

Planters' Banner

VOLUME XVIII.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS), LOUISIANA..... APRIL 14, 1853.

NUMBER 14.

THE POETS' CORNER.

Will you Love me when I'm Old?

When these sunny days are vanished,
When the charm of youth is fled,
When the rosy bloom is vanished—
Age's frost lies on the head—
When the eye has lost its brilliance,
And the voice is weak and old,
Will I lose this heart surveillant?
Will this love of thine grow cold?

When these scenes of timid joyance—
Tender words and loving smiles—
Alternate with strange annoyance
In the round of worldly wiles,—
When these parting hours are over
And our paths no more divide,
Changed the name of maid and lover
For the husband and the bride.

O, will not the way seem dreary,
And the quiet path grow dull,
Till the love thou gav'st is weary,
And thou deem'st the heart too full?
Will these songs not then be needed?
Will these fervent lips be cold—
And fond words no more be heeded,
O, thou loved one, when I'm old?

We are plighted—we are plighted,
In a fervent love and true,
And we wander, heart-united,
With a future just in view;
And in youth's bright summer: weather
We are dreaming, each as one,
That we side by side together
Through our earthly course will run.

We shall both grow old together!
I have wronged thy holy trust!
Through life's last and wintry weather
We'll be as in summer youth;
Thou wilt gently, gently guide me
Through life's pathway bleak and cold,
And I feel, whatever betide me,
Thou wilt love me when I'm old.

Life's great duties all attended,
From this youth-time up to age,
Safe together may be ended
All our work on life's broad stage;
Safely may we sleep together
In the calm grave's quiet fold,
Then ascending, dwell forever
Where no being e'er grows old.

SELECTED.

(From Diakone's Household Words.)

Crossing the Isthmus of Panama.

On October the 2nd, 1852, the packet Sierra Nevada arrived from New York at Aspinwall, the newly-erected American city of the Isthmus, with about two hundred passengers bound for San Francisco. Aspinwall, a name given to this infant settlement in honor of one of the principal directors of this line of steamers, consists of forty or fifty wooden houses run up at a trifling expense in the midst of dense tropical vegetation, springing out of a low marshy swamp. It is situated about six miles east of the old city of Chagres and west of Portobello, in about the most unhealthy spot on the coast; and here the Atlantic terminus of the railway is established.

The republic of New Granada, to which this country belongs, disputes the right of these Americans—and perhaps justly so—to name any place in their territory without the consent of their President and Congress; consequently, they have given this town the name of "Colum" after the great discoverer of their country, and refuse to acknowledge any document in which the new town is called by any other name.

A motley crowd of passengers landed from the Sierra Nevada, and crowded to the railway cars, on the morning of the 2nd of October. Here was the owner of a California saw mill with his wife, sister, and six children—there a learned judge; in other spots might be seen a crowd of rough lumber men from the pine forests of Maine, going to seek their fortunes in the far west; New York tradesmen and merchants going to see friends, or to attend to some business in San Francisco; broken down soldiers from the Mexican war going on no business at all; an engineer with his old father, a septuagenarian, and large family; a party of Englishmen engaged to work a silver mine in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada; a young German with a daguerreotype of his lady-love, bound to the "digging" to make a fortune previous to his marriage; with many others, all bustling to and fro on the platform under a burning sun, and jostling each other most unceremoniously.

At length all was ready, the whistle sounded, the cars started, and away we went, plunging each minute deeper and deeper into the thick pestiferous forest; whose rank vegetation rises from a black unwholesome morass.—Lolly trees, whose age may be counted by centuries, creepers of every description, flowers of all hues, palms, plantains, and every kind of tropical plant, crowd here one upon another in the thickest confusion, and as they wither and die away, others spring up, while the decaying matter sends up a fever, which cleared off, by some scores, the unhappy workmen of that fatal railroad. At high noon our destination was reached, at the spot where the railway at present ends, on the banks of the Chagres river, where a little village has risen up of five or six huts, called Barbacons. The railroad from Aspinwall to Barbacons is twenty-five miles in length, consisting of only a single line, and reached this point about two months ago; in about nine months more, it will have worked its way along the banks of the Rio Chagres, Obispo, and Grande, to Panama. At Barbacons we were surrounded by a host of most disgusting-looking Indians, the owners of boats; and after

