

# Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the pillars of the temple of our liberties,  
and if it must fall we will perish amidst the ruins."

PIERRE F. LABORDE, Editor.

W. F. DURISOE, Publisher.

VOLUME IV.

Edgefield Court House, S. C. September 5. 1839.

NO. 31.

## TERMS.

The EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER is published every Thursday morning at Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within Twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

No subscription received for less than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year.

Any person procuring five Subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive the sixth copy gratis.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 62½ cents per square, (12 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 43½ cts. for each continuance. Those published monthly, or quarterly, will be charged \$1 per square for each insertion. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

W. F. DURISOE, Publisher.

## Prospectus of the Second Volume.

Embellished with splendid Engravings, and Enveloped in Printed Covers.

## THE AUGUSTA MIRROR

A Semi-Monthly Journal.

Devoted to Polite Literature, Music, &c.

BY WILLIAM T. THOMPSON.

The success which has attended the above publication and the very liberal patronage which has been extended to the First Volume, has induced the publisher to make every effort in his power to render the work still more worthy the patronage of a Southern Public. With this view, arrangements have been made, by which he has secured the assistance of a numerous list of correspondents, with whose co-operation he hopes to be able to render the Second Volume almost entirely original in its contents, as well as southern in character. While he would avoid making promises, which he might lack the ability to perform, yet his confidence in his present resources, emboldens him to assure those who have encouraged him by their patronage in the infancy of his undertaking, that if they have been satisfied with the past, they will not fail to be pleased with the Second Volume of the Mirror.

The Second Volume which will be published on the 11th May, will be considerably improved in arrangement and isographical appearance, and will be printed on paper of an excellent uniform quality, though no material change will be made in the plan of the work.

The ensuing Volume will be enveloped in neatly printed covers.

TERMS.—The Mirror is printed in royal quarto form, on good paper, and on four types, and is issued every other Saturday evening, at \$3 in advance, or \$4 at the end of the year. Each Volume contains Twenty-Six numbers, or two hundred and eight royal quarto pages, including twenty-six favorable views of Music, arranged either for the Piano-forte or guitar; comprising, in all, more reading matter than is contained in two thousand common duodecimo pages.

## AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorised to act as agents for the Augusta Mirror. All receipts for subscriptions given by them, will be credited upon the books of the office:—  
Georgia.—Jas H. Bothwell, Louisville; A. Chase, Athens; D. G. Codd, Washington; N. L. Sturges, Waynesborough; L. L. Wittich, Madison, Morgan Co.  
South Carolina.—P. A. Chazal, Charleston; Colonel A. H. Pemberton, Columbia; J. D. O'Connell, Advertiser Office, Edgefield; of whom may be had  
The British Partisan; or a Tale of the Times of Old. By Miss Torague, of Abbeville District, S. C.

## DIS-SOLU-TION.

The partnership of H. L. JEFFERS & Co., of Hamburg, South Carolina, was dissolved on the 1st of August, 1839, by mutual consent. All unsettled business of the concern will be attended to by H. L. JEFFERS.

H. L. JEFFERS.

Hamburg, May 2 1839 ac 16

I beg leave most respectfully to inform my friends, and the public generally, that Mr. HUMPHREYS BOWLING has associated himself with me, and that the business will hereafter be done under the name of JEFFERS & BOWLING, and hope that a continuation of the liberal patronage hitherto bestowed, will be merited and received.

H. L. JEFFERS.

Hamburg, May 13, 1839 ac 16

## NEW FIRM

IN HAMBURG, S. C.

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have associated themselves together in the Town of Hamburg, for the purpose of transacting a general

Grocery and Commission Business, in which capacity they offer themselves to the public, and hope, by a strict and close attention to business, to receive a liberal share of patronage. Their Stock shall ever be composed of the most choice and well selected articles usually kept in a Grocery and Store Dry Goods line. All Orders, or letters addressed to them, for any article, or business on Commission, shall meet with careful attention and despatch.

HENRY L. JEFFERS.

HUMPHREYS BOWLING.

Hamburg, May 13, 1839 ac 16

## For Sale.

MY HOUSE and LOT, in the Village of Edgefield, upon terms to suit a purchaser. In my absence, apply to Col. Banks.

