

# The Carleton Spectator.

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## Poetry.

### CURE FOR TROUBLE.

Work, work, my boys, be not afraid,  
Look labor biddin' in the face;  
Take up the hammer or the spade,  
And blithely not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song—  
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;  
There's merit in the brave and strong,  
Who dig the mine or till the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,  
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;  
It moves the green boughs till they make  
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life  
Should stir our dull and sluggish wills,  
For are we not created free,  
With health that stagnation torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head,  
Where idleness and plenty meet,  
Enjoys his pillow or his bed,  
As those who earn the meals they eat.

### THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some far shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forever more.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

Born into that undying life  
They leave us and to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless Universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

## Select Tale.

### A TROUBLED HONEYMOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

George Jamieson and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless—from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's waterfall.

Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to red- den her nose; Mr. Vaughan "did" the digni- fied pater-familias to a charm; and George and Katie were so affectionate as to give the world the idea that there was a match made in heaven.

The bridal breakfast over, the white moire antique and orange flowers were laid aside, and the pretty travelling suit of gray alpaca, with the sweetest thing, so all the ladies said; the very sweetest love of a thing Madame D'Aubry had made up for the season. Then there was the little bonnet of gray silk to match Katie's eyes, and the golden bird of Paradise drooping its plumage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked propitious, and in the midst of the congratulations and kisses, George and Katie started for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistle sounded in the distance. George buckled up his travelling-shawl, and Katie grasped her parasol.

"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run out and see to the trunks! I should die, if we get to the Falls, my clothes should not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go to dinner in my travelling-dress! Do see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished; the train, puffing and smoking, shot into the depot. Conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice.

"All aboard for Danville! All aboard! Come hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time, and another train due."

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she was, she said rapidly to herself, and she better get in and let George follow. So she entered the long, smoky vehicle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat. She caught him by the arm.

"Is my husband—"

"Oh! yes, yes, all right!" said the official, hurrying on in a way railway officials have. "I'll send him right along," and he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

Meanwhile George, having seen to the baggage—a proceeding that had occupied more time than he had intended it should—returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing. He searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met, but without success.

"She's probably already in the train, sir," said a ticket-agent of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo, I think you said; that's the train for Buffalo, you'll likely find her there. Just starting—not a moment to lose!"

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, but seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train.

"Most likely she got on the wrong train and went by Groton," said a conductor. "Groton is a way-station fifteen miles further ahead. We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her there."

The cars flew over the track. George mentally bled the man who invented steam engines—he could reach Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! how vexed and troubled she must be—and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Groton, and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously, knocking over an old

lady who a flower pot and a bird cage in her hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella that spoiled forever the fair proportion of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thoughts of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd, mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk believed there was one lady come alone; she had gone to the Belvidere House—she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He hurried up the street to the place, when the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had stopped at Margate, ten miles farther back. George seized on the hope. There was no train to Margate until the next morning, but the wretched husband could not wait all night, he would walk.

He got direction about the road; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening—the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue—too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours hard walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all road; for all vestige of fences and wheel tracks had vanished—there was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sank ankle deep in mud; and suddenly, before he could turn about, he fell in almost to his armpits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him! People had died before now in places like this—and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was held fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The night was ages long. The sun never before took so much time to rise in; but probably it realized that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George began to scream at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance calling out.

"Hilloa there! Is it you or a frog?"

"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly an old woman appeared, a sun-bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sakes!" cried she. "You're in for it, ain't ye?"

"Yes, too deep for comfort!"

"Saved ye right! I'm glad of it! Didn't ye see the notice the old man put up that nobody mustn't come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George, angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it!—Huckleberrying indeed! I'm after my wife!"

"Land sakes! Your wife! Well, of all things—I declare, I never!"

"She got on the wrong train, and so did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Groton last night to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out, do, that's a dear woman!"

The old lady steadied herself by a tree, and being a woman of muscle, she soon drew George out—mud from head to foot. He shook himself.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll go right on—"

"No, you won't neither! You'll go right over to our house and have a cup of coffee and something to eat, and a suit of the old man's clothes to put on while I dry yorn. And I'll send Tom over to Margate with the boss and wagon to bring your wife."

"You're a trump!" cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be well rewarded for your kindness."

Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. Tom was despatched to Margate to hunt up Mrs. Jamieson; and George, arrayed in all of Mrs. Stark's clothes—blue, swallow-tailed coat, home made gray pantaloons, cowhide boots and white hat with a broad brim, for the Stars were Friends, felt like a new man.

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was absent the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate on the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plaster for a nose.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Groton swept past, and a white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men, with a hand-car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton. He was sure he should find Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at all—this was the express for Buffalo! But a bystander answering the description he gave of Katie, had been seen the day before at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband!

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie! Who else had lost their husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last. George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband. Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train till he came, said the ticket-master.

He hurried with all speed to the American House. Yes, she was there, said the clerk. She was waiting for her husband. Room 221, right hand, second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward and, holding her in his arms, raised kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! I have found you at last!"

She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as made the very hair rise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried. "Oh, heaven! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! help! Murder! thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Katie than she was like the Venus De Medici! He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chamber-maids, and as many white-aproned waiters.

And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George, in his mad haste, ran against the lady and booke in the brim of her bonnet!

"You rascal!" cried the old gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our hero by the collar.

Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"'Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife, my wife! My wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried. "I am sure he is insane or drunk! Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" exclaimed he. "Oh, Katie! where have you been?"

Katie looked at him now, and recognizing him, began to cry.

"Oh, dear! that ever I should have lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithless and intoxicated! Oh, Uncle Charles! what will become of me?"

"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle. "I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jamieson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Wintham depot. Of course, I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principal stations along the road for you. Why did I receive no answer?"

"Because the telegraph does not run into old Mrs. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said he, losing his temper.

"But this extraordinary disguise—"

"My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George, and though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.

"My dearest George!" cried Katie, rushing into his arms, "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced?"

"Never, my darling! and will never be separated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world! Oh, George! you don't know how I have suffered!"

The crowd could be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air.

The landlord got up an impromptu wedding-dinner, at which Katie presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow tail, did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour next day, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old man, and the where-withal to purchase him another, besides the handsomest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamp would turn to something, if it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes!"

### Protestant Sisterhoods.

Is it really the fact that the members of Protestant sisterhoods are in the habit of taking vows to bind themselves for life to the communities that they enter? Dr. Neale's statement at Liverpool, or implied admission, that such is the case, is not a little startling. There is one element in the Catholic conventual system which English public opinion will not endure for a moment; and that is, the practice of taken vows. Whatever may be the practical working of this bond upon the conscience in the Roman communion; it is not only impracticable and pernicious, it is logically absurd, out of that communion. The whole course of present thought, both in England and on the Continent, is directly opposed to the claims of the clerical body to exercise any species of dictatorship over the laity. If, therefore, Dr. Neale and his friends are attempting to introduce the practice of vows into these benevolent societies, without the aid of the monasticism of what they are doing, we shall have an outcry from the Low Church and no Church parties which will sweep away every sisterhood from the land. The questions involved in the whole theory of vows are too intricate and important to be handled in a brief paragraph; but it needs only a few words to state in the most explicit terms our conviction that the attempt to bind the freedom of those who enter these Anglican sisterhoods is the most suicidal project that the High Church party has yet dreamed of. Is it possible that Dr. Neale does not know that for the last three centuries no fresh religious order in the Church of Rome except the *Sœurs de Charite* has been allowed to take vows for more than a single year.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

**Signs for Marriageable Ladies.**  
If a man wipes his feet on the door mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, all ways mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast of Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into a tea night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband that mostly stops at home and is easily comforted with sops. The man who watches the kettle, and prevents it boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in the married state in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, but takes the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love.—*But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.—*Punch**

**Spunky.**  
A good story is told of a railroad accident on the New London railroad, which had rather a ludicrous ending. A half-intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the rail, when the engine from the train to Norwich struck him under the haunches and tossed him down an embankment. The train was stopped, and turned back to pick up the dead body. Paddy was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. Here the conductor kindly offered to send the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack, but Paddy insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home in a "ker-rigger." The conductor pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who had stood the butting of the cow-catcher, was well bristled up with "Go away with your ker-rigger. I'll go home by myself; an' if I've done any damage to yer old engine, bedad I'll pay it on the spot."

