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THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.

A STRANGE HISTORY DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1792.

Jean Baptiste Veron, a native of the south of France, established himself as a merchant at Havre-de-Grace in 1788 being then a widower with one child, a young boy. The new owner's place of business was the south quay, about a hundred yards west of the custom-house. He had brought letters of recommendation from several eminent Parisian firms; his capital was ascertained to be large and sound, moreover, approving himself to be a man of keen mercantile discernment, and means of speedily took a wide range, or, that, at the age of about fifteen years, M. Veron was produced by the general consent to be the wealthiest merchant of the commercial capital of northern France. He was never, albeit, much of a favorite with any class of society; his manners were too brusque, decided, unbending—his speech too curt, frequently too bitter, for that; but he managed to steer his course in very difficult times quite as safely as those who put themselves to great pains and charges to obtain popularity. He never expressed—publicly at least—any preference for royalism, republicanism, or imperialism; for fleur-de-lis, bonnet-rouge, or tricolor; in short, Jean Baptiste Veron was a stern, taciturn, self-absorbed man of business; and as nothing else was the universally considered, till the installation of a quasi legitimacy by Napoleon Bonaparte, when a circumstance, slight in itself, gave a clearer significance to the cold, haughty, repellent expression which played habitually about the merchant's gray deep-set eyes, and then, firmly compressed lips. His newly engraved private card read thus: "J. B. de Veron, Mon Sejour, Ingouville." Mon Sejour was a charming suburban domicile, situated upon the Cote, as it is usually termed—as a place of eminence on the north of La Havre, which it commands, and now dotted with similar residences, but, at the period we are writing of, very sparsely built upon. Not long after this assumption of the aristocratic prefix to his name, it was discovered that he insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the De Merodes, who were an unquestionable fragment of the old nobility—damaged, it is true, almost retrievably in purse, as their modest establishment on the Cote too plainly testified; but in pedigree untainted and resplendent as in the palanquins of the Capets. As the chevalier de Merode and his daughter, Mademoiselle Hen riette Del pline-Hortense-Marie-Chasse Loup de Merode—described as a tall, fair, and extremely meagre dame, of about thirty years of age—were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste de Veron had been able to satisfy his noble friends, that although de facto a merchant from the sad necessity of the evil time, he was de jure entitled to the rank and precedences with the illustrious though decayed nobility of France. It might, too, as envious gossips whispered, that any slight flaw or break in the chain of De Veron's princely descent had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially it was true, as rum or presently became to relate, that the immense sum—in French francs and ears—of 300,000 francs (\$12,000) was bequeathed upon Mademoiselle de Merode at her death on the day that should see her wedded with Eugene de Veron, by thine a fine-looking fellow of one or two and ten, and, like ninety-nine in every hundred age youth of France, strongly prejudiced against the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumor this instance was correctly informed. "Eugene," said M. de Veron addressing his son in a usual cold, positive manner, and at the same time locking his private escritoire, the hand of the clock being just on the stroke of five, "thou art closing—just have matter of importance inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Merode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mademoiselle de Merode, are"—

"Hem!" ejaculated Eugene, suddenly whirling round on his stool, and confronting his father. "Hem!"

"All differences, I say," resumed M. de Veron, with stilled calmness and decision, "between me and the chevalier are arranged at 7 o'clock, and the contract of marriage will be ready for you and Mademoiselle de Merode's signature, Monday next, at two precisely."

"Mine I Mademoiselle de Merode!" repeated the astounded son, who seemed half doubtful whether he saw or heard aright.

"Yes, I wonder you are surprised. So distinguishes a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation the subject whilst there was a chance of objection issuing unfavorably. Your word you will, for the present, at all events, to up your abode at Mon Sejour; and I must consequently look out for a smaller, or more bachelor-suitable residence."

"My dear me!" echoed Veron junior, with the air of stupid amazement as before—"A wife and me!" Recovering a little, he added, "Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know, mon pere, that this Mademoiselle de Merode is not at all to my taste? Would she soon marry?"

