

# HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

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NEW SERIES.

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VOL. X--NO. 22

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A young maid sat by her cottage tree,  
A beautiful maid at the dawn of day;  
Her sewing fell idle upon her knee—  
For her heart and her thoughts were far away.  
When a soldier's foot came upon the dell,  
A woeer whose hopes, one would think, were low;  
But a maiden's heart is a puzzle to tell—  
Oh, a young maid's heart is a puzzle to tell,  
And though old his face—yet his coat was new,  
Oh, a young maid's heart is a puzzle to tell,  
And though old his face, yet his coat was new.

The woeer he gave her a wistful look—  
And smiled, too, when she looked at him;  
While merry she sang, like a summer brook,  
And played with her needle and knitted the thread.  
He spoke of the ring and the wedding chime,  
He pressed her hand, and he kissed her knee,  
And he begged and implored her to give him;  
"No, go and ask my mother," said she;  
"Oh, do it yourself, my darling," said he,  
"No, go and ask my mother," said she.

Scarcely into the house had the woeer gone,  
When a young man leaned on a neighboring stile,  
And saw the look that the youth put on,  
And playful and gay was the maiden's smile,  
"Pray, who is this carle that comes here to woo?"  
And why at your side does he talk so free?  
"I ask your mother, dear Mary," said he,  
"No, Harry," she whispered, "you must ask me!"  
"I'd better go in, your mother to see?"  
"No, Harry, go, no, you must kneel and ask me!"

There was waiting one moon at the village church,  
Waiting and weeping, and words of woe,  
For the wealthy old woeer was left in the lurch,  
The maid had gone off with a younger bro,  
Warmly the sun on the hedgerow gleamed,  
Warmly it shone on the old farm gate,  
And still was the laughter upon the road,  
As Harry rode off with his wretched mate!  
Ha! ha! he cried, but he laughed he—  
They may wait a long while ere the bride they see.

## The Husband's Present;

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

It was a bitter cold night on the 24th of December. The snow lay deep upon the frozen ground, and the bright moon, riding half way up the bright heavens, lent a crystalline lustre to the scene. In the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposing village, stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep out the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow that stood near him, and his face, as the moonbeams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful footprints of the demon Intemperance. Poor, wretched, debased he looked—and such in truth he was.

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced and trellised enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such an one as the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the poor, intemperate, as he gazed upon the cottage; and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:—  
"O, thou fond home of my happiest days, thou lookest like a heaven of the idol of my soul, and within thy walls God gave me two blessed children. Then peace and plenty were mine—and love and joy. My wife—God bless her gentle soul—was happy then; and my children—may Heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost thee, as the fool leath his own salvation! Six years have passed since the demon I took to my heart drove us from your sheltering roof. And those six years!—O, what misery, what agony, what sorrows, and what degradation have they brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy, and friends are gone—all gone! O, thou fatal cup!—no, I will not blame thee—it was I who did it! Year after year I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that destruction lurked in thy smiles. But, but, and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man, and I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken-down hovel, sat a woman and two children, a boy and a girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother and her children crouched nearer to the few embers that still moldered upon the hearth. The only furniture were four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed; while in one corner, nearest to the fire place was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting place for the brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance; it was pale and wan and wet with tears. The faces of her children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardianship.

At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow crust struck upon the mother's ear, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly couch, and hardly had they got beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man whom we have already seen gazing on the pretty cottage entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when a tear-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that pearly drop was in truth a tear? No, perhaps a snow flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins was on the point of speaking some words to his wife, but at length he turned away, and silently undressed himself; and soon after his wearied limbs had touched the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband after he had fallen asleep. There was something strange in his manner, something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking, for his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demure look that usually rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful, than otherwise; and, O, Heavens! is it possible? a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, filled before the heart-broken wife, but she could not grasp it; she had no foundation for it, and with a deep groan she felt the

phantom pass. She went to her children and drew the clothes closely about them; then she knelt by their side, and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself and left the house. His poor wife awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dare not. She would have told him that she had no fuel, no bread, not anything with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had her children crawled out from their resting place. A sound of footsteps was heard from without, accompanied by a noise, as though a little sled was being dragged through the snow. The door opened, and her husband entered. He laid on the table a large wheaten loaf, a small parcel, and a paper parcel, and again he turned toward the door. When he next entered he bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then he bent over the fire place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:—  
"Kiss me, Lizzie!"

Tightly that wife wound her arms around the neck of her husband, and, as though the love of years was centered in that one kiss, she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; "these things I have brought here for you and our children; and he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from the bed, and tremblingly examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the paper she found milk; one of the papers contained two smaller bundles, one of tea, and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread before her, "from whence these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he never did that. And then that loaf! that kiss! those kind, sweet words! O, my poor, poor, poor heart, sweetest! I do hope that may only fall and crush thee!" And she wept.

