



7-3-1851

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 50): July 3, 1851

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 50): July 3, 1851" (1851). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 205.
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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1851.

NO. 50.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3-1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE THOU THE ERRING.

Yes; love thou the erring: 'tis more to ask
Than the spirit deems a fitting task?
Does the heart revolt from its duty here?
And the gentle nature shrink through fear
Lest the splendor of a purer mind,
In the mission strange, should be left behind?
Nay, pause there, and list, thy heart shall say,
Yes, love thou the erring, and then obey.

Is it more to ask of the heart, that it e'en
Through years of trial, and watching, and pain,
Still pardoned all faults, as it strove to check
Each passion whose growth the future would wreck,
When the bud thus watched and veiled has opened,
And the flower proves not as it had hoped,
Yet will not the heart, thus fondly true,
Some love for the erring one renew?

We ask not the love that only comes
By angels borne from the heavenly homes,
But the link the hearts of the noble few
Whose souls are pure and whose spirits true.
We ask not the love for the guilty one
Whose conscious heart e'en a friend would shun;
Yet for hearts that beat with a noble aim,
The love for the erring one we claim.

If the heart will chide and the spirit bow
To the soul that speaks from a noble brow,
Is there thought to wake as powerful spells
In the brow of gloom that a sad heart tells?
Is there never given to us the right
To crush a soul or a heart to blight?
But fitting for us is the pard'ning smile,
And 'love for the erring' can be no guile.

And is there a heart thus far from heaven,
That needs not oft to be forgiven?
A heart so perfect, 'mid earth's vast throng,
That needs not look for pardon or wrong?
And sure it is that every heart
Of heaven's kindness must claim a part;
And would not the hope of worlds be given
If 'love for the erring' had not been given?

LILY L.

PRIZE STORY.

(From Sartaine's Magazine for July.)

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MORTON.

CHAPTER I.

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

"To be sure I am; you didn't for a moment think that I was going to be such a fool as to stay at home, did you?" was the unrefined and hasty answer.

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 desert from any further preparations, for I shall not accompany you."

Margaret Dorrance's eyes flashed, but looking up at her husband's face, she took a glance as resolute as her own. She had never yet openly defied him; and there was something now in that stern unswerving 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 even 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 that 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, that 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 filled 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 I 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 moral 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,' again 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 more years of gaiety. I married you at sixteen—foolish school-girl that I was, to throw away liberty and happiness at a breath—now, at twenty, you would immure me, nun-like, if you could; but I insist upon six more years of experience. Perhaps by that time, the world's pleasures will pall 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 spoke of my motives, Margaret," he said, "as though they were other than I professed; 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, is not this self?"

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 happiness full as much as my own, that I have so earnestly sought to give you a distaste for 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 prim old maid, Miss Helen Graham, was so exactly suited to you, and came near dying for you, every one said. She was the very one for you, for she detests parties as much as you can, and is always preaching to me about domestic happiness, and such fol de rol. It is 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 idol save herself, on the throne of her husband's heart, and that at any moment she could resume her power, she continued her badinage.

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

"I wish to God I had!" broke from Mr. Dorrance's lips; and his wife read truly in his now sad, pale face, that with no idle meaning had those words been wrung 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 that 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 this 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.

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 to him 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. She had euded emotions from his breast, which the dust of Time could never bury from her sight; and daily the knowledge of them grew more and more bitter to her. In assumed levity, she disguised 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 had it, she valued too lightly.

At length she ceased to reproach herself. If she had done wrong in not studying her husband's happiness more, she had in other respects done better by him 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 up on 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 lace around her exquisitely turned throat, and fastened with a single ruby. Jewels glittered on her arms and on her fingers, and radiantly beautiful she looked, as, standing before the Psyche-glass, she directed her maid in arranging the heavy black lace veil, which, resting on her head, 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.

With her large dark eyes, and their heavy sweeping fringe, and her rich, but transparently clear complexion, she well represented the nation whose costume she had chosen.

A carriage rattled over the stones, and drew up in front of their mansion.

Mrs. Dorrance parted the curtains, and glanced out. She saw a young man alight, and ascend the steps.

"It is all right, Matty," said she; "throw my cloak around me, and tell Mr. Dorrance when he comes home not to wait up for me."

Mr. Dorrance is in the library, marm; he came in before the clock struck nine."

"Very well; I will pass through as I go out; and Matty, you will sit up for me. I would rather have you than Richard. You know you can sit with the children after the other servants have gone to bed."

Matty yawned; and after her mistress had left the room, she muttered to herself of the hardship it was to work all day and sit up all night; but when she went into the room adjoining, where the children were sleeping, the frown upon her face was chased away by a smile, for she loved the dear little ones fondly. Drawing a low chair near their couch, she leaned her head upon a pillow, and was soon sleeping as soundly as they.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dorrance descended to 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.

"I am 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 blighted 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 he had first 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 gladly 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! too late!'"

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 that 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 alienation 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 resist 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 smoldered 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 mantel, but his rays were strong enough to reveal to him the sleeping babes upon the couch. Babes they still were; for little Harry, the eldest, was scarce three years old, and Ida's 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 profoundest 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 stoop 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 these children receive a heritage of shame. I have tried kindness in vain, and will now use 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, Oct. 1848.'

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 innate dignity of her manners, the loveliness of her truthful countenance, as it first 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 contradistinction to such a being, another vision rose before him,—that of the petted, spoiled, vain beauty, who had left her home that night, little dreaming how dangerous would prove the solitude to her husband.

Arousing from this 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 hand-writing, 'Woodlawn, May 20th, Helen.'

As he remembered that evening well; and this emblem of constancy, how it smote him now! 'Forget-me-not!' the flower spoke as plainly as words could have done, and his heart answered, 'By those hours of tenderness, those days of joy, that art not forgotten! Oh, Margaret, save me from those memories!'"

And now, unfolding a sheet of tissue paper, he lifted from it a long tress of soft brown hair, which fell from his fingers in spiral curls as he gazed upon it. There was no writing within. He needed none, for his eyes filled with tears as he looked upon it. Carefully he refolded and closed the paper, almost reverentially he pressed the package to his lips, and then, with a deep sigh, he leaned his head upon his hands, and mused for hours.

