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Wonderful Case of Animal Magnetism related by Dumas.

The voluminous modern French author, Alexandre Dumas, is now publishing memoirs of his own life and in these memoirs we find the following strange story, conveyed by him as true. It is almost impossible to give the charm of the author's style in the English language; nevertheless, the incidents are extremely interesting, however absurd they may appear to incredulous readers:—

I have not yet done with animal magnetism. On the contrary I have a story in reserve more extraordinary still; and I will now proceed to narrate what passed in the presence of fifteen persons, all of whom signed a paper containing the narration, which was written out at the time by two of the company. During my temporary residence at Auxerre, I was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. D—, who had two children, a boy six, and a girl eleven years of age. Marie, the daughter, was a lively child, or rather a little angel, with very pale cheeks and very black eyes, which, in their expression, were almost evens. She was exquisitely delicate in every respect, but with neither more nor less intelligence than children usually possess at her age, and I had hardly remarked her, except to say to my daughter, what a beautiful child! My daughter, being of the same opinion, had made a drawing of Marie when awake—I say when awake, for a reason to be given by-and-by. One day we were seated at the dinner-table, the dining-room on one side opened upon the garden, the dessert was placed upon the table, and the two children, who had left their seats, were playing among the trees and flowers. The conversation fell upon the never-ending still-beginning subject of Animal Magnetism, which, to me, was, at all times, particularly disagreeable, as incredulity and doubt were generally expressed openly and unhesitatingly, and in self-defense I could only say that certain effects had been produced. Now as these effects had been produced in places distant from the scene of discussion, I was forced to choose from among the numerous persons who were in my judgment could be magnetized, and whether in the humor or not, I was obliged to try my skill. All magnetizers know that putting a person in a magnetic sleep is as laborious for the operator, as for the person operated upon. While we were at dessert, I narrated some of the cases of magnetic sleep already mentioned, but my recital met with the most undivided incredulity.

I shall never believe in animal magnetism, said Madame D— to me, until, for instance—and she endeavored to think of something quite impossible to be done—until you have put my daughter Marie to sleep.

Call Marie, said I, let her sit in her usual place at table, give her a wine-biscuit and some fruit, and while she is eating, I will try to put her asleep.

Is there no danger? What danger do you fear? Will it not injure her health? Not in the slightest degree.

Madame D. sent for Marie, who came running into the room. Some green grapes and a biscuit were put upon her plate, and she was told to eat them at table. Her seat was next to mine on the left side, and while around the table the conversation was continued as before her arrival (the only person silent being myself), I raised my hand behind the child's head, at the same time willing with concentrated power that she should go to sleep. In about half a minute she was perfectly still, every movement having entirely ceased, and she appeared absorbed in looking intently at a green grape which she held in her hand ready to raise it to her mouth.

What is the matter, Marie? said her mother. The child did not reply—she was sound asleep, and it was so quickly brought about that I did not myself believe it. I then without touching her head gently brought it backward, so that it would rest upon the top of the chair, by simply willing that it should fall back. Her upturned face now exhibited a perfect image of calmness and serenity. I then made passes with my hands upwards before her eyes, to cause her to open them which she did,—the pupils were turned upward, and just below them, there was a delicate, pearly line of light. She was now in what is called the *estatic state*. In this state of magnetic sleep, the eyelids do not feel the need of winking, as when awake, and any object may be held so near as almost to touch the pupil, without causing the slightest uneasiness to the eyes. My daughter sketched the head of Marie while thus asleep, as a *pendant* to the drawing already mentioned. The difference between the *child* and the *angel* was so manifest in the two drawings that she added wings to the latter, which then strongly resembled a study or copy, from the best works of Giotto or Perugino. The child being in the estatic state, it was now to be seen whether she would speak. By merely touching her hand she spoke—by simply requesting her to rise, she did so; but her voice was plaintive and unsteady, and her movements were rather those of an automaton than of a living being. With her eyes open she shut, going forward and backward, she walked in a straight line with perfect fearlessness and security. I then isolated her, so that she could hear my voice only, and could therefore reply only to me. The voices of her father and mother could not reach her sense of hearing, when by simple willing I caused the isolation to cease, and she could then communicate with any person present, whom I chose to designate. I asked her several questions, to which she replied with so much propriety, exactness and intelligence, that her uncle, studiously exclaimed, Ask her some political questions. As I have already said, the child was but eleven years of age, and of course knew nothing relating to political subjects or discussions, not even the names of men or of things connected therewith.