JAMES JONES.

April 12 ac 19

## The Cause of Bilious Complaints and a Mode of Cure.

A Well regulated and proportionate quantity of bile upon the stomach, is always requisite for the promotion of sound health—it stimulates digestion, and keeps the intestinal canal free from all obstructions. On the inferior surface of the liver is a peculiar bladder, in which the bile is first preserved, being formed by the liver from the blood. Thence it passes into the stomach and intestines, and regulates the indigestion. Thus we see when there is a deficiency of bile, the body is constantly costive. On the other hand, an overabundance of bile causes frequent nausea in the stomach; and of ten promotes very severe attacks of disease, which sometimes end in death.

Fevers are always preceded by symptoms of a disordered stomach; as are also scrofulous disorders, and all sympathetic functional, organic or febrile diseases. From the same cause, the natural and healthy action of the heart, and the whole vascular system is impaired and reduced below its natural standard as exhibited in palpitations, languid pulse, torpor of the limbs, syncope, and even death itself, in consequence of an overabundance of a peculiar offensive substance to the digestive organs.

The approach of bilious diseases is at all times attended by decided symptoms of an existing diseased state of the stomach and bowels, i. e. with those which are known to point out their contents to be of a morbid irritating nature; but whenever the alimentary canal happens to be loaded with irritating matter, some derangement of healthy operation either of the general system, or of some particular organ of the body is the certain result, and when this state happens to be united with any other symptoms of disease, its effects are always thereby much aggravated. The progress of organic obstruction is often so rapid as scarcely to admit of time for the application of such aid as is to be offered by art, yet, in general, the premonitory symptoms of gastric trouble are perceptible for a day or two previous to the feverish paroxysm, a period, when the most efficacious assistance may be given, by unloading the stomach and alimentary canal of its irritating contents, and thus reducing the susceptibility of disease.

MOFFAT'S LIFE MEDICINE, should always be taken in the early stages of bilious complaints; and if persevered in strictly according to the directions, will positively effect a cure.

The mineral medicines often prescribed in these diseases, although they may effect a temporary cure, at the same time create an unhealthy state of the blood, and consequently tend to promote a return of the very disease which they are employed to cure. It is then by the use of purgatives, exclusively formed of vegetable compounds, which, possessing within themselves no deleterious agencies, which decomposition, combination, or alteration can develop or bring into action; and therefore capable of producing no effect, save that which is desired—a safe remedy is found.

THE LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS have proved to be the most happy in their effects in cases of Bilious diseases, of any purely vegetable preparation ever offered to the public. If the stomach is full, they cleanse it by exciting it to throw off its contents; if not they pass to the duodenum without exerting vomiting or causing in the stomach; stimulating the neighboring viscera, as the liver and pancreas, so as to produce a more copious flow of their secretions into the intestines; stimulating the exhalant capillaries, terminating in the inner coat, which an increased flow of the useless particles of the body, foreign matters, or retained secretions, are completely discharged.

For a wholesale and retail by the proprietor, WILLIAM T. THOMPSON, 37 Broadway, New York, to whom all letters relative to the Medicines or orders must be directed.

For further particulars of the above Medicines see MOFFAT'S GOOD SAMARITAN, a copy of which accompanies the Medicine. A copy may also be had on application at the store of C. A. DOWD, at Edgefield Court House, who has the Medicines for sale.

August 1 ac 26

## Valuable Lands for Sale.

The subscriber will dispose of all his Lands, consisting of about 1400 acres, viz:

The tract on which he now resides, containing about 900 acres, lying on the Stage Road leading from Edgefield Court House to Augusta, within 4 miles of the Court House, and 19 from Augusta. On the premises are good buildings, and an Orchard of two thousand and eight hundred fine fruit Trees.

Also, the place formerly owned by E. J. Youngblood containing about 350 acres, with necessary buildings, all new.

Also, the place known as Bellevue, within 2 and 3 miles of the Village. It has a two story Building, and is as fine a situation as any in the District. It contains 100 acres, 10 of which are cleared.

All the tracts contain about 700 acres of fine timbered wood-land, and all have fine springs.

