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Poetry.

JAMIE'S WEE CHAIR.

The snawdrap was on, and the primrose was seen
In the clunch, while the side o' the burnie was green;
The mavis was heard singin' sweet in the wind,
While a safter light fell frae the edge o' the clud;
The whaps an' the peaseweeps skirl'd loud on the hill,
When the pride o' the hoose, our wee Jamie,
fell ill;
But lang ere that snawdrap had wither'd and gane,
A wee grave was a' we had left o' oor wean.

'Twas an unco sair-tail for baith John an' me,
For the burnie was just the tocht o' my e'e,
As for him, he scarce ken'd what he whiles wud be at,
Wi' his wee Jamie this an' his wee Jamie that;
But that night when Death cam' in white licht
Ower his broo,
He said, takin' my han', "Jean, that's owre wi us noo."

Then he sat doon an' grat, cryin' half in despair,
"Wee hae naebdy now to fill Jamie's wee chair."
I bore up mysel', wi' the tear on my cheek,
An' the theolits in my heart that I couldna
voo speak,
An' after I took a step ben to the room,
To kiss the wee lips that still kept their bloom;
But at last, when the day cam' to tak' him away,
An' the last o' the folk was seen climbin' the hae,

I can't in frae the door, an' I grat lang an' sair,
Wi' my head on the arm o' my Jamie's wee chair.
O, the bliss o' warm tears when the sair heart
is fu',
Fa'n'st on oor grief-like kin' Heaven's sin dew,
Till, as rain looms the win', so the sorrow that
fa'n
Wad rise up against God settles calmly again;
An', as saft siller cluds, an' the wide, happy sky
Turn the brighter an' bluer when storms hae
gan by,
Sae the gloom roon' my life lichtens' up every-
where
As I raise an' took ben my deil Jamie's wee chair."

Then I took doon the plaiks frae the shelf on
the wa',
The whuscle, the peerie, the pony, an' ba',
Put them sae in the drawer, 'an', when I had
dunc,
The door saftly open'd, an' John steppit in,
He stood just awae, then began tae look roon',
But stopp'd on seein' the plaiks a' tae loon roon',
Then he spak', his voice shakin' wi' grief an' sair
and mair,
"Jean, where hae ye puttin' oor Jamie's wee
chair?"

I raise, as he spoke, frae the cheerless fire en',
Gaed into the room, brocht the chair quietly ben,
Put it into its place, never liftin' an' e'e,
But sat doon, while John drew himself nearer
to me;
Then I foun his braid han' tak' a grip o' my ain,
As he said, "Jean, it's a' for the sake o' the wean,
For ye ken weel enough that the bairn last sat
there,
So atween us this fortnicht we'll keep his wee
chair."

We drew near the hearth, the tears fillin' oor e'en
As we sat han' in han' wi' the wee chair between;
An' aye as we thoct o' a bairn's lauchin' face,
An' a curly bit heid noo nae mair in its place,
We turn'd, as if a' oor sair loss was a name,
An' wee Jamie wud just be aside us the same.
O, it tak's an' unco schulin', an' God's help an' care,
To mak' mither believe in an empty wee chair.

We sat, while the hills crept close in the nicht;
But the stars, lookin' doon, kent that a' wasna
richt,
For they whisper'd to me o' a joy yet in store,
An' a' something aboon them I ne'er had afore.
I turn'd roon' to John, laid my han' on his knee,
As I tell'd what the stars kept sayin' to me;
Then we kneel'd doon, oor hearts risin' up in a
prayer,
As oor heids met aboon oor deil Jamie's wee
chair.

Years hae gane by since thaun, but still warm
is oor hearts,
What the stars said hae been fulfillin' its pair;
An' we see noo that 'a' was intended for guid,
Though God's han' at the time by oor sorrow
was hid;
But as rainbows are brighter against a black sky,
So God's meannin's grow clear when His shadow
gangs by;
An' in a' the bit trials that fa' to oor share,
We aye keep atween us oor Jamie's wee chair.

Ohio is going to send to the centennial
show a cheese weighing fourteen tons.
The export of a big cheese from that coun-
try to England, by the way, is very large.
An Inman steamer from New York recently
took a number weighing from 300 to 600
pounds each, one weighed over 1200 pounds
and another weighed 2200 pounds.