I will now copy exactly the statement, written out at the time of this strange exhibition, without attaching the slightest importance to any of the child's predictions; which I should be greatly obliged to see accomplished, and I can only attribute them to the excited state of the brain, and the exact answers, I shall give precisely as they occurred.

What is the political situation of this country at this time, my child?

We are a Republic, sir. Can you tell me what a Republic is? It is an equal division of rights among all who compose a nation, without distinction of rank, of birth or of condition.

We looked at each other in astonishment, for the replies were made without the slightest hesitation, and as if they had been before-hand committed to memory. I turned to her mother and said, shall we go on, Madame? She was motionless, and could hardly speak.

Oh! I fear the poor child suffers terribly in trying to answer questions so much above her age and understanding, said her mother; do you know, she added, that the readiness of her replies frightens me?

I turned to the child and said, does the magnetic sleep fatigue or pain you, Marie? Not at all, sir. You think, then, that you can easily answer my questions?

Certainly I can. But these questions are not such as are usually asked children of your age.

God permits me to understand them. We again looked at each other in astonishment. Go on, said her mother, go on, go on, said all present, with perfect curiosity.

Will the present political situation of this country be permanent? Yes, sir, it will continue several years.

Will Lamartine or Ledru-Rollin cause it to be permanent? Neither of them. Then we shall have a President? Yes.

And after this President who shall we have? Henry V. Henry VI but you know very well, my child, that he is an exile?

Yes, but he will come back again to France. How will he come back again—by force? No, by consent of the French people. And at what place will he re-enter France? At Grenoble.

Will there be fighting in consequence? No. He will go to Italy, from Italy he will pass into Dauphny, and some morning they will say, Henry V. is in the *Citadel of Grenoble*. There is a citadel, then, at Grenoble? Yes, sir.

Do you see it? Yes, it stands upon a hill. Where is the city? The city is at the bottom of the hill, in the valley.

Is there a river in the city? There are two rivers. Are the waters of the same color? Not one is white and the other green.

We looked at each other more than ever astonished. Marie had never been to Grenoble, and it was doubtful whether, if awake, she would know the name even of the capital of Dauphny.

But are you sure it is the Duke of Bordeaux who is at Grenoble? As sure as if his name was written here—and she pointed to her forehead.

How does he look? come, describe him. He is of middle height, rather stout; with blue eyes, and chestnut hair, which is cut and parted in front like the hair of the angels drawn by Mademoiselle Marie Dumas.

There! he is passing directly before you, said I, do you see anything peculiar in his walk? He limps.

Well, from Grenoble where does he go? To Lyons.

And at Lyons is there opposition to his entering the city? At first they intended to oppose him, but I see a great many workmen who go out to meet him, and who bring him into the city.

Is there not some firing of guns? Oh, yes, sir, a little firing, but not much damage done.

Where will the guns be fired? On the road between Paris and Lyons.

By what suburb of the city will he enter Paris? Saint Martin's.

But my child, what good will it do us, should Henry V. become King of France, as he has no children, and—I added hesitatingly—it is said he cannot have any?

But that is the same thing, my dear little Marie, since he cannot be divorced from his wife?

Ah, yes! but there is one thing that God alone knows, and that I know. What is that? It is, that his wife will die of consumption.

And who will he marry—a Russian or German princess, no doubt? No, he will say, the people of France have brought me back to reign over them, and I will marry a daughter of the people.

We all laughed, for the replies of Marie were prophetic. Where will he find this daughter of the people, my child? He will say, go and look for a young girl that I saw at No. 42, Saint Martin's suburb. She was standing upon a guard stone beside a gateway, dressed in white, and she held in her hand a green bough, which she waved as I passed.

