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TEN YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Ten years since the wedding day, Mrs. Howland was alone. She had left her husband in the little room where they usually sat together through the evenings, while she put the children to bed.

Mrs. Howland did not feel inclined to return to the family sitting-room where she had left her husband; but remained in the chamber with her sleeping little ones, in a rooming, brooding, unhappy tone of mind. Something of coldness and alienation had been growing up between her and husband for a long time past. The old tenderness of manner, which had been so sweet, was all gone. He was kind, thoughtful in regard to her comfort, honorable and true; but getting more formal and less affectionate in manner every day. His wife, who had loved him very tenderly—and who still loved him, had failed, in her life, to give the adequate response, to his, in the fact and fever of a disciplinary existence, suffered herself to walk amid disturbing and unbecomingly elements instead of taking her place, as she had been permitted to jar, where all might have been peace.

It was pressing upon the mind of Mrs. Howland that her husband had ceased to love her; and this conviction was taking all the sweetness from her life. It did not once occur to her that she was herself growing unlovely. That she had laid aside nearly all the external things by which when a maiden, she had sought to win him. The sunny countenance—the alluring voice and manner—the scrupulous attire—the deference to his tastes and opinions—the guard upon her temper—these had all been the womanly elevation of character that made her seem as one who ruled in the kingdom of her own soul. This was the being who had loved—the woman he had taken to walk with him through life. Alas, for the fading idea! He had found instead one who made scarcely an effort at self-government—whose feelings and impulses were her springs of action. Deeply, passionately, she loved him; but only a wife, self-abetting love blossomed both itself and the object of its devotion. Without some change on the part of Mrs. Howland, it was impossible for them to grow together as one.

For nearly half an hour after her children were asleep the mother sat in her wretched mood, apart from her husband, and feeling no inclination to join him. "All love has died," she said. "I'm nothing now." And as she said this, her heart shivered with an instinctive realization of what her words involved. Then fear for the loss of a thing so precious as a husband's love, seized upon her soul, and inspired a new purpose. A love worth winning was surely worth an effort to retain. And was not the way to win the way to keep? A new light broke into Mrs. Howland's mind. She began to see things in herself that were very far from being in harmony with her life as a maiden; things she would certainly have rejected as lover, and were they bonds for a husband!

These thoughts started the awakening fire. Then old memories were revived bringing back old states. Pictures, warm with the hues of love came out of the dim past.

"Is the cup broken, and the wine spilled?" she asked of herself. "God forbid!" came from her lips, in audible utterance. She left the chamber where her child slept, and with silent feet went slowly towards the apartment in which she had left her husband alone. On the way she paused, stood still for a moment, then returned. The gas was burning low. She threw up the light, and caught a reflection of herself in a toilette glass. One glance sufficed. That was not the style in which she had appeared before her lover. Taking down her hair, she applied comb and rapidly for some minutes, and then arranged the glossy masses with taste and skill. Next the soiled and tumbled wrapper was removed, and her person attired in a neat fitting dress, around the neck of which was laid a snowy linen collar, fastened by a small coral pin, her husband's gift of other days. Already her cheeks were in a glow, and her eyes filled with light. One long glance at herself in the mirror revealed a wonderful transformation. How the old memories were crowding in upon her! How soft her heart was growing! How full of tenderness was very thought of her husband! Her lips were thirst for kisses!

And now Mrs. Howland left her chamber again. Her suppressed feet gave no sound as they moved over the carpet, and she came to the open door of the sitting-room without betraying a sign of her approach. There she stood still. Mr. Howland was not at the table, reading, as she had left him; but at his secretary, which was opened. He was reclining his head on one hand, and gazing down upon something held in the other, and seemed wholly absorbed for more

then a minute he remained in this fixed attitude, his wife as himself. Then a long sigh trembled on the air; and then, lifting the object upon which his gaze was directed, Mr. Howland pressed it to his lips, kissing it almost passionately three or four times. A wild throb leaped along Mrs. Howland's veins. Then her heart grew still, as in the presence of some unknown stupendous evil. Something impelled her to spring forward and read this mystery, and something as strongly held her back. As she stood, pale and in a tremor, the object was kissed again and then returned to a drawer in the secretary from which it had been taken. In this act, for an instant, the miniature of a lady met the gaze of Mrs. Howland. Locking the drawer, her husband placed the key in his pocket, and he then resting both arms on the writing leaf of the secretary buried his face in them and sat motionless.