A poor working man, on whose feet
were a pair of almost shoddy boots, was
walking along a street in Ballarat, Australia,
not long ago when he stepped upon
what he supposed to be a sharp pointed
stone. Happening to examine it he found
it embedded in the ground a nugget of gold
weighing fourteen ounces and four penny-
weights.

Been Drinking.

"Are you sure, Miss Spicer?"
"Sure! Well, as certain as seeing and hear-
ing. I saw him fall, and I heard folks say he
had been drinking. I'm not one of those
kind of people what goes about telling that
Miss Se and So said Mrs. Somebody else told
her she saw and heard such and such things. I
only told what I saw and heard myself," an-
swered Miss Content Spicer, compressing her
thin lips, and looking as if she was fully con-
scious of having done only her christian duty
in coming to poor little Carrie Andrews with
the information that her lover had just fallen
flat on the streets intoxicated.

"Oh dear, I wish I was in Heaven," sobbed
Carrie.
"There now, Carrie; it ain't a bit of use for
you to carry on so. Men ain't worth no sich
worrying. But dear me, I shouldn't have
thought this would have taken you back so.
Now just tell me. You know of course I shall
not say anything about it. Have you never
before—And besides, you know he is a mem-
ber of our church. Have you not suspected
this before?" Miss Content Spicer asked, low-
ering her voice, and drawing her chair nearer
to poor Carrie.

"No. Well, I will tell you," answered the
poor child.
She wanted some one to confide in. She had
neither mother nor sister. And so into Miss
Spicer's ear she poured her sorrows.

"I have suspected many times that Charley
was fond of wine, and I've cautioned him about
it. But I never dreamed anything like this.
Oh, how miserable I am," sobbed Carrie.
"Don't do it, child. Don't grieve yourself
about the doings of. When I see and know
what dreadful creatures they are, I'm more
thankful I thus far have chosen to remain
single. Content by nature as well as by name,
I tremble to think how I should feel if—"

"I know what you mean," said Carrie. "If
your son—"
"Son! My son! Humph! I am a little older
than you, Carrie—old enough to be married,
maybe. Yes, you mean, of course, if, in the
future—well, there's no knowing. We cannot
pledge ourselves for the future. Perhaps there
may come bye-and-bye a man worthy to win
me, and then I can't say but that I might be
foolish enough to yield to his entreaties."

"Oh, Miss Spicer, I don't think you ever will.
If you did not marry when men were better,
and you were younger—"
"My dear, excuse me," said Miss Spicer, not
looking very content just then. "I think we
have wandered from our subject."

"Oh yes, but I am thinking of it every mo-
ment. Well, of course it's all over between
Carrie and myself. It is not as if he was a
youth. He is a man, and old enough to know
better. He is full ten years older than I, and—"

"Indeed," interrupted Miss Spicer, "I had
no idea he was so near my age. As you say, if
he was a very young man, I suppose you would
feel as if you might influence him. But here
comes your brother."

"Oh, Frank, tell me about Charley," Carrie
cried, springing forward to meet her brother.
"Well, I left Dr. Wilson with him. He is
more comfortable, I guess, now."

"Oh, Charley, is it not dreadful? Just think
how it may end!" Carrie said, her eyes full of
tears.
"I know it. I told him the danger of it only
an hour before, when we were in a saloon; I
cautioned him," answered Frank.

"Had he been drinking?"
"Certainly. What did you say, Miss Spicer?"
"Some one calling you," Miss Spicer said.
"Oh well, I only ran in for a moment to let
sister know. Good day,—Oh, I forgot, Carrie.
Please pack my valise for a trip of three or
four days. I have to leave for Boston this eve-
ning, on business for the store. Charley's ac-
cident almost drove it from my mind."