The clock struck one—two—still his wife came not, and with impatience added to displeasure, he went down into the parlors, and for another weary hour paced the long rooms to and fro. Not a sound fell upon his ear, save the low ticking of the French clock in the boudoir, and now and then, the distant rumbling of carriages.

He stood in the centre of the suite of rooms, and looked around him. This home that he had fitted up so luxuriously for his young bride—the drawing-room, with its gorgeous carpet of woven roses, its lofty windows, curtained with satin and heavily wrought lace, its antique and richly-carved furniture, and all the exquisite ornaments that art could furnish or wealth buy—the music room, with its splendid instrument, its rare old paintings, and its marble statuaries—the little boudoir for her own especial use, with its windows of stained glass and rose-colored drapery, its languor-inviting lounges, and its mirror-lined walls—why could she not be satisfied within such precincts to live for him, even as he had hoped to live for her?

He pressed his hand to his head; it was throbbing painfully, and hot with fever. Drawing aside the curtains of one of the windows which extended to the floor, he raised it, slid back the bolt of the Venetian shutters, and stepped out upon the balcony.

The cool air refreshed him; and now he heard the whirl of an approaching carriage. Nearer and nearer it came, and hastily reclosing the shutters and dropping the window, he stood listening.

On, on the carriage rolled, stopping beside the door, and now there was a quick ring, which Mr. Dorrance answered in person. It was well he did, for Matty's slumber was unbroken. He held the door open, standing in the shade of it, so that he was not observed. He heard Mr. Graham say to his wife, in a low, familiar tone,

"I am glad, my dear Mrs. Dorrance, that you have resolved to appear more frequently in the society which you so adorn. Will you hereafter honor me with any commands that you may have? for I can assure you that I am but too happy to be entirely at your service."

Mr. Dorrance did not wait for his wife's reply, but stepping forward into the light he met them face to face. He forgot his usual courtesy, his studied self-possession, as, drawing his wife's hand rudely from the arm on which it rested, he said,

"I will excuse you, Mr. Graham, from all further attentions towards my wife; she will not go into society hereafter, without my protection."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that both stood speechless. The next moment, Mr. Dorrance had closed the door upon Mr. Graham, without even exchanging the civilities of parting. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed vehemently, as breaking from his grasp, she entered the drawing-room, and threw herself upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot beat the rich carpet nervously, and the soft color of her cheeks deepened, until they glowed like the heart of the crimson rose which her white fingers were now fiercely tearing to pieces.

As her husband followed, she turned her head disdainfully from him. Each time he essayed to speak, she answered him with scornful, taunting words, until at length stung to madness, he seized her arm, burying his nails in the flesh.

"Good God, Margaret! will you have no mercy on me? do you not see that you are making a fiend of me?"

She did not scream although her arm quivered with pain; she did not seek to shake him off as before; she rather exulted in the idea that he had added personal violence to the mortification he had inflicted upon her, by his ungentlemanly treatment of Mr. Graham, so she smiled coldly, and answered, mockingly,

"Your own evil passions, sir, have converted you into the fiend which you allow you are, and which I cannot dispute—no, not even doubt," she added, as glancing at her arm, which he had now released, she saw a drop of blood trickling down its polished surface. Around it she wound her fine cambric handkerchief, and rising would have left the room.

Mr. Dorrance stood between her and the door.

"Margaret, you madden me," he said. "I did not know that I was so violent—listen to me—we must have an understanding."

"I understand you now thoroughly," she answered; "let me pass."

"No, I will not. You must first promise me that—"

"Must!" hissed Margaret, "must! I shall promise you nothing." Then subduing herself, she added, with more dignity, "When you are over your passion, and can treat me more properly, I will listen to you—not before."

"You will listen to me now," said Mr. Dorrance determinedly, and clasping her hands, he held them firmly between his own.

"I will not; I will not listen to one word—Let me go; let me go, Howard Dorrance. I will not bear this. You are a brute! I hate you! Oh, heavens! I wish I never had married," and, exhausted by the effort she had made to free herself, she sank back upon the fauteuil, and burst into a hysterical fit of weeping.

But her tears were not salutary. They arose from wounded pride, from mortified vanity, from excess of passion; and when her husband, subdued by them into a calm state, sat down near her and tried to soothe her, she waved him from her with her hand, sobbing out,

"Go away, go away. I wish I were dead, and then I should be out of reach of your tyranny."

Mr. Dorrance answered not a word, but went straight from the room to his chamber.

And now, throwing herself across the fauteuil, Margaret buried her face in its soft cushions, and for a few moments, gave way to the

most violent emotions. There were no self-accusations mingled with her bitter apprehensions of her husband's conduct. She was the injured one, and she resolved that her husband should confess it, and sue for pardon before she would restore him to favor. What had she done? Nothing. But he no words were sufficient to express the measure of his condemnation. A noise startled her. She looked up. Her comb had fallen from her head, bearing with it the heavy veil, and now her black tresses fell in masses over her opera cloak, contrasting strongly with its snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples, which were throbbing painfully; she pressed her small jeweled hands over them, and rising slowly, while her cloak fell to her feet, she caught the reflection of her symmetrical and richly robed form in the mirror opposite.

Fascinated by her own wild, gleaming beauty, she drew nearer, crushing as she did so the fallen bouquet.

Alas! thus destructively was she trampling down her life's flowers.

"Me!" she said, still looking on her image in the glass. "Is it possible that Howard Dorrance has treated me so shamefully? How many times before I was his wife did he promise to study only my wishes; and now, because I persevered in the accomplishment of one desire, he has vented his passion thus insultingly upon me! paid no regard to my feelings even before another: adding abuse to insult! and she glanced down upon her arm."

The sound which had before startled her was repeated. A window-shutter creaked; it might have been the wind; but terrified, she stole from the room across the hall, and into the library back. The light was still burning there, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, which her husband had forgotten to close. She lifted the gay wreath, and read the name and date. It dropped from her trembling hands, and hurriedly she looked through the other mementoes. Once she thought to tear open a package of letters, but she dared not do that; the ribbon that fastened them was sealed. At length she came to the long curl of chestnut hair and now her face blanched, and her lips grew pallid. Wrenching it apart, she would have thrown it upon the coals; but suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper; as she did so she looked towards the door. It was ajar, and the blood went chillily through her, from head to foot, as she met Edward Graham's eyes bent upon her. With his finger on his lips he approached her with noiseless footsteps.