Well, and will they go to Saint Martin's suburb? To be sure they will. And will they find the young girl? Yes, at No. 42. Of what rank is her family? Her father is a carpenter.

Do you know the name of this future Queen of France? Leontine. So the King will marry this young girl? Yes. And by her he will have a son? Yes, two. And what will they call the eldest—Henry, or Charles? Neither. Henry V. will say that these two names have been too fatal to those who have borne them; they will call him Leon.

How long will Henry V. reign? Ten or eleven years. How will he die? He will die of pleurisy, brought on by drinking cold spring water one day when hunting in the Forest of St. Germain.

But take care, my child, you are saying this before a room full of people. Some one of them may warn the King, and the King, knowing that he will die if he drinks the spring water, he may not drink it.

He will be warned, but he will drink it all the same. He will say that when he is hot he can eat ice-cream, therefore when he is hot he can drink cold spring water.

Who will entreat the King not to drink the spring water? Your son, who will be one of his bosom friends.

What! My son a bosom friend of the King? Yes, you know very well that in politics he differs from you.

My daughter and I exchanged glances and smiled, for Alexander and I have always quarreled about politics.

And so Henry V. being dead, Leon I. will ascend the throne? Yes.

And what will happen during his reign? I can see no farther: wake me up.

I hastened to awaken her, and when fairly wide awake, not one word of the preceding narration could she remember. I asked her some questions about Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Henry V., Leon I., &c., at which she only laughed. I then placed my thumbs upon her forehead willing that she should recollect, and she did so immediately. I requested her to begin a recital of what had just passed, which she did with perfect fidelity, and in so nearly the same words that the persons who wrote down my questions and her answers, could copy the last from the first narration.

Very frequently since the day of this dinner party, I have tried other experiments in magnetism on this child, and never with her, or rather upon her, did there appear to be limits to its power. I could make her quite blind, and deaf, and with a word, she could recollect her speech, sight and hearing, and she could be placed at a piano, it might be said, whether asleep or awake, and she would begin playing a *sonata*. A person present would choose another air which he wished the child to play. The moment I extended my hand towards her, willing that the change should take place, the playing of the *sonata* would cease, and the air requested would take its place. We did this repeatedly, more than twenty times, and before the most incredulous persons, but not once did the experiment fail.

The house of Marie's father was built upon a corner of an ancient graveyard, and some sculptured maces, epitaphs, and death's-heads were still visible upon the tomb-stones in the garden wall, and in consequence the timid child never dared to go into the garden after nightfall.

The evening of my departure from Auxerre, Madame D— spoke of the child's dread of the tomb-stones, and as my influence over Marie was very great, she thought I might perhaps dispel the child's fears. I had become so familiar with miracles, that I said it was the easiest thing in this world, and offered to try the experiment at once. Accordingly, I called the child and placed my hands upon her head, willing that she should discard all fear, and then said to her,

Marie, your mother has given me some peaches to take on my journey; go into the garden and get me some vine leaves to wrap around them.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, and very dark. The child ran out the room singing, and returned singing, bringing with her a handful of vine leaves gathered from the vines upon the very walls where the tomb stones were placed, which wall, even in the day time, she formerly trembled to approach. Since that time she shows no unwillingness to go into the garden at any hour of the evening, and in the house she will go from room to room in the night without wishing a light.

Three months after my visit above mentioned, I returned to Auxerre, and I had not spoken of my intended journey to any person. Two days before I arrived, Madame D— wished to have one of Marie's teeth drawn.

No, dear mother, said Marie; Monsieur Dumas will be here day after tomorrow. He will take hold of my little finger while the dentist draws my tooth, and then it will not hurt me.

I arrived as Marie had said, and taking her hands in mine, the tooth was drawn without her appearing to feel any pain.