When Frank was out of hearing, Miss Con-
tent said:
"Now, my dear, I am very glad your brother
knows all about it. I felt rather badly about
telling it. But, of course, as it is generally
known, I feel relieved. Well, I must be mov-
ing. I have several other calls to make. And
you will have to be getting your brother's things
ready for him. Good bye. Keep up a good
heart. Men ain't worth worrying about, take
my word for it." And Miss Spicer, leaving
Carrie to do her brother's packing, and to grieve
over the terrible news she had brought her,
the spinster made her way to the home of the
principal of the firm where Charley Osborn was
a clerk, from thence to visit the wife of one of
the Elders of the church she attended.

The next morning, when poor Carrie's eyes
were red and swollen from weeping nearly all
night, she was surprised by a visit from Mrs.
Addison, the wife of the Elder, and an old

friend of Carrie's mother. She said:
"My dear child—ah, I see how this thing has
troubled you. I was in hopes it was a false-
hood. People will talk so. And Miss Spicer
is not very reliable—"

"Now, I think this is really unkind in Miss
Spicer. She promised not to say anything
about it," interrupted Carrie.
"You may imagine how surprised we were;
it was so unexpected, was it not?"

"Sudden; but I had been fearing it," Carrie
answered, in a quivering voice.
"Some men are very sly about their drinking.
But don't take it so hard, dear. Better to know
it now, than after you were married, said Mrs.
Addison, really trying to offer some comfort.

This lady had just taken leave of Carrie, and
walked a few steps from the house, when she
met the daughter of the proprietor, whom Miss
Spicer had visited the evening before.

"Is it true, this dreadful story about Mr.
Osborn?" she enquired.
"Too true. Poor Carrie! She is quite over-
whelmed with grief. But from what I can un-
derstand, he has been very sly, drinking at a
dreadful rate for a long time," Mrs. Addison re-
plied, with a shake of her head.

"Well, I think I'd better not see her now. I
think I should not want to see many folks at
such a time, if I were she. I am going by the
store to tell father. He would not believe it.
Go with me and tell him what Carrie told you.
He said Miss Spicer was a regular old mischief-
maker and slanderer. She ought to be proved
right for once, poor thing!" Bessie Hamlin said.

And so they went to satisfy Mr. Hamlin of
the truth of the statement made by Miss Spicer
to the effect that Chas. Osborn had fallen down
in the street in a fit of intoxication. She had
seen him fall, and had heard Frank Andrews
tell his sister he had been drinking.

"Well, he has hid it for a long time. I never
once suspected, although I know he has a very
red face often. Well, I have always made it a
point for years to employ only temperance
men. I must think of this," said Mr. James
Hamlin, gravely.

Chas. Osborn was very sick for a few days.
When convalescent, he wrote a little note to
Carrie, saying:
"Dearest: Not a line from you to com-
fort me during these long suffering hours.
Why not? Let me hear from you. I trust
to be able to come to you in a few days.
Yours as ever, loving and true,
CHARLEY."

This made Carrie cry a little. But she
had made up her mind to do the right
thing, she thought, namely, to dismiss
Charley from her home and heart. The
latter she knew would be hard. But bet-
ter to suffer a heartache now than have it
broken in the future, she thought.
"I will have it all over before Frank re-
turns. He shall not know how much it
costs me," she said.

And so, in answer to Charley's note, she
wrote:
"It will not be agreeable for me to re-
ceive you. After what has happened, you
could scarcely expect it. Accompanying
this, you will find the keepsakes you have
given me. Please to return mine at your
earliest convenience.
Your friend,
CARRIE ANDREWS."

Carrie had written six notes and destroyed
them, before she could suit herself. It
was so hard to disguise her suffering. But
this, she thought, was just right.
"What, what come over her? I sup-
pose she is hurt, perhaps, that I did not
write sooner. I wonder why Frank has
not been around. He could explain this,"
Charley said.

By the bearer of Carrie's note he wrote:
"I shall certainly come to you, Carrie,
dear; and you must explain what is all a
mystery to me."

As ever, yours,
CHARLES.
The next day, came two more notes to
poor Charley, which surprised him even
more than Carrie's. One from his employ-
er—stating that under existing circumstan-
ces, he did not feel justified in retaining a
young man addicted to such very objection-
able habits. The other from his pastor, ask-
ing when it would be convenient for him
to have a talk on a very serious subject,
with him. Until after which, of course, he
(Charley) would not feel like coming to the
Communion table.