"Do not be frightened. I will explain to you in a moment how I came here. There, sit down; you will be ill; you look so now, with your white face and pale lips. My dear Mrs. Dorrance, let me tell you how I worship you, that I may have some excuse for intruding upon you as I have done."

Margaret's voice was hoarse as she answered,

"No, you must tell me nothing; what would he say, if he were to find you here? Go—go, I beg of you. I tremble to think of it."

"I will go, if my absence will relieve you any. Oh, Margaret, if I dared to plead with you to go with me! Why will you stay to subject yourself to such treatment as I have witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will you not let me protect you from him?"

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied. She evidently did not understand his meaning, for she answered calmly,

"You are very kind. I am sorry that you have shared his anger with me; but you must excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven and forgotten all, had it not been for this," and she pointed to the table; "see there, Mr. Graham, he does not love me; he never has; there lie the hoarded mementoes of a deeper love. Tell me, for you must know, was my husband ever your sister's professed lover?"

Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his gray eyes glittered with a steel-like brilliancy, as he answered,

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance, when he first saw you, he was Helen's betrothed."

"I will be revenged upon him," she said quickly, while her eyes flashed with their fire. A half-suppressed smile wreathed Graham's lips as she spoke; and when she arose, and taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket near, and approaching him, asked permission to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his features.

She laid the hair idly upon the table, as she would had it been a feather or a scentless flower, and then he saw that, in his eager haste, he had gleaned hope for the advancement of his purpose, where there had been none for him.

"I must beg of you, as the friend of my husband," here Graham's eyes resumed their steel-like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret continued, "not to expose our unhappiness. I know not how much you have seen, nor how you saw it, for I thought the door closed upon you, as I came into the house."

"I will explain to you," interrupted Graham. "When your husband shut me out so rudely, I observed that one of the drawing-room shutters had been but slightly closed, and still remained unfastened. I sent the hackman off, and stationing myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned under the influence of wine, and that you might suffer from his violence. I could not account for the change in his manners in any other way. I saw all, and after he had left the room, I would have come to you, but at each attempt to open the shutter wider, I saw that I alarmed you. When you went out into the hall, I crept carefully and quickly in, and divining that you had gone to the library, I followed you. You know the rest."

"How imprudent!" was the exclamation that escaped Margaret's lips.

A frown darkened Graham's brow. "I am nothing to you, Mrs. Dorrance," he said impatiently; "you do not even seem to consider me a friend."

"How can you say so, Mr. Graham?" and she extended her hand. "I have always thought well of you; but you must see how imprudent you have been to-night—what a position you have placed me in if my husband should appear now. I wish he would though! I wish he would!" she added eagerly. "I would not explain one word to him; he should suffer what he deserves to suffer!"

"Thought well of me!" repeated Edward

Graham, "you have thought well of me, you say; Margaret Dorrance, if your whole heart was freighted with love for another, if his voice was the only music that your ears cared to listen to, to smile your only sunlight, would you be satisfied that that one should only think well of you in return?"

Mrs. Dorrance's large eyes first dilated with surprise, then dropped beneath the steady and burning gaze that met her eyes.

"Mr. Graham," she said, "I am a wife, and I cannot listen to such words; I beg you to leave me now. Had I ever dreamed that your kindness to me arose from other feelings than those of friendship, I should never have met it as I always have."

He did not turn his eyes from her, as he answered,

"Yes, you are a wife—an unloved wife these papers bespeak you—your own heart tells you that it is so. Margaret, listen to me; you said but now that you would have revenge—you cannot love one who so tyrannizes over you, while his heart is devoted to another—you cannot love—"

"I do, I do love him," broke out Mrs. Dorrance, "I love him but too well; but he shall never know it; I will convince him to the contrary," and she sighed heavily as she thought that by that evening's conduct, and by her harsh and hasty words, she had already, perhaps, too well convinced him.

She crossed the library to the door, and opening it, said,

"I would have you go this moment," and as he approached, she added, "if you ever wish me to consider you in the light of a friend again, do not speak another word to me of love. I will bury the past within my own bosom, and trust you will give me the same promise."

He did not answer; but he raised her hand to her lips, and in another moment left, cursing in his heart the precipitate haste which would now place her upon her guard towards him; and Mrs. Dorrance went down to the drawing-room, and bolted the shutters which she thought Richard had so carelessly left unfastened.

And now falling back upon the same fauteuil where she had thrown herself an hour before in such a storm of passion, she gave herself up to reflection. She saw the dangers to which she had exposed herself, and she no longer wondered that her husband would have shielded her from the world and its temptations. And now, her conscience once awakened from its slumber, failed not to accuse her of her errors. The veil was stripped away which self-love had thrown over all, and hunched at the sight, she would have gone to her husband with penitential confessions, had it not been for the relics of the past which the open drawer had revealed to her.

"I cannot doubt that he has loved me," she said to herself, as she recalled many incidents of their married life; "I cannot doubt it, and it is I who have driven him back to memories of his first love. But he wronged me in concealing that from me; had I known his heart had once been another's, I should have been more careful of it; but I was too confident of my own power. Now, if I should tell him that I had done wrong, that I saw my errors, how he would exult over me, always holding up his first love as a sort of bugbear to frighten me into submission. No, he shall not do that. I will adhere to my first purpose; he shall think that I too have mementoes."

So fostering a spirit of revenge, she put out the lights and went back to the library.

Taking a slip of paper from her own writing-desk, she wrote upon it, 'Edward. Midnight. Amor et constantia.' Then enclosing the lock of hair which she had severed from Graham's head, she laid it in her unlocked drawer.

She went up to her children's bed-chamber, and after awakening Matty, she stole softly into her own room for her night dress. What was her surprise to find her husband still up, when she had supposed him asleep long ago. He was standing beside the mantel, and his face was as white and rigid as the marble upon which he leaned. Her heart accused her; but she would not listen to his better promptings.

