

HANNIBAL JOURNAL

TERMS:—One Dollar, if paid In Advance; if not paid within Six Months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; if not paid within Twelve Months, TWO DOLLARS.

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NEW SERIES.

HANNIBAL, MO., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1853.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1853.

If the editor of the Courier had been covered all over with alcohol, and a lighted match had been applied to him, he could hardly have blazed up more fiercely than he has this week, on the subject of temperance. He cuts more awkward antics ever than a bear in a dance. He first tells us he cannot sympathize with the sentiments of the resolutions adopted at the Baptist Church last Monday night, "any more than Greeley did with the Baltimore Whig platform." Greeley, it will be remembered, wanted to "spit on the Whig platform," and has since formally abandoned the Whig party. Yet in another column our consistent neighbors quote with a flourish an article from the Washington Union, in which it is charged that the Maine Liquor Law is a new plank in the Whig platform, and Greeley's advocacy alone pointed to as evidence! In their anxiety to intimate delicately that they would like to spit on the temperance platform, our neighbors have shown themselves aware of their own inconsistency. They commend the Washington Union for saying "We have no business with it as Democrats, one way or the other," and then broadly tell us that the Maine Liquor Law will be defeated by the Democracy whenever it is brought before the people, and intimate that as good Democrats the Democracy of this city are expected to paint a bottle on their banners, and march to victory! They tell us that drunkenness is a great evil, but they oppose its banishment until all men shall have become Christians—which, to say the least of it is a very indefinite postponement. They say they are "friends of the temperance cause," yet they wish to bring on our city a deluge of liquor. They are astonished that a Liquor Law Reform Association should want men in office who would reform the liquor law! they didn't expect it! they were "struck all of a heap" by the awful discovery which burst upon them last Monday night.

Altogether, we never before saw such a bundle of stupid stuff in one paper—no, not even in the Courier! Did they overlook the following paragraph in the article they copied from the Washington Union?

"It is our duty as good citizens, to submit quietly to what a majority of the people enact in the constitutional legislative assemblies."

The right of the majority to rule, and the duty of the minority to submit, are fundamental principles in our form of government.

The Courier closes with the following paragraphs, which we feel bound to term an outrage upon common decency. The ministers who have participated in this movement have characters which are happily above the power of the Courier to tarnish. The purity of their motives needs no defense from us:

The meetings of this Association have all been held in churches. Are God's temples to be desecrated by political gatherings? The more active leaders of the Association are ministers of the Gospel. Are these good Christians—upon whose efforts in the cause of religion depends perhaps the salvation of many souls—about to abandon their holy calling and enter the political arena, to give and receive the fierce blows that characterize the warfare of parties? Are they, too, becoming hungry for the pickings of office? Are they willing to abandon their flocks and wander away after a strange God—the desire for distinction and political power? We pause for the Journal to reply.

Last Tuesday an Irishman was thrown from a wagon between this city and the South river railroad crossing and killed. The horses were running away at the time.

The Courier proposes to buy a new flag, to be used for a winding sheet for the Journal and its "isms." We thank the editor for the idea. For a winding sheet nothing could be more appropriate than our country's flag, when a paper dies in defence of the true liberties, morality and intelligence of the country. In return for the Courier's kindness we suggest that its mortal remains be preserved in a corked bottle of spirits, bearing the simple inscription—"Died unregretted."

We are under obligations to Mr. B. W. S. Bowen, of the steamer Columbus, for late New Orleans papers.

HONORABLE!—Read the letter in another column, written at Saint Louis to a citizen of this place, and kindly furnished to us for publication.

A young friend of ours informs us that he learns by the Journal that Mr. Lindley is certainly elected from the rural district—Courier. As nothing of the kind ever appeared in this paper, we are bound to suppose that the above was intended for wit, though we confess we do not see the point.

We expect a crowded house at the Second Presbyterian Church next Tuesday night. Every one knows Dr. Morton, but it may not be so generally known that Mr. Lennox is an eloquent and witty speaker. It will be safe to promise gratification to those who are attracted by the pathetic or the fun-provoking, or the strongly argumentative, as of such materials will be the feast presented by the combined talents of the two speakers. Everybody is invited to attend—Mr. Lennox stated on Monday night that he was particularly desirous that those who drink and those who sell liquor should be present.