"Mother," at this moment spoke her son, who raised himself upon his elbow; "Mother, is father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"O, tell me, mother, did he not come and kiss me and little Abby this morning?"

"Yes, yes, he did, he did!" cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him.

That mother could not speak; she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her children down to that morning's meal? At least a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, a retired sea-captain of some wealth sat in his comfortable parlor, engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one was at the door, and wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in, then," returned the captain.

"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir," said the servant.

"Never mind," said the captain, after a moment's hesitation, "show him in." "Poor fellow," he continued, after the servant had gone; "I would like to know what he wants. In truth, I pity him."

With trembling and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered the parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "what has brought you here?"

The man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quietly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down, and out with it," said Walker in a blunt but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill?"

"I do."

"Is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No."

"Well?"

"But why do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins in a firm and many tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered, "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything that made life valuable I have almost lost. My wife and children have suffered—and O! God only knows how keenly! I have long wandered in the path of sin. One after another the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped asunder—my name is a by-word, and upon the earth I have been a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth I am a man! Up from the depth of its long grave I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I swear to touch the fatal cup no more, and while in my heart there is life, my wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sins they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine shop, and he has given me a situation, and is anxious that I should come back; and, sir, he has been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food and furniture. To-morrow morning I commence work."

"And you came to see if you could get your cottage back again to live in?" said Capt. Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir, to see if I can live it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your

business? bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on job work, sir, and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year?"

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:—  
"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then in a trembling but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand, "I have watched well your countenance and weighed your words. I know you speak truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago, I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate, and in return I will take but a simple note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own title."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when he returned, he bore in his hands a neatly covered basket.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up my friend. Here are some bits for your wife and children—take them home; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"God will bless you for this, sir," exclaimed the kindness-stricken man; "and when I betray your confidence, may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins," said he, "and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket. "If you have time to-morrow, call on me and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street, his step was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature; and as he wended his way homeward, he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December, had fallen over the snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins there was more of comfort than we found when we first visited her; but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days her husband had come home every evening, and gone away before daylight every morning, and during that time she knew he had drunk no intoxicating beverage; for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood, and every word he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he brought new shoes and warm clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to hope. And why should she not? For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach, but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not.

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, "seemingly to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, 'is not this the last night of the year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I have been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor now."

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away, ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all was open and bold—only those many features looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to-night, but business detained me, and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask it a second time," cried the wife as she laid her hand confidently upon her loving husband's arm.

"And will you ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then, continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden. All no questions! no questions! Remember your promise!"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children

were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone bright, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife looked up into her husband's countenance; but from the strange expression that rested there she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years ago, they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled away, and a path led to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife, trembling, followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and they were met by the smiling countenance of old Captain Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean?

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged cycle is about to commence its flight over the earth.

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so:—  
"Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the New-Year."

The wife took the paper and opened it. She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming of a wild frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement she placed the precious pledge next her bosom, and then, with a low murmur, like the low whispering of some heaven-bound angel, she fell into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my dear children, gather about your father; for a husband and a father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There! Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our house! This cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend here will explain it all. O Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall henceforth be ours! Let the past be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace; and, with the tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen!"

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage of all encumbrance, and a happier or more respected family does not exist. And Lizzie—the gentle, confiding wife—as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again and again upon the magic pledge it bears, sweeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering, blinding pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her Husband's Present.

From the Palmyra Whig.

## LET THE AUGUST STABLE BE CLEANSSED.

MR. EDITOR: The political elements, for the past week, have been in a perfect ferment. Never in the history of Palmyra, has there been such rejoicing on the part of the whigs, and upon the part of the unfettered democracy as there has been such long and doleful looking countenances. You are aware, Mr. Editor, that this state of things has arisen from the unlooked for fact, that for once in fifteen years the Legislature has elected a whig President and a majority of whig Directors in the Branch Bank at this place. This places the whole and sole control of the Bank in hands of the whigs. And here it is proper to pause and reflect upon what it is best for the whigs to do. For the next fifteen years they have been manfully battling to get at least a fair representation in the Bank; but never until the present time, have they been enabled to accomplish their purposes. (Many thanks to Messrs. Mass and Martin, our representatives, for bringing about this new state of things.) Some of our friends have thought this a bad stroke of policy on the part of the whigs, and give as a reason, that the Bank is in an unsound condition—that it will at the winding up prove to have been an unprofitable concern—and that the whigs, as a party, will have to shoulder the whole blame of its mismanagement. For myself, I take the reverse of this proposition, and say that it is the imperative duty of the whigs, now that they have got possession of the Bank, to march boldly and fearlessly up to their duty, and act without fear, favor or affection to any man; and if they find that the bank is in a failing condition, (a thing I do not believe,) it will become their duty to take such steps as will secure as much of the people's money as possible. And in order that everything may be carried on faithfully—and as the whigs must shoulder the responsibility, whether it be for good or evil, I propose that an entire new set of officers be put in, from the Cashier down to Notary. I go in for a clean sweep, and say, as I have headed this article, "Let the August stable be cleansed." It is a well authenticated fact, and the history of the Palmyra branch establishes it, that the bank of the State of Missouri and its branches has been prostituted to the basest of purposes. The bank was chartered and brought into existence for the benefit of the whole people, but instead of the original object being carried out, it has been made a party institution, and to subvert party tricksters. It has been made so by the dominant party. And all that the whigs can do will be to take charge of it, and save what is left