Turning away as noiselessly as she had approached, Mrs. Howland fled back to her chamber in wild affright and sat down panting and in bewilderment. As soon as thought began to move in a determinate way, the first result was a flood of indignation, a burning sense of wrong; and it was only by an effort that the outraged wife could hold herself back from confronting her husband and demanding to see the miniature. A calmer, but not less painful state succeeded, in which conscience whispered of indifference and neglect. Had she turned habitually, her most attractive, or her least attractive side to her husband? Has she kept herself lovely in his eyes, lovely in temper and lovely in person? Her heart sunk—it grew darker and darker under her—life seemed crushing out.

"Who is it?" This question marked a change in the current of Mrs. Howland's thoughts. Rapidly she passed in review one by one her friends; but without an incident to fix suspicion. Then times and seasons in which her husband was absent from home, were dwelt upon. Once a week regularly he went out in the evening occasionally twice. The regular absence for the purpose of attending a literary society—so he informed his wife. Now, for the first time, doubt of his truth crept in, and this doubt was as the sweeping away of the sure foundations on which her soul rested.

For a long time Mr. Howland remained sitting at his secretary, with his face buried in his hands. At length, rising with a slow weary motion, as of one exhausted by bodily or mental exertion, he drew out his watch.

"Half past nine!" was ejaculated in surprise. For a short time he moved in an uneasy, irresolute way about the room, and sitting down, tried to find interest in the pages of a book. But in a little while, the volume closed in his hands. Thought was too busy in another direction to dwell even with a favorite author.

"Ten o'clock!" The bell ringing its clear notes from a neighbouring steeple. Mr. Howland started up, and turning out the light, went over to the sleeping rooms. His wife was in bed. He spoke to her, but she did not answer.

"Are you asleep?" No motion nor response of any kind. She lay with her face nearly hidden under the bedclothes. He looked at her in a strange, earnest manner, for some moments, and then, moving about noiselessly, prepared for rest. The day had been one of much activity, and Mr. Howland was weary enough for sleep. Soon after his head touched the pillow, he was in the land of dreams. His deep breathing had scarcely given evidence of the fact, ere a light movement on the part of Mrs. Howland showed her to be awake. Presently she drew the clothes from her face, and raised herself cautiously. The heavy breathing of her husband was not interrupted. She sat up in bed—he still slept on; she gazed from beneath the covering, and groping in the darkness, found her husband's vest, from which she took a key.

"Mother?" The slight noise made in opening the chamber door had disturbed one of the children. Mrs. Howland stood still, holding her breath. The call was not repeated, and she went out groping her way along the passage with a hand on the wall. Entering the room she sought, she closed the door behind her, and drew the bolt, fastening herself in.

Now all her motions became hurried and nervous. After lighting the gas, she went to her husband's secretary, and with her husband's key in her possession, unlocked one of the private drawers. Her hand shook so that the key rattled on the scutcheon before a way was found into the wards. The first object that met her view, as the drawer came open was a Morocco miniature case, which she seized upon with a clutch, as eager as a bird of prey, and bearing it to the gas light, unlocked the clasp, and exposed the face of

It was a lovely young face and the eyes looked up into her's with a tender and sweet expression. Away from the pure forehead, the hair of golden Auburn fell smoothly back, and lay in curls upon her neck, that was whiter and purer than alabaster. The lips were full, soft, and arching for a flight of arrows.

Gill, very still, did the wife sit and gaze down upon her rival's face—that face on which, scarcely an hour before, she had seen her husband's kisses laid. Was she jealous of that rival? No! Her heart was too glad to be full of joy; too full of new born happiness. The bride of ten years, was the rival of to-day; and the heart of her husband was true to his marriage vows. It was no fault of his that he could not love what had become unlovely. Not unlovely in the poorer significance of that word, as indicating changes made by the wearing hand of time.

With the image of herself as she was ten years before, and with the image of her husband fondly passionately, kissing that image dwelling in her imagination, Mrs. Howland went back to her bed. She had suddenly awakened as from a dream—awake, weary, troubled, exhausted dream, and the language of her heart was:—"Thank God that I am awake!"

As they sat at breakfast next morning, Mrs. Howland noticed a change in the expression of her husband's face as he looked at her across the table, letting his eyes dwell upon her with unusual interest. She was in no doubt as to the cause, for she had attired herself with scrupulous care, in a clear bright morning wrapper, and wore a cap, fastened with a ruby hair pin, and ornamented with two or three small bows, and a sprig of flowers. A plain linen collar pinned with a cameo round her neck. And better than all, she had banished every sign of discontent and fretfulness from her face.

"How sweet mother looks this morning," said Mr. Howland, glancing at one of the children who sat near her, and smiling one of his old smiles.