The following letter was written to a gentleman of this city, who permits us to publish it. We have never read more awful details of the ravages of any disease:

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.

St. Louis, August 16, 1853.

DEAR FATHER:—We have just arrived here with all of our officers alive, which I consider very fortunate. We buried two with the Yellow Fever, and had five other cases, which I think will recover—our first clerk is still very bad. It is almost impossible to describe the extent of sickness in New Orleans; the "Cholera" here in '49 is nothing to compare with it; everybody that could leave the city has gone, those that are left are frightened almost to death; just think of seventeen hundred dying a week, out of a population of forty thousand. The papers do not report one-half of the deaths. Last Sunday week, bodies came into the Grave Yard at Lafayette, so fast they could not bury them, and the next morning there was about one hundred and fifty not buried; being exposed to the sun the day before, the coffins burst open, and the smell was so bad they could not get any one to bury them. The next day the chain gang was sent out and buried about half, when they refused to work any more, and no one would make them do it. The stench from Potter's field is so great that persons cannot stay within a mile of it, and it is still increasing every day. It has mostly been confined to the upper and lower part of the city, but it is now making its appearance in the first district. Sunday before we left, there were forty died at the St. Charles Hotel. Up to the time we left (Tuesday) there were seven died out of that number. The Doctors do not think it is all Yellow Fever, some of them think it is the Plague, if it is, we may look for it here. The bodies burst open and bleed after they have been dead six or eight hours. It is reported by a great many, that the mortality never has been so great in any city in the world, in proportion to the population. When I left home, I did not expect to go all the way down. I soon found out if I left, the balance of the crew would stop also, so I had to go in to the city. I would not go down again for the Columbus and her load. I think the balance of the crew are in the same fix. If we lay up, I will be up to-morrow, and we will all be at home once more. If she goes back, I will not go, unless they agree to let me off on the coast. No more. Receive and give my love to all my friends.

Your affectionate son,
B. W. S. B.

THE UNBURIED DEAD.

The New Orleans Crescent of Tuesday, the 9th inst., brings up the following account of the frightful state of things in that city, growing out of the great mortality from the Yellow Fever:

On Sunday afternoon information was sent to the Mayor that numerous dead bodies were lying on the ground in the Lafayette Cemetery, unburied, for the want of force to perform the work of sepulture. The Chairman of the Committee on Cemeteries, Mr. Kurshed, appointed by the Board of Health, repaired to the spot about dark. Near there he found the "chain gang," which had been employed from early in the afternoon in the work of burial, coming away, having been unable to inter all the bodies. He prevailed on them, by promises of extra pay and a supper, to go back and resume the work. On arriving at the Cemetery, he found seventy-one bodies lying piled on the ground, swollen and bursting their coffins, and enveloped in swarms of flies. The chain gang was set to work burying them, and by half-past three o'clock yesterday they were all interred. Orders were given, we have been informed, by the competent authority, that no more bodies should be sent to the Cemetery yesterday. One cause of the pressure on this Cemetery was, as we have been informed, the impassable state of Louisiana street, leading to the burying ground of St. Vincent de Paul, where there are sixty graves dug, and left unemployed, in consequence of the difficulty of getting to them. It is also reported that the reason why burial could not be procured in the Lafayette Cemetery, was because the Sexton refused to pay more than twenty cents each for digging the graves. This official gets a dollar from the Corporation for each body buried, and if from a niggard motive he failed to have the graves dug, to meet the requirements of the times, he deserves the most unreserved censure of the community.

The burials have heretofore been made in this Cemetery in such a careless manner as alone to produce pestilence. The tops of the coffins have been sunk no lower than to a level with the surface of the ground, and then covered over in the manner of potato ridges. In this situation they were subject to be exposed to the washings of heavy rains, and the sun acting on the putrid corpses within, they were liable to swell and burst the coffins, thus tainting the atmosphere with a putrescence sufficient alone to generate a plague.