of the people's money, for it is now reduced to a moral certainty, that the present bank can never be re-chartered. I have taken some pains to ascertain public opinion upon the propriety of making a clean sweep of the officers in our bank, and with one exception amongst the whigs, they entirely agree in the propriety of the measure; and he wished Col. South retained because he was a clever fellow, a good citizen, and an efficient officer. All this, Mr. Editor, I grant. But let me ask, is that the way democrats do when they get into power? Are not Dr. Griffith, U. S. Receiver, L. P. Hallack, U. S. Register, Wm. Carson, U. S. Mail Agent, R. H. Lane, Postmaster, all clever fellows? Ain't they good and efficient officers? And don't you, Mr. Editor, and everybody else know, that ere the ideas of March shall pass, they will be required to "walk the plank," and give place to "good democrats"? And why is it, that all those whigs have to give up their offices? What offense have they committed? Why, they did not vote for Mr. Pierce for President. That, in the eyes of the democracy, is enough to make a clean sweep of all whigs; and yet I am told Col. South ought to be retained. I should like to see some friend would give me the reason why he should be kept in, and all the rest turned out. I should like to know what great services he has rendered the whig party, that he should look for a moment for support from them? Sir, for one, I hope no whig will so far forget his fealty to his party as to vote for him. My opinion about the matter is, that Col. South is the very first man who ought to be made to walk the plank, and I will give my reasons for it. He has been in office ever since the bank has been established in Palmyra, drawing a very large salary. In fact, he has grown plump over the "fish pots." Aside from his salary, he is easy circumstances; whereas Hooton, the Clerk, and Rush and Lipscomb, the Attorneys, and Bower, the Notary, are in want of the offices for the support of their families. Humanity, therefore, would dictate that if any one man in the bank ought to be made to give place to another, that man is the Cashier.

Will the policy of the new Directory be to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer? No, sir, I forbid it. Then let us not make any invidious distinction—let us turn them all out. Don't let us make fish of one and flesh of another. They are all opposed to the whigs, and the whigs are opposed to them. Then why should we have a whig Board of Directors, and democratic officers? With the same propriety, Gen. Pierce, the President elect, had as well keep in office the present cabinet officers of Mr. Fillmore. What would the democrats of Palmyra think of their President, if he should retain the present officers? Sir, he should be denounced as a renegade from the true faith in less than twenty-four hours.

Some of my democratic friends have lately made the discovery that Col. South is the only man in the county who is competent to discharge the duties of the office! Sir, I have my eye upon one who is pre-eminently qualified—a man, too, in whom the people have implicit confidence. He is a whig, too, 'as is a whig. He has withstood the bulletins of the political elements of North-East Missouri for the past thirty years, and like a pure piece of metal, the more he is used the brighter he shines. I shall therefore take the liberty of bringing his name before the Board, as a candidate for the Cashiership. That person is William Carson, Esq., at present U. S. Mail Agent.

It is proper here for me to say, lest I might be misunderstood, that as far as Col. South is concerned, there is nothing extenuated or sought set down in malice. I treat the matter simply in a political point of view, and what I think the whig party owe to themselves. For if any democrat is to be elected, I should most assuredly choose Col. South in preference to any one I know.

Should I think it necessary, you may hear from me again.

FELIX.

The following pointed paragraph we extract from the Editor's drawer of Harper's Magazine. It may 'hold the mirror up to nature' to some who read it:

Nothing so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find, after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind recorded of an eminent English surgeon:

He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to get home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said:

"Good Heavens, sir, I hope there is no danger."

"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon, "for if the fellow doesn't run like a race horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

## Missouri Legislature.

January 25.  
House—Afternoon Session.

Petitions for the enactment of the Maine Liquor Law from the following counties, were presented: Howard, Saline, Marion, St. Louis, and Clay.

A communication from the Governor vetoing the Canton and Bloomfield Railroad Bill was read, and ten thousand copies ordered to be printed, and Tuesday after the second Monday in February, made special order for its consideration. Considerable discussion ensued.

The message was characterized by Hays and others, as a high-handed measure.

