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THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MERRISON.

CHAPTER I.

"The precious gems of vanity and of the love of pleasure, choke the precious but more rarely veiled devoted affections. In the midst of the bustle of the world, marriage itself does not produce the effect it should. Maternity arrives scarcely desired, and seems only the forced interruption to many pleasures. We believe that such unnatural feelings do not last, but what a loss of happy moments, of sweet sentiments, of what hopes of future evolution are thus in danger of being thrown to the winds!"

MADAME NECKER DE SAUSSURE.

"In men, we various ruling passions find; In women, two almost divide the kind; Those, only need, they first or last obey, The love of pleasure, and the love of duty."

"And are you really expecting to go, Margaret?"

"To be sure I am; you didn't for a moment think that I was going to stay at home, did you?"

Howard Dorrance's proud lip curled, as he replied,

"I confess that I have been so foolish as to think that you would for once yield your wishes to mine. You know very well how much I disapprove of fancy parties, Mrs. Dorrance, and had you any regard for me and my opinions, you would have spared me the pain of requesting you to desist from any further preparations, for I shall not accompany you."

Margaret Dorrance's eyes flashed, but looking up at her husband, she met a glance as resolute as her own. She had never yet openly defied him; and there was something now in that stern unwavering gaze, which checked the words that were already trembling on her lips. With a violent effort she suppressed the passionate emotions of her heart, and answered, with a calmness that surprised herself still more than her husband,

"Very well, sir, it will be as you say, of course."

There was a long pause. Mr. Dorrance had not met the opposition he expected, and his heart was softened by the compliance which he never for a moment doubted that his wife had given to his request. He moved his chair nearer to her, and his deep low voice expressed much tenderness, as he said,

"I wish, Margaret, we were better suited to each other."

"I wish we were," she answered laconically.

For a moment, he was chilled; but, influenced by the kind and gentle thoughts that now held their way in his bosom, he continued,

"Were I convinced that it would eventually bring you true happiness, my wife, to indulge in the gaiety for which you have so much inclination, I would not seek to deprive you of any portion of it. I would, for your sake, renounce the home pleasures in which alone find enjoyment; but, Margaret, such constant dissipation as your tastes would lead you into, would not only deprive you of that greatest blessing which God can give—the blessing of health—but your nature would become blighted, and the best affections of your heart would wither in the glare and heat of fashionable life. I have seen but too often the effects which it produces, and I would shield the wife of my bosom from them. Will you not, love, place your hand in mine, as on our wedding-night, and promise again to love, honor, and obey?"

For a moment, but only for a moment, had Margaret Dorrance relented. That unfortunate word "obey," aroused the evil within, which her husband's earnest tones had so nearly quelled.

She drew the hand he essayed to clasp rudely from him.

"You preach well," she said, "but no eloquence can disguise to me your motives. Remember, Howard Dorrance, you are ten years older than myself, and, consequently, you have had ten years' more of gaiety. I married you at sixteen—foolish school-girl that I was, to throw away liberty and happiness with a breath—now, at twenty, you would immerse me, nunnish, if you could; but I insist upon six more years of experience. Perhaps by that time the world's pleasures will fall with me, as they have with you, and then I will stay at home and abuse them to your heart's content; but now, you ask too much of me."

A wintry coldness settled on Mr. Dorrance's face, as he listened to his wife's unkind and heartless answer.

"You speak of my motives, Margaret," he said, "as though they were other than I profess; what did you mean by that?"

"Why plainly this, if you will have me expose them. It is your jealousy of me, and of the attention which I receive, and the admiration which is paid me at parties, which makes you so selfishly desire to keep me from them."

"Margaret!"

"What?"

There was no answer, and she continued, "Don't look at me in that way, I beg of you; if you have anything to say, say it out."

"Margaret! you cannot mean what you say! Jealousy! Selfishness! It was for your hap-

pinness, full as much as my own, that I have so earnestly sought to give you a distaste for the amusements of fashionable life. I see that my love, my happiness is nothing to you; everything is to be sacrificed on the shrine of vanity. Ah, Margaret, if you were foolish in throwing away your liberty while still a school-girl, I was doubly so in committing my happiness into the hands of one."

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Dorrance; and I wonder that you ever thought of me, when that proud old maid, Miss Helen Graham, was so exactly suited to you, and came near dying for you, every one said. She was true very one for you, for she detests parties as much as you can, and is always preaching to me about domestic happiness, and such a lot of rot. It's a pity that you didn't fancy her, isn't it?"

