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Poetry.

Good Night.

Good-night, dear! I say good-night to thee,
Across the moonbeam, tremulous and white,
Beside the space between us, if they be,
Lean low, sweet friend! it is the last good-night!

For lying mute upon my couch and still,
The fever-flushes vanished from my face,
I heard them whisper softly, "Tis His will;
Angels will give her happier resting-place!"

And so from sight of tears that fell like rain,
And sound of sobbing smothered close and low,
I turned my white face to the window pane,
To say "Good-night" to thee before I go.

Good-night, dear! I do not fear the end,
The conflict with the billows dark and high;
And yet, if I could touch thy hand, my friend,
I think it would be easier to die.

If I could feel, through all the quiet waves
Of my deep hair, thy tender breath athrill,
I could go downward to the place of graves
With eyes as blue and pale lips smiling still;

Or it may be that if, through all the strife
And pain of parting, I should hear the call,
I would come singing back to sweet, sweet life,
And know of mystery of death at all.

It may not be. Good-night, dear friend, good-night!
And when you see the violets again,
And hear through boughs with swollen buds
The gentle falling of the April rain.

Remember her whose young life held thy name,
With all things holy, in its outward flight,
And turn sometimes from busy haunts of men
To be it again her low, low, low, good-night!

I know hundreds of girls who would jump at the chance.

Don't talk that way, Kathie. You know I don't love Cousin Rupert, and I shall not live a month down in that ghostly old house. I'd sooner die than marry him, Kathie.

Then why accept him?
Papa said I must.

Oh, you're silly. What if he did?
She opened her black eyes wide with astonishment. To disobey her father was something so dreadful that she did not dare think of it.

What shall you do, Nora? I asked, after a pause.

Marry him, and die, I suppose!
And Geoffrey Mordant?

She flushed, and hid her face in my bosom, with a fresh burst of tears.

Geoffrey was a poor young man—one of her father's clerks. He had loved Nora since his boyhood, and she loved him in return; but her proud father would have laughed at the idea of his only child, the heiress of all the gold he was heaping up, wedding with his penniless clerk. But Geoffrey was a noble fellow, as clear and open as the daylight, brave and handsome—the very man to win a young girl's heart. He called on the evening after her engagement to Rupert Leyborne. I received him in the drawing room. The poor fellow's face was pale, and his eyes sad, but he spoke in a manly manner.

Mas Kathie, he said, after some other discourse, I have heard strange stories concerning this Rupert Leyborne. I don't think he's a good man; he'd not make Nora happy. She must marry him. We must save her somehow.

Then you'll have to do it by stratagem; you'll never persuade her to disobey her father. I've tried that.

While we were talking, Nora came in, with a letter in her hand, and her eyes streaming with tears. She did not see Geoffrey in the darkness of the doorway, and rushed to me at once.

Oh, Kathie, Kathie! she said, what shall I do?
Why, what's the matter with you now, Nora?
Why, papa has just bought me and her letter from Cousin Rupert, and he wants us to be married at Christmas down at the Hall. His father desires to witness the ceremony, and he's too infirm to come here. Papa has consented, and he's even ordered Mrs. Thorne to have my trousseau things in readiness. What shall I do, Kathie?

What do you intend to do?
I must obey my father, Kathie.

Then I can't help you.
But I can, Nora!

That other voice, so deep and thrilling, made her start and tremble like a frightened bird. She came to her side, and took her little hands in his.

Nora, he said, you love, don't you? She was an angel, Kathie, I thought.

Yes, Geoffrey replied, you know I do.

Then darling, will be a six to marry Rupert Leyborne? Tell your father this marriage will break your heart!

I have; but he is inexorable.

Geoffrey talked a while longer, and then bade us good night. Turning on the doorway, he said, with an almost desperate brightness in his eyes, I have a right to you! Something will turn up—must turn up to stop this unholy sacrifice! At any rate, I shall watch over you. Goodbye!

She trembled at his words; but I think they awoke a faint hope in her heart. For myself, I had a thorough respect for the resolute young fellow, and wished him abundant success. But the fortnight went by in a bustle of preparation, and nothing at all escaped.

