

# Planters' Banner.

VOLUME XVI.

FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS,) LOUISIANA.... AUGUST 30, 1851.

NUMBER 33.

## A SELECTED TALE.

### THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

A Thrilling Sketch, founded on Fact.

BY AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.

(Continued.)

A loud knock at the street door announced the return of Mr. Markham—that knock seemed to strike on Emma's heart. She sprang from her seat, exclaiming—

"Hide me—hide me! I cannot see him. No, no. Oh, George, kill me—I cannot meet my husband's eyes. Oh, God—oh, God! what was I, and what am I now?"

"Go to your chamber, Emma," cried George, "and recover yourself. Quick—oh, fly! I—I will make some excuse for you. God help us, Emma; we have erred, but, oh! for the love of peace, happiness and life, compose yourself."

"Hark—hark!" cried Emma, "I hear his foot upon the stairs. He comes to upbraid me with my guilt. Oh, how shall I meet his eye?"

"For Heaven's sake go," exclaimed George; "Emma, if you would save bloodshed, if you would avert destruction from all you hold dear and sacred, go now, and do not see your husband until you can command your feelings."

"Yes, yes, I am going," she gasped hysterically. "I am guilty and must fly. I am going."

With an unsteady step she crossed the room, and passed out at an opposite door to that at which Mr. Markham was upon the point of entering. Scarcely had the last flutter of her garments left the sight of George, when Mr. Markham, followed by Colletti, entered the room.

"What?" said the merchant, "all alone, George? Well, now, that is too bad of Emma."

"She—she, that is, sir, Mrs. Markham—is not very well," stammered George.

"I'm afraid she's delicate," remarked Colletti.

"You are right, she is delicate," said Mr. Markham, who did not remark the sneering tone in which Colletti spoke.

"You don't look well, Mr. Grant," said Colletti, casting one of his strange glances at George.

"Not well, sir! I beg your pardon, I am very well," replied George.

"He is pale," said Mr. Markham—"Come, now, confess, George; Emma has been persuading you to stay in London, and you are agitated by the passion of love."

"Love!" echoed George.

"Yes; do you think me so blind or stupid that I cannot guess your situation?"

"My situation," gasped George, the color forsaking his very lips, as he gazed in surprise at Mr. Markham, who immediately added—

"Yes, to be sure. Come, now, George, make a clean breast."

George groaned.

"You have left your heart with some Dutch Venus at Hamburg, eh, George?"

"Left my heart, sir?"

"Why, what's the matter with you? You can do nothing but repeat my words. Really you look ill, George."

"Perhaps," said Colletti, "Mr. Grant has some secret on his mind of fearful importance, and a stray word of yours, Mr. Markham, may have touched closer than you think."

was not until the morning sun was stealing gently into the chamber that exhausted nature sunk into repose.

Mr. Markham, finding Emma in a deep sleep when he rose, would not disturb her; but leaving orders to say that he was gone to his counting-room and would not be back till dinner time, he left the house full of regret at the apparently delicate state of his wife's health.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Emma awoke; and having summoned her maid, she learnt the message that Mr. Markham had left. It was a relief to her to find that he had gone, and that she had the day before her to decide upon some course of action.

"Mary," said Emma to her maid, who was assisting her to dress, "let me be denied to all visitors this morning."

"I'm sure, madam, that will seem very odd," replied the maid pertly.

Emma looked at the girl in surprise, for she had always been remarkable for the excessive humility of her manner, and for the submissiveness with which she spoke.

"Mary," said Emma, "what possesses you to answer me in so strange a manner?"

"Oh! I only thought it odd," replied the girl.

"Odd, Mary?"

"Yes, madam; I know master don't like to have his friends sent from the door."

"What do you mean?" said Emma.

"Perhaps what I mean is a secret," said the girl pertly.

"A—secret, Mary?"

"Yes, madam; may not I have a secret as well as my betters, if so be they are my betters?"

Emma was silent; for a moment the dreadful suspicion crossed her mind that she was in the power of the girl. Oh, what a terrible thing is guilt!

Emma trembled before her own servant; a servant that she had taken from poverty and want, and treated kindly; now she shook like an aspen leaf, as she said in low, choking accents—

"Mary, explain yourself fully. You wish to do so or you would have said nothing. Go on, girl. Say all you know."

