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THE TWO HOMES, A TALE FOR WIVES.

Our story begins—as most other stories terminate—with a wedding. And yet how often is marriage but the entrance gate of life, when the romantic girl must inevitably merge into the thinking and active woman, and she who has hitherto lived within herself and to herself, must learn to live for another. She steps from the altar into a new existence—requiring new feelings; she enters on a path as yet untried, and in which there is much to be overcome, and in which she has need of all help from her own heart and from Heaven.

Mr. Stratford, the rich banker, gave away at the marriage altar, on the same day, his only daughter and his niece. The fortunate bridegroom who won the former, was Sir Francis Lester, a baronet of ancient and honorable family. The husband of the latter was of lower standing in society—plain Henry Wolferstan, Esq., a gentleman whose worldly wealth consisted in that often visionary income, “a small independence,” added to office under government, which yielded a few hundreds per annum. These were the two who carried away in triumph the beautiful heiress and the graceful and portly niece of Mr. Stratford.

With the usual April tears, the two young brides departed. A state carriage and four conveyed Sir Francis and Lady Lester to the hall of a noble relative; while the humbler railway to the antique country mansion, where a new mother and sister awaited the orphan. And thus passed the honeymoon of both couples, different, and yet the same; for in the lordly abode, and in the comfortable dwelling of an English squire, was alike the sunshine of first, young, happy love.

In a few weeks, the two couples came home. How sweet that word sounded—“Our Home!”—What a sunny vista of coming years does it open to the views of joys to be shared together and cares divided—that seem, when thus lightened, no burden at all.

Sir Francis Lester forgot his dignity in his happiness as he lifted his young wife from her downy cushioned equipage, and led her through a lane of smiling, bowing, white ribboned domestics, up the noble staircase of his splendid house in — Square.

Hand-in-hand the happy pair wandered through the magnificent rooms, in which taste refined had increased of wealth. Emily was never weary of admiring, and her husband only looked in her eyes for his delight and reward. At last, exhausted with her pleasure, Lady Lester threw herself on a divan couch.

I can do no more to day; I am quite wearied.

Wearied of home—of me—of what? said Sir Francis, smiling.

No—no, answered the bride, looking proudly at her husband, and playing with his jeweled fingers; only wearied of being so happy.

Indeed I do not care; all the mothers in the world would not induce me to rise and have the fatigue of dressing and dining in state to-night.

Sir Francis looked annoyed; but he had been married too short a time to do more than “look.”

As you will, Emily; but I wish—

There was something in his tone that made the wife look up. She saw the expression, and repeated:

You wished—and I will do anything you wish, now and always, whispered her beautiful lips in his ear, and the shadow was gone from between the two—swept away by the touch of love.

Half a mile from the abode of Sir Francis Lester was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wolferstan. It was one of those pleasant houses that a generation now past used to erect in the suburbs of London. With modern built terraces and formal squares have risen here and there, while their barrier of trees, or low private hedges, against the dusty road—their little gardens and brown walls covered with ivy, or woodbine, or thick leaved vines. To one of these pretty dwellings Henry Wolferstan brought home his bride.

It was an evening in September, bright enough to make the fire welcome, when Henry and Eunice sat for the first time by their own hearth together. The ruddy fire light gleamed on the young wife's face as she presided at the tea-table; with her husband, resting at his ease in an arm chair, watched with his affectionate eyes every movement of the delicate hand that lifted about in maternally dignity. How happy they were. After all the trials of a love whose course had been ruffled by worldly cares and hindrances, to find themselves at last in a still haven—a happy, wedded home! Eunice looked round the cheerful home the books, the well chosen prints, silent beautiful companions, which they both loved so much—and the open piano-forte—all seemed to speak of future comfort and happiness. And then she saw, besides

her face that had been for years the sunshine of her life, and knew that he was her husband, that they would never be parted more—that the love between them would be as an ever-living fountain, daily springing up anew to refresh and lighten their united life. All this came upon the full heart of the young wife, and she fairly burst into tears. Happy, blessed years they were, quickly kissed away, and changed into smiles.

Many and many a time in after years did the young couple call to mind that first happy evening in their own home—how they looked over their treasures, their household goods; and Eunice touched her new piano, and sang; but her voice trembled; so at last they came and sat by the fire-side—like John Anderson and his spouse, as Henry laughingly said—and built castles in the air; the jest always ended in seriousness, for they were too happy to be very mischievous.

Time glides away fast enough with every one and most of all with those whose life is untroubled. Eunice had been married six months before she began to think how long it was since she had resigned her hand into Henry's loving keeping. Yet, short as the time seemed, it was sufficient to make the former life of both appear like a dream—They had already settled down into a calm, sedate married pair. Sometimes people jest with them upon restricted freedom and marriage fetters—but Henry Wolferstan only laughed—he was ever of a merry mood—and asked if any man or woman, single or not, could ever truly say they had their liberty. And in good truth it is well it should be so, for such liberty would be a sore burden sometimes.