Do not require me to explain the startling experiment I have narrated; it would be impossible. I can only affirm that every word I have written is strictly true. I am not a partisan or advocate of animal magnetism, and I never willingly exercise my powers, for the fatigue I experience is extreme. I believe that by the aid of magnetism, a bad man may do much harm; and I doubt whether a good man by magnetism can do any good. Magnetism may be made an amusement, but it has not yet arrived at the dignity of a science.

Wholesale Flagellation in Hungary. For the purpose of centralization of the whole Austrian Empire, the law of Austria has been introduced into Hungary, yet the old system of barbarism, as it was put in force during the war, makes the authorities forget the more humane laws, and commit those outrages, the recitals of which have so frequently caused a thrill of horror and indignation throughout the whole civilized world. At the village of Czergen, the peasantry were entangled in a lawsuit with a neighboring nobleman who drove his flocks on their pasture. He anticipated the decision of the Court by again driving his cattle upon the same pasture.

The peasant, indignant at this violation of the law, assembled en masse and drove away the herds, but severely had they done so when the officers of the law seized upon them, bore them off to the market place and there flogged every mother's son of them. This had not, however, the desired effect. The men, still more desirous of vindicating their rights, armed their wives and daughters with sticks, bay-forks

and other instruments, when the nobleman had, on the following day, once more driven upon the hostile ground. They thought that females at least would be protected from the outrages of their oppressors; but in this also they were mistaken, for the women were like their excited husbands, and they had to suffer the penalty of the whip, those only being exempted from the cruel punishment whose appearance showed them to be in an advanced state of pregnancy.

If Haynau had witnessed this spectacle, would he not with intense satisfaction have watched the writhings of these miserable creatures?

A Paris correspondent of the Washington Republic relates the following occurrence as having taken place on the French Northern railroad. It is an example of the advantage that sometimes arises from meeting opposition with a bold front:

The passengers upon the Northern railroad narrowly escaped destruction some days ago. A large cart, laden down by the weight of an enormous block of stone, had become fastened among the rails, and the efforts of the three horses to disengage it were perfectly unavailing. The whistle of the express train was heard in the distance. The engineer, determined to save his horses at least, cut the reins and the harness, and made off. The engineer saw the obstacle, reversed the steam, and gave the signal for the brakes. But the engine, which was a Crampton, refused to obey, and the mechanic saw the utter impossibility of stopping it in time, so he put on the steam again, and drove the train with full force upon the stone, and the wagon was shivered to atoms, and the stone sent flying in splinters for rods, in all directions. The train was not thrown off the track, and the passengers were unaware of any shock. They did not hear of the danger they had run till they stopped at the next station. The engine was battered, but its vitality was not decreased. The engineer, whose coolness and decision saved the passengers, is a Pole, and will be the subject of some tribute of gratitude from the company.

—and the engine was shivering in the furrow, work in the open field—I shall catch my horse staying so long in the cold!

He drives the cattle towards the yard, but does not enclose them yet, for it is too cold, until he has warmed his fingers at the kitchen fire. It is scarcely four o'clock, but he sits down before the blazing logs, and clasping his hands over his knee, meditates the hard lot which obliges him to work on such frosty days.

"It is too cold to wash dishes," explains the sly wife, and tossing the dish-cloth upon the table, she sits down to dry her wet apron, and warm herself while she reads another chapter in the well-thumbed novel. The children rush in from school, with faces ruddy with the October winds and their play; they dash their dinner basket and spelling books on the floor, and clamor for bread and butter, or a piece of pie. The sly wife rouses from her nap to see that the log has burnt through, and the ends tumbled over the audacious into the chimney corner.

"Charley, come—that's a good boy won't you get an armful of wood?"

But Charley is just hunting for plums in his mince pie—he wants to know why Joe can't go.

"Come, Joe, get an armful of wood—the fire is getting low."

"I can't," cries Joe; "I always have to get it; make Sam do it."

"Sam, get an armful of wood, I tell you—the fire will be out."

"I am busy eating," screams Sam; "Sile's at the wood pile—tell him."

