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Vol 4



BITTERS
California Vinegar
Vegetable preparation,
the medicinal pro-
cess extracted therefrom
the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
the medicinal pro-
cess extracted therefrom
the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
the medicinal pro-
cess extracted therefrom
the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we feel it impotent and vain—
May God be with you!

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you ever,
He who is strong to battle with your foes;
Whoever falls, His love can fail you never,
And all you need lie in His wisdom known—
May God be with you!

Better that earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
Is great blessings that our parting bring;
For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
If God be with us.

Good-bye, good-bye, with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope, and faith, and love;
Parting must come, we cannot long delay it,
But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us.

Good-bye—'tis all we have for one another,
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still,
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill—
May God be with you!

Every issue of the **ALDINE** is a surprise to all who see it, since it shows a positive growth in art, beauty and literature, from month to month, as gratifying as it is wonderful. "Supers" is the only word which fully characterizes the illustrations for the September issue. The pictures are charming in design and faithful in execution. A copy of Herland's "Little Rose," drawn by John S. Davis, and engraved by C. Maurand, opens the current number with a flash of beauty almost dazzling to the eye. It is a faithful transcript of nature, showing the star of the elements in that strange land. The engraving has all the finish of a bank note. The two full-page pictures in this number are "Coming from the Forge," by John S. Davis, and "Kingston, New York," by Kruseman van Elten. The former is a bold and spirited sketch of a scene familiar to all childhood life in the country—two boys on the back of a horse which has stopped to drink from a woodland brook on its way home from the blacksmith's. A dog on the rustic bridge engages the attention of the eldest boy. Van Elten's landscape shows a charming stretch of country, and the ancient city of Kingston, New York. Mr. J. D. Woolward furnishes a general view of the Palisades, as seen from the Hudson river—a striking picture. The other illustrations in this number are "A Bad Job," from the original of Stammel, showing the interior of an armorer's shop; "The Women of Schenck," from the original of Haberlin, a historical picture; three views of Lincoln Cathedral, showing the church, the interior of the Westwerk, and Bishop Longland's monument; and a pretty picture for fall—"Gems of the Changing Autumn."

The Aldine Company has determined to establish an Art Union, similar to the well-known Art Union in England, and distribute its works of art, both sculpture and paintings, which are constantly collecting, among its subscribers. Art premiums, valued at \$2,500, will be distributed among each series of 5,000 subscribers. Subscription tickets, at \$6.00 each, entitle the holder to the "Aldine" for a year, to the new chromo, and to a ticket in the distribution of art premiums.

Poetry.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, good-bye, it is the sweetest blessing
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear.
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong is near—
May God be with you!

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Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
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The literary contents of the September **ALDINE** consist of a poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen, "The Bobolink"; a sweet story of the child love of Nicolò Paganini, from the Italian; an admirable paper on "English Landladies," by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood; "The Story of the Lightning," a poem by Edgar Faucett; "Theresa and Her Loves," by Frances Lee; an interesting account of "The Women of Schenck"; "The Discontented Sister," a poem by H. J. H. Barrett; a lengthy article on Franz Liszt, by Elsie Polko; a charming account of St. Martin's Day, a children's festival, by C. W. Conant; "Voices of the Night," by Jessy Barr; "Monsieur Le Blanc," by Mrs. George Barlett; "At the Tomb," by Julia C. R. Dorr; and Lincoln Cathedral, by F. Walker. The Editorial articles upon music, art, literature, and descriptive of the pictures, are filled with fresh and valuable matter. The Aldine Company, publishers, 48 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

My only sister, Edith, married when I was scarcely six years of age. My mother died soon after that event; so I was left at home with my father and brothers. My father said I resembled my mother, and I think loved me better than anything on earth. The boys, too, indulged me in every whim. I don't think I had a wish ungratified. They said I was pretty; and in my youthful vanity I imagined myself beautiful. Ah, me! those happy days of my bright girlhood, when I was care-free and light-hearted, dreading no evil because knowing none, are even now a pleasant memory to me.

My sister lived at some distance from home; absorbed in the cares of her family, she rarely visited us, but I spent nearly half my time at Ellangowan, the name of my brother-in-law's place. I was deeply attached to my sister and her children; and I found a dear friend in the person of her governess, Miss Gray. She was a fragile, golden-haired creature, with tender, intensely mournful brown eyes, the saddest eyes I have ever seen; she was so fair and slight as to look almost childish, notwithstanding her five-and-twenty years.

I liked her from the first; but she was very shy, and it was some time before my childish overtures of friendship met with any response; and even when we had grown to love each other, she still maintained an impenetrable reserve concerning her early life. She received no letters, avoided all society, and appeared to have a morbid terror of meeting strangers. I had a girl's curiosity; but Miss Gray never spoke of herself, and answered all questions with a gentle reserve that was more repelling than rudeness. Ever ready to sympathize in the troubles of others, she never spoke of her own griefs—and griefs I was convinced she had. I was determined that the owner of those sad, brown eyes, had a history; but my sister laughed at what she styled my romantic notions. Miss Gray had come to her highly recommended; she was devoted to her little charges; there the interest which Edith had in her governess ended.