This was the state of things when several persons in the neighborhood, inhaling the rank miasma, informed the Mayor of the fact, who immediately took active measures for having the graves covered with eighteen inches of additional earth. Orders have also been issued to the Street Commissioner to send bodies to Potter's field, or to St. Vincent de Paul, and the gates of the Lafayette Cemetery No. 2 have been closed for the present, except to bodies coming from the Fourth District.

The Mayor, we understand, has taken the responsibility of applying remedies to meet the exigencies of the times.

The City Council has done nothing commensurate with its power to alleviate the present pressing necessities brought about by the epidemic; but have left all to be done by private charity. This, however, is attributable more to ignorance

of their duties on the part of its members, and not to criminal inattention. Too much credit cannot be conceded to the numerous associations which have undertaken the task of alleviating this present distressing state of facts, and the Mayor, who has taken such energetic action in this regard.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN FOUND.—The following has appeared in the Freeman's Journal, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this is not another of the many heartless hoaxes in which the relatives and friends of the gallant commander have for so long a time been subjected:

"A letter has been received in Ireland from Mr. Drydall, midshipman on board the British surveying vessel at San Francisco, stating positively that Sir John Franklin had arrived safe at Bearabris, in California."

The New York correspondent of the Boston Mail, writing on the 5th inst., says: "The Legislature passed a bill, conferring a brevet upon all the surviving officers of the New York Volunteers who did gallant service in Mexico, and these Brevets were presented by Judge Advocate General Ward, last Friday night. Col. Burnett, a gallant fellow, became a Brigadier General, the several Captains became Majors, &c. Farnworth, of the New York Dutchman, is a live Major by the operation."

CONSUMPTION OF LIQUORS.—It appears by this census that the consumption of spirituous liquors in the United States reaches the enormous quantity of eighty-six millions annually, equal to six gallons for every adult person.

THE DAPHNID NOT DEAD YET.—The Rev. Mr. Hanson does not give up the chase. He is writing a book to prove that there is "a Bourbon among us."

The report that Powers' Greek Slave is prostrated with the cholera morbus is contradicted.

A desperate fight occurred a few days ago between a gang of fugitive slaves from Kentucky, headed by a white man named Sumner, and their pursuers, at Rainsboro', Ohio. Sumner was shot and badly wounded, as were also two of the slaves. All of them, however, effected their escape.

HIGH WAGES FOR LABORERS.—Contractors on the First Division of the Illinois Central Railroad, north of Cairo, are now offering \$1 50 per day for laborers. This is the highest figure ever paid for such work in this State.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15. Major T. S. BRYANT, editor of the Western Chronicle, Anti-Denton, has been appointed Marshal of the State of Missouri.

ANOTHER MURDER.—Late on Tuesday evening, a man by the name of Christian Auman, living in the eastern part of the city, was arrested on a charge of murdering his wife. An investigation of the case took place before Justices Lee and Voeth. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner had, for years, been guilty of the most brutal treatment of his wife—that about two weeks ago he pounded and beat her with one of his boots until she was compelled to call upon a neighbor for assistance—that this beating resulted in an illness which on Saturday evening last, terminated her life. For a week after this brutal assault she complained of acute pain in her side, which exhibited also unmistakable marks of the violent blows she had received. The investigation resulted in the committal of the accused to the county jail.—Quincy Whig, 15th.

ANOTHER SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

BOSTON, August 12.—There was a collision this morning on the Worcester Road between the regular train from this city to Worcester and an excursion train coming down. When the reporter left, fourteen bodies had been taken from the ruins. Both of the engines were smashed. The engineers were considerably injured by jumping from the cars. A newsboy was killed; Mr. Taft, the President of the Road, escaped with but a slight injury. The cause of the accident is said to be the difference of two minutes time in watches of the engineers.

WILD GAME.—A large black bear in the possession of Mr. Steiller, a butcher, living in the western part of the city, escaped from his pen on night before last, and indulged himself in a moonlight stroll to one of the neighbors, where he was the cause of no little excitement. The doors and windows of the house had, on account of the excessive sultriness of the weather, been left wide open, perceiving which, Bruin quietly climbed up a flight of stairs and stole into the nursery, where lay a servant girl and three or four children. The ugly rascal appeared to know exactly the effect which would follow a knowledge of his presence, and no doubt clucked pleasantly over the proposed joke. He placed himself in a strong light near an open window and facing the sleepers, heaved a hoarse grunt. The girl and children immediately awoke, and their cries in time brought to them the older members of the household. No one dared, however, to deal too abruptly with the intruder, and it was with difficulty that his ejection was finally effected.—St. Louis Democrat.