"Then I know all, madam."

"All—what?"

"Oh! you may trust me. Master Grant is a very handsome young man, to be sure, though I do pity my poor master."

"Cease—cease, girl!" cried Emma; "another word, and—Le! I will kill you. How dare you—leave my sight instantly. Is it for you to—yet stay; I have been kind to you—oh, God! you will not, cannot betray me. You see, Mary, the consequences of guilt; I was yesterday your mistress; I am now your suppliant."

Emma dropped her head on the dressing-table, and wept bitterly.

"I am sure," said the girl, "I don't want to betray nobody—not I; only I don't like to know things and not be trusted. You may have as many lovers as you please, Mr. sure, for all I care."

"Peace, girl—peace," said Emma.

"Listen to me; in a moment of weakness, when Heaven surely forgot and deserted me, I sinned. The weakness is past; a life of bitter repentance shall henceforward be my lot. I will never see George Grant again—never."

"Oh as to that," replied Mary, "I'm sure I would not think of such a thing. Now, there's Mr. Colletti."

"Colletti, girl! what of him?"

"I'm quite sure he loves you."

"He—he love! Name him not. I abhor that man. Attend to me now, Mary, and do my bidding. You know my awful secret, and you shall see my repentance. Here is a note for Mr. Grant; take it, unopened as it is, and seal it yourself after reading it. You will see by it that I renounce his sight forever."

"As you please, madam," said the girl, taking the open note; "but I am sure you'll think better of it."

"No—no—no!" cried Emma, "a thousand times no. Go, Mary, at once. The address is on the note. Now go, and let me feel that I have at least taken one step that is correct."

The girl left the room, and in the course of another half hour Emma, for a change of scene, descended to the drawing-room. She entered it without perceiving that it was not empty, and what was her horror when, turning after closing the door, she beheld, lying negligently on a sofa and leaning at her with his horrible eyes—Colletti!

For a moment she was too much paralyzed with terror and amazement to move, and before she could recover, to her astonishment, he said in a tone of hideous and insolent familiarity—

"Emma, how are you this morning? And yet why do I ask? You are new as you always are—divine."

Emma replied not, but turned at once to the door, and would have left the room, but Colletti called out in a loud tone—

"Hold! Leave me now, and you go at the price of your honor, your husband's disgrace, and George Grant's life!"

Emma stood as if suddenly turned to a stone.

"Holla! Colletti, 'you will not go; I have stated weighty reasons!'"

"Man!" cried Emma, "or devil, if you be one, what mean you by these words?"

Emma wrung her hands in deep agony of heart.

"Be comforted, most charming of women," said Colletti; "your secret, serious one as it is, is safe with me—on conditions!"

"Lost—lost! I am lost!" murmured Emma.

"By no means," said Colletti, bringing his hideous face close to hers, "you are saved instead of lost—saved on conditions!"

"Conditions?" gasped Emma.

"Yes, can you not guess?"

"Guess! I—I will consent to banish him forever. I have done so. I will lead a life of tears and bitter repentance. I will pray for pardon."

"Pho! pho!" cried Colletti, "no such thing. Leave prayers to the saints and tears to children; I never shed one in my life. As for banishing your lover, that's all very well. All I ask of you is to replace him with a richer, a more powerful, and quite as devoted a one."

Emma gazed at him as if scarcely understanding the import of his words, and emboldened by her silence, he continued—

"All you have to do, my charming Emma, in order to insure yourself the twin blessings of concealment and love, is to transfer to me the delicious kisses that you yesterday so freely gave to another."

"Monster!"

"As you please," said Colletti. "Just cast your snowy arms around my neck, and press those dear, pouting lips to mine, while you breathe in my ear the fervent words, 'Colletti, I love you!'"

Emma sprung to her feet, and with more force than it would be supposed she was capable of possessing, pushed him from her, crying—

"Wretch! thou hated and abhorred wretch! dishonor, death—all were preferable to thee. Proclaim my crime, crush me beneath the weight of my deep sin—tell my husband that I am a perjured wife—tell all the world—kill me; anything else but thy base polluting touch!"

Colletti's face became of a livid purple with suppressed rage, as he said—

"The passion is well acted. Now for the kisses!"

"Hark ye, sir," cried Emma, "you think that I have no escape from the coil that is around me. I have thought. I can fly for refuge to death, leaving the task of retribution to him before whom your coward nature would shrink with terror!"