Mr. Dorrance's face reddened. He turned away, and paced the room hurriedly.

His wife continued,

"They say that before I came home from school, you were very attentive to her, now, seriously, don't you think she was better suited to you than I?"

Mr. Dorrance paused beside his wife, and meeting her upturned gaze, he answered calmly,

"Yes, Margaret, I do."

Nothing daunted by the serious tone in which this was said, and fully convinced that there had never been any girl save herself, on the throne of her husband's heart, and that at any moment she could resume her power, she continued her harangue.

"And now, if you had only taken compassion on her and married her—"

"Exactly to that I had!" broke from Mr. Dorrance's lips; and his wife read truth in his sad, pale face, that with no idle meaning had those words been rung from his heart.

In a moment she was subdued; she spoke no more tauntingly, for the feelings which tender words had failed to awaken, sprang up in all their strength at the first breath of passion of which she had so unjustly accused her husband.

From that night, Margaret Dorrance harbored a new guest in her bosom—from that night, she felt in her heart the truth of that Scripture passage, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

CHAPTER II.

"Vain tears are very apt to breed pride."

Frivolous and heartless as Margaret Dorrance may have appeared in the preceding chapter, she was not wholly so. Gladly would she have thrown her arms around her husband's neck, acknowledging that of all the unkind things she had said in anger, she had not meant one, could she have been sure that he, with truthfulness, could have said the same.

Often had he forgiven her impulsive words, and she doubted not he would again but pride kept her from seeking him. She had silenced emotions from her breast, which the dust of Time could never bury from her sight and daily, the knowledge of them gave more and more bitterness to her. In a moment's levity, she dismissed the workings of her heart and the studied coldness with which her husband treated her, convinced her but the more fully that she had forfeited the love, which, when she possessed, she valued too lightly.

At length she ceased to reproach herself. If she had done wrong in not studying her husband's happiness more, than he had in other respects done better by her, than he by her; she had given him a whole heart in exchange for a divided one. Thus thinking, she determined upon a course of conduct that should awaken in him the jealousy he had disclaimed.

"If he has one spark of love left for me, he shall learn what jealousy is," she thought, as, on the evening of the fancy party, her maid arranged her in the becoming Spanish dress she had selected.

Her long tresses, which were of a glossy purplish black, were folded over high upon her head, and fastened with an immense and elegantly carved comb of the rarest shell. Her velvet dress was relieved by a fall of fine blue around her exquisitely turned throat, and fastened with a single ruby. Jewels glittered on her arms and her fingers, and radiantly beautiful she looked, as, standing before the Psychoglass, she directed her maid in arranging the heavy black lace veil, which, resting on her hand, fell in careless folds almost to her feet.

But Mrs. Dorrance was apparently dissatisfied, for she glanced from her mirror to the toilet table, where a profusion of ornaments were scattered in open caskets and cases. Her eyes fell upon her superb bouquet; seizing it, she tore out a crimson japonica, and removing the jewel which had looped back the veil from her face, she replaced it with the flower. It was all that was needed. Her dress was now perfect, and wonderfully becoming.

As he looked upon them, so beautiful in their dependent and helpless infancy, he questioned whether all his words might not prove powerless, when even "the profound joys of maternity" had failed to give his wife a fondness for home pleasures.

And now, unfortunately, another change came over him.

"I will not stop to plead," he said. "In marrying, she assumed the duties of a wife and mother. I will hereafter be responsible for her fulfilling them properly. My name shall not be disgraced, nor shall those children receive a heritage of shame. I have tried kindness in vain, and will now see what a husband's authority can accomplish."

In this mood, he returned to the library; he drew his chair up to his writing-desk, and unlocked a drawer, lifted from it, one by one, the souvenirs of the past, that long had lain there hidden and undisturbed.

There were packages of letters, sketches of heads, unfinished landscapes, and beneath all lay a garland of gay-colored autumn leaves. The scrap of paper which labelled it, bore the words, "From Helen. Egerton woods, October 18th."

Before him rose the noble Old Forest, where he first had met one whose tastes and inclinations exactly accorded with his own. He recalled the graceful flow of her conversation, the

library, and paused beside the door. Her heart beat quickly; she trembled at the thought of bearing her husband's displeasure, yet she dared not leave the house without his knowledge. Summoning all her courage, she entered the room.

"Am I sorry that you are not going with me this evening, Howard, but I looked in to say that you need feel no anxiety about me; your friend, Mr. Graham, is my courier."

Her tones were kind; but there was an air of embarrassment unusual to her, that showed her conscience was not perfectly at ease.

