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Poetry.

THE WAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storms of battle and thunder of war,
Well if it do not roll our way,
Storm! storm! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not galled by a despot's pleas!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form! be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means!
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

An Interesting Story.

HENRI D'ARVILLE.

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

"A coward alone would curse the dead,"

uttered Henri.

"True—true," continued she, "you thought me dead—and who knows if you do not rejoice at the idea—and if my return does not rob you of your cherished independence?"

She looked at him with a searching gaze, while his head drooped, and he remained silent.

"Then it is but too true," continued she, clasping her hands in despair; "you had looked upon our union as forever cancelled."

"Whose fault is it if I did?" asked Henri, bitterly; "was it I who sought for deliverance?"

"But you have profited by it, no doubt," said Inez, still leaning on him fixedly.

"Suppose I have, madam? Did you not authorize me to do so, by disappearing so suddenly? Did you think a man's destiny was a mere shuttlecock, to be tossed about by your amusement—and that after giving him back his liberty you could come and claim it again, without even inquiring whether it is yet his to dispose of?"

"What do I hear?" shrieked Inez, half distracted.

"I say," resumed Henri, "that you took such pains to deceive me on the subject of your supposed death, that I returned to France, with heart and hand entirely free, and being too young to devote myself to eternal widowhood."

"Gracious heavens! what next?" cried she.

"Why—I married again."

Inez uttered a scream as she started to her feet. Even her most painful misgivings had never gone to such a length as this.

But she quickly shook off the torpor of despondency, to defend her rights with the savage energy of a selfish passion. What cared she for this second marriage, which could not cancel her prior claims. Henri belonged to her, and nothing should separate them in the future. Tears, entreaties and arguments were alike in vain; inflexible she was, and inflexible she would remain. Nay, she declared in the egotistical vehemence of her passion, that she had rather Henri were unhappy with her, than happy with any other woman—that she would follow him everywhere—that she was her lawful property and that she would defend her own, either by fair means or foul, in the teeth of the universe.

Half stunned by these outbreaks of her selfish love, and having vainly endeavored to get heard, Henri at length rose with an angry gesture, and was about to leave her, when one of the servants of the hotel entered the room, and handed him a letter.

On perceiving the address to be in M. Garin's hand Henri turned pale, and hastily tearing open the envelope, he read as follows:

"According to my promise, I have turned the matter over in my thoughts since yesterday, and the result of my reflections has been to show me my duty more clearly than ever. This morning I went up to Octaire, who, though surprised at your having come out so early, had as yet no objection to his opinion of anything wrong. Having seen me to speak of her marriage happiness, I asked her as playfully as I could, whether she would give all she had to ensure its prolongation. She smiled assent. Would she give her youth and beauty? Aye, she would."

But would she sacrifice her duty? She turned pale at this question, and asked me what I meant. I then unfolded as gently as I could the dreadful misfortune that had fallen upon us. I dare not describe the terrible effects of my revelations—thank God! however, she withstood this tremendous shock, and, thanks to my entreaties and consolations, she is now somewhat calmer, and it is by her desire that I am writing to you. She at once felt that was due to Donna Inez, to you, and to herself; and that of the two marriages contracted by so fatal a mistake, it was the second one that must be broken off; and by the time you receive this letter we shall be far away from Colmar.

"I need not tell you, my dear friend, how agonizing this separation is to us. The widow—for I can call her by no other name—who resigns her claims upon you, has desired me not to close my letter without entreating of you to take courage and be resigned, and to her who is about to resume your name to show both tenderness and indulgence. To her she entrusts the care of your future happiness. If you are happy she will endeavor to forget the past, and will forbear complaining."

Inez had perused the letter over Henri's shoulder, and the further she read the more deeply had she been moved. She could not help comparing her selfish and tyrannical love to so disinterested and generous an attachment, and subdued by such greatness of mind, which she felt incapable of imitating, she seized the old lawyer's letter, and kneeling down she pressed her lips on it with as much respect as she would have kissed a crucifix, saying, in a broken voice—

"Alas! you were living amongst angels—and I have dragged you down to the regions of fallen spirits!"

Three years after these events had taken place, two travelers were seated under a verandah of an inn, in the village of Aoro, and watching the sun, as it was setting behind the misty summits of the mountains. Although time had marked his passage on the features of both, though so different in age, it was easy to recognize in them two of the principal personages in our tale—namely, M. Garin and his daughter Octaire. Since the dreadful event that had overthrown her happiness, the widowed wife had traveled with her father throughout Germany, and a portion of Italy, but without being for a moment beguiled of her inconsolable grief. She bore life, however, with a dignified resignation that was extremely touching.

