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# Resolution of Partnership.

ICE is hereby given, that the partnership between James Moran and John A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of St. John, under the firm of James Moran & Son, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent, and the said John A. Moran, who is indebted to the said James A. Moran, is authorized to settle all debts due to and owing said firm.

JAMES MORAN,  
JAMES A. MORAN.  
George, September 16, 1865.

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G. Percy, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,

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Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1866.

No 26

## Poetry.

### THE ABSENT.

As stars, the vigilants of night,  
Resign their posts at day's first  
As summer songsters take their flight,  
When summer hours have passed away;  
As fair and fragrant flowers fold  
Their dewy cups when day is o'er,  
So from our fond and gentle hold,  
Pure spirits seek the heavenly shore.

But not as stars each even burn,  
And birds come back to glade and glen,  
And flowers open, at days return,  
Do our beloved ones come again.  
Alison, fond hearts! the funeral pall,  
The breaking heart, the burning tear,  
Are but the common lot of all  
Who make their habitation here.

## Miscellany.

### MANAGING A HUSBAND.

BY JOHN JONES.

Indeed, Thomas, you had better stay at home to-night, said Mrs. Long, as her husband rose from the table, and prepared to leave the house.

Can't do to-night, my dear, replied the gentleman deliberately. I've an important engagement at the club, and can't possibly stay to-night. "I'll do some other time, if that will suit you."

That's always the way, said Mrs. Long, in a huff. You are always promising to stay at home some night, but never find time to do so. You have some night, but never find time to do so. You have some night, but never find time to do so. You have some night, but never find time to do so.

Come, now, Annie, said Mr. Long coaxingly. Don't be unreasonable. You surely don't begrudge me a little pleasure.

No, Thomas, I do not. But, since we have been married, you have rarely remained at home with me. You seem to find the society of your club preferable to mine. "Stop your meddling, old woman, said her husband, laughing. "I'll be back at nine."

With this, he kissed her, and left the house. Mrs. Long was a young merchant, well-to-do in business, and very popular with those who knew him. He had been married about three years, and considered himself fortunate in having made such a choice. His wife was a pretty, amiable little woman, and entirely devoted to him. Thus far, the only cloud that had come between them had been caused by the frequent absence of Mr. Long from his home.

During his bachelor days he had been in the habit of passing his evenings at his club, and, after his marriage, found it hard to break off the habit. He never thought how tiresome it was for his wife to remain at home alone all through the long evenings, but carelessly supposed her too busy with her sewing and household duties to be lonesome. Since their marriage he had rarely spent an evening with her. With but few exceptions, the only evenings she had been honored with his society had been when he had taken her to a party, or the opera, or the theatre, or some other place of amusement. This had been going on now for nearly three years, and it was no wonder that the young wife longed to have her husband pass his leisure hours in the quiet and peace of their own home.

At present there seemed little probability of this, for Mr. Long appeared to find his club more attractive every evening, if the increased length of his absence might be taken as a test. He left home, now, immediately after tea, and scarcely ever returned until long after his wife had sought refuge from her lonesomeness in sleep.

On this particular occasion Mrs. Long had no hope, such as she made her request, that he would be granted, and now she sat, after her husband had gone out, thinking how she might induce him to change his habits. For a long while she sat there, in a brown study. She was aroused finally by the entrance of her brother, a young man a little older than herself.

Where's Long? he asked.  
Gone out to his club, she replied quietly, looking as if indifferent.

That club must be a very attractive place, said her brother dryly. I think I'll join it.  
The young man pitying his sister's lonely condition, sat with her until quite late. They seemed to be very much interested in the subject of their conversation, and when he rose to go away, he said with a laugh—

I'll come for you about seven to-morrow night. Be ready, Annie.

Mr. Long came home some time after midnight. He found his wife sleeping peacefully; and, as he saw her pure, sweet face nest-

ling amid the snowy pillows, he could not help experiencing a feeling of reproach for having neglected his society so much. The next evening he was surprised to see his wife appear at the tea-table more elaborately dressed than usual.

Where are you going, Annie? he asked.  
I am going out to see Nellie Morse. I have not been there for several months, she replied.

I'm sorry for that, he said hesitatingly. I don't feel well enough to go to the club, so I shall stay at home to-night. Who is going with you?

Mrs. Long felt the resolution she had formed giving way, but she checked her weakness, and answered—

Brother Henry is going with me. The engagement is made, and I really cannot break it. I thought you he at the club to-night.

Oh, don't stay on my account, child, said her husband. I shall manage to get along until you come back.

He did not seem to mind it much, and the young wife's pride was touched. So when her brother came, she went with him very cheerfully. She made her visit purposely long, and when she returned home at a late hour, found her husband restlessly pacing up and down the little sitting-room.

You are late, he said as she came in.  
He had missed her then, and she felt just the least little triumph at the thought.

The next evening Mr. Long went out as usual to his club, but not finding it so pleasant as it generally was, went home sooner than he had done for over a year. He found that his wife had gone to the theatre with her brother. She did not return until very late.

I've enjoyed myself so much, she said.  
Have you? he asked quickly. I am glad to hear it. I've been home since nine o'clock.

What a pity! she said. I hope you have not been lonesome.

I have been a little so, he replied, in an injured tone.

You ought to have taken my plan, she said laughing. I get very lonesome some nights when you stay late at the club, and to get rid of the feeling, I go to sleep.

He winced a little, and dropped the subject.

The next day, when he came home, he found a note from his wife stating that she had gone out to take tea and spend the evening with a friend. She would not trouble him to come for her, as Brother Henry would bring her home. The house girl would see that he had his tea. Mr. Long was vexed. He did not relish his tea at all. The pretty little table seemed an attractive with out the bright face that he had never missed it before. He felt in no humor for going to the club, and, when he had finished his evening meal, lit a cigar, and smoked in gloomy silence. He thought of his wife's advice, to go to sleep, but he was too restless to do so.

Mrs. Long came home about eleven.

You are in early, she said, as she saw her husband.

I have not been away to-night, he replied moodily.

And you've been lonesome again, she said, seating herself by him, and putting her arm up to his.

He wondered at that moment why he had never found time to stay more with such a charming wife. He answered emphatically—  
Yes! I've been very lonesome.

His tone and manner were so genuine that her heart melted.

I'm so sorry, she said, but I thought you would be at the club, and I am so lonesome here during these long evenings, that I went out for company.

It was his turn to feel remorseful now, but for the present he did not care to acknowledge it.

The next night Mrs. Long went out immediately after tea, and her husband who had determined to stay at home, sought the club for relief from ennui. He did not find the pleasure he wanted. The club was for once a bore, and he went back home, and sought relief in sleep.

The next morning he said, as he was leaving home—