Mr. Dorrance looked sternly upon his wife as he answered,

"I did not expect this. You told me you would not go to-night."

"No, I did not. I said from the first that I should positively go. You said you would not accompany me, and I answered you that of course that would be as you said."

"You misled me in that answer, Mrs. Dorrance, and I presume, intentionally."

Her face crimsoned; but her husband continued,

"I think you will live to regret the step you have taken to-night. I shall not molest you hereafter."

Closing the door impatiently, she swept from the room without answering.

He heard the sound of their merry voices, as laughing and chatting they passed out—the carriage rattled off, and Howard Dorrance leaned back in his chair, and in solitude and silence brooded over the bitter emotions of his heart.

The present tortured him the future—he dared not imagine that; and so he fell to thinking of the past.

What was there in that to bring a deeper gloom to his brow—a deeper sadness to his eyes?

There were memories of wrong and injustice which he had done another—a most cruel wrong.

From that sin was he now gathering its blighting fruit.

Heavier and heavier sank his heart within him, as he recalled, step by step, the infatuation which had lured him on to break his vows to the noble-minded being whom first he wooed. His breast heaved tremulously, and his strong frame shivered with the storm of thought that swept through him.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, as he arose, and with a heavy step paced the floor, "yes, yes, I deserve it all! My punishment is just! How glad would I now exchange the wild and passionate worship which I bore Margaret, for the calm love that once beat within my heart for another. But it is too late to that!"

He paused beside a crayon sketch of his wife which hung upon the wall, and now his lip quivered with tenderness as he continued,

"Ah, Margaret, how carefully would I have guarded you from unhappiness! How fondly would I have cherished you through all trials and all changes!—God grant you may never need the love which you have sacrificed to your vanity."

He gazed long upon it, noting the faultless oval of her face—the perfect regularity of her classical features—the fascinating expression of her full hazel eyes, and murmuring, "She is beautiful!" he turned away.

And now his heart grew cold and dead within him, as he recalled the temptations to which she would be exposed, in the attention that must necessarily follow the course of conduct which she had chosen to pursue.

He thought of the homage which she would command from the world; the flattery which she would receive, and which no woman can listen to without inhaling its taint; and the reflection smote upon his heart, that his wife, now only frivolous and thoughtless, might become—oh, it was too horrible to imagine!

He resolved that he would make one more effort to save her from that vortex of fashion and folly, which too often plunges in shame and degradation those who have madly trusted to its whirl. He would plead with her for the sake of their children—for his sake; for, as he recalled their bridal days, he could not smother the conviction that beneath all her frivolity and worldliness, there smouldered a flame which might yet spring up to warmth and beauty.

Almost unconsciously, as he thought of his children, he turned his steps to their room.—He opened their door. A night-lamp burned dimly upon the mantle, but its rays were strong enough to reveal to him the sleeping babes upon the couch. Bales they still were; for little Harry, the eldest, was scarce three years old, and his second summer was but now approaching.

Mr. Dorrance bent over them, tracing in his boy's fine countenance the features of his wife; while lightly round the plump and dimpled face of baby Ida, fell curls that would have matched his own in boyhood.

As he looked upon them, so beautiful in their dependent and helpless infancy, he questioned whether all his words might not prove powerless, when even "the profound joys of maternity" had failed to give his wife a fondness for home pleasures.

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Before him rose the noble Old Forest, where he first had met one whose tastes and inclinations exactly accorded with his own. He recalled the graceful flow of her conversation, the

intimate dignity of her manners, the loveliness of her truthful countenance, as first it impressed itself upon him then; and more than all, the well balanced mind and the mature judgment, which had afterwards been developed to him, as day after day he lingered by her side. He felt the flush that mounted to his temples, as in contradiction to such a being, another visit rose before him,—that of the puffed, spoiled, vain beauty, who had left her home that night little dreaming how dangerous would prove the solitude to her husband.

Arousing from his reverie, he opened a folded paper. It contained a pale-blue withered flower, and a sprig of myrtle leaf, and the words, in his own handwriting, "Woodlawn, May 20th, Helen."

(To be Continued.)

THE DIVINITY OF DREAMS.

BY G. D. TIME-KEEPER GENT.

The student, Karl Kohlmeier, sat in his study, sedately pulling his nose, and looking troubled. I dare say that in the walls of Göttingen there was not a more perplexed, bewildered, student than Karl that night. On the narrow medal for the best metaphysical dissertation was to be awarded, and all the bachelors and fair damsels of Göttingen would be there to see. It was whispered that from all the men of the University Karl Kohlmeier was likely to bear off the palm.