"He is the one to make the first concessions," she said to herself, but she waited in vain for them. He saw her gather her things together and leave the room, without making the slightest motion to detain her.

There was no sleep for either that night; both were conscious of error; each imagined the other guilty of a wrong.

Howard Dorrance had been aroused from the reverie in which he had indulged, after leaving his wife, by hearing the shutting of the front door. Hastening to the window, fearing that his wife, in her impetuosity, was fleeing from him, he had seen Edward Graham leave the house. Struck with surprise, and supposing, of course, that his wife must have admitted him, he had tortured himself with suspicions, until his brain was in a whirl.

Thus were two hearts, each fondly loving the other, (one from the faults of education, incapable of making the sacrifices which love required—the other, forgetting to make allowances for the tendency of that education,) now still further separated by a whirlpool of pride, jealousy, and passion.

CHAPTER III.

In the weeks that followed, Margaret Dorrance had ample time to regret her obstinacy. The breach that separated her from her husband seemed daily to widen. He gave her no opportunity for explanations, but treated her with studied coldness whenever they met. Her apartment he had ceased to share since that fatal night. She felt now how much easier it would have been to have yielded to his wishes—even to have renounced all society—than to bear the penalty which her perverseness had brought upon her.

Oh, how truly has it been said, that '

Margaret had neither inclination to go, nor spirit to prepare herself; but Emily Walton would take no refusal. Tableau was not then out of date, and she was preparing to have them on a large scale. No one but Margaret came up to her ideas of a Rebecca, and so she coaxed Mrs. Dorrance into yielding her reluctant consent.

The day preceding arrived, and all the morning Margaret had been oppressed with an unaccountable sadness. She went into the nursery to divert her mind with the children.

Ida was asleep, but Harry had just been brought in by his nurse from a walk, and his attention was engrossed by a new toy.

"Come hither, Harry," said Mrs. Dorrance; "come sit in mamma's lap."

"No me unt, me done wan to, me sit in me own lap."

"Oh, Harry's a naughty boy to speak so to mamma! Well, never mind; when poor mamma dies, and is buried up in the cold ground, then little Harry will feel bad."

The tender-hearted fellow dropped his toy, and burst into a sob, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, his breast heaved, and he said reproachfully:

"Oo no do right to talk so to me; done oo see how bad me make me feel?"

His mother was ready to clasp him to her heart, when suddenly his whole countenance changed. Resuming his former independent tone, and picking up his toy, he said:

"Well, me done care; me never mind; when oo die, me papa get me new mamma very quick."

Margaret was so vexed at this sudden turn that she felt like shaking the boy; but controlling herself, she left him to the nurse, who was mightily pleased at the spirit evinced by his answer.

And thus every little event of the day seemed to have a tendency to depress her more and more; and when the hour approached that Mrs. Walton had promised to send her husband for her, she stood shivering, although beside a glowing fire, feeling that she would be obliged to die, could she but once more rest her head upon her own husband's breast. She had ordered her own carriage that night, and, at the appointed hour, it was punctually at the door.

Mr. Walton had not come. Oh, the relief, if she should not be obliged to go!

Once more she went to the boudoir—the darling little room, where she had passed so many happy hours with her husband, he reading aloud to her their favorite books; while she, pillowed upon a lounge, listened, wondering if human voice had ever equalled his in its richly modulated tones.

Now, she stood there alone. Alone! and oh, so wretched! Whichever way she turned, the lofty mirrors reflected back a pale face, with eyes that tears had robbed of half their brilliancy.

How strange it seemed! Her dress of amber satin, with its bertha of costly lace—the delicate-colored wreath of natural jessamine flowers that encircled her head as a coronet—the embroidered demi-cotte of lace, looped up with green sprays, and jessamine buds; so much taste evinced, so much luxury scattered around, and withal, such worlds of misery looking out from the depths of those hopeless eyes.

The door-bell rung. The servant who answered it ushered a gentleman into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Dorrance advanced met Edward Graham.

"Mr. Graham! To what accident am I indebted for this unexpected call?"

"Mrs. Walton commissioned me last evening to call for you to-night," Mrs. Dorrance. Her husband, she said, would be unavoidably detained.

Mrs. Dorrance lips smiled; but her eyes changed not from their dim sorrow, as she answered:

"As Emily has not kept her part of the compact I am released from mine. I shall not go to-night, Mr. Graham, and am sorry to have given you all this trouble. I will not detain you one moment longer."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your friend made me promise that I would not return without you; indeed, you must go; your absence would cast a damper over the whole party."

"I am not vain enough to believe that, Mr. Graham," she answered, with something of scorn in her manner.

"I did not say it with any intention of flattering you, Mrs. Dorrance; it will most assuredly be so, for Mrs. Walton is relying upon you to personate several characters, and without you, the whole series must of course fall through."

"I cannot help it, Mr. Graham. As Emily did not send her husband for me as she promised, I am released from attendance. You need not urge it, for even did I wish to go, you know my husband has objected to my receiving attentions from you."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your husband has taken off that interdiction," interrupted Mr. Graham, eagerly, and as he spoke, he glanced through the suite of rooms, for they both remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room. His voice might have been a semitone lower, as he continued:

"I met him to-day, and asked his consent to wait upon this evening; he replied promptly, that he had no objections. I hope now you will not consider yourself justified in disappointing your friends."

Mrs. Dorrance could not account for the sudden suspicion which entered her mind that Mr. Graham had not spoken the truth. To be sure, she had ceased to regard him as a friend, since the night he had endeavored to persuade her to forgetfulness of her duties as a wife; and associating him with the first cause of her alienation from her husband, it was no wonder that she felt a fear of his trying to separate them still farther. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon him.

"Mr. Graham, is that strictly true?"

"Upon my honor it is. What reason have you to doubt my word, Mr. Graham?"

"I thought it possible," she replied, "that this might be one of the occasions for falsehood, for which fashionable life grants free and full absolution; but if it is as you say, I will not disappoint Emily; it would not be right."

"She prepared herself to go out to the carriage," "You are not deceiving me?"