"Dismissed by my lady-love, from my
church, and by my employer! Well, trou-
bles are coming thick and fast. Two of
these, I think, would have about killed me;
but the third will make a perfect cure, I
know. They are all after, either the wrong
person, or laboring under some mistake.
For, certainly, I cannot feel myself such a
dreadfully objectionable person," Charley
said.

That evening Frank returned, and called
immediately on his friend, who after a

cordial greeting, spread before him the
three letters.

Frank first read Mr. Hamlin's with a
look of surprise on his face, which deepened
as he read the next from the Reverend
gentleman. When he turned from Carrie's,
the expression was intense, and he exclaim-
ed:

"Have they all gone mad? And who
or what has set them so? This is too bad.
Instead of your friend rejoicing over your
recovery, and sympathizing with you for
your suffering, they want to finish you.
I'll sift this matter before to-morrow
night."

The next evening, Charley was sitting
for the first time in the parlor, when Frank
came in, bringing with him Carrie who
cried:

"Can you ever forgive me, Charley?"
"Oh, can you just time to give her a very
forgiving embrace, when the door opened
again, and Mr. Hamlin came in, rushed up,
and catching hold of Charley's hand, ex-
claimed:

"Can you forgive me, my boy?"
Before Charley could answer, in rushed
his pastor, and with his arm around him,
he said, his voice full of regret, the oft-re-
peated words: "Can you forgive me, my
boy?"

At length, Charley, his face beaming
with good humor, said:
"I don't know what you all mean, I'm
sure. I had supposed I was the offending
party. I have been puzzling my brains to
determine what was my crime."

Each waited for the other to speak. At
length Frank said:
"Carrie wants forgiveness for believing
you had fallen in the street, while under
the influence of liquor."

"And I for acting on the same belief,"
said Mr. Hamlin.
"I must plead guilty of the same hasty
decision," the minister added.

"How could you? Either of you?"
Charley asked, with a tone of approach in
his voice.
"Oh, it seems so clear," all exclaimed.
"Who told you so, Carrie," asked Frank.

"Why, Miss Content Spicer. And, Frank,
when you came in, I asked you had Char-
ley been drinking, and you said, 'Yes, cer-
tainly, and you had cautioned him against
it,' answered Carrie, adding, 'And it was
what you said made me believe her.'"

"And what my daughter said—that you
all said—made me believe the spinster's
slandrous tongue. I told them what she
was, but they talked me down, 'Mr. Ham-
lin said in an exultant tone, as if he had
relieved himself from any blame.

"Well, well," said Frank, this is rich.
And where it would have ended if I had
not returned in good time, I cannot tell.
I remember you asking me, and my being
sent out just at that moment by Miss
Spicer to see some one who was calling me,
but I never found him."

"But you said certainly, that he had been
drinking, Frank."
"And certainly he had, and he knows
that's what caused his fall—that is, so the
Doctor said—"

"She knows better," Charley said.
"We all ought to have known better; but
somehow, it seemed so clear," Mr. Hamlin
said.

"It will be a lesson to us all—to believe
every one innocent, condemning none, un-
til proved guilty," Charley's pastor said.
"And when all were gone, Carrie lingered
a moment and whispered:
"Can you forgive me for fanning the flame
Miss Spicer has lighted?"

"Freely, darling. But won't you prom-
ise in future, instead of fanning the flame
you will put out both the fire and the kind-
ling in a word, drop Miss Spicer and all her
kind," he urged; and Carrie felt so repent-
ant that she promised.

INSECTS IN WINTER.—Spiders usually
spend the winter in the egg state, the moth-
er enclosing the balls of eggs in a beautiful
silk bag, and hiding it wherever she can
get a chance. Many insects spend the win-
ter in the larva or worm state. These
chrysalides may be seen attached to the
twigs of bushes, or under the bark of trees,
or imbedded in decaying wood, while the
change goes on which transforms the crawl-
ing worm into the beautiful winged crea-
ture. Still others, in their perfect state,
like bears and squirrels and gophers, set-
tle themselves down for a long nap, and
sleep the whole winter away. They en-
dle under the bark of trees, and beneath
stones and logs; they dig tunnels under
the ground, and line them with the softest
silk spun from their bodies; they swing
in warm hammocks, suspended from twigs

and bushes; they squeeze into the crevices
of walls; and wherever there is space to
make a warm, cozy bed, some little creature
will be found living in it.