Persons desirous of purchasing may examine for themselves.

The terms will be accommodating.

W. B. MAYES.

May 4, 1839 ac 14

## Abbeville Lands for sale.

WILLIAM B. MAYS, on the first Monday in September next, 1839, offers for sale, in 2 tracts, viz: 1000 acres, known as the Waldriver tract, lying 8 miles south of Greenwood, on the Main road—this tract is well improved, and in a high state of cultivation, with 500 acres cleared—there are on it, an excellent two story dwelling house, good Gin-house, Barn and Carriage house, with all other necessary out buildings, and an excellent well of good water in the yard.

The other tract contains 576 acres, adjoining Newmarket, within two miles of the Greenwood Academies. It has 100 acres cleared, 40 of which are fresh—a good Dwelling house and Kitchen, with other out buildings, and an excellent Spring of good water within 200 yards of the house. Terms made known on the day of sale.

JOHN PARTLOW.

June 1st, 1839 ac 19

The Col. mbia Telescope will publish the above bill the day of sale, and forward the account to the subscriber, at Newmarket, for payment.

J. P.



## Poetic Success.

SUSANNAH.

Sweeter than the sweetest manna,  
Love y, lively, chaste Susannah;  
You're the girl that I still muse on,  
Pretty little smiling Susan.  
Oh! if verses can amuse ye,  
Fairer, sweeter, laughing Sussey,  
I'd write on, but ne'er rebuke ye,  
Handsome and good natured Sukey.  
Every rhyme would flatter you,  
Sprightly, dimpling, tender Sue!  
I've sung my song—adieu, adieu,  
Susannah, Susan, Sussey, Sukey, Sue.

For the Edgefield Advertiser.

MARY.

Charming is my dearest Mary,  
Ne'er in temper doth she vary;  
Lovely, lively, is my Molly,  
But she's ne'er inclin'd to folly.  
Chaste I ween, is pretty Polly,  
As was e'er the Virgin holy;  
Gentle always is my Mary,  
Arden, frank, but every way.  
Call the fair by either name,  
She's e'er charming and the same,  
Never am I melancholy.  
When by thy side, my Mary, Molly, Polly.  
Edgefield C. H. F.

CHILDHOOD.

Oh, for the bright and gladsome hours,  
When, like a wandering stream,  
My spirit caught from earth and sky,  
The light of a very beam;  
When it into my laughing eye  
A te-dro, chance to start,  
'Twas banished in a mom't by  
The sunshine of the heart.

I'm musing on the happy past,  
The first spring-time of life,  
When every tone of wind and wave  
With melody was rife;  
When all youth's hopes and promises—  
These rainbows of my sky—  
Danced forth in fairy vision  
Before my wanderer's eye.

My heart is with the leaping rills,  
That murmur round the home,  
Where first my lips were taught to speak,  
My feet to roam;  
The sweet songs of the happy birds,  
The whispering wind voiced breeze,  
That caught the faint breath of the rose,  
And waved amid the trees.

How many mournful memories,  
Steal gently through my mind,  
Like spirit-voices hither and yonder,  
Upon the wandering wind;  
And as Thought leads me back again,  
I almost seem to trace  
In each sweet flower, and shrub, and tree,  
Some fond, familiar face.

'Tis thought, because I smile on all,  
That I am vain and gay,  
That by the world's light flattery  
I may be lured astray;  
They know not that my heart oft breathes  
Its fragrance out in sighs,  
That sad songs redden on my lips,  
And tears within my eyes.

My thoughts are all as pure and sweet,  
As when I was a child,  
And all my bright imaginings  
Are just as free as wild;  
And were it not for one bright link,  
Within Affection's chain,  
I'd wish to wander to that spot,  
And be a child again.

AMELIA.

## Miscellaneous.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH:

By the Editor.

MAN.