Mrs. Wolferstan still kept up her intercourse with her cousin, for Emily was of too generous a disposition to make the difference in station a bar to such old friendship. Still there was in the world's eye a distinction between the wife of a rich baronet and of a gentleman of limited income; and still more than this, there was the difference of habits, thoughts, feelings, which the position of the couple naturally brought about; so that, in the intercourse of the two wives gradually narrowed, it was not very surprising. Eunice never returned from the square, which breathed the very atmosphere of gaiety and splendor, without feeling a sense of relief on entering the quiet precincts of her own home.

One day she came earlier than usual, to visit Lady Lester, whom she found still in her dressing room. Emily lay seemingly half asleep; but when Eunice drew aside the rose colored curtains, and let in the warm sunshin, she saw the pale face and swollen eyes that were beneath the rich lace cap. Before she had time to speak, Lady Lester observed:

Well, Eunice, my husband and I have had our first quarrel.

I am sorry—truly sorry. And Sir Francis—

Do not speak of him—he is proud, unkind, obstinate.

Hush, said Eunice, laying her finger on Emily's lips; you must not speak thus—not even to your cousin.

I will tell you—I must not be contradicted, answered the young beauty, resolutely.

And Wolferstan thought that to listen perhaps, would be the wisest course, though she knew the evil of such confidence in general.

I do not see half enough of my husband, continued Emily. He is always going out—not with me, but alone, or with that disagreeable mother of his, whom I hate to see in my house; yet she makes it like her own, and I am thought nobody.—I, the wife of Sir Francis.

I entreated him, this morning, not to ask her so much, to let her leave us alone together, and that he would stay at home a little more. But he was very angry, not passionate, for that he never is—I often wish he were—it would be better than his cold formal manner when he is displeased.

Was that all? asked Eunice.

Not quite. I told him he ought not to leave me so much—that I would not suffer it. And he answered, in this quiet way, “When Lady Lester makes her society not quite so dull, it will have more charms for her husband;” and so he went away. I will make him repent it, though, said Emily, while the hot flush mounted on her brow.

Eunice saw at once that it was no time for even gentle reproof, and, besides, Emily was not all in the wrong; there was much to be laid to the charge of her husband, also. Scarcely had Mrs. Wolferstan succeeded in calming her friend, and just as she was beginning to think how she might best frame salutary but tender advice, the mother-in-law of Lady Lester entered.

The hasty greeting between the wife and mother of Sir Francis showed mutual dislike. Eunice contrasted the tall, harsh-voiced, frigid lady before her with the gentle woman who was Henry's mother, and her own, too, in love, which made the formidable title of mother-in-law but a name for a most sweet bond.

Thinking of this, how much she pitied Emily. Had she not heard the confession of her cousin, the one-half hour during which she listened painfully to the abrupt, coldly-polite or sarcastic speeches that passed between her

lady and her son's wife, was enough to convince Eunice that she was in a vain strife. She rose to depart; for it was but time to hope for more conversation with Emily. As she bade her cousin adieu in the ante-room, Eunice could just find time to whisper—

Dearest Emily, when I married, a wise and true friend said to me, “Take care of the first quarrel.” I did so; Henry and I have not had our first quarrel yet. Listen to me. At all risks, end yours; make any sacrifices to be friends; and never—never leave another. God bless and help you! and good-bye.

The wise Salomon says, “The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water.” Alas! if they who first open the fountain did but know into what a fearful river of its soft swells, sweeping away everything in its overwhelming tide. Emily Lester was wise enough to follow her cousin's advice; she did make up the quarrel, as a loving and still beloved wife almost always can, and no other tie has the same influence. But Sir Francis, though gifted with many high qualities, was a difficult temper to bear with and guide. His character and pursuits were fixed before he married; his wife must mould her nature to his, for he would never bend his to hers. He loved Emily fondly, but he regarded her, probably from the difference in their years, more as a plaything than an equal. After the silken fetters of the lover were broken, he would never brook the shadow of control. To give him an idea that he was ruled, was to lose that power forever. Emily had truly called him obstinate; for the same quality that made him firm in a good purpose, made him resolute in an erring one. To thwart him, was but to strengthen his iron will. Yet he was a man of high principle and feeling; but he required to be lured by smiles to a cheerful home, instead of being driven away by frowns and murmurs.

Let us pass over another year, and again visit the two homes. A mother's bliss had come to both—the heir of Sir Francis Lester was received with triumphant joy, and cradled in sabbath and down; while the first born of Henry Wolferstan was laid in its mother's bosom with a fearful but happy welcome.