"No fear, Eugene, if you please," interrupted M. de Veron. "The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mademoiselle de Merode or not," he added, with an iron inflexibility of tone and manner, "Eugene de Veron is only to benefit very little by his father's wealth, which the same Eugene will do well to remember is of a kind not very difficult of transference beyond the range of the law of inheritance which prevails in France. The legacy of revolution," continued M. de Veron, as he rose to put on his hat, "may indeed be said to be polluted our very hearts, when we and children setting up their opinions, and likings, and dislikes, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely within the parents' jurisdiction as that of a son or daughter's marriage."

Eugene did not reply, and after assisting his father—who lipped a little in consequence of having sprained his ankle some eight or ten days

previously—to a light one-horse carriage in which he returned to the office and resumed his seat, still in a state of confusion, doubt and dismay. "How could," he innocently mused—"how could my father—how could any body suppose that—How could he especially be so blind as not to have long ago perceived—What a contrast!" added Eugene de Veron, jumping up, breaking into passionate speech, and his eyes sparkling as if he was actually in presence of the dark-eyed divinity whose image filled his brain and loosed his tongue—"what a contrast! Adeline, young, rosy, graceful as Hebe! Oh, par exemple, Mademoiselle de Merode, you, with your high blond and skinny bones, must excuse me. And poor, too poor as Adeline. Decidedly the old gentleman must be crazed, and let me see—Aye, to be sure, I must confer with Edouard at once."

Eugene de Veron had only one light of stairs to ascend to obtain this conference. Edouard le Blanc, the brother of Adeline, being a principle clerk in the establishment. Edouard le Blanc readily and sincerely condescended with his friend upon the sudden obscuration of his and Adeline's hopes, adding that he had always felt a strong misgiving upon the subject; and after a lugubrious dialogue, during which the clerk hinted nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import—a nervousness but very partially relieved by Eugene's assurance that, come what may, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do—the friends left the office, and wended their way to Madame le Blanc's, Ingouville. There the lover forgot, in Adeline's gay exhilarating presence and conversation, the recent ominous and existing communication from his father; while Edouard proceeded to take counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adeline and Eugene de Veron, but more particularly himself, Edouard le Blanc.

Ten minutes had hardly passed by ordinary reckoning—barely one by Eugene de Veron's when his interview with the charming Adeline was rudely broken in upon by Madame le Blanc, a shrewd, prudent woman of the world, albeit that in this affair she had somewhat lost her balance, tempted by the glittering prize offered for her daughter's acceptance, and for a time apparently within her reach. The mother's tone and manner were stern and peremptory. "Have the kindness, Monsieur de Veron, to bid Adeline adieu at once. I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!"

Adeline was extremely startled to hear her rich lover thus addressed, and the carnation of her glowing cheeks faded at once to lily paleness, whilst Eugene's features flushed as quickly to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend Madame immediately, and hastily kissing Adeline's hand, followed the unwelcome intruder to another room.

"So, Monsieur Eugene," began Madame le Blanc, "this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Merode in the early part of next week."

"Madame le Blanc!" exclaimed the young man, "what is it you are saying? I marry Mademoiselle de Merode, next, or any other week! I swear to you by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith!"

"Clut, oh!" interrupted Madame le Blanc; "you may spare your oaths. The sentimental burlesque of love will be lost upon me. You will, as you ought, espouse Mademoiselle de Merode, who is, I am told, a very superior and amiable person, and as to Adeline, she will console herself. A girl with her advantages will always be able to marry sufficiently well, though not into the family of a millionaire. But my present business with you, Monsieur Eugene de Veron, relates to a different and much more important matter. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act; he has let you have without Monsieur de Veron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father."

"But, Madame le Blanc—"

"Neither of which alternatives," persisted that lady, "I very plainly perceive, that you will be able to fulfill, unless you comply with Monsieur de Veron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adeline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin in a moral sense, would be hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered on presents you have made her; they shall be returned."

"Madame le Blanc!" exclaimed the excited young man, "you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not give up Adeline; and as for the paltry sum of money you speak of—my money as it may fairly be considered—that shall be returned to-morrow morning."

Madame le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, and then said—"Very well; mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is, you are aware, the Fete Dieu; and we have promised Mademoiselle de Merode, of the Grande Rue, to pass the afternoon and evening at her house, where we shall have a good view of the procession. Do you and Edouard call on us there; as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay—by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adeline again, at all events, till this money transaction is definitely settled."