Messrs. Halliburton, Jackson and Stevenson sustained the message.

COPE FOR EYE-SUFFERERS.—The Salem Observer gives the public a cure for this distressing disorder, from which he has been a great sufferer. He says, "a simple poultice made of cranberries, powdered fine, and applied in a raw state, has proved in my case, and a number also in this vicinity, a certain remedy." In this case, the poultice was applied on going to bed, and the next morning, to his surprise, he found the inflammation nearly gone; and in two days he was as well as ever.

From the Glasgow Times.

## RAILROAD LANDS.

MR. GREEN: In consequence of our position, as dealers in Land Warrants, we have heard much speculation, and some inquiry, in relation to the mode of bringing the lands in this State, now suspended from sale, into market. We have not been able to furnish an answer satisfactory to ourselves, and consequently addressed Hon. John G. Miller, on all the points which were in doubt and of general importance to the public. Mr. Miller's reply is very explicit, and we consider the subject of sufficient interest to request you to make it public in your next paper.

Respectfully,  
W. F. BRACK & SON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1853.

Messrs. W. F. Brack & Son:  
Gents: Your favor of the 13th December was received a few days since, and I avail myself of the earliest leisure moment after an interview with the Commissioner of the General Land Office, upon the subjects mentioned by you, to reply to your inquiries.

The time at which the Land Offices in Missouri will again be opened, is as yet uncertain, and cannot be fixed until the Railroad Companies shall have made their selections under the act of the last session of Congress. No lands which have been withheld from sale under an order of the President, or of the Department, can again be brought into the market for private entry or sale, until thirty days public notice shall have been given. Such is the opinion of the Attorney General, as expressed in second part of "The Laws, opinions and instructions," page 125. Such is the rule of the Department, and, as I think, a very proper one, for it affords all persons an equal chance to make their entries. Under the act of last session granting lands to Missouri for Railroad purposes, "the sections and parts of sections of land, which by such grant shall remain to the United States, within six miles of each side of said roads, shall not be sold for less than double the minimum price of public lands when sold, which land shall from time to time be offered at public sale to the highest bidder, under the instructions of the Secretary of the Interior; and shall not be subject to entry until so offered at public sale."

The proclamation of the President with three months notice, must precede such public sale. You also inquire whether bounty land warrants will be received at the Department on each side of the roads. If these lands are sold when offered at public sale, the purchaser cannot pay for them with warrants, but must pay in cash. If any of the lands so offered are not sold, they may afterwards be entered in the land office at double the minimum price, with warrants at their par value. For example: a forty acre tract may be entered with an eighty acre warrant, or an eighty with a quarter section warrant.

Very Respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
JOHN G. MILLER.

"I DIGEST!" Such is the true meaning of the word "DIGEST," or of the two Greek words from which it is derived. This is the significant and appropriate title of the new Digest of the Statutes of Missouri, prepared by Dr. J. S. HICKSON, of Philadelphia, from the fourth stomach of the Ox, for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is Nature's own remedy for an unhealthy stomach. No art of man can equal its curative power. It renders good eating perfectly consistent with health. See the figure of the Ox, in another part of this paper.

## BRAGG'S LINIMENT.

A person in St. Louis, by the name of McLean, offering to be acquainted with the ingredients of the celebrated medicine, and well knowing the great virtues, has attempted to counterfeit a counterfeit. He adopts a spurious name, and sells an article possessing none of the properties of the original. In an effort to prevent this, the proprietor has caused the name of Dr. Bragg to be printed in large letters on the wrapper of each bottle of the "Liniment." Every one will agree with us, that the Doctor's name is the "key" into this fellow's pretensions, and very singular effect. We learn from the St. Louis Signal, that Bragg's Liniment will retain its potency for years. It is an excellent remedy for the last year's ailment, and is a million times better than the best of the city, and is its great excellence.—See our Weekly Advocate, May 20, 1852.

See advertisement in another column.

N. B.—Since the above was sent to us for publication, we find that McLEAN has in three spots, in the description of the McLEAN'S CELEBRATED VOLCANIC OIL LINIMENT, "No wonder the Missouri men are trying to run his Bologna down—they fear its increasing popularity. It is certainly a better Liniment, because it has performed remarkable cures, after Mustang Liniment had failed. See the advertisement in another column, and judge for yourselves."

JOHN TRIPLETT, JAMES M. SPADIN, NICHOLAS BRADLEY, TRIPLETT, SPADIN & CO., Commission and Forwarding Merchants, No. 10, Commercial Street, (BETWEEN VINE AND WASHINGTON AVENUES,) ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dealers in Hemp, Pork, Lard, Bacon, Flour, Grain, &c. Cash advances made on consignments for sale, (See Jan 25) here, or to our friends South or East. (See

Liquorice Paste. We will keep on hand during the season, a supply of