"Don't she?" answered the little one, lifting her mouth to mamma for a kiss. "Me kisses top—mamma so beautiful! And little Abbie scrambled down from her chair in new born admiration of her mother, and put up her rosy mouth.

"And me too," exclaimed Mr. Howland, passing round the table, on resuming his seat, that her eyes were dim with tears. He knew they were tears of pleasure, but did imagine how her heart was stirred, nor how full of precious memories and golden hopes the moment was crowded.

Ten years after marriage, Love's lamp was burning low, the oil nearly exhausted; the wife grown so unattractive that the husband's heart was turning back in worship of the bride. But the lamp has blown up again—there is a supply of oil. A beauty, beyond any bridal beauty, invests the wife; and it shall grow more womanly, more luxuriant, more enchanting as the days succeed each other and years progress, until the soul puts on her garments of eternal youth.

An Elephant in a Fix.

The monster elephant, Hannibal, belonging to Van Amburgh & Co's menagerie, came near losing his life a few days since, while travelling from Keyport to Freehold in N. Jersey. His keeper had taken him off from off the road in order to avoid an unsafe bridge, when, in crossing a tract of swampy land, the ground gave way beneath him and the enormous animal sunk up to the middle of his sides in the yielding mud, where he floundered away for some time without being able to extricate himself; his struggles on the contrary, resulting in rendering his situation each moment more dangerous, until it was feared that it was impossible to save him.

The heavy shackles with which he was fettered, preventing a free movement of his limbs, made his position still more critical, until help arrived, when, by placing timbers in front of and around him, he was enabled after a short time, to extricate himself. At first he was very much frightened, trumpeting loudly, and struggling wildly; but after the timbers were placed within his reach, he went to work more systematically, and exhibited much intelligence in his subsequent operations, depending principally upon his tusks to raise himself.

When exhausted by his exertions, he would throw himself over one side in order to gain all the buoyancy possible under the circumstances, until he became rested, when he would resume his upright position and go manfully to work again. His efforts were finally crowned with success, no less to his own satisfaction than that of his owners, to whom his loss would have been irreparable, as he is much the largest elephant ever seen in this country.

THE STANDARD.

THE REVIEWS.

From the American publishers, Messrs. L. Scott & Co. of New York, we have received the Edinburgh Review for April, and the North British for May. The contents of the "Edinburgh" are:—

Jesse's Memoirs of Richard the Third. Centralization. Guesard's Edition of the Carolingian Romances. Recent Researches in Buddhism. Modern Domestic Service. Mommsen's Roman History. Cotton Culture in India. Sir A. Alison's Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir C. Stewart. Public Monuments. David Gray. Clerical Subscription.

The "North British" contains the following:—

The Church of England—Respondent. Geological Change in Scotland in Historic Times. Recent Homeric Critics and Translators. The Commemoration of 1662. Early Poetry of England and of Scotland. Present Movements among the French Clergy. Lunacy Legislation. Sir G. C. Lewis on the Astronomy of the Ancients. Last Poems and other Works of Mrs Browning. Our Colonies.

FROM THE STATES.

BANGOR, June 18. Up to 4 o'clock yesterday no special movement occurred before Richmond.

Several most prominent citizens near the Chickahominy have been arrested for giving information causing the enemy's forays in the rear of Federal army.

Gen. Hunter's colored regiment at Port Royal has not been disbanded. Raising this regiment was unauthorized by the Government.

The house of Col. Lee, of Confederate army, on Pamunkey River, is used for Federal Hospital.

French defeat at Puebla full confirmed. Mexicans did not outnumber French, but contrary the case.

Mexicans valiantly repulsed the enemy in three determined charges, driving them to Orizaba, closely hemming them in.

The N. Orleans Delta, of May 31, says to the Louisianians:—

"Let this people, disregarding capitulation, and promises of good behavior and heretofore gentle treatment, proceeded to organize guerrilla bands, to amity where they cannot hope to conquer, to murder where they cannot fairly fight, at Baton Rouge, or elsewhere, and the stern and relentless purposes of war will be surely brought to bear upon them. Justice demands it, the cause demands, and the blood of those who might fall would demand it, not in vain. Again we say, let there be no mistake about this—let every man, woman, and child ponder upon this, and let their actions this regard give proof that they have profited by the caution."

The N. Y. Evening Post has the following extract from a private letter dated

"Nassau, N. Y., June 9. There goes to New York by to-day's steamer, one of the firm of— This house is entirely devoted to the interests of the rebels, and I think your police should look a little after Mr.—"

"The British steamer, Oreto," was seized here on Saturday. She is to be released immediately, I hear.

