

Manners' Hammer

VOLUME XVIII.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA. . . . SEPTEMBER 8, 1853.

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SELECTED

(From the New York Tribune.)

"Hot Corn!"

"Here's your nice hot corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour last evening, as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out means of subsistence in this over-burdened, ill-fed and worse-lodged home of misery—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notoriously dirty city, where they are exposed to the daily chance of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New Orleans, and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably-provided-for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power, to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country.—Here they live—barely live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark till midnight.

"Hot corn! hot corn! here's your nice hot corn!" rose up in a faint, child-like voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the city clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started, as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance, forbidding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way, one of the aforesaid posts, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court-yard, or lively stable grounds of the City Hall, which, in consideration of the growth of a few miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful colored grass-patches, we call the Park.

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot corn cry, in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimed with dirt until nearly of the same color.—There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were coursing their way over that naturally beautiful face.

"Some corn, sir," lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as "give me some corn, you little wretch!" or a name still more opprobrious both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said, piteously, "Please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night."

"Oh dear, then, what shall I do?"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad city at this time of night."

"I can't go home—and I am tired and sleepy. Oh dear!"

"Cannot go home! Why not?"

"Oh, sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. Oh, sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left, and I am sure she might let little sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn, what shall I do?"

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"What that be a lie, sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that won't be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier and tell your mother you cannot sell all your corn and you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving.—Oh, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial

splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class grog-shops—we almost involuntarily cried "Hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of pure gin, old rum, pale brandy, pure port, Heidsieck, or Lager-bier, poured down the hot throats of men—and ah, yes, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying "Hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be, "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse leech's daughters!

Again, as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side street came up the cry of "hot corn—hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and that "bad man" at the corner grocery, and that her's was the best, the strongest Maine Law arguments which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring street the glare and splendor of a thousand gas lights, and the glittering oil glass of that, for the first time lighted up bar-room of the "Prescott House," so lauded by the press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first class hotels must have such Five Point denizen-making appointments, as this glittering room, shamelessly open inviting to the street; when that watch word cry, like the pibroch's startling peal, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the midnight air—"Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—smoking hot—hot—hot corn."

"Yes, yes!" I hear you cry—it is a watchword—a glorious watchword, that bids us to do or die—until the smoking hot, fiery furnace-like gates of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets crying "Hot corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first class liquor-selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then be the watchword of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children, than into the insatiable hot maw of the whisky still.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight city cry, that you will devote, if nothing more,

"Three grains of corn, mother, Only three grains of corn,"

towards the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the inciting cause of this present dish of "Hot corn—smoking hot!"

The Umbrella Girl.

A young girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." She was just at that susceptible age when youth is ripening into womanhood, when the soul begins to be pervaded by that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.

At a hotel near the store for which she worked, an English traveller called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which was gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In her simplicity of heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eyes were unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful.—She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy.—On their way to the gardens he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with

mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The noble man took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?"

The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me."

"What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas, her wretched forebodings proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly. On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison who appeared to die of utter friendlessness and determination to die by starvation. The kind-hearted friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said the Quaker. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is no one to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I doubt not I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.

He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he. "The girl is young, and she is the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he had known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldn't have inquired into the merits of the case," replied Friend Hopper. "By this kind of thoughtlessness many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The kind-hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber.—The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger, in the plain Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement.—His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony" against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses.

"Nay, friend," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well.—"

But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come and see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied the Quaker. "Though much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Stuart the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming face of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him and said, "You once helped me when in great distress." But the good missionary had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Being on a visit in Friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter her courage failed. "But I must return home to-morrow," said she, "and I could not go away without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at him and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent God bless you! she bade her benefactor farewell.

DRY GOODS, &c.

New Spring Goods.

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to his many patrons, that he has just returned from New Orleans with a very large and variety stock of Spring goods, purchased with care and special reference to the wants of this community.

My stock now in store consists of plantation Staples, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Crockery, Tinware, Groceries and Provisions, Iron, Nails, Cordage, Oakum, Blocks, Paints and Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty, &c. All of which are for sale at fair prices, and on the usual terms of credit, at the Upper Wharf store. M. WALKER. Franklin, May 12, 1853.

New and Choice Spring Goods.