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.—This scourge continues in New Orleans, without abatement. The number of deaths in that city, for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 5th, was 228 of which 193 were from yellow fever.

The death for the twenty hours succeeding were 193, of which 164 were from yellow fever.—St. Louis News.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

There is an extraordinary error prevalent among those who oppose a State prohibitory law, and that is, that every objection which may be raised against the Maine Law, already in operation, may with propriety be urged against a Missouri law, not yet in existence, and when of course nobody knows what its provisions are going to be. They seem to look upon the Missouri Legislature as a set of ninnyes, as devoid of originality as a Chinese tailor, who always exactly imitates the garment he cuts by, patches, holes, and all other blemishes. We were told yesterday that the Law of Maine prohibits any person from serving on a jury who is opposed to the Liquor Law. Thus, if a man were on trial for robbery, one of the questions necessary to be asked in impaneling the jury would be, "What is your opinion upon the Liquor Law?" This yarn is too absurd to talk about. There is no such thing in the law; but suppose the Maine Legislators had been such consummate donkeys as to insert such a provision in their law, does it follow that the Missouri Legislators must be fools enough to follow them?

But the Maine Liquor Law or a Missouri State prohibitory law is not now the question before the people of Hannibal. The question solely is whether this city shall be rid of the traffic in ardent spirits, by the exercise of powers already granted by the Legislature. This is the utmost boundary of the question to be discussed before the coming city election.

RETURNED.—Mr. Edward C. McDonald returned yesterday from California.

Mr. CREAM is in town, and will preach in the Christian Chapel to-night and to-morrow. The public are invited to attend.

The Alton Courier of the 15th says that an honest and respected farmer of that neighborhood, Mr. Wm. McIntyre, aged about sixty years, was pitched out of his wagon, run over and killed. He was intoxicated, and his shouting and behavior frightened the horses so that they ran away. The Courier says—"If the liquor dealer who sold that whisky can feel easy, he must have a gutta serena conscience."

RIOTING LAST NIGHT.—A most disgraceful scene was exhibited at the Planters' House, of this city, about ten o'clock last night. Three fellows, notorious bullies, one or more of them claiming to be pilots or mates on steamboats—but disgracing any profession by claiming to belong to it—found their way to the Planters' House, where two thirds drunk, *strapped to the buff*, having nothing but their pantaloons on, and armed, one of them with a large bowie-knife—they drove the peaceful citizens there assembled from the rooms they invaded, flourishing their weapons and indulging in the most ferocious threats and violent language.

The police that gathered in were unable or afraid to arrest these daring outlaws, until Mayor How appeared and commanded them to do their duty. Thereupon these vulgar and imprudent rioters were seized and taken to the calaboose. We hope their punishment may be equal to their indecent and outrageous behavior.

P. S.—We have just heard that these rioters have been arraigned before the City Recorder and fined \$10 each! This result, we are sure, will excite the disgust and indignation of every one who heard the particulars of last night's outrage.

DAILY MAIL.—In another column will be found the form of petitions which are now being circulated, among the citizens interested in the proposed line. It is to run from Naples, through Griggsville, Pittsfield, Barry, and Kinderhook to Hannibal. The early establishment of this route is a matter of great importance to the people of this County, and we earnestly hope that no effort will be lacking on their part to secure the arrangement.—Pittsfield Free Press.

THE RUMORS FROM EUROPE, threaten war. NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 11. The fever spreads with fearful rapidity. Many have it who have already had it. In one store four clerks died on the same day. The number of deaths on Wednesday were 224, of which 184 were of fever.