Mr. Graham opened the door. As he followed Mrs. Dorrance into the hall, his quick eye caught a glimpse of her husband just coming out of the library. He answered, in a raised tone:

"I told you, Mrs. Dorrance, exactly what your husband said."

They were gone. Margaret had not seen the one imploring, despairing look that was cast after her. She had not a dream of the tempest of agony with which a full grown heart, freighted with love for her, was battling throughout that weary night.

Could she have but divined it, how joyously would she have retraced her steps! With what explanations of, and concessions for, the past—with what promises for the future, would she have dispelled that momentarily increasing storm.

"False-hearted, crafty, subtle, as I believe

him to be, yet he has told her all, and she has chosen to go. Now, as I said so, so shall it be though it break my heart-strings."

These were the only words that escaped his lips.

And what had he said? It was true that Edward Graham had met him, and asked his consent to wait upon his wife; but he had told him that it was to a theatrical exhibition. It was true that Mr. Dorrance had answered he should make no objections, but he had also added, "If she consents to go with you to-night, she shall return to my house no more."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FEMININE DRESS.

This subject seems to have excited great attention among our brethren of the press. In almost every newspaper, from whatever State, county, town, court house, street, lane, or alley, we find some pungent paragraph, or long leader about the "Turkish costume," and its reception by the ugly sex. Some grumble at it, and some are prudishly anxious about it. Dealers in dry goods swear at it, because their yardsticks whisper diminution of quantity. Husbands and fathers, who buy more than they sell of fancy fabrics, are disposed to encourage it, because it whispers diminution of bills. Old bachelors, very nice men according to Swift's definition, regard it with some apprehensions about propriety, a thing of which they are always very ready and willing, and doubtless very competent judges. Young bachelors like it in girls, but condemn it in matrons and other ladies of middle age or more, as an invasion of young beauty's privilege. Young husbands like it in their wives as an agreeable novelty. The boys stare at it because it is strange; and the disorderly rabble hoot at it, as they do at every thing which can be tortured into an object of malicious amusement. In short, it seems to attract general attention, and elicits remarks precisely according to the mental constitution of the beholder.

Now in all this, and especially in this commotion among editors, we see much to laugh at and much to condemn; and we do not hesitate in telling the ugly sex, editorial or otherwise, that the subject is—none of their business. We see much to ridicule in their interference with a subject not within their province, and of which they would be very imperfect judges, if it were. And we see much to condemn in the cool insolence and systematic tyranny with which men undertake to prescribe laws for women. Dress is made for both use and ornament. For all its useful purposes, the wearer, as a general rule, is a better judge than the beholder. Women know what they want, for security, comfort and convenience, quite as well as men. Nature has endowed them with instincts for this discovery, and reason to use and guide such instincts; and therefore if men are competent to devise garments for themselves, so are women, and each sex should judge for itself. And for all the ornamental purposes of dress, we affirm, with due deference, that the soft sex and the fair sex, endowed with finer instincts, are better judges than the coarse and clumsy sex. To judge well of ornament in dress, as in anything else, ideal, comparison and approbation are necessary; and these are instincts in which women far exceed men. Therefore, to dress for use, they know as much as men, and to dress for ornament, they know more. Ergo, they ought to regulate their own dress; and par corollary, men have no business with it. Q. E. D. Hence, when men meddle with feminine dress, they ought to be laughed at, and will be so far as we are concerned.

But besides laughing at the interference, we condemn the insolence and tyranny which prompt it. Do women ever raise an outcry about the dress of men? Never. Who invents masculine habiliments? The tailors; or rather some fashionable tailor in Paris, who is closely followed, even to a stitch, by the tailors of civilized Christendom. Have the women ever raised a breeze, in or out of the newspapers, at any innovation upon a coat, a vest, a pair of pantaloons? Have they ever stopped or turned round to stare in the streets, at a change in the shape or color of a hat, or cut of a boot or shoe. Never. Such impertinence, such ill-breeding, are exclusively masculine; exclusively characteristic of the ugly sex, the coarse sex, the tyrannical sex. By what right, for what substantial reason, can men undertake to regulate the dress of women? Some, especially old bachelors, will say that this masculine supervision is essential to propriety, which would be infringed if women had unlimited power over the subject. Dear souls! Do not be distressed. We would not give much for any standard of propriety set up by men, and have always found that women were most correct, where they were most despotic in manners. Did women ever attempt to sustain one of their own sex in violating their own laws? Never. Such attempts invariably proceed from men. Do women ever depart from propriety in dress to please themselves or each other? Never. To please men is the only object of such departures. We therefore guess that men may as well let feminine propriety alone; for if left to themselves, women will not violate any of their own instincts.

Then as the question whether the "Turkish dress" be better or worse than any now in fashion, is a question exclusively for women, we move that men let the subject alone. If any woman prefers this dress, which, if we may be allowed to express an opinion upon the subject, is more becoming than the long, cumbersome, street-sweeping, all-the-room-mopplizing cargo of dry goods now worn, let her assume it without asking anybody's permission, or caring for any man's impertinent remarks. And if women wish to introduce it, let them do so without making any noise, asking advice of any lecturer, or permission of any "women's convention." If some half dozen respectable matrons, influential in their own circles, put it on it will go fast enough; and a dozen or so of handsome girls will soon make it take with the "young fry." If any acknowledged belle, married or single, resolve to wear it, she will soon have plenty of imitators.

One of the editorial objectors says it is a compound of the *harem* and the *circus*. "Lord bless your silly soul!" as we once heard a sober matron say, in reply to an old bachelor's remark about propriety, "Do you know what you are talking about? *Harem* means *Harem*; the altar of domestic sanctities; the place too sacred for the public; the place profaned by the gaze from out-of-doors. The *circus* suggests riding; a very healthful exercise, requiring a dress free from absurd incumbrances, like the long riding habits that trail upon the ground, and could be easily caught by a tree or bush or fence, or the shaft of a passing carriage, and pull the rider off. Now a dress that combines the proprieties of *home* with the best requisites for exercise, is the very dress for our taste; and we hope that it will become general, in spite of old bachelors, or any other prelates in pantaloons. Its investiture of women with the badge of authority is no objection in our opinion. If women had more authority, the world would be better. So put it on, dears."