The two travelers had arrived the day before at Aoro, where they were detained by the impossibility of obtaining a *retourne*, and they were the more annoyed at the mischance, as the inn was at that moment the scene of dismal preparations, for a death was momentarily expected. A strange lady, who had arrived that same morning, and had not expected to survive the night, had taken a fancy to have the rooms occupied by the old lawyer and his daughter, who had readily consented to the innkeeper's request, to satisfy her dying wishes, and had allowed their baggage to be carried to the floor above.

This removal had just been effected, and they were going to take possession of their new lodgings, when a servant hastened to inform them that the sick lady wished to see them.

"To see us?" said M. Garin, much surprised, "surely there must be some mistake—she cannot wish to see strangers."

"She knows your honor," said the servant, "for just now on seeing your name on one of the trunks, she uttered a scream, and said she wanted to speak to you and the young lady. Pray, come, sir, for the doctor says there is no time to lose."

The old lawyer exchanged looks with his daughter, and they followed the servant, unable to guess what could be wanted of them. She led them to the end of a long passage, and pushing open a door, ushered them into a bedroom, where the closely drawn curtains admitted but a feeble light. A white form lay motionless under the canopy of a vast bed, while a man was standing with his head leaning against the post.

M. Garin and Octaire could not at first distinguish the objects before them, but upon a nearer approach they stopped suddenly and uttered a short scream.

The old lawyer had recognized in the motionless form upon which Death had already set his seal, Senorita Inez Cordova, while his daughter had recognized Henri in the stranger who was hiding his face.

"The dying woman opened her eyes and started, while a faint streak of red lined her white cheeks, and making a sign to Octaire to draw near, she said:

"Come—it is God's own hand who has brought you hither. Then perceiving that the young woman hesitated to approach, 'Who need you fear?' added she, with more animation: 'do you not see that it is all over with me? God has punished me as I deserved. I cared neither for your happiness nor for Henri's when I took him from you, I only thought of mine,—yet I have never

enjoyed a moment's happiness! And now I see that to deserve happiness, we ought always to be ready to sacrifice it—and that affection unaccompanied by devotedness is the curse, not a gift, to whomsoever is the object of so selfish a passion. I have learnt it at my cost, but too late, alas! to do me any good!"

As she spoke tears dropped slowly down her livid cheek. Henri bent over her, and would have spoken words of comfort, but she motioned him to desist.

"I have but a short time left," said she, "and but little strength; let both be employed to repair as far as possible the mischief I have done."

Then turning to Octaire, she commended Henri's happiness to her keeping in the most touching terms.

"In a few minutes," she said, "he will be free—and this time it will be for the good of all. The ties I severed may be renewed. Then, in consideration of present happiness, forgive me for the tears I have caused you to shed—and be happy without bearing ill will to my memory, as you will be free from all remorse."

She added many more touching reflections, which Henri and Octaire listened to as they knelt on each side of her pillow, and when she felt life to be ebbing away, she joined their hands and pressed them to her lips as she breathed her last.

It was not until some months after that M. Garin and his children returned to Colmar. Nobody knew of the tremendous storm that had threatened to shipwreck the young couple's happiness, and it was thought they returned from a long journey into foreign countries. But this severe ordeal had only tightened the bonds of love and esteem that united those three choice spirits, for it had taught them how much uprightness, fortitude, and devotedness they all three respectively harbored in the depths of their hearts.

(Conclusion.)

Preparing Bones for Manure.

Grinding to an impalpable powder by means of machinery is no doubt the best method of preparing bones for fertilizing purposes. So prepared, they are at once available, and more fully and completely than by any other process. But there are other modes of preparation which furnish a material just as effectual in the end, though acting less rapidly, and not expending its strength on the crops of a single season.

Bones partially crushed or whole, even, are not without considerable effect on vegetation, but our present purpose is to mention various chemical processes of reduction.

When large quantities of bones are easily attainable, they may be most readily dissolved by the use of sulphuric acid,—this process occupying but a few hours, and fitting them at once for application to the soil.

But the material is a costly one, and in most cases, among farmers, for instance, bones can be turned to equally good account by mixing them with wood ashes, and thus softening and reducing in a few weeks all but the largest and hardest. Some trials of this method have been very successful, and a course like that described below is attended with little of expense or trouble.