Carnivorous Plants.

In his presidential address to the Biolog-
ical Section of the British Association, Dr.
Holker spoke on a subject that is likely to
excite a very widely spread interest, for
the observations made in both America and
England which he has grouped together
can be readily understood without any sci-
entific training, while the results arrived
at are to those who may hear them for the
first time really startling. That insects
devour plants every one who has a garden
knows only too well, but that plants de-
vour insects is a statement so contrary to
all preconceived notions that many may
be disposed to receive it with hesitation.

The observations however have been so
numerous, and the observers are of such
unimpeachable trustworthiness, that about
the facts there can be no doubt. Certain
plants capture insects, drench them in an
acid juice, and absorb the nourishment into
their own systems. The process seems to
be analogous to the action of the gastric
juice in the stomachs of animals upon food
which they have eaten. Systematic obser-
vations on the subject have within the last
few years been taken up by Mr. Darwin
and Dr. Bardon Sudler in England, and
by Professor Asa Gray and Dr. Mellichamp
in America, which is a guarantee that they
will not be let drop without further rigid
investigation, for there are many points of
interest still obscure.

It is strange that when the most remark-
able of insect-devouring plants, the Venus
fly-trap was sent over from America, a
hundred years ago, Ellis very carefully de-
scribed the "trap" and its action, and yet
no observations upon it have been since
made till quite recently. He pointed out
that the "trap" closed when a few bristles
on its upper surface were irritated, that
there were a number of glands which prob-
ably secreted a liquid, and that when an
insect was captured the trap did not open
again for a long period; though if it was
caused to close by the tickling of the bris-
tles by a fine rod it soon re-opened. For
nearly a hundred years these observations
have lain dormant. Now the matter is taken
up with a fresh interest attached to it.

Not only does the "Venus fly-trap" catch a
fly and kill it, but it is found that during
the time the "trap" remains closed the fly
is being digested. The "sun-dews" also
similarly detain insects by the viscid secre-
tions on their leaves, which fold in upon
their victims. Experiments have been
made both on the fly-trap and sun-dew by
dropping in little bits of mineral matter,
but although the action of closing has at
once taken place, there has been no sustain-
ed attempt at digestion, and the fragments
have been speedily liberated. Some other
experiments have shown that the "dige-
stion" of some substances have made heavier
demands on the plant's power than have
others. For instance, Mr. Darwin fed a
"Venus fly-trap" on cheese, and it suffered
dreadfully from dyspepsia, which finally
proved fatal.

There are a number of actions performed
by animals which physiologists call "reflex";
they do not involve any conscious act of the
brain. Scratching an irritated place may
be taken as an example. It is found by ex-
periment that frogs will do this even when that
part of the brain which is the seat of volun-
tary action has been removed.

The sap of the pine tree seems not nat-
urally to become almost as valuable as that
of the sugar maple. Two students in the
laboratory of Dr. A. W. Hoffman, of Paris,
recently succeeded in extracting the aroma-
tic principle of the vanilla bean, which
is known as vanillin, from the pine sap.
We have no information as to the variety
of pine from which it is obtained, but the
discoverers announce that is their intention
to manufacture the extract on a large scale.
A tree of medium size is said to yield twenty
lollars' worth of vanillin, and this with-
out injury to the wood.

Talent is rewarded at Worcester, Mass.
The *Say* says:—Mr. Emanuel Crump, pa-
pil of Mr. Benj. T. Hammond, who made
such a hit at the annual festival, has opened
a snug little barber shop in the Central
Exchange Building.

New York brides are not making much
this season in the way of wedding pres-
ents, and there is much indignation and gub-
bling in consequence. Not a *Julet* this far
has received anything better than a large
marble clock or a plated set of forks and
spoons. "There is less in luck than in na-
rrowly than ever," says the elegant Miss
McFlimney.—*N. Y. Mail*.

Lawrence Station, in the Parish of St.
James, in this County, has been made a
regular Post Office.