Before you ask a man for a favor, consult the weather. The same person that is ugly as

sin while a cold rain is spitting against the window glass, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine, than his heart will expand like a rosebud.

The Census.

We have at last something definite about the census which was taken last year, being the seventh since the adoption of the Constitution. We must confess that we are a little disappointed on finding that the population of the country amounts to but 23,267,498, of which 3,179,589 are slaves. The slaves are more numerous than we could wish they were, and the free population is at least two millions behind what we expected it would be. This shows that our territory has grown much faster than our population; and we resemble a youth who has suddenly shot up to a grenadier height without a corresponding increase of the thighs and sinews. Still it is a very pretty show to make on the part of a country which was composed of only a few colonial dependencies within the memory of some now living, and it is a good basis of increase. There are people now arrived at years of discretion, who should they live to the ordinary age of man, will probably see this population increased to one hundred millions, and superior to that of any other Christian country.

The population of the free States is 13,533,328; of the slave States, exclusive of Texas, 6,339,824; of the districts and territories, 162,824. The ratio of representation is 93,702, it having been already determined that the House of Representatives shall consist of only 233 members. The relative proportions between the representation of the free States and that of the slave States is but little altered. Of the New England States, Massachusetts alone makes a gain of a member, and this only in consequence of the enormous increase of her foreign population, of which there are almost seventy thousand in Boston alone. Maine, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, remain as they are, and New Hampshire and Vermont lose one each. Of the large States, Pennsylvania gains one, New York loses one, Virginia loses two, and Ohio neither loses nor gains. Of the smaller States, Arkansas gains one, and Texas loses one, the latter State's population bearing no proportion to her territory, and not affording many indications of the rapid approach of that day when these new States of which we hear so much shall be formed out of her territory. The North Western free States gain three members, two in Michigan, and one in Indiana; and Missouri gains two members, being the only slave State except Arkansas that makes an increase in its delegation. Kentucky holds her own, but Tennessee loses a member. Florida is far short of the number of persons constituting the basis of representation, and Delaware is not quite up to it. South Carolina, which is making such a noise about fighting "all the world and the rest of mankind," has a slave population that exceeds the free by more than one hundred thousand!—and of her free population, almost nine thousand are negroes. Of the territories, New Mexico has a population of 61,642; Utah, 25,000; Oregon, 20,000; Minnesota, 6,192— from which it would seem that, with the exception of New Mexico, there will not be a great deal of trouble, for the present, about the admission of new States, unless we should acquire new territory, of which there is no immediate prospect.

The Young Philosopher.

A little girl, about four years old, had one day a piece of red tape given her, and she was told she might do with it whatever pleased her best. Delighted with this first feeling of absolute power, she took up a pair of scissors, and sat down on the floor with the bright colored string on her lap. As she was examining her treasure, to see what way she could exercise this new power, she said to herself, "I will have only one end to my pieces of string," and immediately she cut off the other. Surprised to find that now there were four ends instead of two, the child imagined that she had not cut it in the right place, and quickly tried again, but again each piece had its two ends.

Still supposing that it must be her own fault, she turned the scissors in every direction keeping her eyes fixed, on the one end, and cutting her tape until it was not more than an inch long. At length, looking at the little red bits scattered around, she said to herself, "so everything must have two ends." She repeated the words slowly a second time, and then added—"And I cannot do what I choose with my tape, though it is my very own."

When the little girl grew older, she found that, without knowing it, she had been making an experiment, with this piece of tape, and learning from it two great truths. There are, indeed, few truths learned even by grown up people, of more importance than these. First that with everything to help them, neither children nor grown people can always have their own way. Second, that everything has two ends; the first end or beginning, and its conclusion or latter end.

Some of our little readers will, perhaps, laugh when they think of this little girl, looking at one end of the string and hoping that there would be no other end, if she kept it out of sight. Let them remember however that should they also look only at the beginning of any thing they wish to do, and try not to see the other end they will be quite as foolish and much more sorry for it afterwards.

HOW TO OBTAIN CREDIT.—The Salem Observer says, a young man who had been in business from two to three years, was in want of a small loan of money, from two to three hundred dollars. He made some inquiries, and was directed to a worthy citizen for the needful. He accordingly called on the gentleman, and asked the favor, and the following dialogue took place:

"Sir, do you take a newspaper?"

"Yes, sir, the *Salem*—"

"Very well—call on me in a day or two."

During the interval the gentleman called at the printing office, and on inquiry, found that the applicant for the money had paid his newspaper bill punctually, when due. On the young man calling on him, at the time appointed, he said, "you can have the money, sir, upon your note."

Macaulay's charges against William Penn have been refuted by the discovery of some valuable documents relating to the life of the Duke of Monmouth. Penn was accused of extorting money for negotiating pardons for persons condemned to death. A cash book has been found by Mr. Roberts, in which it is recorded that a Mr. Pinney, an ancestor of Wm. Pinney, Esq., M. P., was condemned to death, and that his ransom was paid to one "George Penn." He was in no instance intended for William Penn; therefore, the founder of Pennsylvania is entirely exculpated from the serious charges made against his memory by Mr. Macaulay. [Corr. Phila. North American.]

A LION AND LIONESS.—Dr. Smith, recently returned from Europe, in a letter to the *Transcript* says he was recently at a large party at

the Lord Mayor's of London, when Mary Howitt, the popular authoress, who was present, said to him—"Now show me one of your American lions, if any are in the room." Shortly after I discovered Horace Greely, and leading him up, I took the liberty of saying: "Madame, this is an American lion; and turning to Mr. Greely—"this sir is an English lioness"—and I left them cordially shaking paws.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JULY 3, 1851.

A. & K. RAILROAD.

Annual Meeting of the Stockholders, at Lewiston, July 1, 1851.

Judge Ware called the meeting to order, and read the report of the Directors.

A motion to postpone the choice of Directors till after the reading of the other reports was rejected, and Messrs. Willis, of Portland, Redington and Saunders, of Waterville, and Frye, of Lewiston, were appointed a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for seven Directors for the ensuing year.