"As you have now slept upon the proposal I made you yesterday," said M. de Veron, addressing his son on the following morning, at the conclusion of a silent breakfast—"you may, perhaps, be prepared with a more fitting answer than you were then?"

Eugene warmly protested his anxiety to obey all his father's reasonable commands; but in this compliance was simply impossible, forasmuch as he, Eugene, had already irrevocably pledged his word, his heart, his honor, in another quarter, and could, therefore—nay, would not, consent to poison his future existence by uniting himself with Mademoiselle de Merode, for whom, indeed, he felt the profoundest esteem, but not the slightest emotion of affection or regard.

"Your word, your honor, your heart—you should have added your fortune," replied M. de Veron, with frigid, slowly-distilled, sarcastic bitterness—"are irrevocably engaged, are they, to Adeline le Blanc, sister of my collecting clerk—daughter of a deceased sous-lieutenant of the line—"

"Of the Imperial Guard," interposed Eugene, who aids her mother to eke out a scanty pension by embroidery—"

"Very superior artistic embroidery," again interjected the son.

"Be it so. I have not been quite so unobservant, Eugene, of certain incidents, as you and your friends appear to have supposed. But time presses all things, and the De Merodes and I can wait."

"Nothing further passed till M. de Veron rose to leave the room, when his son with heightened color and trembling speech, although especially aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner—"Sir, sir, one word if you please; I have a slight favor to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning in fact."

"Debts to the amount of two thousand francs, which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning in fact," triumphantly, mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. "Well, let the bills be sent to me. If correct and fair, they shall be paid."

"But—but, father, one chief item is a debt of honor!"

"Indeed! Then your honor is pledged to others besides Mademoiselle la brodeuse? I have only to say, that in that case I will not assist you. Having said this, M. de Veron, regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after, the sound of the carriage wheels announced his departure to Le Havre. Eugene, about an hour afterwards followed, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope that before the day for balancing Edouard's accounts arrived, he would find his father in a more Christian-like and generous mood, or, at any rate, hit upon some means of raising the money."

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterceptedly away in M. de Veron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. le Blanc that he (M. de Veron) wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing this order, Eugene looked quickly up from the desk at which he was engaged, to his father's face; but he discerned nothing on that impassive tablet to dissipate or confirm his fear.

"Edouard le Blanc," said M. de Veron, with mild suavity of voice, the instant the summoned clerk presented himself, "if so chances that I have no further occasion for your services—"

"Sir!—sir!" gasped the terrified youth.

"You are," continued M. de Veron, "entitled to one month's salary, in lieu of that period of notice, one hundred francs, with which you may credit yourself in the cash account you will please balance and bring to me as quickly as possible."

"Sir! sir!" again bewilderingly iterated the panic-stricken clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son, "Sir!"

"My words are plain enough, observed M. de Veron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box, from which he helped himself to a hearty pinch. "You are discharged, with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring your accounts; they are correct, of course; I find them so, sign your *livret*, and there's an end to the matter."

Edouard le Blanc made a step or two towards the door, and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the hopelessness of further concealment, turned round, threw himself with a cry of terror and despair at M. de Veron's feet, and poured forth a wild, sobbing, and scarcely intelligible confession of the fault or crime of which he had been guilty, through the solicitations of M. Eugene, who had, he averred, received every farthing of the amount in which he, Edouard le Blanc, acknowledged himself to be a defaulter.

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the son; "Edouard gave me the money into my hands, and if there be any blame, it is mine alone."

M. de Veron listened with a stolid, stony apathy to all this, save for a slight glimmer of triumph that, spite of himself, shone out at the corners of his half closed eyes. When the young man had ceased sobbing and exclaiming, he said: "You admit, Edouard le Blanc, that you have robbed me of nearly two thousand francs, at your say, the solicitation of my son—an excuse, you must be aware, of not the slightest legal weight; no more than if your pretty sister, Mademoiselle Adeline, who, I must be permitted to observe, is not altogether, I suspect, a stranger to this affair, I say your excuse has no more legal validity than if your sister had conspired with you to commit the felony. Now mark me, young man—it is just upon five o'clock. At half-past seven precisely, I shall go before a magistrate, and cause a warrant to be issued for your apprehension. To-morrow morning, consequently, the brother of Mademoiselle le Blanc will either be an incarcerated felon, or which will suit me just as well, a proclaimed fugitive from justice."