The sly wife is fairly aroused; stalking out of the door, which he forgets to shut after him, he holds the only busy person about the premises with:

"Sile, you lazy nigger, why don't you attend to the fire better? Carry in a log and some kindlings."

And off he marched to scold because the axen, that could not get into the yard, have done the next best thing there could do, and trampled off to the woods, where there are no fences to forbid their straying all night and to-morrow.

"Eh," he says, "it's too cold to milk," and so not straying her thoroughly, the cow dries up a month earlier than is necessary.

"It's too cold to bother with the hens," and the coop being left open is entered by the weazel, and half a dozen of them lie dead in the morning.

"It's too cold to pull turnips," and they freeze fast in the ground, and the snow buries them till spring. "It's too cold to put up the fence tonight," and Fred's horse gets into the stock-yard, and besides eating enough of the green ones to kill himself, (no serious loss that to the sly wife) tramples on the rest and spoils many bushels. "It's too cold to lock the smoke-house," we're in an honest neighborhood, but a thief from the next town bags two of the finest hams. "It's too cold to get up at midnight and see what that tricky horse in the stable is kicking for."

He generally avails himself of the coldest nights in the season to do up his kicking. Let him enjoy it! The beast rolls as usual in his stable, gets cast, strains himself, and with the aid of the horse doctor he'll surely die of lockjaw within a week.

About the middle of next August, when the men are in their harvest fields, and many an acre of yellow grain is fallen into swaths, and being gathered into sheaves, and carted into barns, Johnny, a sympathizing neighbor, will wash up early, having secured all his corn wheat, and drawing up a paper, will go unasked from door to door, asking the friends to give a shilling or a quarter towards buying a horse for poor Mr. Sluggard. He has been very unfortunate, Johnny says. He was late about his wheat last year, and got the ground plowed so late that it had no growth on before the snow came. He gave twenty dollars for a good *milch* cow last fall, but she never seemed to thrive. I suppose she was short of fodder. Her hind legs were killed or frozen to death. His corn did not turn

out near as well as he calculated; his hams were stolen; his pork sold for nothing; and his horse, you know, died of lockjaw. Mr. Sluggard has certainly had very hard luck, and his wife, a very intelligent reading woman, don't seem to have any facility to get along. This Johnny pleads for him, and not unsuccessfully, making it very evident that the times have improved since Solomon said: "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing!"—[New York Times.]

Freckles may be removed by the following ingredients, made into a wash:

One ounce of rectified spirits of wine, a teaspoonful of muriatic acid, applied with a camel's hair pencil two or three times a day.

Singular Escape from Death. The Vienna papers give an account of a horrible affair thus:

A peasant sold at a fair two oxen, and on his return, having been drinking rather too much, he placed the horse he had received in a griddle, which he fastened around his daughter, who accompanied him. On passing through a wood a man stopped them and demanded the money. The peasant denied having any. The man knowing he had sold the oxen, seized him by the hair and dragged him a little way into the wood. There two other men joined the first, and the three murdered the peasant. The daughter distinctly saw the crime perpetrated. She took flight, reached a cottage, told the inmate, (a woman) of what had occurred, and said she had the money on her. This money the woman took and fastened in a drawer, and in compliance with the prayer of the girl, secreted her in an adjoining bed-chamber. The three men came home, told of their crime, and one, it seems, was the woman's husband. Thereupon she, with a loud laugh, said the daughter was in the next room, and she produced the belt, to their great joy. The men recollecting that the girl could betray them, resolved at once to destroy her, and the plan they agreed on was to burn her to death in the oven, and soon the girl heard the flames crackling. Desperately she sought the means of escape, and finding the wall was of clay, she was able to make a hole large enough to creep through. Escaping, and meeting her father, she related the whole party of wretches

—and the engine was shivering in the furrow, work in the open field—I shall catch my horse staying so long in the cold!

He drives the cattle towards the yard, but does not enclose them yet, for it is too cold, until he has warmed his fingers at the kitchen fire. It is scarcely four o'clock, but he sits down before the blazing logs, and clasping his hands over his knee, meditates the hard lot which obliges him to work on such frosty days.