An exchange informs us that there is a benevolent gentleman in Boston, who gives twenty-five cents for religious purposes every time he sweats! He has already done a new stepple on the Presbyterian church, and is now engaged in causing up a donation to the Home Missionary Society.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The body of Mrs. Auman, whose death and the arrest of her husband, we noticed yesterday, was disinterred on Wednesday and an inquest held by the Coroner and a jury. After a post mortem examination by Dr. Everett and hearing evidence, the jury returned the following verdict:—[Quincy Whig.]

Having been summoned by the Coroner of Adams county to hold an inquest upon the body of Dorothy Auman, after due examination we find that the said Dorothy Auman came to her death by a disease occasioned by maltreatment and violence inflicted upon her person by her husband, Christian Auman.

SOLAR ECLIPSE IN 1854.—On Friday, the 29th of May next, there will be an eclipse of the sun, which will be more or less visible in all parts of the United States and Canada, and a portion of both will be annular.

SATURDAY, EVENING, AUG. 20, 1853.

A new apple tree enemy has made its appearance in Maine. It is a slender worm about half an inch in length, and striped with greenish white and dark stripes. When jarred they spin down and hang by a fine thread. They move about by rapid crawling. They eat leaves, buds and fruit indiscriminately. They are unlike the canker-worm, or any other known to the oldest inhabitants.

Lola Montez celebrated her recent wedding by challenging a San Francisco editor to fight a duel.

A well informed correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that a long war will be the only means of procuring communication with Japan.

The State of Franklin.—It is not generally known that, in 1784, the western portion of South Carolina seceded from the eastern, forming a new State called Franklin. Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, who has recently published an interesting history of the State of Tennessee, has substantiated the fact. The State of Franklin maintained a separate existence for nearly four years. It afterwards with other territory, became the present State of Tennessee.

False Alarm.—The quiet of our peaceable city was this afternoon disturbed by yells, lead and often repeated, as if a tribe of Comanche Indians had invaded the place. Crowds of men and boys rushed down the streets and up the alley whence the sounds proceeded, in the full expectation of seeing bloody bowie knives and wounded combatants. They soon returned, however, upon discovering that all the fuss was about two men wrestling.

One of our exchanges has a story of a train of cars being stopped by grasshoppers. The rails were so thickly covered with them and the cars smashed them up so that it had the effect of grease on the rails, making the wheels revolve swiftly, while the train remained stationary.

The New York Express learns that Mr. W. E. Burton is preparing an illustrated edition of Shakespeare's works, which will cost at least \$100,000! The illustrations, it is said, are to be superior to anything of the kind ever witnessed on this side of the Atlantic.

The following startling dispatch reveals an appalling state of affairs in the afflicted city of New Orleans. A Christian people must be reconciled to a woful extremity when they are compelled to burn their dead.

Private dispatches from New Orleans state that they are unable to bury all the dead bodies. Last week one hundred and twenty-five dead bodies were burned.

[Selected for the Journal.]
TO AN ABSENT ONE.

"When evening spreads her dewy veil,
And lights her star's resplendent ray—
Ah, then my sinking spirits fail
For then I sigh for one away."

"Though cheered by friendship's tender smile,
And circled by the blithe and gay—
Their mirth no longer can beguile,
The heart which throbs for one away."

"The tedious hours protracted roll;
I listless sigh—more listless play;
But memory scoring all control,
Incessant flies to one away."

"And like the statue, still and cold—
That only to the sun's warm ray,
Its harmonies would yield my soul—
Feels dead to all but one away."

"Thou dearest one, ah! soon return;
I cannot, dare not, bid thee stay—
The lamp of life must cease to burn,
If thou deprived of one away."

A PALPABLE PARODY.

"'Tis the last Rose of Summer,"—MOORE.

'Tis the last golden dollar,
Left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions
Are squandered and gone.
No coin of its mintage
Reflects back its hue;
They went off in mint juleps,
And this will go too!

I'll keep thee, thou lone one,
Not long in suspense,
Thy brethren were melted,
And melt thou to pencil!
I ask for no quarter,
I'll spend and not spare,
'Till my old tattered pocket,
Lies centless and bare.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay;
And from beggary's last dollar,
The dime's drop away!
When the Maine law is passed
And the groggery sink,
What use would be dollars,
With nothing to drink?

In the Third district, the reported and official returns give Lindley a majority of 152 votes.

