

POETRY.

SCOTLAND, HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE.

AIR—"The Lea Riggs."

OLD Ocean clasps thy stately form, Broad Heaven crowns thy lofty brow. And proudly, 'mid the sweeping storm, Thou look'st upon the scene below; Where from thy highest mountain height, Along the vale around thy shore, There's not a spot but beams with light, Of glory from thy bright Claymore.

No fetters but the chains of love, Thy gallant sons have ever bound, And o'er thy soil as free they rove, Where'er they tread is classic ground. Then 'thou' thou boast no rosy bowers, That bloom in sunny sunbeams bright, Yet thou art deck'd with lovelier flowers, That bloom in intellectual light.

How gay, how gallant, rich and fair, Thy tartan shoon, thy lofty plume, How fitting for the brave to wear, Or mingle charms with beauty's bloom. How sweet thy song, how bright thy charms, Thou sacred birth-place of the free, Thou land of glorious deeds in arms, O Scotland, here's a health to thee.

THE HURRICANE AT SEA.

I have said that when three mighty waves burst in swift succession over the decks of the Soldan, towards the close of the hurricane, every one of the hapless crew, excepting William Simonton, were hurried into eternity. He was lashed to the helm; and when the surges rolled over him, he was dashed with violence against the wheel, and remained for a while completely submerged in the watery element. After the angry waves had departed and again mingled with the waters of the ocean, William remained for several minutes stunned and lifeless on the deck. He was much bruised and more than half-drowned. At length he gradually recovered his senses, and became aware of all the horrors of his situation.

The wind had gradually abated, although at times it howled mournfully over the water, as if lamenting the destruction it had caused, and the sea was fast subsiding—but Simonton's situation was so critical and hopeless that he could hardly help envying the fate of his poor shipmates, who had been thus suddenly swept away. He saw at a glance, that he was the only one remaining out of a noble and hearty crew—that the ship was dismasted, and filled with water, and might be expected every moment to go down—that even if she still floated near the surface, there would be but a desperate hope of rescue, as her boats were washed away. Her hull was buried in the water, with the exception of the quarter deck and fore-castle—for the Soldan was one of those crooked models, so common a quarter of a century ago, with a quarter deck raised a foot or eighteen inches above the main deck, and rising still higher towards the stern.

The ship soon came up into the trough of the sea, and the waves made a fair breach athwart her waist—but Simonton disengaged himself from the rope, which had prevented him from sharing the fate of his comrades, and crawled as far aft as possible—then rising to his feet, and looking around him, he indulged in some reflections on his strange destiny. It is an awful thing to be alone in the midst of the dark blue ocean—without a companion, without a living being to sympathize with you, to whisper consolation, or listen to your complainings. In such circumstances, the sense of desolation is indescribable—the solitude is so vast, so mighty so appalling, that it oft-times shakes reason from her seat, and causes idioty or madness.

William Simonton, then, as he leaned against the taffarel thought of his noble captain, so kind, so capable, so brave, who was now buried beneath the dark surface of the ocean—he thought of his generous shipmates, who had been thus suddenly called upon to depart, into the presence of their Maker—and he could not but wonder why he was excepted from the doom which had been pronounced, and his life spared for a few hours, or at most a few days longer—He thought that if only one of his shipmates had been saved—only one, with whom he could commune and advise, his heart would have been lightened of half its burthen. His thoughts then returned to the fate of the female passengers on board—to the awful death of Caroline Seymour—the young the lovely, and the gifted—who, born apparently, to enjoy happiness herself, and to contribute to the happiness of all around her, was thus suddenly cut off in the bloom of her existence. He felt at that moment, that he would willingly have sacrificed his own life to have prolonged hers. Pursuing these ideas he left his place near the stern and proceeded towards the companion way, at the risk of being washed overboard, entertaining a sort of vague expectation of seeing the lifeless body of the beautiful girl, drifting in the water which filled the cabin. But he saw nothing there but the water, which reached nearly to a level with the deck. He returned to his station near the taffarel, and began to revolve in his mind what means he could adopt to promote his safety, and preserve him from the awful fate which had been visited on his companions—for the love of life was still strong within him.