Life had become very sweet to Henry and Eunice; their cup of joy was running over. Too much bliss is a snare to the wisest, and therefore perhaps it was for the best that, before many months had passed over the babe whose advent had given so much happiness, a shadow gathered on the path of the young parents.

Eunice sat waiting for her husband's daily return from town. Sleep had closed the eyes of her little Lily, and very like was she to that sweet flower, as she lay asleep like a lily folded among its leaves. Eunice's fingers were busy in fabricating a christening robe for her darling, and the mother's heart leaped for her quick movements, travelling over future years, until she smiled to herself to think how earnestly she had considered the making of the bridal dress of the babe of three months old that lay unconsciously sleeping at her side.

A little later than his accustomed hour, for he was generally very punctual—Henry came in. He looked pale and his eye was troubled, but he kissed his wife with his usual affection, perhaps more so. Still, Eunice saw that all was not right. She waited for him to tell her—he always did; but this night he was silent. A few passing questions Eunice put, but they were answered so shortly, that the wife saw that that plan would never do, so she tried to distract his attention by speaking of Lily and the christening.

See, Henry how beautiful she will look in her robe—the darling! said the mother, unfolding it, and displaying the delicate fabric. Henry covered his face.

Take it away, he said, in tones of deep pain. I cannot think of such things, Eunice, I ought to have told, and yet I dare not.

What is it, you dare not tell me, my own Henry? said Eunice, softly putting her arm around his neck. Nothing wrong, I am sure, and even if so, you know I will forgive.

I have done wrong, Eunice; it might be foolish, but it was not wrong.

What was it, Henry, love? said a voice so slow that it might have been that of his own heart urging the confession.

I will tell you. You know my brother George, how wild he is, and always was? Well, he came to me a year ago, he had a good situation offered him, but they required a surety; and George implored me on his knees to save him, and gave him a chance of reforming. I did so. I was bound for him to the extent of my little all—poor Lily's fortune—and he has just fled to America—a thief! defrauding his master and also me. Eunice, we have now only my salary to live upon. This is the trouble that weighs me down.

Is that all? said the wife. Then we will bear it together. It is nothing—nothing, and she smiled through her tears.

Her husband looked surprised; Eunice, do you know that we shall be much poorer than we are now?—that we must give up many comforts—and the poor babe growing up, too. Oh, how foolish I have been.

Never mind—the past, dear Henry; I have only one thing to complain of—that you did not tell me sooner.

You have, indeed, a right to do so, said Henry, slowly and painfully, I know it—I have loved this upon you—I have made my wife poor.

Eunice looked at her husband with eyes overflowing with love.

Henry, she answered, since you spoke thus I can never think of myself. I must remember that I brought you no fortune; that I owe all to you—home, food, raiment; that, in making of me your wife, the gifts were all on your side, for I had nothing. When I consider this, what right have I to complain of reduced luxuries—nay, even of poverty, if you are my own, noble-minded wife? cried Henry, folding her in his arms. The richest treasure I ever had, was the woman's heart you brought me.

Thus, even adverse fortunes without could only throw a passing shadow on that blessed united home.

The birth of their son drew a little nearer the hearts of Sir Francis Lester and his wife, but their life had been too long a troubled current to receive more than a temporary calm. When Sir Francis stooped from his usual dignified reserve to fondle his child, with the pride of a new made father, these caresses, after the first pleasure was over, gave a jealous pang to Emily's heart. She was absolutely jealous of the babe—attribution her husband's more frequent society to his delight in his son and heir. She even doubted the increased fondness of manner that he evinced towards herself; until, repulsed by her coldness and vague hints, he again sought abroad the comfort that was denied him in his splendid but joyless home.

(To be continued.)

European Intelligence.

From the *European Times*, June 19.

The days of the present Parliament drag their slow length along. The 10th of July has been named for the dissolution; but whether it will take place on that particular day, must depend mainly on the state of the public business, and other circumstances which cannot be foreseen.

Ministers are rapidly winding up the business of the session. Certain railways before Parliament are to be allowed to “suspend” their bills, and to resume them in the new house at the point where they were discontinued. The Corn and Navigation laws to be suspended until March next, and other symptoms are daily exhibited, showing the anxiety felt in high quarters for bringing business to a close.

IRELAND.

The repeal Association have not given up the usual weekly meetings. On the 7th, a large number of members met in Conciliation Hall. Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M. P., eldest son of Mr. O'Connell, deceased, and Mr. John O'Connell, were present. Several addresses and resolutions from various bodies of the Roman Catholic clergy, from several corporations, and other public bodies, were read, proclaiming adhesion to the political conduct and teachings of the late Mr. O'Connell, and promising that they would confide in his son Mr. John O'Connell, as the expounder of that conduct and policy. Mr. John O'Connell stated that he would not presume to accept of any leadership, but that, with the advantage of his brother's counsel and experience, he would endeavour to walk in the paths of his father. It would seem, therefore, that the two brothers will, for the present at least, assume to guide the movement of the Repealers. The funds of the association have been placed in the guardianship of trustees, that of Alderman M'Leighlin and Keshan. The rent acknowledged was nearly £50.