"Coward!" howled Colletti.

"Yes, coward!" cried Emma; "if there be on God's earth one coward more contemptible and base than another, 'tis he who, having the power to blast the virtue of a woman, comes to make conditions for his silence. Coward—base coward!"

"Now, then, hear me," said Colletti.

"If by to-morrow I find you in no more complying a mood, Mr. Markham shall know all; and when you are turned, a guilty wretch, from your home, you will perhaps be glad to take refuge in the arms of him you now treat with so much scorn!"

"Never—never!" gasped Emma; "I can still die."

"No," sneered Colletti, "women are hard to kill. You will not die. I will leave you now. Think on my words—reflect on my power. Your husband and your lover are both in my hands; you may destroy or save them. I know all!"

Colletti departed, leaving Emma a prey to every agonizing feeling that can rend the human heart.

The morrow came, and Emma saw the bright sunlight with a shuddering horror. Again and again she asked herself the fearful questions—

"What horrors may occur before you see again sinks in the west? Shall I see it rise to-morrow, or is this day to be my last?"

Mr. Markham saw with deep anxiety, which he did not attempt to conceal, the deep depression under which Emma was laboring. He endeavored by every possible kindness and attention to render her more cheerful; and to such a mind as Emma's, what agony it was to receive from him she had so much injured such affection and solicitude.

But one idea possessed her mind, and that was, that George would act upon her letter and fly forever from England, and then she would seek oblivion in death from the memory of the past.

With a calm and awful resolution she arranged all this in her mind, and although her face was greatly pale, and there was a look upon her countenance of unutterable woe, she did not betray by even a stray word the deep anguish of her soul.

In vain Mr. Markham earnestly entreated her to allow him to send for a physician. She replied to all his solicitations in the negative.

"No, I shall be better," she would say. "Do not heed my looks; they are fallacious—I am not ill."

"My dear," said Mr. Markham, "I am afraid you do not see enough cheerful company. When I am away all the day upon business, you are too much alone. I am very glad we shall have some visitors again to-day."

"Visitors to-day?" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, Colletti has quite invited himself, and you know I could not very well say, 'You shall not come,' so I pressed George Grant to come, in order to keep you company, and as a relief from Colletti, who is certainly not quite what is termed good company."

Emma could only reply to this news with a look so near approaching to despair that had Mr. Markham observed it, it would have seriously alarmed him. Fortunately, however, his attention was called off at the moment by his letters being brought to him from the counting

house, and before he had done perusing them, Emma had with great effort succeeded in subduing her feelings so as to present no appearance of extraordinary agitation.

"I must leave you for a few hours," said Mr. Markham, after attentively perusing his letters.

"Do not go," faltered Emma, for the dreaded visit promised, or rather threatened by Colletti, rose up before her mind in all its horrors.

"I will return as quickly as possible," said Mr. Markham, "but among these letters there is one which must be attended to by myself. At twelve o'clock I will be back. Keep up your spirits, and take care of yourself for my sake, Emma."

Mr. Markham departed, and Emma, with a shuddering horror, awaited the visit of that awful man, who, she began to think, was appointed by fate to be her evil genius.

## LEE'S AFRICAN TONIC.

THIS Preparation is the most efficacious remedy yet discovered for DROPSY and diseases produced by eating *Dirt, Ashes, Charcoal, Soil*, or any anti-nutritious or indigestible substances. *Planters* whose negroes are addicted to these habits should give it a fair trial. *Directions for Use*.—One table spoonful of the Tonic just before each meal; at bedtime half a table spoonful, with equal portions of castor oil, for three nights; afterwards the Tonic, alone, as above directed.

The above can be had at the stores of—  
W. BAILEY, Cheneyville,  
T. C. ANDERSON & Co., Alexandria,  
A. J. THOMPSON & Co., Opelousas,  
CAMBELL & GURDEY, Vermilion,  
CAILLIE & BULLARD, Breaxh B.  
JOSEPH GONDOLFI, St. Martinsville,  
HARE & BIRDSALL, Jeanerette,  
G. S. TRAYER, Indian Bend.

Read the following few Certificates:

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

Respectfully, your obedient servant,  
PETER TANNER.