Every thing in man, even his exterior marks his superiority over all living beings. He holds himself erect, and elevated—his attitude is that of command—his head looks towards heaven, and presents an august countenance, on which is impressed the character of his dignity. The image of the soul is painted on his physiognomy; the excellence of his nature breaks through the material organs, and animates with a divine fire, the features of his countenance. His majestic port—his firm and stately step announce his nobleness, and his rank. He touches the earth only with his remote extremities—he sees it but from afar, and appears to disdain it. His arms are given him, but to serve as columns of support to the mass of his body; his hand does not touch the earth, and lose by repeated contact, the delicacy of touch, of which it is the principal organ; his arms and hand are made to serve for more noble uses—to execute the orders of his will; to seize things the most distant; to remove obstacles; to prevent accidents, and the shock of any substance which might injure him; to embrace and retain whatever will give him pleasure, and to bring every thing within the reach of his other senses. When the soul is tranquil, all the features of the face are in a state of repose—their proportion, their union, their whole aspect mark perfectly, the delightful harmony of

the thoughts, and respond to the calm within. But when the soul is agitated, the human face becomes a living picture, on which the passions are expressed with as much delicacy, as energy; when each emotion of the soul is marked by a feature—each action by a character, the lively and prompt impression of which anticipates the will, betrays us, and shows by strong, external signs, our secret agitation. 'Tis in the eyes especially, that the passions are painted—'tis in them, that they may be discovered. The eye belongs more to the soul, than to any other organ; it seems to be in immediate contact with it, and to partake in all its movements. It expresses the most lively passions—the most tumultuous emotions—the most delicate impulses—and the most delicate sentiments; it shows them in all the force and purity which they possess, as they spring from the soul; it transmits, by rapid motions, into the spirit of another, the fire, the action, the image of the soul, from which they proceed. The eye reflects and receives at the same time, the light of thought, and the warmth of sentiment—it is the sense of the spirit, and the language of intelligence.

BUFFON.

## THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

What need is there of new researches, and painful speculations, to ascertain whether there is a God? Let us only raise our eyes above, and we see the immensity of the heavens, which are the work of his hands—those great bodies of light which roll so regularly, and so majestically over our heads, and by the side of which, the earth is but an imperceptible atom. What magnificence! Who said to the sun, "Come forth from nothing, and rule over the day!" To the moon, "Appear, and be the light of night!" Who has given a being and a name to the multitude of stars, which decorate the firmament with so much splendor, and which are so many immense suns attached each to a class of worlds, which they enlighten! Who is the Workman, whose mighty power has achieved these wonders, before which the pride of reason stricken down, is lost and confounded? What other than the Sovereign Creator could have formed them? Did they spring themselves, from the bosom of chance, and nothing? Will the impious man be so senseless, as to attribute to that which is not, a mighty power, which he dares refuse to Him, who exists essentially, and by whom, every thing has been made?

Nations the most groveling, and the most barbarous, comprehend the language of the heavens—God has established them over our heads as celestial messengers, who never cease to proclaim to the universe, His grandeur. Their majestic silence speaks the language of all men, and all nations; their voice is heard wherever the earth gives food to her inhabitants. Look to the extremities of the earth, the most remote and the most lonely, and you will find no spot in the universe, however hidden it may be from the view of man, which can be concealed from the splendor of that Power which shines above us, in the luminous globes that decorate the firmament.

This is the first book which God has shown to men, to teach them that He is; 'tis in this, that they first learn whatever of His infinite perfections He is pleased to manifest to them; 'tis in view of these magnificent objects, that penetrated with admiration, and a holy fear, they bow down to worship the Almighty Author.

They need no prophets to tell them, what they owe to Supreme Majesty—the admirable structure of the heavens, and the universe, sufficiently teaches them. In the course of time, men abandoned this pure and simple religion to their children—the precious deposit became corrupt in their hands. While admiring the beauty and the splendor of the works of God, they mistook these works for God himself; the stars which only appeared to announce His glory to men, became themselves their divities. Insensate creatures! They offered their vows and their homage to the sun and the moon, and the host of heaven, which could neither hear them, nor receive their prayers! The beauty of the work, made them forget their duty to the Creator!

MASSILLON.

A debtor observed to a creditor, that it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest.

The remains of the celebrated preacher Whitfield, are interred beneath the pulpit of a church in Newburyport, Mass., in which he often preached.

Madame Iturbide, ex-empress of Mexico, is at the White Sulphur Springs, Va.

## THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The beautiful effusion which the reader will find below, is the production of the chaste and classic mind of the late venerable and distinguished Senator from Rhode-Island, Mr. Robbins, and was occasioned by the following circumstances: During the Session of 1837-8, Mr. Webster entertained a large party of friends at dinner; among them the venerable Senator we have named. The evening passed off with much hilarity, enlivened with wit and sentiment; but during the greater part of the time, Mr. Robbins maintained that grave but placid silence which was his habit. While thus apparently abstracted, some one suddenly called on him for a toast, which call was seconded by the company. He rose, and in his surprise asked if they were serious in making such a demand of so old a man; and being assured that they were, he said if they would suspend their hilarity for a few moments, he would give them a toast and preface it with a few observations. Having thus secured a breathless stillness, he went on to remark that they were then on the verge of the 22d of February, the anniversary of the birth of the great patriot and statesman of our country, whom all delighted to remember and to honor; and he hoped he might be allowed the privilege of an aged man to recur for a few moments to past events connected with his character and history. He then proceeded, and delivered in the most happy and impressive manner, the beautiful speech which now graces our columns. The whole company were electrified by his patriotic enthusiasm; and one of the guests before they separated, begged that he would take the trouble to put on paper what he had so happily expressed, and furnish a copy for publication. Mr. R. obligingly complied with this request on the following day, but by some accident the manuscript got mislaid, and eluded all search for it until a few days ago, when it was unexpectedly recovered, and is now presented to our readers—*National Intelligencer*.

On the near approach of that calendar-day which gave birth to Washington, I feel rekindling within me some of those emotions always connected with the recollection of that hallowed name. Permit me to indulge then, on this occasion, for a moment, in a few remarks, as preliminary to a sentiment which I shall propose. I consider it as one of the consolations of my age that I am old enough and fortunate enough to have seen that wonderful man. This happiness is still common to so many yet among the living, that it is less thought of now than it will be in after times; but it is no less a happiness to me on that account.

While a boy at school I saw him for the first time; it was when he was passing through New England, to assume the post of Command-in-chief of the American armies at Cambridge. Never shall I forget the impression his imposing presence then made upon my young imagination; so superior did he seem to me to all that I had seen or imagined of the human form for striking effect. I remember with what delight, in my after studies, I came to the line in Virgil that expressed all the enthusiasm of my feelings, as inspired by that presence, and which I could not often enough repeat:—*Credo quidem, nec una fides, gressus istos decorum*.

I saw him again at his interview with Rochambeau, when they met to settle the plan of combined operations between the French and American armies, against the British on the Chesapeake; and then I saw the immense crowd drawn together from all the neighboring towns, to get, if possible, one look at the man who had thronged himself in every heart. Not one of that immense crowd denoted the final triumph of his country in her glorious conflict; for every one saw, or thought he saw in Washington, her guardian angel, commissioned by Heaven to insure that triumph. "Nil desperandum, Teutero duce auspice Tuum."

In after life, when the judgment corrects the extravagance of early impressions, I saw him on several occasions, but saw nothing at either to diminish me of any extravagance in my early impressions. The impression was still the same; I had the same over-powering sense of being in the presence of some superior being.

It is indeed remarkable, and I believe unique in the history of men, that Washington made the same impression upon all places, and at once. When his fame first broke upon the world, it spread at once over the whole world. By the consent of mankind—by the universal sentiment—he was placed at the head of the human species; above all envy, because above all emulation, for no one then pretended, or has pretended to be—at least who has been allowed to be—the co-rival of Washington in fame.

When the great Frederick of Prussia sent his portrait to Washington, with this inscription upon it, "From the oldest General in Europe to the greatest General in the World," he did but echo the sentiment of all the chivalry of Europe. Nor was the sentiment confined to Europe, nor to the bounds of civilization; for the Arab of the Desert talked of Washington in his tent; his name wandered with the wandering Scythian, and was cherished by him as a household word in all his migrations. No time was so barbarous as to be a stranger in the name; but every where, and by all men, that name was placed at the same point of elevation, and above compeer. As it was in the beginning, so it is now; of the future we cannot speak with certainty. Some future age, in the endless revolutions of time, may produce

another Washington; but the greater probability is that he is destined to remain forever, as he now is, the Phoenix of human kind.