struggling for luggage, amidst the shrieks and execrations of unprotected females, long bearded adventurers, bowie-knifed Americans, and "one English gentleman," under a blazing sun, and in a swamp of rotten mud, which presents itself in the place of a platform to the Barbacons station, we at length assembled—a party of nine men, three women, and seven children—in a long flat bottomed boat covered over with a wooden awning, and committed our lives and fortunes to the care of Chagres boatmen. The current runs with great rapidity, and the men put the boats against the stream with long poles, by thrusting as they walk along a ledge round the sides of the boat, like bargemen in our own narrow rivers. Six of these conveyances left Barbacons and began to work their slow and weary way up the river, which is bounded on either side by densely tangled tropical forests, among which thousands of butterflies and humming-birds, of the most brilliant colors, sport themselves in the rays of the sun, while flocks of noisy parquets fly about in every direction among the higher branches of the trees. We had a Texan in the boat, who had been in many "horrid and dismal places," but anything to equal this "tar-nation Isthmus" he had never seen. "It was pretty tolerable cool," he told us, "in the march of the American army through the 'tierra caliente' in Mexico, when leaving his banner floating over the walls of Vera Cruz, he proudly marched under Gen. Twiggs; but nothing there, could show a candle to this here river." Twice this gentleman took out his revolver, and threatened to shoot the boatmen: "There are three of you, and I've got a six-shooter, so by—, if you don't move faster I'll fix you." He had, in short, drank a great deal too much aguardiente, and previous to resigning himself into the arms of Morpheus, he informed us that the proudest trophy hanging in the Capitol of Washington was taken by him in the battle of Cerro Gordo. "I was entrusted, sir," said he, "by Col. Irvine, of our U. S. army, with taking prisoner Santa Anna—and, by the everlasting thunder, if he hadn't been made of cast iron and worked by a high pressure engine, I would have taken him! First of all, strangers, you oughter know that having five four-pounder field pieces, and no carriages, I loaded 'em, and lashed 'em on to five old mules. Then, turning the tails of them five critters to the enemy, I fired at old Santa Anna's carriage, and the re-coiled sent the mules fourteen feet in horizontal distance, and landed 'em on their heads. May I fall dead down, and never be recubated, if I lie! Then charging up the hill, I walked into old Santa Anna's carriage, just as he mounted a horse and escaped, while I sat and had six shots at him, all of which rebounded off his back. 'Well,' says the colonel, coming up, 'where's your prisoner?' Says I, 'he's more than mortal, colonel, he's nowhere in particular; but here is a part of him,' says I—holding up his wooden leg; and by the Tarnal, gentlemen, that same leg of lumber hangs as a trophy in the Capitol of Washington, and is overshadowed by that banner which waves on every sea, and can whip the banded world in arms." Our friend shortly afterwards fell asleep; and after having stemmed the current for six miles, we at length arrived at Gorgona, a miserable village, where it is necessary to pass the night, as it is dangerous to face the rapids after dark.

In this delectable abode, situated in the midst of a dismal forest, rising from a reeking morass, about forty drenched mortals congregated. After a scanty but very expensive supper, and after my hiring a blanket and towel as temporary evening costume, we assembled in the long sleeping room. This was indeed a curiosity! Three tiers of bunks, as in a steam packet, lined the walls, while the body of the room was filled up with a row of hammocks; and in this closely crowded lodging a motley crew of colonels and Californians, loafers and lumberers, swindlers and sailors, merchants and anglers, and other travellers of all ages and sexes, were to be accommodated. The singing of mosquitoes, lizards, and bullfrogs, kept up far too lively a concert to allow of sleep to any of us. One gentleman diverted himself by playing at "blind hockey" with the landlord, and lost five hundred dollars; others roared sentimental songs and the like most morosely.