Just received, a new and choice selected stock of spring and summer goods, entirely fresh, comprising in part Ladies' fine dress goods, together with a general assortment of Fancy, Staple, Plantation and house furnishing goods. Gentlemen's clothing of all kinds, Ladies and Children's shoes, a superior article of Philadelphia make, Boots, Oxford & Webster's ties, Bras, with a line selected from Gentlemen and Children's summer Hats, Ladies' Bonnets, Crockery-Ware, Saddles, Buggy Harness, Fly Nits, and a general assortment of Saddlery-Ware, Hardware of all kinds, Nails, Cordage, Manila Rope, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, long and short handled, together with a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Lard, Ham, Shoulders, Calfs, Tea, Rice, Pepper, Spice, &c., French Preserves, Brandies, Fruits of all kinds, Cordials assorted, Jellies, Sausages, Capers, Olives, Worcester sauce, Harry Sauce, Ketchup, Syrups of all kinds, in short a most complete assortment of everything that can be found in a country store, for sale low on the usual terms at the old stand. ROBERT HARE. Franklin, April 7, 1853.

Splendid New Goods.

M. MAYER respectfully announces that he is now opening a superb stock of DRY GOODS, selected by himself from the northern markets during the past summer. An examination will convince the public that in quality and variety they are inferior to none in the market, and that they are offered at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction. Ladies are requested to give him an early call, and make their selections in season. Franklin, March 10, 1853.

Spring and Summer Goods.

The undersigned, now transacting business on his own account, has just laid in a fresh and fashionable supply of seasonable Dry Goods and Clothing, to suit all tastes, among which will be found Boots, Shoes and Hats of unsurpassed quality. He is also provided with an ample stock of Saddlery, Hardware and Groceries, which upon inspection will prove inferior to none in the market. These goods are all fresh, and have been selected by him with a view to insure the satisfaction of his customers, who are invited to call and examine them. S. L. RANDLETT. Franklin, May 5, 1853.

New Goods! New Goods!!

THE subscribers have just received per sch Elizabeth, a large and complete assortment of Fall and Winter goods, consisting of PLANTATION SUPPLIES of every description; Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Hardware and Cutlery, Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, &c.; all of which have been selected with care and are well adapted to the trade. Hoping our friends and customers will continue to bestow on us their liberal patronage, we will endeavor to give them entire satisfaction. CARY & GARRETT. Centerville, Sept. 18, 1852.

LEECHES—Just received and for sale, One Hundred best Hungarian Leeches. I. B. BROWN & CO.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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.

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.

GREEN HARDING & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 66 Poydras Street, NEW ORLEANS.

HAVING engaged with the above house, I respectfully solicit my friends to favor them with the patronage which they have hitherto extended to me. JAMES B. WITTER. New Orleans, July 22, 1853.

MELVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES AND JEWELRY, SILVER SPOONS, FORKS, LADLES, GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES, CLOCKS, PENS, &c. No. 89 Canal Street, near Camp, NEW ORLEANS.

N. B.—Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. Office No. 17 Maiden Lane. Manufacturing, No. 431 Amity street, New York. New Orleans, May 19, 1853. ly.

CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

MARQUETTE & MIMO,

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, Sarsaparilla, and other choice old Brandies, Wines, Liquors, &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' 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. J. H. BUCHANAN, SECY

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.

HENRY C. COOK,

Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Prompt attention will be given to the collection of claims against the Republic and State of Texas, and the land business generally, intrusted to his care. [25]

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 is always ready to receive and furnish them with a choice article of every thing in his line, and at reduced prices on the usual terms also quantity of Fancy Articles, Crockery and Glass Ware, Shoes, Hats and Caps, choice Cigars and Tobacco. (Every article warranted.) Franklin, May 12, 1853.

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 dispatch 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. FRANKLIN, July 10, 1852. THOMAS MARTIN.

THOMPSON'S FEVER & AGUE POW-

DER'S—For the permanent cure of chills and fever, fever and ague, dumb ague, or any form of intermittent fever. They will effect a cure in cases of the longest standing, as well as prove a preventive in the forming stages of the disease. Being purely vegetable, they act with certainty on the disease, totally eradicating it from the system and preventing a return at any future period. For sale at my shop. C. RABE. Franklin, July 10, 1852.