After the votes were received, the report of the committee to adjust the division of the fare with the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Co. was read and accepted. On motion of James Stackpole, Jr., Esq.,

Resolved, That this Corporation approve the terms proposed by the committee appointed 27th of March last, for settling the controversy with the At. & St. L. R. R. as to the connecting business of the two roads,—allow the same are more favorable to the At. & St. L. R. R. than justice and equity between the parties would allow. That the Directors be ordered to renew the offer of the same terms or others not more onerous in their operation on the interest of this Corporation, to the Directors of the At. & St. L. R. R.; to be accepted within sixty days, and to apply to the connecting business of the road from the first of May, 1850. And if, on such terms being so proposed to them by the Directors of this Corporation, the Directors of the At. & St. L. R. R. shall not accept the same and make a satisfactory adjustment of the matter in controversy in the manner above indicated within sixty days, the persons following shall be a committee to circulate petitions for, and take all necessary and proper means to procure at the next session of the Legislature a charter for the extension of the And. & Ken. R. R. to Gorham or Saccapappa, to unite with a railroad leading thence to Boston and Portland, viz: Franklin Smith, James R. Bachelier, D. L. Milliken, Samuel P. Benson, Lot M. Morrill, Edwin Noyes, John Ware, and Harrison A. Smith.

On motion of Hon. T. Boutelle, Resolved, That it is of vital importance to the interest of this Road to secure a connection with the Bangor Road, and that as soon as this Corporation shall obtain a suitable contract with the At. & St. L. R. R. Co. for the transaction of the connecting business, or shall obtain some other avenue for their business between the Junction and Portland, they desire to make some contract or arrangement either alone or in connection with some other corporation, with the Penobscot and Kennebec R. R. Co. for the immediate construction of their Road from Waterville to Bangor, and that the Directors be directed to adopt all suitable means to secure such a result.

The report of the Directors was taken up and discussed by Messrs. E. Crane, A. P. Morrill, Judge Ware, J. S. Little, Pres. At. & St. L. R. R. Co., William Goodenow, and E. Noyes.

During the discussion the committee appointed to count the votes for Directors, reported:

Whole number of votes,	45,413
No. of shares represented,	6,488
Necessary for a choice,	3,245

Wm. Goodenow, of Portland, had	4,682
Edward Crane, Boston,	4,804
William C. Taber, N. Bedford,	4,785
Samuel Taylor, Jr., Fairfield,	4,689
Anson P. Morrill, Readfield,	4,820
Reuben B. Dunn, Waterville,	4,692
Benjamin E. Bates, Boston,	4,685
Samuel Pickard, Danville,	1,574
Ephraim Wood, Winthrop,	1,672
Wm. Buxton, North Yarmouth,	1,752
T. O. Saunders, Waterville,	1,533
Jeraph Percival,	1,511
Ira Crocker, Portland,	1,749
Samuel Tyler,	1,591
Asbur Hinds, Benton,	308
Rufus Horton, Portland,	71
Jacob S. Loring, Yarmouth,	189
Elijah Barrell,	4
Isaac S. Sewall, Wales,	2

The report was accepted, and Messrs. Goodenow, Crane, Taber, Taylor, Morrill, Dunn and Bates were declared elected.

After some farther discussion, a motion to accept the report of the Directors was rejected, and thereupon it was laid upon the table. Adjourned.

It is due to Mr. Hinds to say that he was put in nomination, but declined and Mr. Bates was nominated in his place.

Mr. Pickard also declined, but the ticket bearing his name was not changed. No others of the former Directors declined. Mr. Dunn only of that board was elected. The overwhelming vote against them shows too plainly to be misunderstood, the verdict of the Stockholders on the doings of the Board for the last year. Nor was this vote confined to "East End Stockholders," but comprised those along the road and very many, even in Portland.

Nearly all the stock was represented, and almost three-fourths of the votes were given for the successful candidates for Directors—so it is hoped that now we have a Board in whom the Corporation generally have confidence—and who will represent the interests of our road. Also it is hoped from the exposition of the affairs in controversy with the At. & St. L. R. R. that there will speedily be a satisfactory adjustment.

On the whole, this meeting was one of the largest and most important ever held, and the mass of Stockholders came away with renewed confidence in the success of the road, and the eventual par value of the stock.

John B. Gough in Waterville.

The friends of temperance, and every body else, will be gratified to learn that this famous champion of the cause proposes to visit this place some time next week—probably on Friday evening—of which particular notice will be given in due time. Mr. Gough has never visited Waterville, but his eloquence has made him known wherever temperance has a friend. Probably no living advocate of this cause possesses equal power of moving a popular audience. The occasion of his visiting Waterville is this:—Mr. Kellogg, whose lectures here have made him so many friends, has been appointed by the Am. Temperance Union a delegate, to the World's Convention in London. Mr. K. is unable to meet the expenses of the appointment without aid; and Mr. Gough, with the hearty and noble generosity that has always marked his character, has volunteered to aid him with a few lectures—taking a very small admission fee at the door, and giving the avails to Mr. Kellogg. The crowded houses Mr. Gough always draws will thus yield a considerable sum. He will lecture in Portland, and come from there to Waterville, where he will give only one lecture. Such an opportunity to hear Mr. Gough, and for such an object, will be gladly hailed in this vicinity, especially by the many and ardent friends of Mr. Kellogg—whose services in the State certainly merit an expression of the gratitude of temperance men.

FIRE. A fire broke out about 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon, in the carpenter shop of Messrs. Elias and Amos Chandler, on Pleasant-st., which resulted in the almost complete destruction of the buildings belonging to Messrs. Chandler, embracing two dwelling-houses, shop, barn and sheds. The house of Elias Chandler was but partly consumed, though so badly injured as to be hardly worth repairing. On this there was an insurance of 500 dollars,—no insurance on any other buildings, which were completely reduced to ashes. The furniture of the houses was mostly saved, though in a badly damaged condition. The total loss, over the insurance, must be about 2000 dollars.

The fire was caused by several small children who were playing with fire works, which set fire to the shavings, and in the absence of help the shop and barn were almost instantly enveloped in flames. The engines were promptly at work, but the scarcity of water was a serious obstacle to their success. The extreme warmth of the day was another obstacle, and several men fell from over exertion and imprudent use of cold water. Very commendable efforts were made by the ladies, in the early stage of the fire, in saving furniture, and afterwards in passing water to the thirsty.

