became a perfect slate, and I am satisfied of its possessing all the qualities necessary to insure it a certain protection against the effects of sparks and cinders. I confidently recommend the Bridgewater paint for the purpose set forth in the Agent's circular. Wm. Brown.
New Orleans, Feb. 4, 1852.

Certificate of the Managers and Agents of Louisiana Dry Dock Company.
Having had the Louisiana Dry Dock painted with the Bridgewater Paint, and its merits thoroughly tested, we fully concur in opinion with Capt. Thomasson, of the Magnolia, and Capt. Brown of the Porpoise. We cheerfully recommend said paint as a superior article.
HUGHES, VALLETT & THOMAS, L. D. D.
J. P. WHITNEY & Co., Agents.
New Orleans, Feb. 4, 1852.

Certificate of Joseph Benson, Painter.
I have used the Bridgewater Paint for the past five months on brick and plastered buildings, and on tin, shingle and canvas roofs, and in every instance it has given the fullest satisfaction. From tests and experiments made under my immediate direction, I can testify to its being proof against effects of sparks and cinders, affording a protection against leaks. I consider it far superior to any mineral paint I have ever seen, and invaluable for all out-door purposes—possessing qualities that particularly recommend it for use in a southern climate. JOSEPH BENSON.
New Orleans, Feb. 6, 1852.

Certificate of John P. Miller, of Attakapas.
In July last I was induced to apply the Bridgewater mineral Paint to my Sugar-House, and in every respect it has exceeded my expectations, and the representations made by the Agents, Messrs. G. C. Robert & Co. I cheerfully add my testimony to the numerous ones embraced in the Agent's circular, and recommend the same to planters and others, as the best fire and water protector I have ever known. Where I have applied it, it has been exposed to the sun since last July, and has neither blistered nor cracked, and has formed a solid metallic surface, which has proved entirely impervious.
JOHN P. MILLER.
New Iberia, Attakapas, March 16, 1852.

Underwriters' Certificate.
The undersigned underwriters, having confidence in the Bridgewater Paint, for the covering of single roofs and frame buildings, will at all times give those fire risks a preference where the Bridgewater paint is used.

L. MATTHEWS, Ag'ts Sun Mutual Ins. Co.
THOS. A. ADAMS, Pres. Crescent Mut'l Ins. Co.
EDW. OGDEN, Agent General Mutual Ins. Co.
A. BROTHER, Pres. Home Mut'l Ins. Co.
JOHN PEMBERTON, Pres. Merchants' Ins. Co.
J. M. LAURENCE, Pres. N. O. Ins. Co.
CHAS. BRIGGS, Ag't Lipool & London Ins. Co.
SAM'L F. ASHTON, Ag't Del. Mutual Ins. Co.

The attention of the public is particularly directed to the following recommendations of some of our most prominent and extensive commercial firms. The interest of the cotton and sugar planter, is so generally identified with that of the planter, that it would be superfluous to more than point to the annexed endorsements:

We, the undersigned Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, do cheerfully recommend the Bridgewater Paint for the purposes set forth in the Agent's Circular; and believe we are serving the interests of Planters by calling their attention to its peculiar enduring and protecting qualities.

WRIGHT, WILLIAMS & Co.
PAYNE & HARRISON.
WATTS & DEWEY, Agents of the
GEO. M. PICKARD & Co.
HILL, McLEAN & Co.
WARD & JONES.
BUCHANAN, CARROLL & Co.
M. GREENWOOD & Co.

In addition to the testimonials, (which are sufficient to convince the most incredulous of its superior protective qualities) the Agents have in their possession numerous certificates from mercies at the North, which may be seen on application at their office, among which are those of Brevet Lieut. Col. G. H. Talcott, New York Arsenal; R. S. Smith, Lieut. and Quartermaster, U. S. Military Academy, West Point; Oliver H. Lee, late superintendent (now Secretary) of the Hudson River Rail Road Company; D. C. Culom, Assistant Engineer, New York and Erie Railroad, &c., &c.

Carriage Manufactory & Repairing.
The subscriber has removed his shop to the new building on Main Street, nearly opposite the saw mill of Capt. Gates, where he will at all times be prepared to execute with neatness and despatch all work entrusted to him.

His stock of materials is complete and well selected, and he has in his employ workmen of experience in the several branches of the business.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him by the citizens of St. Mary, the subscriber hopes, by diligent attention to his business, good workmanship and very moderate charges, to merit its continuance.

THOMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, July 10, 1852.

Carls, Wagons, Wheel-Barrows, &c.
The undersigned (Agent for Busby & Little, of Wheeling, Va.) will receive, as soon as navigation is practicable, an assortment of plantation carts, Wagons, Wheel-Barrows, and other articles of their manufacture. Orders are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly attended to.
JOHN BARNARD
Jeanerette, Sept. 25, 1852.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO—The best in town, for sale at Apothecaries' Hall.

QUININE, Morphine, Calomel, Leeches, &c. at wholesale and retail, at the New Orleans prices.
C. RABE.

NEW FRENCH PERFUMERY—Just received, for sale at my shop. C. RABE.