His yet unfinished thesis lay on the table, but it was not this which so saddened the thoughts and lengthened the face of the student; indeed it had been entirely out of his mind for full two hours and he sat, with half-closed eyes, looking into the smoke, hearing many a sigh as he blew clouds of smoke into the air. He seemed uneasy in his chair, frequently changing his feet on the fender, but otherwise he gave no token that either of his five senses were awake. Had he been less dormant he would have known that it was a terrible night. The spirits of the storm and the wind were roaring and rattling like mad, out doors. The little devils who ride on the pinions of the blast were striking and dancing about the turrets and steeples, rattling down bricks and tiles through the gusty streets and on the clattering pavements, and raising such a din of a row with roofs and windows, and rusty creaking weather-cocks, as made the good fat burghers of Göttingen shake in the beds like jelly, and caused the curl-papers of all the staid matrons in the city to come to a general falling out with the jetties, in sheer fright. The wind raved up and down the desolate streets, and whirled round the corners, tumbled in heavy rolls or gusts over the buildings, shook the spires and jingled the bells in the Old Cathedral, came moaning down the chimney like the howlings of hell's a dozen bulls of Basian in chorus; and so shrilly whistled through his key-hole, and rattled his door to that degree, that Karl Kohlmeier must have heard it if he hadn't been so abstracted as an owl.—But he didn't hear it, and he wouldn't if it had blown his great-grandfather into Herring Straits, and his wife to the moon. Karl was in love! Many an honest man has been there before, but I dare say no one ever felt what he was to love the black-eyed Fraulin Rosina Bickbush, whose father was President of the Municipal Board. Karl was poor, while Fraulin Rosina rode in her carriage, and sat surrounded with a silver fork, and vinegar made from the earliest kind of crab-apples. Poor and in love! In youth, my good Karl, these two are enough to lengthen any body's visage, to induce many a night lasting reveries by the fire. "It thought Karl, he only knew of it, or indeed knew me, it might mend the matter somewhat, but that's the thing of it. Karl Kohlmeier might as well be in Heaven for all she knows or cares about him. Missing on which, he clasped up yet a deeper gloom, and looked more searchingly into the now falling, dimming, and faded, and Karl drew to her rescue; how he told his big-shouldered love, and the queer story of the Dreams; how she loved him devotedly just as the Dreams had told her, and how the old Mytheer Bickbush came down, handsomely on the occasion, I would tell, if it were not already on the lips of all the story-tellers in Göttingen.

VIRTUES OF MILK.—It is a most perfect diet. Nothing like it—it contains curd, which is necessary for the development and formation of muscle—butter for the production of an adequate supply of fat—sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby add warmth to the body; the phosphate of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda, required to give solidity and strength to the bones, together with the saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It contains lactic acid, or the acid of milk, which chemists inform us is the acid of the gastric juice, so requisite for the proper dissolving of our food in the stomach. It is therefore obvious that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituents, and that its beneficial effects on the constitution should not be neutralized by adulteration. "It is," Dr. Prout properly states, "the true type of all food." How necessary, therefore, is it, that it should be pure; otherwise, this wonderful and wise provision of Providence, would be a curse rather than a blessing. *Lugg's Observations on Milk.*

Amongst other erroneous opinions about Indians, we have to correct this, which is very generally believed, that Sioux Indians always have coarse black hair, and black eyes; whereas nothing is more common in our streets, than to see squaws carrying about papoosees, whose hair is sandy, or even red, or light colored, (perhaps more frequently inclined to red,) and often with blue eyes. Has this fact in physiology escaped the acute-eyed Minnesota Historical Society?—*Minnesota Pioneer.*

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun.

the street together. It was a wild night in Göttingen, and Karl thought so when he saw the books and files rattling about him, felt the rule buffeting in his face, and heard the spirit of the wind mustering his squadrons for a new and terrific charge upon the turrets of the Old Cathedral; but he only wrapped his gown closer about him, and plucked on after the Emblem of D. Kees. After threading immemorial streets, and dodging innumerable brick bats, they came to a stop.

"A beautiful night for promenade, isn't it?" said the Mytheer, showing his ivory tery, tery, tery, how we have finished our promenade."