EDUCATION, &c.

Southern Institute for Young Ladies,

CONDUCTED BY

MR. T. POOLEY, MISS E. POOLEY, and competent assistants. AT FRANKLIN, LOUISIANA.

THE Principals of this Seminary aim at rendering it adequate to the requirements of an enlightened community, as well in the extent of useful knowledge, as in the variety of polite accomplishments to be acquired therein, and hope to furnish good and sufficient reasons to parents in Attakapas, at least, "knowing" henceforth "no North, no East, no West," as the favored seat of learning for their daughters, to encourage and sustain a School which, whilst it embodies in its educational course such northern "notions" as are worthy of adoption, shall be essentially southern in its teaching and influence.

In the Primary Department will be taught Spelling, Reading, Writing, and Oral Arithmetic. Terms, \$18 per session of five months. In the Common School Department, in addition to the foregoing, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Letter-Writing, Elocution and Modern History. Terms, \$24 per session.

In the High School Department, in addition to the foregoing, of Algebra, Geometry and Latin, *quadrant sufficit*, Rhetoric and Rhetorical Criticism, Moral Philosophy, Universal History, Use of the Globes, Mapping, and the Elements of Natural Science, illustrated by lectures and philosophical apparatus. Terms, \$30 per session.

Extras...Drawing, \$6 per session; Drawing and Painting, \$10; Instructions on the Piano-forte, \$30; French, \$6; Board, \$60. N. B.—Vocal Music, Elementary Drawing, Embroidery, and various kinds of Fancy Work, taught gratis.

Prospectus

OF THE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL ATTACHED TO THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY.

THIS School is founded by the Rev. Paul Guérard, parish priest, and Edward Joseph Higgins, professor in the town of Franklin, parish of St. Mary, and is under the immediate patronage of the Rt. Rev. Anthony Blanc, Archbishop of New Orleans.

This institution will present to youth all the advantages of a Christian education and solid instruction preparatory to their entering college, by which means much time and expense will be saved to parents and guardians. The number of boarders for the present will be few and select.

Terms: Board and instruction in English, \$180 per annum.

Latin or French languages, \$2 per month extra.

Day pupils will be required to pay at the expiration of each month; no scholar will be received for a less term than three months.

No deduction will be made in case of expulsion or withdrawal before the expiration of the quarter. Franklin, Nov. 13, 1852.

Boys' School.

THE subscriber has opened a private Boys' school in Franklin, at which instruction will be given, in addition to the various branches of general utility, in the Higher Mathematics and Greek, and Latin languages.

TUITION PER MONTH

From \$4.00 to \$6.00.

As the number of pupils to be admitted is limited, the subscriber hopes to merit the liberal patronage of those who wish to place pupils under their charge at a select school.

Apply to the subscriber at the Hollander House. B. F. SMART, Instructor. Franklin, June 2, 1853. [21—t]

Notice.

EDWARD JOSEPH HIGGINS, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened his English Academy for males and females, where all intrusted to his care, shall be instructed in a business manner. Terms, per month, \$4.00. Corner of Main and Jackson streets. [n25—t]

PACKETS, &c.

Low Water Packet.

The steamer PITTSER MILLER, Alcide Meynier, captain, will run throughout the season of low water, between New Orleans and Attakapas, taking freight and passengers for Pattersonville, Centerville, Franklin, New Iberia, St. Martinville, and all intermediate landings. The Pittser Miller draws but little water, and has been purchased expressly for the trade during the summer season.

Trunks and baggage of passengers will be entirely under their own charge and responsibility. Under no circumstances will the administration of the boat be responsible for any damage or loss of said baggage, &c.

For freight or passage apply on board to the undersigned. ALCEIDE MEYNIER. [11]

Paquet pour les Eaux Basses.

Le steamer PITTSER MILLER, Capitaine Alcide Meynier, voyagea pendant toute la durée de la saison des eaux basses, entre la Nouvelle-Orléans et les Attakapas, prenant du fret et des passagers pour Pattersonville, Centerville, Franklin, Nouvelle-Ibérie, St. Martinville et tous les ports intermédiaires.

Le Pittser Miller est d'un léger tirant d'eau. Il a été acheté spécialement pour la navigation des Attakapas pendant la saison d'éte.