What a possession to his country is such a fame! Such a *Clarum et venerabile nomen Gentibus*!

To all his countrymen it gives, and forever will give, a passport to respect wherever they go, to whatever part of the Globe, for his country is in every other identified with that fame.

What then is incumbent upon us, his countrymen? Why, to be such a people as shall be worthy of such a fame—a people of whom it shall be said, "no wonder such a people have produced such a man as Washington." I give you, therefore, this sentiment:

The memory of Washington: May his countrymen prove themselves a people worthy of his fame.

## DRY GOODS SALESMEN.

Probably no class of the community are more annoyed and perplexed, at the times, than our clerks in the retail dry goods stores; but, as in all other business, there are some bright spots, some moments of requital. The other day, happening in one of our most extensive dry goods shops, two very pretty, elegantly dressed ladies came in, who of course monopolized the whole attention of the clerks, and the less important customer, the writer of this, was left in the back ground, where partially detained on business, but more particularly from the attraction before him, he concluded to "see it out"; and, egad, a most salutary lesson was learned.

"I will look at your new style of handkerchiefs," said one of the ladies.

"Have you received any new satins lately," interrupted the other.

The clerks fly about, open a dozen different boxes, display all the rich satins, &c., with various expressions of delight for having been so fortunate as to obtain such rare articles, and most solemnly avow that they are "dog cheap,"—"afforded for less than at any other store in town." "were bought at auction during the pressure in New York," that "Mrs.—" had just taken one of those shawls, and Miss—had just left the store with a dress from that beautiful, rich, heavy piece of satin!"

"These shawls are rather pretty," said one of the ladies.

"Yes, tolerable, but they look rather cheap—not of the latest style," said the other.

"Yes, I think they are altogether too common.—Have you any that are better and more fashionable than these," said the other.

Here divers other boxes were opened and displayed, with an additional inducement by way of a speech for purchasing. "Oh me! Why those were out of fashion a year ago! But what is the price of those you first showed us?"

"Five dollars."

"Five dollars! My—why—Mrs.—" pided ten for one the other day. We want a better article than these. We did not call to purchase plebeian handkerchiefs, sir!" exclaimed the ladies, evidently affronted, and were for making off, when one of the clerks, (a Yankee,) with great coolness observed, "by the way, ladies, Mr.—" has just returned from New-York, and if I am not greatly mistaken, he has two or three shawls in his trunk, which he purchased the day he left, intending one for his wife and the others—"

"Oh! let us see them—do bring them out!" exclaimed the damsels with apparent delight.

The clerk having previously laid aside two of the prettiest of the first lot exhibited, runs back to the counting room, fumbles over a lot of trunks, &c., and returns, carefully unfolds the "very costly articles," and with the most grave and dignified expression, observes, "there is not ladies, probably, another shawl in the whole western country like that; and this is just like it, only it has not the Cervero stocknot border on it."

"Beautiful! I declare I must have that," says one; "I never! I say, coz, you take one, and I'll take the other—what's the price?"

The clerk having one of those knowing looks, hesitated a little, then observed:—"Really, ladies, I don't know what to do—I expect I have done wrong in showing them—"

"O, now don't try to get off—we are determined to have these shawls—now what's the price?"

"Why, I, they cost—now ladies I am afraid I am doing wrong. Mr.—" promised his wife he'd get her the prettiest shawl in New-York, when he went on this errand, and I am afraid I should get my ears pulled, if I should—"

"We can't help that—what's the price?"

"Why they cost—one, ten dollars, and the other fifteen, but I am afraid I am doing wrong to sell these shawls."

"Coz (aside) how much money have you?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Have you—well, there is just a five dollar bill. Here, sir, there is your change—we'll take the shawls."

"Yes, well, I'll wrap them up—but I really don't know what Mrs.—" will say."

Moral.—When you are ignorant of the value of an article, never insult a Yankee Clerk.—*St. Louis Republic*.

The laws of Louisiana place the husband and wife upon equal grounds. They give to each the control of their property, and to the survivor the right of dower in the property of the deceased.