"One moment—one word, for the love of Heaven, before you go!" exclaimed Eugene. "Is there any mode, any means whereby Edouard may be rescued from this frightful, this unmerited calamity—this irretrievable ruin?"

"Yes," rejoined M. de Veron, pausing for an instant on the threshold, "there is one mode, Eugene, and only one. What it is, you do not require to be told. I shall dine in town to-day; at seven I shall look in at the church of Notre Dame, and remain there precisely twenty minutes. After that, repentance will be too late."

Eugene was in despair, for it was quite clear that Adeline must be given up—Adeline, whose myriad charms and graces rose up upon his imagination in tenfold greater lustre than before, now that he was about to lose her for-

ever! But there was plainly no help for it; and after a brief, agitated consultation, the young man left the office to join Madame and Mademoiselle le Blanc at the widow Carson's, in the Grande Rue, or Rue de Paris, as the only decent street in Havre de Grace was then called, both for the purpose of communicating the untoward state of affairs, and that Eugene might take a lingering, last farewell of Adeline.

Before accompanying them thither, it is necessary to say a few words of this Madame Carson, who is about to play a very singular part in this little drama. She was a gay, well-looking, symmetrically-shaped, young widow, who kept a confectioner's shop in the said Grande Rue, and officiated as her own *dame du comptoir*. Her good looks, coquetishly gracious smiles and unvarying good temper, rendered her establishment much more attractive—it was by no means a brilliant affair in itself—it than it would otherwise have been. Madame Carson was in a tacit kind of way, engaged to Edouard le Blanc—that is to say, she intended marrying him as soon as their mutual savings should justify such a step; and provided, also, that no more eligible offer would her acceptance in the meantime. M. de Veron himself was frequently in the habit of calling on his way to or from Mon Sejour, for a *pate* and a lively little badinage with the comely widow; and so frequently, at one time, that Edouard le Blanc was half inclined—to be jealous of the rich, though elderly merchant's formal and elaborate courtesies. It was on leaving her shop that he slipped and sprained his ankle. M. de Veron fainted with the extreme pain, was carried in that state into the little parlor behind the shop and had not yet recovered consciousness when the apothecary, whom Madame Carson had dispatched her little waiting-maid of all work in quest of, entered to tender his assistance. This is all, I think, that need be said, in a preliminary way, of Madame Carson.

Of course, the tidings brought by Eugene and Edouard very painfully affected Mademoiselle le Blanc; but being a very sensible, as well as a remarkably handsome young person, she soon rallied, and insisted, quite as warmly as her mother did, that the sacrifice necessary to relieve Edouard from the peril which environed him, painful heart-breaking as their sacrifice might be, must be submitted to without reserve or delay. In other words, that M. de Veron, junior, must consent to espouse Mademoiselle de Merode, and forthwith inform his father that he was ready to sign the nuptial contract that moment, if necessary. Poor Eugene, who was really over head and ears in love, and more so just then than ever, piteously lamented his own cruel fate, and passionately denounced the tiger-heartedness of his barbarian father; but as tears and reproaches could avail nothing in such a strait, he finally submitted to the general award, and agreed to announce his submission to M. de Veron at the church of Notre Dame, not a moment later, both ladies insisted, than five minutes past seven o'clock.

Madame Carson was not at home all this while. She had gone to church, and, after departure, called on her way back on one or two friends for a little gossip, so that it only wanted about a quarter to seven when she reappeared. Of course the lamentable story had to be told over again, with all its dismal accompaniments of sighs, tears and plaintive ejaculations; and it was curious to observe, as the narrative proceeded, how the widow's charming eyes flashed and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with indignation, till she looked, to use Edouard le Blanc's expression, "ferociously handsome."

"La monstre!" she exclaimed, as Eugene terminated the sad history, gathering up, as she spoke, the shawl and gloves she had just before put off; "but I shall see him at once! I have influence with this Monsieur de Veron!"