Cheneyville, La., Dec. 18th, 1850.  
I have used the above medicine which Mr. P. Tanner speaks of, and find it very successful in each and every case.

Bayou Lafourche, La., Dec. 19, 1850.  
I hereby certify that I have used Lee's Tonic for the last eight months on eight or ten negroes, and they are all able to do a good day's work; and in all probability had I not used Lee's Tonic, half or more would have died.

Bayou Lafourche, La., Dec. 17, 1850.  
Mr. W. LEE—Sir, from my knowledge of your African Tonic I feel no hesitation in saying that it is the most effective remedy for the cure of dirt-eating I ever knew. I have tried it on a young woman who had almost destroyed herself by eating dirt; she is now perfectly well, and has been so some months. For the above statement I refer you to Mr. Silas Pearce, who administered the medicine.

Yours respectfully,  
ANDREW JACKSON,  
SILAS F. PEARCE.

Agents in Franklin,  
G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

MONTHLY.—32 Pages per Number: \$1 per annum, in advance; 10 copies for \$7.

BI-MONTHLY AND MONTHLY.—768 Pages per annum: \$2 in advance; 10 copies for \$15.

THIS is the only journal in Europe or America devoted to a complete and original system of Anthropology. It presents new and well demonstrated systems of Phrenology, Physiology and Phrenology, and surveys, from a new position, the Humanitarian progress and the great wonders and discoveries of the age. The doctrines of the Journal have been sanctioned generally by Phrenologists and men of science who have given them their investigation.

N.B.—Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously. Address the editor, Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN, Cincinnati. Remittances at the editor's risk.

Volume I, being stereotyped, copies will be sent by mail for \$2. This volume contains Nine Plates, one being a map of the New System of Phrenology.

JAMES MAY, FASHIONABLE HAIR CUTTER AND LADIES' HAIR DRESSER.

Recently from the celebrated establishment of MORRAU, PINETAU & JULIUS, NEW ORLEANS.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his services to the public generally. He will cut and dress the hair in the latest and most fashionable Parisian styles.

Ladies' and gentlemen's Wigs, Toupets, &c., and also all kinds of ornamental hair work made to order.

The advertiser takes pleasure in informing the ladies that he will wait on them at their residences for the purpose of dressing their hair, and from his long experience in this branch of business, he hopes to give perfect satisfaction.

His dressing-room is located on Main Street, between the stores of Dr. Rabe and Mr. Levy.

Dissolution.

NOTICE.—The co-partnership existing between D. P. SPARKS and THOS. NOLAN, in the steamboat Camden, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent of the parties. All debts due the boat will be paid to me or my regular agent.

D. P. SPARKS.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.—Just received a supply of the genuine. We also keep Townsend's, How's, Guyot's, and the Compound Syrup of our own compounding, constantly on hand at the Franklin Drug Store.

G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.

JAYNE'S MEDICINES.—A complete assortment of these popular remedies for sale by G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.

COD LIVER OIL.—A fresh supply at the Franklin Drug Store.

GLASS! GLASS!—French window glass, sized from 24x30 to 10x12—for sale at the Franklin Drug Store.

G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO.

WOOD for sale by PARKERSON & RANDLETT.

## FOR SALE OR RENT.

For Sale or Rent. The subscriber offers for sale or to rent his valuable Plantation, situated near the mouth of Bayou Teche, and embracing among its improvements a sugar-house and other necessary buildings. For terms (which will be accommodating) and other particulars, apply on the premises, to

THOMAS WILCOXON.

Timber for Sale. We have at the mouth of Bayou Teche 370 tiers of the best quality of Cypress Timber, which we are disposed to sell on accommodating terms. Persons wishing to buy this timber can know the terms by calling on N. Parks or M. H. Carroll, at Pattersonville.

RICKS & PARKS.

LOTS FOR SALE. SIX LOTS, 80 feet front by 600 deep, for sale on long credit; also, the lot and improvements between J. C. Gordy's and Capt. Gates's, fronting on the public road and the bayou.

HENRY C. DWIGHT, Franklin.

For Sale. The subscriber offers for sale three Lots of Ground on Willow street, each lot measuring about 80 feet front by 340 feet deep, more or less. On one lot is a new barn and shed, with a good well of water. For particulars apply to

JAMES S. SIMMONS.