An amusing little episode recently occurred in a railroad car in England. Shortly after the train had left the depot, an old lady jumped up and addressed a gentleman seated behind her, with "How dare you? What are you at?" The astonished gentleman replied that he had done nothing. The lady again seated herself, but in a few moments rose full of terror, and declared her neighbor a "villain," and on arriving at the next station was about to have him arrested, when, luckily, the cause of her agitation was discovered—in the shape of a goose, which, placed in a basket under the seat, occupied by the lady, had, during the voyage, assumed itself by pecking at her "understandings." The discovery of the criminal created great laughter among the passengers.

Copy of a sign upon an academy on West—Freeman & Higgs, School teachers. Freeman teaches the boys and Higgs the girls.

**Pick up that Pin.**  
Pick up that pin, let that account be correct to a farthing, find out what the ribbon costs before you say "you will take it," pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with, in a word, be economical, be accurate, know what you are doing, be honest, and then be generous; for all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use if you acquire it justly and honestly, for you have a foundation, a background, which will always keep you above the waves of evil. It is not parsimonious to be economical. It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings. It is not small to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe.

What if you do meet Bill Pride decked out in a much better suit than yours, the price of which he has not learned from his tailor, and he laughs at your faded dress and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right, your day will come. Franklin, who from a saving boy, walking the street with a roll under his arm, became a companion for kings, says, "take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

**The English Tongue.**  
The English language has a variable power of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men. The highly spiritual genius and wonderfully happy development and condition, have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Roman. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying, in far larger proportion, the material groundwork, the latter, the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no means accidental has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry (I can, of course, only mean Shakespeare), may with all right be called a world language; and, like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present over all portions of the globe.

For, in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it—not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first rid itself of many defects before it can enter boldly into the lists as a competitor with the English.—*Jacob Grimm*

**First Meeting of Cobden and Bright.**  
The first time they met was when Bright, then quite a stripling, walked one day into Mr. Cobden's warehouse to solicit him to come to Rochdale to address an education meeting. He accepted the invitation; Bright himself also spoke, and Cobden was so struck with him that he thought to press him wholly into the Anti-Corn Law cause. Bright, who married young, lost his wife shortly after marriage. He went to Leamington, where Cobden visited him, and found him bowed down by grief. "Come with me," said Cobden, "and we will never rest until we abolish the Corn-laws." Bright arose with him, and thus was his great sorrow turned to the nation's and the world's advantage.—*Gilchrist's Life of Cobden*

**A GENTLE HINT.**—A sailor was conducting a party of gentlemen over one of our vessels-of-war the other day; and when he had them in the lower hold, touching his hat, he said:

"Faith, if your honors give me anything, please do not let the officers see ye do it; for it's 'gainst the rules."

They took the hint, and the shrewd tar accomplished his purpose.

**HE KNEW HIM.**—Come here, my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled. "Do you know me?"

"Yith thir." "Who am I? Let me hear?"

"You ith the man who kithed mamma, when papa wath in New York."

**TRouble.**—You are going to have your troubles as well as your pleasures. A man is not worth a snap that has not had trouble. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your sufferings will be only here and there little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

**Indolence and sin are the twin monsters, who prey upon beauty to its direst destruction. Banish them as the farmer does the weeds from his fields and gardens, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits and blossoms of life tingling your face with a charm that shall grow brighter and brighter till the frosts of the winter of life transport the spirit within you to another land, where serene beauty shall await your gathering to crown you with the grace and effulgence of the angel world.**

A traveller stopping at a hotel, exclaimed one morning to the waiter: "What are you about, you black rascal? You have roused me twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bed clothes." "Why," replied Pompey, "if you isn't gwine to get up, I must lab de sheet anyhow, 'cause dey're waitin' for de table cloth."

If we wish to stamp our names on wood, we do not press the iron letters on it; we bring them hot from the furnace; and if our lessons from Scripture are to be imprinted on the minds of our scholars, they must come from hearts glowing with devotion.

## Items Foreign & Local.

Mr. John Bartlett, of Mauderville, has killed during the past season fifteen or twenty of the first-class hotels in Boston have raised their price to \$4.50 per day.

There is a rumor that the Hon. Joseph Howe has been appointed Governor of British Columbia.

There were 23,409 emigrants arrived at New York last month.

Maximilian is said to have issued a proclamation, which virtually re-establishes slavery in Mexico.

There are now 1,600 National Banks in the United States.

The census of New York city, just completed, gives a total of 722,569 against 313,669 in 1860. When it is believed the population was far over.

It is stated that in the German States not a single person has been killed by railroad accidents since the origin of that mode of travelling.