It was the peculiar characteristic of some of these gentry, that, without having a cent in their pockets, they were enabled to hire mules, eat suppers, and drink liquor with the best. One individual informed us that in the neighborhood of the city of Persepolis—State of Iowa—he realized eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars by exhibiting "the great Inroquois Hopponophthalmium" at two times admittance. This wonderful animal he described as being formed by procuring a dray horse, cutting off his ears close, shaving his forehead and hind quarters, and curling up the rest of his hair backwards. On another occasion he got his passage cheap by agreeing to allow the captain to sell him for a term of five years, on arrival at San Francisco; the transaction was accordingly completed, and the captain made a "handsome realization." When, however, the worthy was delivered over to his new master, he said, "Now, sir! I guess you'll find me the hardest piece of mortality you ever set your eyes on;" and summarily released himself from bondage by shooting his master through the head. Such Californians as these, many of whom shared our bedchamber, were easy to recognise; long tangled hair, beard and moustache; sunken haggard cheeks bear eyes; and hatched faces; a red shirt, broad brimmed hat, revolver in the breast, long bowie knife in the belt, grey trousers, and high boots.

In such company our second night on the Isthmus passed away slowly enough. I was unable to sleep, because on one side of my hammock were a noisy Kentuckian and a talkative sea-captain, and on the other a gentleman from New York; who every five minutes informed the public generally in a loud twanging voice, that "his revolver was at full cock, and that the first 'coon' he touched his hammock would die right away without kicking." Nevertheless he was lowered down in the middle of the night, and consequently bang went his revolver three times; to the imminent danger of my life; but the bullets luckily lodged in the opposite wall.

Day at length broke, and putting on our half-dried clothes, we gain mount the jaded mules, and continued our course along the same narrow torrent beds and fearful muddy main-traps for several miles and several hours. Gradually, however, this dismal

utterly bad that it becomes quite as much as any one can do to carry himself, so that the luggage must necessarily be left to the tender mercies of these sharks, who frequently detain it a week on the road. Tabor and Perkins, Hurtado y Hermanos, Angustin Perez, Henrique and Woolsey, and Jose Secundo, are the most notorious, and who to select among those for faithfulness and honesty would surpass the keenest penetration. The road, so called, from Cruces to what is termed the half-way house, a distance of fifteen miles, is perhaps the most execrable in the world. Sometimes double distilled sloughs of despond, composed of black mud five feet deep; at others, great stones, eight inches apart, sharpened and stuck upon end, all over the road; then long rows of wooden sleepers, placed in every conceivable position, except the right one; now the road would wind up steep acclivities; then follow the bed of a mountain torrent, about two feet broad, with the rocks rising perpendicularly on either side; and the whole passing through a matted and impenetrable tropical forest.

After numberless disasters and difficulties had been surmounted, our party at length arrived at the sign of The Elephant, a long hut situated on the edge of a mass of black mud five feet and a half deep, still retaining the name of a road, and surrounded by thickly tangled forest. From hence, having been charged two dollars for a cup of tea, we again proceeded through the same unmitigated swamps, until in about two hours, we were overtaken by one of the heavy tropical showers of rain, steady, incessant, and perpendicular. We worked slowly and dispiritedly on. The path had, by this time, been converted into a foaming, roaring torrent; frequently, where the rocks were steep, ascending into the dignity of a waterfall; and against this stubborn mule had to force their way. At length, when the night had become thoroughly dark, we passed down a rocky pathway, and reached the welcome half-way house. Like the other houses of entertainment for man and beast, this was a long hut divided into three parts—the bar, the eating room, and the sleeping room, uncivilized of course, and the roof inhabited by spiders with massive cobwebs, scorpions, centipedes, and lizards.