Let a barrel or hoghead be set in some convenient place, wherein all the bones usually scattered from the kitchen may be collected. This will save the farmer's back yard from one source of offence, and his premises from the annoyance of prowling curs, if no more. Put in first a layer of ashes, and then spread on the bones—the more evenly the better—then add more ashes and sufficient water to keep them well moistened, but not so as to leach. Continue the addition of bones, keeping on sufficient ashes to cover them, and generally before the barrel is full, those at the bottom will become a soft, paste-like mass, readily cut with a shovel, and should then be mixed with the ash.

The whole forms an excellent application to almost any crop, either of the field or garden. We have tried it upon the latter with the best effect, especially upon cabbages, turnips, beans, and various vines.

Such a preparation of bones has been applied to corn in the hill, at the rate of half a pint to each, and produced a greater product than half that quantity of guano, applied at the same time for the purpose of comparison. It has been used year after year upon the same field, and always with the best success—each crop seeming better than the last.

We hope these remarks will set our economical people to work, for if this bone manure, compared with guano, is worth \$30 per ton, it is well worth saving—and the thousands of scattered and wasted sources of fertility may better be employed, than to go to Peru for an article far less profitable, considering cost and result.—*Rural N. Yorker.*

The Importance of Life.

The importance of this life as a season of probation steadily increases as we come in sight of the end, and see a vast eternity

not far before us. The interests at stake grow larger and larger. Those things which which ordinarily occupy the attention of mankind, dwindle, almost to nothing. The earth, as it moves in its orbit from year to year, maintains its distance of ninety five millions of miles from the sun, except when seen through a hazy atmosphere, at its rising or its setting seems at all times to be of the same magnitude—to human view an object always small as compared with our own world.

But suppose the earth should leave its orbit, and make its way in a direct line towards the sun. How soon would the sun seem to enlarge its dimensions! How vast and bright would it become! How soon would it fill the whole field of vision, and all on the earth dwindle to nothing! So human life now appears to me. In earlier years eternity appears distant, and small in importance. But at the period of life which I have now reached, it seems to me as if the earth had left the orbit of its annual movements, and was making a rapid and direct flight to the sun.

The objects of eternity, towards which I am moving, rapidly enlarge themselves. They have become over-poweringly bright and grand. They fill the whole field of vision, and the earth, with all which is the common object of human ambition and pursuit is retiring in the distance, and vanishing away.—[Albert Barnes' Sermon on Life at Threescore Years.]

European Intelligence.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Europa.

BATTLE OF PALESTRO!

SARDINIANS VICTORIOUS.

Splendid achievements of the Zouaves.—Austrians routed and driven across the Ticino.—Capture of 35 Austrian Vessels.—Meeting of Parliament, &c., &c.

HALIFAX, June 14th.

The Europa arrived at Halifax yesterday, with English dates to the 4th inst. The intelligence will be found to be extremely interesting.

The War.—Sanguinary encounters have taken place at Palestro. The Sardinian government issued the following official bulletins.

TRIN, May 31.—Fresh victory gained by our troops at 7 o'clock this morning. 25,000 Austrians endeavored to retake Palestro. King commanding fourth division in person, and Gen. Cialdini at head of the third regiment Zouaves, resisted attack for a considerable time, and then after having successfully assumed the offensive, pursued the enemy, taking one thousand prisoners, and capturing 8 cannon, 5 of which were taken by the Zouaves. 400 Austrians were drowned in a canal during the combat at Palestro. Another fight took place at Confenza in the Province of Sondrio, in which the enemy were repulsed by the division of Gen. Fanti, after a two hours conflict. Last night the picket of the enemy endeavored to pass the Po at Cervinara, but were repulsed by the inhabitants.

Austrians have evacuated Varso in the Province of Robbio.

TRIN, June 1.—The victory gained yesterday has been followed by a second victorious combat which took place at six o'clock in the evening at Palestro, which the enemy endeavored to re-enter, but was repulsed again by the division of Cialdini, composed of Zouaves and Piedmontese cavalry. The King pressed forward where the fight was most furious—Zouaves vainly trying to restrain him. On Tuesday the Austrians attacked the Sardinian vanguard at Sesto Calende—the fight lasted two hours.

Our troops crossed the Ticino in pursuit of the enemy.

A numerous Austrian corps d'armee appeared before Varese; Garibaldi ordered the national guard not to resist, and fell back on Lago Maggiore.

An attack was attempted by our troops against Lavenno on Lago Maggiore, but without any result.