I was twenty when I first met Rupert Gordon. For two years I had reigned as a belle, and as yet I liked never known a grief. The first time I looked upon his face, the first time I listened to the persuasive music of his voice, I loved him—loved him with all the mad recklessness of a headstrong girl's first love. I saw that he was handsome, and my fancy endowed him with a thousand heroic attributes, then I knelt and blindly worshipped my idol. Oh, the passionate fervor, the deep, trusting tenderness lavished upon that shrine! I could scarcely believe in the reality of my happiness when he confessed his love and asked me to be his wife—his wife! I would have been content to be his slave!

Surely the course of true love never flowed smoother than did ours. Rupert was all that was desirable; my father heartily approved of my choice; the relatives on both sides were highly pleased; so it was settled that we were to be married at once.

The few months of my engagement passed rapidly away, and the time of my marriage drew near. Edith was unable to come to us, until the day before the wedding; and by my particular request, Miss Gray and the children were to accompany her.

Now, it was one of my peculiarities that I never dreamed; but at this, for three nights in succession, I dreamed precisely the same dream. I thought I was clasped in Rupert's arms, close to his heart, and my happiness was complete; but Miss Gray, her pale face wet with tears, came and begged me to leave him. I could not account for it, but she inspired me with a great terror, and I awoke more closely to my lover. Gently, her sad eyes gazing pitifully into mine, her ice-cold hands restraining me, she loosed my clinging arms, notwithstanding my frantic cries. I saw Rupert vanish from me, and I knew that he would never be my own again. Then I awoke, weeping bitterly. This dream produced a painful impression upon me at first; but in the general confusion and excitement I soon forgot it.

The seventeenth of May was to be my wedding day; on the sixteenth, Edith and her family arrived, all in high spirits, the children in a perfect fever of excitement over Aunt Mary's marriage. Everything in the house was in a state of preparation for the ceremony next day; so after luncheon I took Miss Gray up to my room to show her my wedding dress, too, with its shining satin folds; and looking at myself in the mirror, I could scarcely believe that the face peeping from beneath the mist-like lace veil and delicate wreath was mine. It looked so flushed and radiant with happiness. Miss Gray, in her quiet, gentle way, was almost as excited as I. She listened to all my praises of my lover, and rejoiced in my happiness as though I had been her sister. I was still standing before the mirror in my bridal robes, when Miss Gray, who was standing at the win-

dow, gave a sharp cry of pain, and turned to me with such a ghastly face that I was frightened.

Who is that? Oh, tell me, who is that? she gasped.

I looked out, and saw Rupert coming up the avenue. My noble Rupert, with his happy care-free face.

That is Rupert, Miss Gray. Have you seen him before? Are you ill? I asked, for she trembled like an aspen leaf.

She answered that she had mistaken him for a person she had known long ago; she was not very well; she would go to her room, and rest for a little while. Then she left me, and I hurried to meet my lover.

About ten minutes after, I sought Rupert in the library. As I descended the stairs I heard voices; on approaching the door I heard Rupert say "I thought you were dead," in low, constrained tones; then I entered quickly. Rupert stood by the window, ghastly pale; opposite him, a strange anguish in her soft eyes, was Miss Gray. I went directly to him. At my approach he trembled convulsively.

Rupert, I said, "tell me what troubles you; I can help you to bear it."

Without a word, he clasped me in his arms, and leaning his head upon my breast, burst into tears, sobbing like a child.

"Maud, come away; this man is my husband," I heard Miss Gray say.

Her voice sounded like one speaking from a distance. My Rupert another woman's husband? Was she mad?

"It is not true!" I cried; "it is not true! Rupert, dearest, speak to me, and say it is not true."

"Heaven help me, it is true," he moaned. "Then, for a moment, I thought my brain was on fire; I was wild with pain and passion; I could not reason. I only knew I loved him; I could not live without him; in my agony, I shrieked aloud."

"Rupert, don't leave me! She cannot love you as I do! Oh Rupert, it will make no difference! I love you—I love you!"

I heard Miss Gray's pleading voice, but I turned from her with loathing. Then, mocking faces flared around me; Edith, my father's grave and pitiful, the boys' entreating; but my nature seemed changed in my despair, for I hated them all fiercely; were they not trying to separate me from my idol? A great black veil seemed enveloping him, hiding him from me even as I held him; then the darkness engulfed me, and I fell senseless to the ground.

For weeks I lay at the gates of death, and through my long illness Mary Gray attended me like a sister. When I regained my strength she told me the story of her life—the romance that, as a heedless girl, I had longed to know.