The present Panama, however, is not the same city which sent forth the savage swineherd with his bloodthirsty crew to uproot and destroy the once glorious and happy empire of the Incas. Pizarro did not equip his expedition, nor did he, Almagro, and Lucio pollute the blessed sacrament by their wicked compact in this city. Old Panama, now a miserable ruin about six miles down the coast, was deserted after Morgan and his buccaneers had crossed the Isthmus, sacked the town, and murdered every man, woman and child within its precincts. A mouldering heap of stones, overgrown with creepers in a pestiferous swamp, is all that remains of that proud city, the key of the Pacific, and one of the brightest jewels in the Castilian crown; from whose port those vessels sailed, whose commander overthrew the most civilized empire in the New World, added the vice-regal province of Peru to the overgrown dominions of Spain, and loaded a happy and industrious people with the chains of slavery.—After the destruction of old Panama by Morgan, the former site was deserted, and the new town built, where it now stands; about six miles west of the ancient position. The anchorage is bad and inconvenient for shipping, so that vessels usually lie off an island called Toboga, about ten miles from Panama, where on our arrival were two steamers lying bound for California—the Golden Gate and the Winfield Scott—belonging to rival companies.—In Panama there were still many of the passengers belonging to the Illinois, the steamer which had preceded ours, whose luggage had not yet overcome the difficulties of the Cruces road.

Our own fellow-travellers continued to arrive during the remainder of the day on which we had reached the end of our toilsome journey. Covered with mud, worn out with fatigue, men, women, and children hourly entered the gate of the city. Many had met with pitiable misfortunes; one had fallen off his mule nine times; another had been obliged to leave his over his eyes in black mud; and for the rest of the way; a lady had had her gold watch stolen in one of the villainous huts on the road; one poor woman died from exhaustion, caused by fatigue, the day after her arrival in Panama; and another lost her baby.

At length, however, they all arrived; on the following day the luggage began to come in; and on October the 6th the Golden Gate sailed for San Francisco with the majority of the passengers of the Sierra Nevada. Many however were left behind, not having received their luggage, or not possessing the needful to pay for their passage. They seemed to be at no loss, and soon set to work according to their various devices, to replenish their exhausted exchequer. One old fellow from Philadelphia hired a room, and commenced the sale of his infallible cure for dysentery; a Californian got a mule and cart, either by fair means or foul (the latter, probably) and supplied the restaurants with spring water; another got employment as a compositor in the Herald office; a fourth undertook to wash the French Hotel.

slough assumed the appearance of a bridge-path; fields of Indian corn and pasture land arose in place of the dense forest; the bridge-path became a road, and at length the clear blue Pacific burst upon our view, with many verdant islets embosomed on its azure depths. We trotted through a suburb, passed under the old gate, and entered the city of Panama.

The old city of Panama is bounded on three sides by the sea, and surrounded by a wall preserved with great care, with a ditch and two bastions on the land side. In the centre of the town is the Plaza, with an old cathedral on one side, and the State House on the other; and through the town runs the "Calle de las Monjas," or what is now called by the Americans, Main street. It consists of old-fashioned Spanish houses, with broad verandahs, and folding doors instead of windows; which a few years ago looked sedate and sleepy enough, no doubt; but a strange metamorphosis has come over the old town. Now glaring red and gilt sign-boards hang across the street in every direction. One large house, formerly inhabited by a haughty Spanish Don, is now covered with every fanciful description of parti-colored notice of entertainment. A blue sign-post inscribed American Hotel in bright red hangs from one story; American Hotel in white is painted over another; and Ice, Egg Nogg, Good Lodging, Brandy Smashes, Cheap Board, are painted in every conceivable vacant spot all over the house. This splendid establishment is warranted to hold two hundred and forty travellers, principally in a long room, lined on both sides with three tiers of benches, and a table down the middle, on which six-and-thirty people usually sleep, there in a row. There are seven other hotels in this street for the accommodation of Californian emigrants, besides three restaurants, and as many newspaper offices, all of which cover their houses with sign-boards of all colors and dimensions. The town is enlightened by three American newspapers—the Daily Echo, the Star, and the Herald, containing information from California, South America, the States, and Europe. The editors seem to quarrel among themselves much less than is usually the case in so small a community—the weather perhaps is too hot, and the climate too enervating, for so heating an occupation.