Karl looked up, and the stately mansion of Mytheer Bickbush, President of the Municipal Board, stood before him. As he gazed on it, Karl suddenly felt himself lifted into the air, whisked through the key-hole, borne along dark passages, till they stood side by side in an elegant chamber, and so hushed and silent was it that not a pulse of the great tumult that was shaking Göttingen, and mayhap blowing Karl's great-grandfather out of his grave toward Herring Straits, was heard or felt. A mellow light, like twilight, was diffused through the room, making every thing visible, only objects seemed subdued and shaded into softness to him, as we see them in dreams.—Upon a bed, whiter than the snows of Parnassus, lay sleeping a lovely girl, her head resting on a small round arm, her dark tresses loosely flowing, and her closed eye-lids hiding and flushing the sparkle of her laughing eyes; and Karl started for before him he saw the lovely Fraulin Rosina!

"You shall see," said the Devil, striking his tail by way of gesture, "what you shall see!" Heropop Karl looked, and in the mellow light perceived what he had not noticed before. An innumerable host of spirits filled the room, diminutive angels, as it might be the fairies of Heaven, and continually they seemed descending and ascending, running up and down on slender threads of light, and Karl knew they were Dreams. Some sat upon the bed, or danced minnets upon the squares of the coverlet, some upon the pillows; some, perched upon her ruby lips, were busy sketching beautiful pictures upon her pearly teeth; some hovered lovingly over her head attentive, and yet others whispered in her ear.

Heard what these were saying, as also the messages the others were continually bringing from the Land of Dreams; how they filled her mind with images of purity and love, how they counselled her to be good, and kind to the poor and have all to love devotedly, if ever she saw him, one Karl Kohlmeier. Karl believed in the Divinity of Dreams!

It is said that Karl sat very late at his table that night writing his theme, and that a person, whom I don't like to mention, stood looking over his shoulder, and with the point of his tail dipped in the ink, dotted the 'S' made the periods, dashes and exclamation points, and that the subject of the essay was the Divinity of Dreams! However this may be, it is certain that when the broad sun looked into his window next morning, so calm after the storm, Karl found such an essay upon his table, and moreover had the print of the tail, as if a sharp hawk had been stuck into the floor, as visible to this day. But Karl quietly put the essay in his pocket, and kept his own secret.

Merrily did the Old Cathedral bells ring out that morning, and with a light heart did Karl wind his way to the Great Hall, where the successful thesis was to be announced and read. All the beauty, the lace, the jewels and burghers of Göttingen were there, and Karl's heart fluttered furiously when, conspicuous among the dandies and wealthies, he saw the black-eyed Fraulin Rosina and the worthy President.—How the medal was awarded to Karl, and the wonderful essay was read to the delight of every body, and how, when Karl stood up before that multitude, bowing in his triumph, the gentle Rosina, overcome by some unknown cause, fainted, and Karl drew to her rescue; how he told his big-shouldered love, and the queer story of the Dreams; how she loved him devotedly just as the Dreams had told her, and how the old Mytheer Bickbush came down, handsomely on the occasion, I would tell, if it were not already on the lips of all the story-tellers in Göttingen.

RECIPE FOR BURNS.—As I see many receipts for various cures in your paper, I send you one for burns:

Take lime water as strong as it can be made, and add to it as much alum as it will dissolve, after which add one ounce of sweet oil, which will turn it to a jelly, like opodeldoe; if the lime is strong enough. This should be kept by every family, in a tight bottle, in some place where it cannot freeze, and should be immediately applied. A child of mine got her clothes on fire, in the absence of the family, and when discovered, the skin was almost all burnt off her face and neck; we had to make the preparation, but in fifteen minutes after it was applied, the fire was extracted, and the child at ease. I have tried most of the receipts published in your paper, but nothing have I found to equal the above. If rightly made and properly applied, it will extract all the burning heat in ten minutes.

BRAM ROOT.

[We have been acquainted with the use of lime water and olive oil salvo, for burns, for more than twenty years, but we never saw it made up with a mixture of alum. It is a very good salve. Poultices of linseed meal, are the best remedies that we ever saw applied to burns.—*Scientific American.*

A week or two since, a negro fellow in Grundy county, property of the widow of John Benet, committed suicide by blowing off the top of his head with a gun. His master had recently died in California, and he feared that he would be sold out of the family. Such is the cause assigned for the fatal act.—*Brunswick.*

A FELON.—It is said that if the diseased finger be thrust into a small bag of living angle worms, and kept there for some hours, the fury of the sore will be cured. It could do no harm—except to the worms—to try it. A case is related to us of success with this remedy.

Never trim the hair from the ear of your horse. It is placed there by nature to protect the orifice and drum of the ear from insects, dirt, and sudden changes of the weather.