Nora's father never wavered in his determination, though he must have seen how his daughter drooped and faded, like a lily touched by the early frosts. He loved her tenderly, but looked upon her as a simple, senseless child, whom it was his duty in all things to control. Rupert Leyborne was a sober, settled man, and would make her a good husband; besides, he was very wealthy; and wealth went a great way with Mr. Wrayford. So he made up his mind that she must marry him; and he was a man who stuck to his determination.

At last, the morning of our departure came; and a dreary morning it was, in the early part of December. The streets were thickly coated with snow. We hoped that Rupert Leyborne would not come; but our hopes were vain. He was there at the appointed moment. There was no excuse for refusing to accompany him, so we went.

Your bridal wardrobe shall follow you, Nora, and I will be down in good time for the wedding, said her father, cheerily, as he kissed her good-bye; then, turning to his future son-in-law, You must be very tender to my little girl, Rupert, he added, with more genuine feeling than I had ever seen him manifest before, and try to win back the roses to her cheeks; she is looking delicate of late.

The country air will improve her, he said blandly, bowing, and smiling at Nora; but

there was no tenderness in his cold eye, no fond tremor in his voice; and that old impenetrable cloud hung as blackly as ever upon his brow.

Nora shuddered and drew back in the corner of the carriage that was to take us to the railway station; and I saw her start, and tremble, and finally burst into tears, as she caught sight of Geoffrey Mordant, standing at the opposite corner, waving his hand in relief in token of farewell.

At nightfall we reached our destination. The building was an old fashioned one, immense and heavy, its sloping roof coated with snow. Every door and window bore the barred and bolted look of a prison. An owl was hooting near at hand; a wild wind swept up from the river, clanking the bare branches of the trees, and rushing round the black gables, with a warning cry that might have come from the lips of a banshee. Nora clung to my arm in a tremor of nervous horror.

Kathie, Kathie! she whispered, how can I live here?

An old footman swung open the heavy front door, and admitted us. He conducted us through a long, dimly lighted hall, into a large, dreary looking apartment, which possessed but one single attraction, a glowing fire; but, after a while, another was added in the shape of a sumptuous supper.

This you see, we were snugly domiciled in Leyborne Hall, very snugly against our inclination. But our entertainment was princely. Our chambers magnificent; and Rupert expected himself to make the days pass pleasantly, inventing all manner of games and indoor amusements, and driving us out whenever the gleams of sunshine suggested through the gloomy woods that surrounded the hall.

But in spite of all his efforts the days were in a subtlely tedious, and would have been intolerably so, but for the society of our uncle, an old and very firm man, in that sunny stage of life, second childhood, who took a great fancy to Nora.

At last the Christmas holidays drew near, and gradually the old Hall was filled with guests, next of kin to the festive of the coming wedding.

In the meantime poor Nora hid herself in her chamber, with a clock that grew whiter and whiter each day.

In due time, her bridal tresses came down, and a sign of it was, Mr. Wrayford had been lavish to a fault. The bridal robe was of the richest and finest make and fabric; then the crown of diamonds, and flowers and acorns and jewels without number; and, in addition to all these, Mr. Rupert Leyborne presented his betrothed with an entire set of diamonds, worth in themselves a handsome fortune.

On the day before the wedding, we looked the things over, and arranged them on the chairs and sofas in our chamber. They were an imposing array, the gleaming robes, the brilliant jewels, and flashing diamonds. Then, as the wintry evening had already closed in, we ordered our maid to light our shaded and beautiful night lamp, and Nora and I sat down before the glowing fire, to have a last consultation.

She was to be married in the morning, and then there was to be the grand and kind of an entertainment. Her father, accompanied by a number of London friends, had already arrived at the Hall.

Suddenly, there was a slight rustling sound in the passage, and something between a squeak and a giggle. Nora dropped the comb with which she was straightening out her raven tresses, asking with a nervous start, What was that Kathie?

I am not easily frightened; indeed I pointed myself upon my unimpaired firmness and courage. I am quite sure that I haven't any nerves at all. But I confess to having experienced a queer thrill at that strange speaking gibber; but I answered carelessly enough, Oh, a mouse in the wall, Nora. Don't be such a coward.

She picked up her comb, and laughed a little hysterical laugh, as she went on binding up her magnificent hair; but I noticed she continued to gaze nervously, from time to time, towards the dusky corners of the spacious chamber.