The undersigned (of the late firm of S. Hurlburt & 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.—40-6m.

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. (44-6m) C. H. MINGE & CO.

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

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 from our friends to that house will be under the management and receive the undivided personal attention of JAS. B. WITTER, who is also authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm of WITTER & BROTHUR.

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., Parish of St. Mary, La.

BENJAMIN F. SHIELDS & CIE., MARCHANDS COMMISSIONNAIRES ET COURTIERS DE SUCRE, Rue Magasin, No. 68, NOUVELLE ORLEANS.

S'adresser à—MM. Carlin, O. & N. Corney, Capt. A. L. Fields, John L. Hudgens, Paroisse, 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, turpentine 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 sts.) 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, Candies, also, Boston, Soda and Butter Biscuits, Pickles and Preserves, Soap, Starch, &c., together with choice old Brandies, Wines, Liqueurs, &c., in quantities to suit purchasers. Nuts and Fruits of all kinds. 10-5m

PAPER & STATIONERY WAREHOUSE No. 57 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS. PAPER AND STATIONERY Of every description. Writing, Printing & Book Paper, Playing Cards, Printers' Galleys 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.

will soon give way to the comfort and rapidity of a railroad; travellers will make the transit at a quarter of the present cost, immensely increased numbers of passengers will move towards the west, and greater quantities of gold will be poured into the Exchequer of the republic of New Grenada, which charges two dollars and a half, as head tax, on every individual who passes through Panama.

Already do the Californians call the States bordering on the Atlantic the "old country," already may we perceive sure signs of the future strength and power of this young giant. A network of railways will soon spread itself over the splendid country between the Sierra Nevada and the sea; cities will rise up in the now wooded solitudes; and steamers will connect California with every part of the world.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Notice. The undersigned (of the late firm of S. Hurlburt & 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.—40-6m.

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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 Devallcourt, New Iberia. C. B. G. WHELLEN, Pattersonville, Sept. 10, 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 imperious 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 Tugboat Porpoise. I have used the Bridgewater Paint, for which Messrs. G. C. Robert & Co., are agents, on the hurricane deck of the tugboat "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 masts 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, and 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 F. 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, durable surface, which will last for years. JOHN F. 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 firms a preference where the Bridgewater paint is used.

L. THOMAS, Ag't. Sun Mutual Ins. Co. THOS. A. ADAMS, Pres. Crescent Mutl' Edw. OGDEN, Agent General Mutl' A. BROTHUR, Pres. Home Mutl' Ins. JOHN PEMBERTON, Pres. Merchant J. M. LAFREYRE, Pres. N. O. Ins. CHAS. BRIGGS, Ag't. L'pool & London SAM'L E. ASHTON, Ag't. DeL' Mutual

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 factor is so clearly identified with that of the planter, that it would be superfluous to more than point to the annexed confirmation:

We, the undersigned Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, do cheerfully recommend the Bridgewater Paint for the purpose 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 protective qualities.

WRIGHT, WILLIAMS & Co. PAYNE & HARRISON. WATT & DESAULLES. GEO. M. PINEKARD & Co. HILLS, MILLER & 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 parties 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, Gunner and Quartermaster, U. S. Military Academy, West Point; Oliver H. Lee, late superintendent (now Secretary) of the Hudson River Rail Road Company; D. C. Cullom, Assistant Engineer, New York and Erie Railroad, &c. &c. 35

Carriage Manufactory & Repairing.

The subscriber has removed his shop to the new building on Main Street, near the office, opposite the new mill of Capt. Gates, where he will at all times be prepared to execute with neatness and despatch all work intrusted 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.

Carts, Wagons, Wheel-Barrows, &c.

The undersigned (Agent for Brasby & 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 so solicited, and will be promptly attended to. JOHN BARNARD, Jeanerretts, Sept. 25, 1852.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO—"The best in town," for sale at Apothecaries, Leeches.

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

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