"Nonsense, Emilie," said Madame le Blanc, "You possess influence over Monsieur de Veron!"

"Certainly I do. And is that such a miracle?" replied Madame Carson, with a demure glance at Edouard.

Edouard looked somewhat scared, but managed to say—

"Not at all—certainly not; but this man's heart is iron—steel."

"We shall see," said the fair widow, as she finished drawing on her gloves. "La grande passion is sometimes stronger than iron or steel. Is it not, Monsieur Eugene? At all events I shall try. He is in the church, you say. Very well, if I fail—but I am sure I shall not fail—I return in ten minutes, and that will leave Mademoiselle Adeline's despairing lover plenty of time to make his submission, if better may not be; and so au revoir Mesdames et Messieurs."

"What can she mean?" said Madame le Blanc, as the door closed. "I have noticed, once or twice during the last fortnight, that she has made use of strange half hints relative to Monsieur de Veron."

"I don't know what she can mean," said Edouard le Blanc, seizing his hat and hurrying off; "but I shall follow, and strive to ascertain."

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Madame Carson's skirts as the whiskered around the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from the street. Notre Dame was crowded; but Edouard le Blanc had no difficulty in singling out M. de Veron, who was sitting in his accustomed chair, somewhat removed from the mass of worshippers, on the left of the high altar; and presently he discerned Madame Carson gently and adroitly making her way through the crowd toward him. The instant she was near enough she tapped him slightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly, staring with a haughty, questioning glance at the smiling confectioner. There was no *grande passion* in that look, Edouard felt quite satisfied, and Madame Carson's conduct seemed more than ever unintelligible. She appeared to say something, which was replied to by an impatient gesture of refusal, and M. de Veron turned again toward the altar. Madame Carson next approached close to his chair, and bending down, whispered in his ear for perhaps a minute. As she did so, M. de Veron's body rose slowly up, involuntarily as it were, and stiffened into rigidity, as if under the influence of some frightful spell. Forcing himself at last, it seemed, to confront the whisperer, he no sooner caught

her eye than he reeled, like some one struck by a heavy blow, against the pedestal of a saint, whose stony features looked less white and bloodless than his own. Madame Carson contemplated the effect she had produced with a kind of pride for a few moments, and then with a slight, but peremptory wave of her hand motioned him to follow her out of the sacred edifice. M. de Veron hastily, though with staggering steps, obeyed—Edouard le Blanc crossing the church and reaching the street just in time to see them both driven off in M. de Veron's carriage.

Edouard hurried back to the Grande Rue, to report what he had witnessed; and what could be the interpretation of the inexplicable scene, engrossed the inventive genius of all there, till they were thoroughly tired of their wild and aimless guesses. Eight o'clock chimed—nine—ten—and they were all—Edouard especially—working themselves into a complete panic of apprehension, when to their great relief, M. de Veron's carriage drew up before the door. The first person to alight was M. Bourdon, a notary of eminence; next M. de Veron, who handed out Madame Carson; and all three walked through the shop into the back apartment. The notary wore his usual business aspect, and had in his hands two rolls of thickly written parchment, which he placed upon the table, and at once began to spread out. M. de Veron had the air of a man walking in a dream, and subdued, mastered, by some overpowering, nameless terror; while Madame Carson, though pale with excitement, was evidently highly elated, and to use a French phrase, completely "mistress of the situation." She was the first to break silence.

"Monsieur de Veron has been kind enough, Edouard, to explain, in the presence of Monsieur Bourdon, the mistake he was disposed to charge you with to-day. He quite remembers, now, having received two thousand francs from you, for which, in his hurry at the time he gave you no voucher. Is not that so Monsieur de Veron?" she added, again fixing on the merchant the same menacing look that le Blanc had noticed in the church.

"Yes, yes," was the quick reply of M. de Veron, who vainly attempted to look the astounded clerk in the face. "The mistake was mine—Your accounts are quite correct, Monsieur le Blanc; and—and I shall be glad of course to see you at the office as usual."

"That is well," said Madame Carson and new Monsieur Bourdon, to business, if you please. Those documents will not take so long to read as they did to write."