She had been governess to Rupert's sisters when he was almost a boy. He fancied himself loved her, and she loved him with all the earnestness of her nature. Yielding to his entreaties, Mary consented to a private marriage. Then, before many months had passed, she found that her young husband had already turned from her devotion, and longed to regain his freedom. Poor Mary! At first, she said, the agony of the discovery had almost killed her, but at last she resolved to be a burden to him no longer. During his absence she left the house, leaving a note for him to tell him that she was free. She came to my sister, and as the years rolled on, Rupert persuaded himself that she was dead.

Mary Gray and I both hopelessly loving Rupert Gordon as women can love but once in their lives, formed the covenant of a friendship which has lasted even until now.

I saw Rupert once again. On his death-bed he called for me, and I went to him; he died with his hand clasped in mine, his dear head broken on my breast. I was not heart-broken, for Heaven had sanctified Rupert's suffering even as it had mine, and I could part from him feeling that our separation was but for a day, and that before long I should reunite my first and only love in the better land where he awaits me.

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of his strategy. The boy descending, observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, coaxed, threatened invariably, the animal never moving, and finally down the path, accepting the inevitable as settled upon the young thief in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lat, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to carry a stuffed dog to that youth now.

A Hamilton wood sawyer, while walking along the street, received a severe blow in the face from a swallow. "Swallows" injure plenty of people.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

One beautiful afternoon in May, a child was wandering thoughtfully along the flowery banks of the Genes, his back turned to the village, and his grave eyes fixed vacantly upon the blue expanse of waters, like a troubled soul vainly seeking companionship. He appeared to be about thirteen years of age, his face was pale and sorrowful, his eyebrows strongly marked, while his dark eyes sparkled with a weird brilliancy which at times had an almost sinister expression.

He remained lost in thought some time, his head resting upon his slim, nervous hand, listening to the murmuring waves, as they broke at his feet, gazing sadly to the distance with unutterable longing. Suddenly the joyous laughter of childhood broke quietly upon his musings; a little girl came running across the waving field and threw both arms enthusiastically about his neck.

Oh, you naughty, naughty Nicolo; what are you doing here? I've been looking every where for you! Uttering these half scolding words, she continued to overwhelm him with caresses, and laid a little basket filled with wild roses and explanations at his feet, in token of her childish affection. The shadow of a smile flitted across the boy's face as he looked into her laughing eyes; he ran his fingers through her floppy curls, gave a sly, cautious look around, and whispered:

I ran away from my father, Gianetta; he gave me leave to rest, so I came to this lovely place—you know how I value my short liberty, and how I adore the murmuring of these waves! Listen to their weird music!

It is too bad of your father, sighed the child, to torment you with those hateful exercises; you will die of overwork! Poor Nicolo, so mother said to me, is much too delicate; his lawless violin will be the death of him before long, and it will be his father's fault! And mother is right! she added, looking anxiously at the young boy's worn face.

Do not fear for me, Gianetta, replied Nicolo! I shall not die yet; I must grow up to be a man! Look, how strong I am! He drew himself up to his full height, his dark eyes flashed and a smile of rare tenderness played around his ripe lips. With his strong arms he lifted his little playmate and held her suspended over the water for some seconds. Suddenness did not linger longer in the heart of a child! Gianetta seeing him so gay, commenced singing, passing ever and anon for some bit of childish gossip. Nicolo listened, amused, at the artless prattle about her flow-ers, her doves, her games, and her dolls, and whenever he sank into an unconscious fit of abstraction, Gianetta quickly brought him to him with a playful shake or tender kiss.

The children remained on the strand until the stars came out one after another, smiling alike on the serious eyes of Nicolo and the laughing ones of the pretty Gianetta. Then, indeed, they turned their steps homeward, their arms wound around each other in the innocent loving embrace of childhood. After a long walk, they turned down a narrow lane, at the end of which stood two humble cottages, overgrown with vines—one the home of Gianetta, the other of Nicolo. At the threshold of the former stood the mother of the little girl, anxiously awaiting the return of the children, whom she tenderly embraced as they came running up to her; then, wishing each other good night, Nicolo crossed over to his home.

On entering his dingy little room he sighed deeply, raised the window to let in the mild night air, and opening a chest, drew from it an old violin. Seating himself near the easement, through which the silvery moonlight flooded, he passed his fingers across the strings, and drew from them the most entrancing strains of music, dying away at times into wondrous melancholy, then swelling into triumphant gladness.

Scarcely had he commenced playing, when a large spider crawled out of the vines and came on the shutter.

Welcome! cried the young musician gayly, and as it advanced, he laid his finger on the window sill allowed the spider to make its way over it, and placed it in triumph upon his violin, where it remained during the whole performance, as if enchanted by the wonderful music of the music.