The great lexicographer of the age, Joseph E. Worcester, L. L. D., died at Cambridge, Mass., last week, aged 81 years.

A report recently presented to the London Academy of Medicine states that "spiritualism" became in some cases of insanity are augmented 25 per cent.

A person was arrested on Saturday in New York, and one hundred thousand dollars in counterfeit treasury notes and fractional currency found on his person.

Rosalie Poe, sister of Edgar A. Poe, the gifted poet, is at Baltimore, and is very poor. Her friends appeal to the public for help.

The sorghum crop in Wisconsin this season has been a success beyond expectations. With their improved machinery and greater use of science in boiling, farmers are turning their attention more and more to this kind of cultivation.

The incendiary who kindled the recent terrible conflagration in Augusta, Me., has confessed his guilt. His name is George W. Jones, and he comes from China, Maine.

The Boston butter dealers are coming the very shrewd dodge of mixing 33 per cent of lard with their butter.

A Massachusetts judge disallowed a will presented for probate, on the ground that it was dictated by a spiritual medium.

The Clarendon, Ohio, Democrat says that the factory of Messrs. Budlong & Stokes receives the milk of 1,000 cows, and manufactures from it a ton of cheese per day.

Six French Canadian cadets who recently graduated in the military school of the Province, are about to leave for Mexico in order to take service in the Imperial army.

Advices from Mexico state that an Imperial decree had been published, declaring Mexico open to emigration from all countries. Every emigrant will receive a grant of land, with an authentic and immutable title, will be exempt from military service for five years, and will enjoy religious liberty.

Oil company shares of the speculative sort are gradually dying out, and the business of oil production, like that of coal, is steadily falling into the hands of capitalists who are pursuing it as a business, and not for the profits afforded in the sale of oil stock and cheaply produced oil.

A letter from Berlin says:—"The other day the Crown Princess had a narrow escape. Travelling with her husband by an extra train near Frankfurt, their carriage was smashed in. Happily, no one received any bodily injury. Not a word has been said about it in the papers."

A fine statue of the Emperor Trajan is said to have been found while excavating near the Villa Larrina, in Rome.

The July return shows that at the end of that month the number of paupers in receipt of relief in England was two per cent. less than the corresponding period of 1864. In the north-western division it was 13.35 per cent. less. In the north-east it was 11.15 per cent. less. In the preceding month, an increase of above 2,000 over the number in 1864, or 2.45 per cent.

Thursday, 16th November, has been appointed a day of general Thanksgiving in Nova Scotia.

At New York, on the 25th ult., 93 vessels arrived from foreign ports, and 16 from the steamships cleared for European and Southern ports.

The Western Recorder learns that C. D. Aronson, Esq., has been successful in forming a Company in England, to manufacture oil of the highest quality, and to supply the same to the British and Foreign navies. The gentlemen connected with the Company are expected here soon to arrange for commencing operations at an early day.

The production of sugar in the Sandwich Islands has reached from eight to nine millions of pounds yearly, and is increasing with such rapidity that an intelligent sugar engineer from the islands, estimates the production in 1865 at sixteen millions of pounds.

The people of South Carolina dread the disbanding of colored troops even more than they do their presence as armed soldiers. When disbanded, they will probably return to their homes filled with new ideas of their rights, and it is feared that they will constitute a dangerous element of the population.

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is put upon it, it will yield double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

The Book Society, Paternoster Row, London, has published Bunsen's "Pictorial Progress," in a volume that may be bought for a penny.

A man fell overboard at the Ferry wharf in Carlton, St. John, on Saturday night, and was rescued from drowning by Mr. D. Cobham, the manager of the Ferry Boat. This was the ninth man Mr. Cobham has rescued from drowning.

The Globe suggests that the Royal Humane Society have now an excellent opportunity to dispose of one of their gold medals.

Scientifically, the oyster is a lamel-libranchiate animal. Each oyster can produce 1,200,000 eggs. Each young oyster is the one hundred and twentieth of an inch in length, and about two millions may be picked within the dimensions of a cubic inch. About one-half of all the young oysters are eaten up by old fish. Oysters attain their majority in two years. The oyster trade of New York alone is estimated at over \$500,000 annually.

A London paper says "the Republic the *Fenians* want to set up would be composed of the off-shoots of transatlantic emigration, of mobs of indigent, uneducated, and of a theatrical array of beggars, stage-struck, and of a theatrical array of beggars, stage-struck,