The notary smiled and immediately began reading a marriage contract between Eugene de Veron and Adeline le Blanc, by which it appeared that the union of those young persons was joyfully acceded to by Jean Baptiste de Veron and Marie le Blanc, their parents; the said Jean Baptiste de Veron binding himself formally to endow the bride and bridegroom jointly on the day of marriage, with the sum of three hundred thousand francs, and moreover, to admit his son as a partner in the business thenceforth to be carried on under the name of De Veron & Son.

This contract was written in duplicate, and as soon as the notary had finished reading, Madame Carson handed a pen to M. de Veron, saying in the same light, coquetish, but peremptory tone as before, "Now, Monsieur, quick, if you please; yours is the most important signature. The merchant signed and sealed both parchments, and the other interested parties did the same, in silent, dumb bewilderment, broken only by the scratching of the pen and the legal words repeated after the notary. "We need not detain you longer, Messieurs, I believe, said Madame Carson. "Bon soir, Monsieur de Veron," she added, extending an unglowed hand to that gentleman, who faintly touched it with his lips; "you will hear from me to-morrow."

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Eugene de Veron, the instant his father and the notary disappeared. "I positively feel as if standing upon my head!" A chorus of like interrogatories from the le Blancs assailed Madame Carson, whose ringing bursts of mirth mocked, for a time, their impatience.

"Meaning, *parbleu!* she at last replied, after pausing to catch breath. "That is plain enough, surely. Did you not all see with what *emphasis* the poor man kissed my hand? There, do not look so wretched, Edouard," she added, with a renewed outburst. "Perhaps I may have the caprice to prefer you, after all, to an elderly millionaire—who knows? But come, let us try to be a little calm and sensible. What I have done, good folks, I can as easily undo; and that being the case, Monsieur Eugene must sign me a bond to-morrow morning, for fifty thousand francs, payable three days after his marriage. Is it agreed? Very well; then I keep these two parchments till the said bond is executed. And now, my friends good night, for I, as you may believe, am completely tired after all this benevolent fairy-work."

The wedding took place on the next day but one, to the great astonishment of every one acquainted with the two families. It was also positively rumored that M. de Veron had proposed marriage to Madame Carson, and been refused! Be this true or not, it was soon apparent that, from some cause or other, M. de Veron's health and spirits were irrevocably broken down, and after lingering out a mopish, secluded life of scarce a twelvemonth's duration, that gentleman died suddenly at Mon Sejour. A clause in his will bequeathed 20,000 francs to Madame Carson, with an intimated hope that it would be accepted as a pledge by that lady to respect, as she hitherto had done, the honor of an ancient family.

This pledge to secrecy would, no doubt, have been kept, but that rumors of poisoning and suicide, in connection with de Veron's death, having got abroad, the procureur general ordered an investigation to take place. The suspicion proved groundless, but the process-verbal set forth that on examining the body of the deceased, there were discovered the letters "J. de B. T. F.," branded on the front of the shoulder—the two last initials of "Travaux Forces," (forced labor,) being large and very distinct. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the proud M. de Veron was an escaped *forcaut*; and subsequent investigation, which was not, however, very strongly pressed, sufficiently proved that Jean Baptiste de Veron, the younger son

of a high family, had in very early youth been addicted to wild courses; that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name, to escape difficulties at home; and whilst at the Isle de Bourbon, had been convicted of premeditated homicide at a gaming house, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment with hard labor. Contriving to escape, he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career—how terminated, we have just seen. It was by pure accident, or what passes for such in the world, that Madame Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Veron, after spraining his ankle, was carried in a state of insensibility into the room behind her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neckcloth, unfastening his shirt, then a flannel one, which fitted tightly round the neck, and thus obtained a glimpse of the branded letters, "T. F." With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirts, neckcloth, &c., and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired, till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself.

The foregoing, as I believe, all the reliable particulars known of a story of which there need to be half a hundred different versions flying about La Havre. Edouard le Blanc married Madame Carson, and subsequently became a partner of Eugene de Veron. It was not long, however, before the business was removed to another and distant French seaport, where, for aught I know to the contrary, the firm of "De Veron and Le Blanc" flourishes to this day.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL SCOTT.