"It is too cold to wash dishes," explains the sly wife, and tossing the dish-cloth upon the table, she sits down to dry her wet apron, and warm herself while she reads another chapter in the well-thumbed novel. The children rush in from school, with faces ruddy with the October winds and their play; they dash their dinner basket and spelling books on the floor, and clamor for bread and butter, or a piece of pie. The sly wife rouses from her nap to see that the log has burnt through, and the ends tumbled over the audacious into the chimney corner.

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Fresh Arrival of FALL GOODS.

The first of the season just received by HAWES & ARMSTRONG.

We are pleased to announce to our friends, customers, and the public generally, that we are just opening one of the largest and most beautiful stocks of goods, direct from the Eastern Cities, ever brought to this market, to which we very respectfully call your attention.

Our stock, in a few days, will be complete, consisting of Blk English, German, and French cloths; Blk and fancy cassimeres and suitings; worsted silk and satin vestings, blk and col'd; jeans and tweeds; blankets and blanket coats; red, yellow, green, blue, and white flannels; spotted do; table towels and bird's eye diapers; Russia, huckaback, and Scotch diapers; Extra blk and bro. table linens and cloths; crapes and muslins.

Splendid assortment of ladies' dress goods plain and fig'd blk alpaca; plain, changeable and fig'd do; plain English and French merinos; fig'd do; beautiful patterns of all wool delaines; plain do; rich fig'd and plain broad silk—blk and fancy colors; plain, changeable and fancy lined silks; British, French and American prints; brown and blk muslins, all grades; do do sheeting; Beautiful French piano and table covers; do double damask do do; plain and barred Swiss muslin plain and barred jaconets and cambrics; white and col'd tarletons; white and col'd crapes and crapes lisses; Green Borage; blk lace veils; demi do; fancy col'd do; blk white and col'd kid gloves, for ladies and gents; Ladies silk gloves (kid finish); blk net muslin, every description; silk, woolen and cotton hosiery. A large and beautiful lot of bonnet, taffeta, and satin Ribbons, together with a great variety of notions to which the attention of the LADIES is solicited. Ladies, Misses and Children's gait, calf and kip shoes. Fine lating and kid gaiters and half-gaiters. Boots, buskins and slippers. Men's and boy's boots and shoes of every quality.

Glass and Queensware, Groceries &c., all of which we are offering very low, and will try to make it to your interest to trade with us. Give us a call before purchasing. "It's a pleasure, and not a task, to show goods."

Yours respectfully,
HAWES & ARMSTRONG.

N. B.—We wish to buy country jeans, linsey, woolen socks, beewax, feathers, bacon, lard, dry hides, rag carpeting, &c. H. & A. sep 22-ly

Want Everybody to Read This. I have lately moved my Family Grocery and Flour Depot to South west corner of Main and Third streets, where I shall be pleased to see my old friends, new customers, little children, ladies, and the rest of mankind. I have a great many necessary things to sell for the comfort and convenience of fallen humanity, such as groceries, spices, wash tubs, wash boards, scrubbing brushes, brooms, soap, candles, and tapers; together with a great many things that I can not get—I also keep butter, eggs, and corn meal, when they are to be had; but I always have the renowned Eagle Mills FLOUR—acknowledged by all to be the best article ever sold in Hannibal—in fact, it can't be beat. Everybody call and see me; I'm in a hurry this morning—no time to talk. Good bye till we meet.

[ad 191] T. JACKSON.

Improvement in Antagonistic Dentistry. Dr. S. H. ANDERSON would respectfully inform the citizens of Hannibal and country especially, that he is inserting teeth on an improved plan, which, for its adaptation to the functions of mastication, cannot be surpassed. Dr. A. will guarantee to any person who wants a set of teeth—let their jaws be ever so irregular or badly deformed from the loss of teeth and absorption—that he will make them a set that will antagonize or shut together as regularly and as perfectly the first time they are put in the mouth, without any grinding or altering, as their natural teeth ever did.