Additional details of the battle of Palestro, state that the Sardinian right wing was at one time outflanked by Austrians, who threatened the bridge of boats across the Sesia, over which Cambray was to effect a junction with the King.

At this juncture the Zouaves came to the rescue, and turned the tide against the Austrians. The Zouaves lost one officer, and 20 men killed, and 209 wounded, including ten officers.

Sardinians believed to have been terribly cup up, but their loss is not mentioned. An Austrian General is reported killed. Napoleon subsequently visited the battle field, and congratulated the Sardinians on the A

Turin despatch of the 2d says the Austrians this morning advanced from Bobbia towards the French outposts, but retired after a short fight. A movement was made to conceal the retreat of the Austrians, who had begun to evacuate Bobbio, carrying with them about a thousand wounded. On the 3d, it was telegraphed from Turin that the Austrians had withdrawn to the eastern bank of the Po, and had abandoned Torre Berille and the neighbouring country.

The Paris Moniteur publishes despatches from Vercelli, which the Emperor had made his headquarters, confirmatory of the Sardinian bulletins, and says, the Sardinians behaved most valiantly at Palestro, and in regard to the part taken by the Zouaves says they performed wonders, although unsupported; and in front of an Austrian battery of eight guns, the Zouaves crossed a canal ascended the heights which were very steep and charged the Austrians with the bayonet; more than four hundred Austrians were thrown into the canal, and six pieces of cannon were taken by the Zouaves; loss of the French inconsiderable.

The Emperor conferred the grand cross of the legion of honor on Gen. Forey.

The French troops were concentrating at Casale, Valenza and Vercelli.

The Austrian accounts of the Palestro affair are not published. A Verona despatch of the 12th, says, the allies had attacked the vanguard of the 7th corps d'armee but a further advance was stopped by the corps under Gen. Zobel—great numbers are reported wounded.

Garibaldi has met with a reverse.

A Vienna telegram of the 1st, announces on official authority, that Garibaldi was driven back from Sonrio into the mountains, Gen. D'Urban's troops pursuing him—the only issue open to Garibaldi was the Ticino. An official telegram from Milan states, that on the 1st, Vercelli was cannonaded and taken by D'Urban, who reinstated the legal authorities and levied war contributions on the City.

LATER.—It was telegraphed from Turin on the 3d, that Garibaldi had surprised and beaten the Austrians at Varese, and that the town was again free of the enemy, and also that Garibaldi re-entered Como on the night of the 2d. General Neil entered Novara on the 1st after a short encounter with the Austrian outposts, who shortly fled. The Emperor arrived there the same evening, amidst the acclamations of the people. The Austrians endeavored to cross the Po at Basiglio, but the inhabitants opposed their passage firing upon and destroying an Austrian bark. The Valtellina was in insurrection and the town of Sondria had proclaimed for Victor Emmanuel.

The Duke of Parma had arrived in Switzerland, with a numerous suite.

French officers of Engineers had arrived at Jutra, and were collecting vessels to cross Lago Maggiore with five hundred men. The French squadron in the Adriatic had captured 35 Austrian vessels, estimated value four million francs.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament met daily to swear in members, but no business would be transacted until the delivery of the Queen's speech, on the 7th.

The London Herald Ministerial learns that an amendment to the address to the Queen has been abandoned by the opposition, and that another method of assault will doubtless be tried.

Large purchases in English horses are alleged to be in progress for the French army—many thousands were required.

It was stated that a prospectus of a company would be issued in a few days for laying two telegraph cables from Cornwall, England, to Canada direct, and that the proposed capital will be half a million sterling.

The Foreign Exchanges on Friday had no change. The commercial advices from Germany continue to show great anxiety and distrust. In the Railway share markets on Friday a general heavy decline took place, and the tendency at the close was unfavorable. A Circular signed by Palmerston, Russell, Milner, Gibson and others, was issued calling a meeting of the Liberal members of Parliament for the 6th. The Herald mentions a rumour that Bright and the Radicals had been gained by the government, by the offer of three seats in the Cabinet.

ITALY.—The United States Frigate *Wabash* was at Naples and together with British men of war fired half hourly guns as a tribute to the memory of the late king. The government of Naples had prohibited the export of sulphur. French Engineers had recommended fortifications at Civita Vecchia.

The Paris Debats has a letter from Rome stating that Piedmont had recognised the neutrality of the Pontifical States on certain conditions.

Bradstuffs declining. Cotton advanced; Consols 93 & 94; bullion increased in Bank of England £357,000.