An interesting anecdote is told by a Massachusetts officer, of the wonderful foresight of our great chief, whose plans for the whole conquest of Mexico were made history, by altering the terms from *future* to *past*. While at Vera Cruz, Gen. Scott sent to the head of the Quarter Master's Department, and said to him, "Sir, have you got everything in readiness in your line, which we may want between this and the Capital?"

"Yes sir, I have got everything an army can possibly require."

"Have you sent along any *ten penny nails*?"

"Ten-penny nails! No sir."

"Then forward a cask of them."

The officer was puzzled to conceive what the General could want with ten-penny nails. But when the National Bridge was blown into a mass of rocks by the enemy, the General's admirable foresight was apparent. The Penobscot lumbermen were soon ready with their timber to repair it; the cask of nails was turned out, and the army was on its road to victory.—[Fitchburg Revueille.]

"I DIGEST" is the true meaning of the word "EPHESIAN," or of the two Greek words from which it is derived. This is the significant and appropriate title of the true Digestive Food, or Gastric Juice, prepared by Dr. J. S. Houshopper of Philadelphia, from the fourth stomach of the Ox, for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is Nature's own remedy for the indigestible 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 Liment.
A person in St. Louis, by the name of McLean, affecting to be acquainted with the ingredients of this celebrated medicine, has attempted something like a counterfeit. He adopts a specious name and sells an article possessing none of the properties of the original. In an advertisement in to-day's paper will be found the expose of Dr. Bragg on this subject. Every one will care to see us, that the Doctor pours the "grape" into this fellow's pretensions with very signal effect. We learn from the St. Louis Signal, that Bragg's Liment still retains deserved popularity. The entire sales during the last year amount to about one million bottles. All of the best houses in the city, certify to its great excellence.—[St. Louis Weekly Advocate, May 29, 1852.]

See advertisement in another column.

BRAGG'S LIMENT.
A person in St. Louis, by the name of McLean, affecting to be acquainted with the ingredients of this celebrated medicine, and well knowing its great virtues, has attempted something like a counterfeit. He adopts a specious name and sells an article possessing none of the properties of the original. In an advertisement in to-day's paper will be found the expose of Dr. Bragg on this subject. Every one will care to see us, that the Doctor pours the "grape" into this fellow's pretensions with very signal effect. We learn from the St. Louis Signal, that Bragg's Liment still retains deserved popularity. The entire sales during the last year amount to about one million bottles. All of the best houses in the city, certify to its great excellence.—[St. Louis Weekly Advocate, May 29, 1852.]

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See advertisement in another column.

Book and Job Printing,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
PLAIN, FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL,
Really executed at the office of the
HANNIBAL JOURNAL AND UNION.

PAMPHLETS,
CIRCULARS,
HAND BILLS,
BILLS LADING,
PROGRAMMES,
BLANKS,
CARDS, &c.,
Printed in good style, and upon reasonable terms,
ORION CLEMENS, Pro.

THE BOONVILLE FERRY COMPANY!
HAVING completed their HORSE BOAT, which for speed and finish is superior to any Boat of the kind on the river, are prepared to cross PASSENGERS, TEAMS, STOCK, and every description of Merchandise, without delay and at Moderate Rates.

The Ferry at this point has been inefficient and had reports for causes which are now unavoidable. The Steam Boat owned by the Company was sunk at the wharf and a NEW HORSE BOAT, built expressly for Ferrying purposes was sunk on her trip up, and a total loss. Owing to these disasters it was impossible to afford the public that accommodation which was needed. Now there need be no cause of complaint.

As a convenient point of transit, Boonville, situated near the Geographical centre of the State, has superior advantages to any other place on the Missouri. The accommodations on both sides of the river are excellent, and good pasturing in the vicinity of each for the convenience of DROVERS.

The Company solicit the patronage of the public, promising that no exertions will be spared in order to merit its continuance.
Boonville, Mo., June 26, 1852. [ly-1m]

LIME! LIME!! LIME!!!
THE SUBSCRIBER, will keep constantly on hand a fresh barrel LIME, for sale at the corner of Hill and Sixth Streets.

Those in want of a good article of Lime would do well to call on
Hannibal, August 26, 1852-11
F. J. WILLS.