BLAKE'S METALLIC PAINT. The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the sale of "Blake's Metallic Fire and Waterproof Paint," is prepared to contract for painting the roofs of sugar-houses and other buildings. Persons desirous of possessing such a security against fire, can know the terms by applying to the subscriber, in Franklin, who is prepared to furnish testimony from the officers of insurance companies, and others who have tested its qualities as a non-conductor of heat, and being impervious to fire and water.

Feb. 21 JAS. S. SIMMONS, Agent.

LONG ISLAND GARDEN SEED. CULTIVATED BY G. E. GARRETTSON.

Flushing, near New York.

1800 PAPERS of the above, warranted to be the growth of 1850, assorted varieties, comprising every kind of Vegetable usually cultivated—catalogues of which will be furnished, descriptive both of variety and mode of cultivation. Just received and for sale by

G. N. SEAGRAVE & CO., Franklin Drug Store, under the Odd-Fellows' Hall.

Carts and Wagons. 50 Ox, Mule and Baggage Carts, also a few four-horse Wagons all from the manufactory of Mr. Irwin, Wheeling, Va., and for sale by

M. WALKER, Upper Wharf.

SHERMAN'S SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.

THIS is one of the very useful articles which the present age supplies for the use of the afflicted. Its object is to give support to the scrotum and testicles, in cases of disease or relaxation. They also afford comfort and safety to those persons who exercise a great deal on horseback.

FOR SALE—1 set Sugar Kettles, from 64 to 42 inches; 1 Engine, with sugar mill, cane carrier, bagasse carrier, wood work, &c., complete—all of which will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Apply to

PARKERSON & RANDLETT.

SHERMAN'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER.

USED in all the eastern cities with unparalleled success. The effect produced in the use of this instrument is wonderful: it cures the Falling of the Womb; the sinking, all-gone feeling of the Lungs, Stomach or Sides; it helps the Whites, prevents Miscarriages, strengthens weak Lungs, weak Voice, &c.; barrenness gives place to fruitfulness, the constitution is improved, and restoration to health is the final result.

Lumber. 80,000 FEET assorted Cypress Lumber, for sale by

M. WALKER.

To Tax Payers. NOTICE.—The Assessment Roll for the year 1851 is now completed, and is deposited in the office of the Parish Recorder for inspection.

WILSON MCKERALL, Assessor.

CONGRESS WATER.—Fresh Congress Water, by bottle, dozen or box, at N. Orleans.

C. RABE.

LAMPS! LAMPS!—Just received, a lot of fine and tasteful parlor lamps, with chimney and globe complete, offered at \$3 a piece.

C. RABE.

BERMUDA ARROW ROOT of the best quality, and similar articles, suitable as diet for children and invalids, have just been received at my shop.

C. RABE.

Estimate of expenditures for the Parish of St. Mary for the year 1852.

For public roads, \$3,000

Per diem and mileage of Police Jurors, 300

Salaries and commissions of Printer, Assessor, Clerk, Collector, Treasurer and Parish Physician, 1,270

Expenses of jail, including repairs, 50

Expenses of Sheriff for holding elections, 50

Justices of the Peace, Constables, and other fees in criminal prosecutions, 300

Coroner's fees, including post mortem examinations, burials, &c., 200

Road from Franklin to Harding's, including bridge, &c., 300

Contingent expenses, including roads and bridges, 500

Total estimated expenditures, \$6,770

A true extract from the minutes: R. N. McMILLAN, Clerk.

## PROFESSIONAL.

Law Agency. DURING my absence from the parish of St. Mary, my friend JULES G. OLIVIER, Esq., will represent me in my professional business in said parish. He is also authorized to stipulate for my services, as counsel in cases in which he may be employed with me in said parish.

THOMAS H. LEWIS, Franklin, June 25, 1851.

EDWARD SIMON, Jr., Attorney-at-Law, will practice his profession in the Courts of the Fourteenth Judicial District, for the parishes of St. Mary, St. Martin and Vermilion.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main street.

Copartnership. THE undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the firm of BRENT & BAKER, for the practice of Law at the courts of this district. Their office is the same as heretofore occupied by A. W. Baker and is just below Mr. Gordy's Hotel.

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

A. L. TUCKER, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, will attend promptly to all collections or other professional business entrusted to his care. Office in Odd-Fellows' Hall, over the store of Messrs. Talbot, in Franklin.