"There are now here eleven fast iron steamers, and others are arriving daily at the private rendezvous, Cochrane's anchorage."

"A large steamer from England have too off the bar yesterday and landed her passengers, when she also proceeded to the anchorage. Among the passengers are the notorious pirate Semmes, and his officers, of the Sumter. I presume he has come to take charge of the Oreto, or else he is on his way to Charleston, where the rebels have two formidable steel-plated rams nearly ready for launching. I wish the Government would keep a lookout for the Nassau fleet; it is a formidable one, capable of repeating the mischief done by the Nashville and Sumter."

Nearly \$6000 in provisions and money have been subscribed in St. Louis for the starving Southerners about Corinth. \$3500 of provisions were forwarded on Wednesday, and another shipment of the same value was to be made on Saturday.

Monday week's Mobile papers contains

Richmond despatches claiming a glorious victory for Jackson over Fremont on Sunday. They also state that Jackson captured two pieces of artillery from Shields on Monday.

The rebel accounts of the affair at Chattanooga state that the enemy opened their batteries with shot and shell without giving the slightest notice, creating a panic among the women and children of the place, who fled in every direction. Some rebels were wounded, but none killed, and but one building was struck.

Another ship load of contrabands will soon leave Washington for Haiti, making in all about five hundred during the past month sent to that country.

The rebel presses are very severe and blood thirsty towards Gen. Butler. A writer in the Mississippi proposes that a purse of \$10,000 be made up for the head of the modern Nero, the brutal, beastly and sanguinary savage, Gen. B. F. Butler. The Charleston Mercury says that "No quar to Piesyune Butler" should be the sworn resolve of every Southern man." The Richmond Examiner exclaims, if there is a human being in the city of New Orleans who does not weep tears of bitter agony that the city was not laid in dust and ashes rather than surrendered, he is an outcast from his race." All these obnoxious are called out by Gen. Butler's famous order in regard to the women.

THE REBEL ONSET—AN AWFUL SCENE.

An extract from a private letter to a gentleman in London from his nephew, a member of Battery A, N. Y. Artillery, 1st Case's Division, better known as the "Napoleon-gunbatter," in the front line of the first day's battle before Richmond, says:

"Our spherical case shot are awful missiles, each of them consisting of a clotted mass of 76 muskets balls, with a charge of powder in the centre, that is fired by a fuse the same as a shell. The missile first acts as a solid shot, plunging its way through masses of men, and then exploding, huris forward a shower of musket balls, that mow down the foe in heaps. Our battery threw 24 of these in a minute and as we had the exact range of every part of the field, every shot told with frightful effect. But the enemy were not at all daunted."

They marched steadily on, and hailed a perfect tempest of balls upon us. Why we, as well as our horses, were not every one shot down will for ever remain a mystery to me. We did not mind the leaden hail, however, but kept pouring our case shot into the dense masses of the foe, who came on in prodigious and overwhelming force. And they fought splendidly, too. Our shot tore their ranks wide open, and shattered them asunder in a manner that was frightful to witness; but they closed up again at once, and came on as steadily as English veterans."

When they got within four hundred yards, we closed our case shot and opened on them with canister and such destruction I never elsewhere witnessed. At each discharge great companies went down before that murderous fire; but they closed up with an order and discipline that was awe-inspiring. They seemed to be animated with the hope of a speedy victory if they could by an overwhelming rush drive us from our position."

It was awful to see their ranks torn and shattered by every discharge of canister that we poured right in the face of that fire. At one time three lines, one behind another, were steadily advancing and three of their flags were brought in range of one of our guns shot with canister.

"Fire!" shouted the gunner, and down went those three flags and a gap was opened those three lines as if a thunderbolt had torn through them, and the dead lay in swaths. But they at once closed up and came steadily on, never halting or wavering, right through the woods, over the fence, through the field, right up to our guns, and sweeping everything before them they captured every piece."

When we delivered our last fire, they were within fifteen or twenty paces of us, and as all our horses had been killed or wounded, we could not carry off a gun. Our whole division was cut to pieces, with what loss I do not know. We fell back to a second line of intrenchments and there held the enemy in check till reinforcements arrived and we kept our position till night put an end to the battle."

This morning the fight was renewed, and we have driven the enemy back regained possession of our camp, and it is reported, with what degree of truth I cannot say, that our battery has been recaptured. The rebels stripped our camp thoroughly."

Rise in Prices of Coal. At a meeting of the coal dealers in St. Louis on Saturday afternoon, it was unanimously agreed to fix the price of coal at six dollars per ton.