The loss by this fire is peculiarly severe upon Messrs. Chandler, and calls strongly upon such as have the means to lend them a helping hand. They are both known as very worthy young men, who had secured their neat homesteads by honest industry. Mr. Amos Chandler had no insurance, and has lost all he was worth. Subscription papers will, as a matter of course, be circulated in a day or two, and it cannot be doubted that the appeal will elicit evidence of strong sympathy in their misfortune.

MESMERISM. The experiments of Mr. Spencer in this new department of philosophy, at Appleton Hall, have been highly amusing, and have produced general conviction that the science is destined to become of great use to mankind. Some of Mr. Spencer's efforts to convince the audience of the remedial agency of mesmerism, must have been satisfactory, though it would seem that only certain classes of disease, as well as of persons, can be brought within its influence. A tobacco chewer and smoker, of forty years indulgence, was cured of all relish or appetite for his favorite weed, so that the mere smell of it is offensive. A gentleman who hobbled into the hall, a complete cripple by rheumatism, was induced by a single sitting to skip about the stage like a boy. We have not heard how the effect continues upon him. Mr. Spencer is a gentleman of more than ordinary skill in the science, as his singular success in several of our cities has given most conclusive evidence.

LOOK TO IT! The late fire on Pleasant-st. explains somewhat forcibly the necessity for a reservoir in that vicinity—as well as at various other places in our village. We hear it said that there is already culpability somewhere in this respect; and the inquiry has been made whether the Village Corporation did not vote for the construction of these reservoirs two years ago? If so, is it not incumbent upon somebody to see that this matter is promptly attended to? The benefits of taxation itself, is as equally distributed as taxation itself. It is plain that this has not been the case in respect to our appropriations for the fire department; and the demand so long urged, for additional reservoirs, is now seen and felt, and should have immediate attention.

THE FIREMEN.—Ticonic Engine Company, of Waterville, is to go to Lewiston to-morrow, to join in the celebration of the Fourth. Have a care, boys, that none of the big "uns throw water on your crowns. We have faith in you like a bushel of mustard seed, for a hard pull of red-hot service; but for a "solitary spiritation," in mere sport, we can't tell what might happen to you. You may find something besides the Ticonic, that has tipped the crown of Uncle Sam, and then the young lion of the Kennebec may crouch to the "Tiger." We can hardly expect to see you bear away the palm; but we should sooner shut our eyes than see you yield it.

GODEY. We are indebted to Frittridge & Co., Boston, through the hands of G. H. Griffin, Hanson's Building, for Godey's Lady's Book, for July. How we came to miss our regular exchange we know not. It is a beautiful number, and the loss would have been greater than the year's subscription. Godey's is always a gem.

OFFICERS OF TICONIC DIVISION, No. 13,

S. of T. for the ensuing quarter:—
J. V. Wilson, W. P.
W. L. Maxwell, W. A.
G. L. Robinson, R. S.
F. O. Brainerd, A. R. S.
S. Keith, F. S.
J. P. Caffrey, T.
E. H. Piper, C.
E. P. Nourse, A. C.
C. Ward, I. S.
S. C. Marston, O. S.

We are happy to hear again from our "Lily," and thank her for the introduction of her friend "Inez," whose "Song of the Stars," is commended to our readers.

The annual report of the Directors of the A. & K. Railroad, submitted at Lewiston and refused acceptance by the Stockholders, is too long for our paper entire, but our readers shall have the substance of it next week.

THE LIQUOR CASE. The liquor case, on complaint against Sawyer, came up before Judge Fitch yesterday.—Gen. Fessenden and Edward Fox for the State, and Shepley for defendant. The counsel for defendant objected to the return of the officer, that it was not sufficiently specific in describing the *casks* in which the seized liquor was contained. The counsel for the State said that the return specified the different kinds of liquor seized, and the amount of each kind—and that a description of the casks was of no consequence. Judge Fitch decided the return to be sufficient.

The counsel for defendant then suggested that persons in Boston owned a portion of the liquors, and that time should be given that they might be heard. The counsel for the prosecution said they had no objection to any reasonable delay, and the case was then continued one week—to the first of July.—[Portland Advertiser.]

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT BELFAST.—An extra from the Belfast Signal, states that one of the most destructive fires in the history of that town occurred on Tuesday night of last week. The fire originated in a four story brick building, occupied by the Belfast Foundry and Manufacturing Co. When first discovered, the fire had made considerable progress, and the whole structure was soon enveloped in flames, and was totally consumed, together with several contiguous buildings. Some dwelling and store houses in the vicinity were seriously injured, and were saved only by great exertion. The main foundry building was one of the largest in town, and together with the machinery it contained, was valued at \$20,000. The total loss by the fire was about \$25,000. Neither of the buildings burned were insured for any amount. The fire is supposed to have originated from the boiler furnace used for casting brass.

CRIMINALS FROM MAINE.—We learn from John M. Spear that he finds more criminals from Maine in the Levee street jail than from any other State. Most of them are young men and women, who come from the agricultural towns in search of honest labor, and being unacquainted with city temptations, they commit crime and are imprisoned.

Mr. Spear feels that parents should be informed of the snares to which their sons and daughters are exposed, if they come to Boston unprotected; and he intends, during this summer, to make several tours through different parts of Maine, with a view of calling attention to this important subject. We learn that several persons from Maine are now confined in our city prison awaiting their trials at the next term of the Municipal Court.—[Boston Courier.]

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A young man by the name of Joseph Weld of Cornville, aged 18, in the employ of Mr. Joseph Russell of this place, was killed by a bull on Tuesday the 24th inst. He was leading the animal with a halter attached to his nose, when the bull suddenly turned and sprang upon him, pressing him against the fence with sufficient force to fracture the collar bone, and force the breast bone and ribs in upon the heart and lungs, causing instant death. His sudden death will be deeply felt, by his friends, and

Lucius Doolittle,
44 No. 3 Merchants' Row
Dorchester, May 20, 1851.
DOLITTLE, Prepared Cocoa, Beans, and Cocoa
Shells for sale at No. 2 Boutelle Block, by
DOW & NYE.