I don't know, she said at last, folding her hands upon her lap, and speaking slowly and thoughtfully; it may be a ghost, Kathie—for I believe this old house is haunted. Old Mrs. Ray, the housekeeper says it is—indeed she told me about it the very first week I came.

Why, Nora, I laughed, I did not think you were so silly.

No, no; I'm not silly, she went on, with a strange vacant look in her blue eyes that sent a chill to heart. I believe every word of it; she says she has lived here for years, and has seen it five times.

Nora are you crazy? Seen what?
Why, she goes to be so. Her ghost—Lilith, you know. He treated her unkindly—and broke her heart; and now she comes back to haunt him, trailing her white robes through the rooms, and moaning and gibbering till no one in the house can sleep.

For heaven's sake Nora! I exclaimed, with an uncomfortable feeling that a white ghostly figure might be just behind the back of my

chair; don't talk such nonsense. I never heard that Rupert Leyborne was unkind to his first wife.

Yes, she went on, in a rambling kind of a way. She was a pretty, happy girl when she came here; but his cruelty, and this dreadful old house killed her, and now she comes back. I heard her last night, Kathie, and saw a glimpse of her face—such a very sad face.

Nora!
'Tis true, Kathie! I wasn't asleep—I didn't dream it. I awoke suddenly, and heard a soft, rustling sound, and then a low moan; and then a white, sad face, flitted through the darkness. Poor girl, she died so young. Mrs. Ray says—and he did not even stay with her at the last. I pity her so much. I shall die soon, Kathie—as soon as you shall go away and leave me.

[To be continued.]

History Repeating Itself.

The reign of terror is now again paramount over all Paris, and the bloody scenes enacted there during the reign of the Girondins are being again repeated in the streets, and the ominous sound of the guillotine is again heard, and houses are already marked as holding victims for the guillotining. Thousands upon thousands of those who have the means are already fleeing from the city, not knowing how soon an insatiable mob might seize upon them and had them without a moment's warning, to destruction. And as in the first period of the French Revolution, so again is the present period of the French Revolution, as to offer up any consolation, but to the wounded of the dying.

Strange that the French, who are generally styled by their fanatical fathers as the most faithful children, fall away so in the hour of danger, and perils from the teachings of their Church, and in fact show a perfect contempt for all religion, setting up a God or goddess in their churches to be worshipped, and the legitimate clergy rendered powerless by the edicts of a set of madmen and fanatics, who are deluging the streets of Paris with the blood of the innocent, paying tribute and saving all law and order at defiance. How long this state of affairs will last it is impossible to forecast. It would seem to require a Napoleon I or an Oliver Cromwell who could make the masses of the nation, and compel obedience to the law, but no such man appears to be forthcoming. Napoleon III. appears to be watching events quietly at Chislehurst, and his rat at all an improbability that he may once more guide the reins of state, though whether he can ever "restitute" himself again into his former plenitude of power is extremely doubtful. That France will again, Phoenix-like, arise from its ashes is certain, but another century must pass ere this present reign of terror can be obliterated.

The Result of visiting a Temperance Family.

Some years ago when the Maine liquor law was in full force in that State, a young man from this Province had occasion to pay a short visit to some of his relatives then living not a hundred miles from Machias. The evening passed off pleasantly in conversation on family matters, until the hour of retiring came, without any sign of this accustomed glass of whisky toddy before going to bed, and our friend too polite to make any remark on the subject.

After a good substantial breakfast next morning, a walk round the farm was proposed. Before going out he was called on one side by his grandmother, who wished to say something to him, and on carefully closing the room door, said, I know you are accustomed at home to take a little spirit, but our family are so strictly temperate, we don't have any in the house; but I am getting an old woman now, and keep a little sometimes by me for medicine. Take some now, but don't say a word about it.

Thinking he would not get any more that day, he poured a very stiff glass, and put it out right, and was making his way out through the kitchen to join his uncle in the barn, when he was stopped by his aunt, who unlocked the cupboard, produced a tumbler with the spirit carefully corked up, and saying that being troubled with the rheumatism, kept a little to relieve the pains; request her nephew to take some, but to be sure and keep it a secret from the rest; feeling assured this would certainly be the last time of asking, a second dose followed the first, and our hero returned for the barn. He had not been long there, before the old man produced a flask from under the straw saying he was obliged to keep a little on there to help through with day's work, but he would not have any of the family know of it on any account. Of course it was impossible to refuse the pressing invitation, as no reasonable excuse could be framed without informing on the others.