In consequence of the great demand for cart horses by railway contractors, those animals are now 40 per cent. dearer than they were a year ago.

The Newcastle and Derwick Railway has been opened. The whole distance between Edinburgh and London may now be traversed by express trains, in thirteen hours.

The workmen in the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich, have been formed into a military corps.

The wine-growers in the south of France entertain hopes that the vintage will be unusually plentiful.

The lords of the treasury have ordered Maudsloe flour to be admitted without paying duty, until the 1st of September next.

In a destructive fire that occurred lately, in the large village of Brantitz, Silesia, more than 230 houses were destroyed, and three persons burnt to death.

Measures are being taken at Edinburgh, for the erection of a statue of the late Dr. Chalmers, which is to be placed within the new college.

The lords of the treasury have ordered foreign bulled barley to be admitted without paying any duty until the 1st of September.

The Oxford Chronicle says that a Roman Catholic monastery is about to be established at Hagley Hall, close to the palace of the Archbishop of York.

The Government, at the instance of Mr. Sheil, have increased the sum payable to the Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland from £75 to £300 a year.

A dreadful storm of wind, lightning, and rain, occurred on the 21st ult. at the mouth of the Danube. Nearly all the ships in the river were driven ashore, and several were capsized.

The Turkish Government proposes raising 10,000 Christian seamen, to serve in the navy, in conjunction with Mussulman marines.

The members of the corporation of Kilkenny have resolved to wear crapes during six weeks, as a token of respect to the memory of Mr. O'Connell.

One of the principal lodges of Prussian Freemasons has struck out of its laws the clauses which prescribed that no person could be received a mason unless he professed the Christian religion, and which particularly forbade the admission of Jews.

The Spanish papers, state that alarming corn riots occurred on the 27th ult. at Aviles, in the Asturias. The mob threw stones at the soldiers, who fired and wounded nine of the rioters, whose object was to prevent the exportation of some corn.

Mr. Smith O'Brien and his section of the Repealers have been prohibited from attending Mr. O'Connell's funeral which is to take place in Ireland; and Mr. John O'Connell has been nominated to take his father's place in politics.

DEATH OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, K.C.B. We regret to have to announce the demise of the above gallant general, the late Governor and Commander in Chief of Ceylon, who expired on the 13th ult. at his temporary residence in King-street, St. James. After holding the home appointment of Governor of Portsmouth; and the command of the south west district, he was appointed Lieutenant Governor and Commander of the forces in Nova Scotia. On his return from North America he was elected Governor of Ceylon, to which colony he proceeded in 1840, and remained there up to Viscount Torrington being appointed Governor a few months ago.

RUSSIAN GRAIN.—Messrs. Watson Brothers and Co., of Fenwick-street, have received a letter from the Captain of one of their vessels, dated Riga, 1st, instant, of which the following is an extract:—“It is almost impossible to pass through the ships in this river; there are at present fifteen hundred ships in this port, and this only the month of June, more ships than ever were in Riga before in a year.” It will be seen that so soon as these vessels obtain cargo, bread will be cheaper.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Liverpool anniversary meeting of this society was held at the Baptist Chapel, Penraken-place, on Monday evening. The Rev. Mr. Lister presided. The Rev. Mr. Birrell gave an interesting sketch of the operations of the society at the different missionary stations on the continent of Europe and in distant lands, from which it appeared that in the face of many discouragements, it was progressing satisfactorily—that it numbered at present 34,000 members, and that the receipts for the past year were upwards of £25,000.

EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountains; bless him—the insects sport in his beams—the elephant salute Him with the rising day—the birds sing to Him in the foliage—the thunder declares His immensity. Man alone, has said, “there is no God!” Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, all the year, a morning of Spring, and a morning of Autumn; a night bespangled with stars and night covered with clouds; a meadow enamelled with beautiful flowers; forests hoary with snow and the great fields gilded with the tints of Autumn—then alone will you have a just conception of the Universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the West, another admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning under the shades of evening, reappear at the same instant, fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noon, and settling in the West; or rather our senses deceives us, and there is properly speaking, no East or West to the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light, one single substance.

THE DYING BED.

There is no place on earth like a dying bed.—There is no hour in man's brief journey across this world, like a dying hour; so solemn, so impressive, and so full of dread interest to each individual when he arrives at that place, and feels that hour has come.—Then the soul makes a pause. She looks back on a redeeming world, and onward into a dark, unfathomable eternity. There is no retreat. The hour of exchanging worlds has come.

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