We are in receipt of the "Ladies' Christian Annual," a very interesting monthly, published in Philadelphia: James Challen, editor. It is handsomely printed, contains 24 pages, and the subscription price is \$1 a year.

The New York Tribune, in a biographical notice of Isaac T. Hopper, relates the following anecdote:

THE DISTINGUISHED CONTEST.—Upon a certain occasion a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion; and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these he found a receipt for the money; mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances of the transaction; stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the mail called again for payment, Isaac said to him, in a quiet way, "Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious, lately."

He replied in a solemn tone: "Yes; thanks to the Lord Jesus; I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear," continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Aunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative. "Well, he also was dipped some time ago," rejoined Friend Hopper; "but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy with him ever since. I'm afraid they didn't get *quite* under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Capt. Wm. Gibson, of the schooner Flirt; had just returned to New York after a long and unjust imprisonment in the Dutch East Indies. The "Tribune" has a long account of his adventures, which have been quite romantic. That paper calls upon the Administration to demand redress from the Dutch Government. The following is an extract from the Tribune's narrative:

Capt. Gibson, being of rather an adventurous turn, owning his vessel, and not being pressed for time, resolved to visit the little island of Tristate d'Acuña. This island is situated in about 45 deg. south latitude, and about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. In the year 1811 the British frigate Pandora struck on a ledge of rocks near this island, on her return home from Bengal, laden with troops. One of their number, Sergeant Glass, while the troops were being landed, preparatory to getting the ship off the rocks, took advantage of the confusion attendant thereon, and secreted himself on the island, and the ship sailed without him. Glass remained here three years, subsisting in the meantime on the flesh of goats, which here abound, and also on shellfish and roots. By the expiration of this time he had succeeded in constructing a boat from drift timber, and other materials, and proceeded with a cargo of goat skins to the Cape of Good Hope, some 1,600 miles distant. The time which he selected for his departure in this frail craft, was during the prevalence of the westerly winds. He accomplished his perilous voyage in safety. After a short residence at Cape Town, he married the widow of a soldier who had died at the Cape; and with his wife and a negro man, returned to his solitary island again, taking with him various implements, seeds, arms and ammunition, together with other necessaries, which were liberally furnished him by the merchants of Cape Town. Here the good couple carried out the injunction, "increase and multiply." The result of their marriage was seven daughters, who, in the course of time, were married to men from American whalers, who occasionally touched at the island. These occasional visits of the old man, in cotpliance with a law that he had made, that "no son-in-law of his should leave the island," settled down, and proved as prolific as did the original couple, so that the population now amounts to eighty-four children, grand-children and great-grand-children. Since the island has first been settled by Glass, death has never visited one of its inhabitants.

LATER FROM NEW ORLEANS.
Yellow Fever on the Increase.

NEW ORLEANS, August 15.
Total deaths in the last 24 hours 213; of yellow fever 187 and bad as ever. Weather unfavorable.

NEW ORLEANS, August 16.
Total deaths in the last 24 hours 232; of yellow fever 206, this embraces all reported under the latter head.

Total number of deaths the last week, 1,532; by yellow fever 1,369.

The Howard Association has taken in charge three thousand in four weeks; and expect to have 7,000, at a cost of \$10 each.

Many of our mercantile houses close at three o'clock.

The store of Kendall, Yee & Co., with its contents, was destroyed by fire last night.

NEW DRUG STORE.

DR. R. N. ANDERSON, has just opened and will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dry-Staff, Window Glass, Spices, Perfumery, Soap, Brushes, and every other article usually kept in a Drug Store. These articles have been selected by himself with great care, assisted by one of the best Druggists in the State, and he WARRANTS every article sold by him, to be GENUINE AND FRESH.

He occupies the Old Stand of Gillet and Mathew, on Main street, opposite the City Hotel.

Hannibal, July 29, 1853—23rd yr.

WINE.
Pure Old Port, Sherry, Malaga, Claret and Rhine wine, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes, or for the table.

At the Drug Store of Dr. R. N. Anderson, on Main street, opposite the City Hotel.

Hannibal, July 29, 1853—23rd yr.