After a short time he left to find the boys at work in the field at some distance off. Where, in honour of his arrival, they had invited some of their friends; and producing a jug from a concealed place in the fence, say-

ing they were obliged to keep it there, for fear of the old folks at home. Another room was disposed of, so that our friend was tucked as a peep—all through visiting a strictly temperance family.

The writer concludes for the truth of the foregoing, which proves that the abominable Penitentiary Maine Law, encouraged deception, and led to secret drunkenness.—Ed.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

FREDERICTON, April 3.
The address in reply to the speech, moved by Tibbitts, seconded by Mr. Phillips.

Messrs. Hatheway and Stevenson were sworn in by Judge Fisher.

April 6.
Mr. Weddeburn presented a bill to relieve Volunteers from taxation to a certain extent. Messrs. Gough, Alward, Maher, and other members of the Legislature, have arrived.

Mr. McAdam introduced a bill relating to improvement of the streets in the town of St. Stephen.

Committee on Publishing Debates reported that G. W. Day had agreed to report, publish and mail 10,000 copies of the English debates for \$2,800.

A discussion followed, which upon the Provincial Secretary stating that the estimates had been made up, and no provision made for publishing the debates the money would have to be taken out of the Bye Roads appropriations, the recommendation to accept Mr. Day's proposal was negatived. Yeas 11, Nays 22.

During the debate some of the Members expressed their desire that the contingencies should read what was said by their Representatives.

Mr. Duval had changed his mind. The papers published in his section did not give the whole truth, and his constituents were anxious to know what "Joss" was doing in the Legislature.

Mr. Gough contended that the money for publishing the debates would be well spent, if the sayings of hon. members could go abroad without being garbled and misinterpreted by a partisan press.

Mr. Hibbard thought it a pity the Government did not think a little about economy when they prorogued the Legislature a few weeks ago, at an expense of eight or nine thousand dollars.

Mr. Willis in a forcible speech defended the Press from the attack of Mr. Gough. It was a Press as free as liberal, as any Press in the Dominion or in the two world over; and if in its editorial columns it sometimes showed up the selfish designs of certain men, and placed a little of its true light before the country and the world, it was their legitimate province so to do. More than this it became some men, who with compliments and blandishments were willing to accept the favors of the Press, to turn about and when it turned their purpose had this same Press with charges so unfair and attacks so ungenerous.

Mr. Gough explained that he had not attacked the Press or the language of newspapers degraded by themselves. "Partisan press," &c. &c., as employed by Mr. G. As regards what was justly said, he hoped he never should so far forget himself, either a member of the Press or a gentleman, as to hurl across the horse at another's fire, men her epithets as "traitor" and "villain," language calculated to degrade the Legislature in the estimation of all respectable society.

How, Mr. McAdam would also vote against the expenditure.

Mr. Hibbard came down heavily upon Mr. Tibbitts. It ill became that hon. gentleman to charge any members on the floor of that House with changing his mind.—He, the very man who a few weeks ago vowed to stand by the opposition till the thick and thin.

Mr. Tibbitts replied that as he had listened to Mr. Hibbard's abuse, Mr. Hibbard must listen to a little abuse from him. He then charged Mr. H. with being the first man to break faith with the opposition; meeting in secret and parcelling out the offices all over the country, and thus a violating his solemn pledges.

A reliable rumor is that the Government will attempt to compromise the Electoral law, by making Bedford Law Clerk of the Legislative Council at a salary of \$1,000, and making Bible Clerk of the Council at a like salary, and abolishing the office of Assistant Clerk.

It is believed the School Bill will be an almost exact copy of the Nova Scotia law.

Sheriff Campbell, of Redoubt, has been disgraced, and a son of Mr. Phillips, a comrade of the address, is appointed.

The Secretary's Budget will show that direct taxation for the ordinary expenses of the country cannot be much longer stayed off.

This morning a great many of the Bills