Nicolo continued practicing until his eyelids closed in sleep, and not until the sun shone into his eyes did he awake from his sound slumbers. He arose, and replaced his music, still sleeping companion carefully upon the vine leaves.

Every time that he laid aside his violin, when inspiration or strength failed, he sank into his habitual morbid reverie. The absence of the spider increased this feeling of solitude, for he was attached to the creature with all the passion of a fervent and unhappy disposition. His father was a hard and relentless master—his dead mother he only dimly remembered as having smiled upon him with ineffable sweetness as she sang him to sleep with her gentle lullaby. But that was so long, long ago, and now he had no friends; for the children of his own age avoided the dreamy, reserved lad. Only little Gianetta

was good to him, coming often to his room and listening in silent admiration to the inspired music of his violin. "But Gianetta detested the spider," "There is wickedness in it!" she would say, with a dainty little shudder, and so the insect was never admitted during her visits. When his fingers grew stiff with exercise, Nicolo envied the hours by telling fairy tales, romantic adventures and his own hopes for the future to his delighted little companion, who would listen without daring to interrupt, her eyes gleaming with joy, as she pressed the feverish hands of the agitated narrator. Sometimes Nicolo told her of Mozart, who was already famous at the tender age of six. Oh, Gianetta! he would exclaim, how shall I seem beside him! And hot tears chased down his attenuated cheeks. In vain the pitying Gianetta tried to console him—his was the jealousy common to genius!

One day the young musician, under the direction of his father, had been performing a series of monotonous exercises, so that his arms seemed paralyzed. Utterly worn out he laid aside his violin, and leaned his weary head against the window, when all of a sudden he heard a sharp cry. It was the mother of Gianetta, who called to him. Springing up with anxiety, he ran across to his playmate's home. He found the little girl lying on her bed, her form writhing with a raging fever, her breath coming hard and slow, and her bright eyes looking fix-dly into space. On recognizing her friend, she looked at him with a supplicating glance, which Nicolo readily interpreted. With tears in his eyes he ran swiftly for his discarded instrument, crying as he came back:

My sweet little Gianetta, I will play a lullaby to you, and you will be well again! He sat down by her bedside, and forgetting his fatigue, played with all the fervor of his soul: his anguish, his hope, his love, seemed to breathe from the wondrous tones, and like the voice of angels descending to earth, they soothed with their sublime harmony the pains of the sick child, who, at first, had flinched with wild, feverish eagerness, which gradually gave place to calm repose. The restfulness of her soul was depicted upon her flushed cheeks, her little hands were clasped peacefully, as her murmured gentle prayers for her faithful friend, who with tearful eyes and nervous hands was trying to soothe the anguish of his own breaking heart as well as the pain which racked the form of his sweet little Gianetta. When he had finished playing, she held out her thin, white hand:

Dear Nicolo, she said in a low, broken voice, I am going to leave you. I hear sweet angels calling me. You cannot follow me; you must remain behind; but far from this place, you will become famous, all the world will speak your name—oh, then, do not forget your little Gianetta! Her head sank back among the pillows, and almost without a struggle the sweet eyes closed forever!

Nicolo remained gazing absently upon her lovely face. Also, for the first time it was deaf to his tears and supplications. Wild with grief, he wandered about all day and part of the night, without aim, without any thought save that of his loneliness. He visited the water side where only a few days ago they had been so happy together; he lingered in every spot sacred to their mutual pleasures, and when at a late hour he returned to his room, he shuddered at the awful stillness which reigned there. He looked across to Gianetta's home. The window was open; he could see the child lying asleep in her narrow bed, almost hidden by the profusion of wild flowers which she had loved while upon earth. A priest was kneeling by her side, his venerable head bowed and his trembling lips murmuring prayers for the repose of her soul. Nicolo threw himself upon his knees: Farewell, farewell my joy, my love! As you have told me, I am going far from this place, where everything recalls my cruel loss; where I could find no other rest nor forgetfulness, deserted as I am by every creature! At these words he trembled—some chilling cold touched his hands. It was the spider! Poor insect! he cried; the only living thing left to me! Come, I will play to you, for the first time, the air which my poor Gianetta loved. I will play to you as a requiem for her soul!

He took out his violin. The sweet, sad strains of music flooded the air, wandering out to the little dead child, who seemed to smile at their message. Even the flowers seemed to nod their heads opened corollas, and the weeping priest passed in his devout prayer to the music's divine power.

On the morrow the red rays of the sun fell across a sleeping child, still clasping his beloved instrument, on cords of which lay a dead spider!

The hero of this little romance is Nicolo Paganini.

From THE ALDINE for September.

Science is the trunk of a much y tree, the roots of which penetrate into the unknown, and the branches flourish in the useful arts.

If you could wish success, be punctual, industrious, courteous, honest, economical, and agreeable in your personal habits.