He was interrupted in his gloomy reverie by a sound which caused his blood to move quicker through his veins. He at first thought he was deceived—that his imagination had played him false. He listened again, and heard a distinct knocking in the cabin, against the deck, beneath his feet! The joyful conviction then came over him that he was not alone on the deck—that another living being was on board the ill-fated vessel. The sound seemed to proceed from the state-room which was occupied by Caroline Seymour. But his transports abated when he reflected upon the sad condition of that gentle being, and on the difficulties in the way of extricating her from the horrible prison in which she was confined. But not a moment was to be lost. He snatched his knife from its sheath, and essayed to make a hole through the deck—but the thick planks were of pitch-pine, and so hard, that with such an insignificant instrument, he could cut through the deck. He despaired of finding the axe—believing that of course it had been swept off the deck along with every other article or inanimate thing, except himself. Nevertheless he looked in the becket forward of the mizen-mast, where it was usually deposited by the orders of Captain Saunders, who well knew the value of the axe—and the joy of the ancient philosopher when he solved a knotty problem, could not have been greater than that of William Simonton when he found the axe in its proper place! The man who had wielded it for the purpose of cutting away the mizen-mast—such was the force of habit and discipline—had, after it had performed its duty mechanically placed it carefully in the becket, on the stump of the mizen-mast. The young sailor seized it with a powerful grasp—for the hope of being able to save the life of a fellow-being, and that fellow being a young and beautiful woman, seemed to renovate his whole frame, and proved a sovereign panacea for his fatigue and bruises.

It was but the work of a few minutes for William Simonton to cut a hole through the deck of

a couple of feet square—and then he became conscious that it was indeed Caroline Seymour who had caused the sounds which had attracted his attention. With her hair, saturated with the sea-water, hanging upon her shoulders—her countenance of a deadly pallor, and eyes which wildly gleamed with terror—the maiden looked, as Simonton lifted her through the opening to the deck, like a lovely maid overwhelmed by numerous woes, emerging from the dark caves of the ocean. He conveyed her to the after part of the vessel, and when he gently laid her down on the deck, he found that she had fainted. It was long here she recovered her senses; and Simonton began to fear that they had fled forever, and when she opened her eyes, and called upon the name of her mother! But alas, poor girl! no mother was there to comfort her.

It subsequently appeared that when the ship filled, Caroline was lying in her berth. The water rushed into the cabin and into her state-room, filling it to within a foot or eighteen inches of the deck—and when the ship rolled heavily to starboard, even this narrow space was alarmingly diminished. And seated on the side of her berth, with her head against the deck, and the water up to her chin, and sometimes entirely covering her head, did this interesting girl remain for more than half an hour—and it is indeed wonderful that her spirits were so long sustained. She afterwards said that she had not the slightest expectation of saving her life—that she felt that there was no hope. Nevertheless, that natural and strong feeling which all the animal creation exhibit to cling to life while the power is given us, prompted her to adopt all the means in her possession to prolong her existence. She felt convinced that no human being on the deck of that vessel could resist the dreadful shock, when the colossal waves broke over the ship—and she kept offering up her prayers to the almighty, and awaiting his own time to bid farewell to mortal cares, and take her departure for another and a better world. After passing a half hour in this dreadful situation—a half hour which seemed, such was the agony crowded into it, to be days, weeks, or months—she heard the noise of some one moving across the deck. She knew then that all were not lost—that some one, at least, was still living; and she instinctively sought to attract attention by knocking against the deck. The successful result of this expedient I have already shown. The other two female passengers, Donna Inez and Caroline's Spanish attendant, occupying state-rooms which were completely filled with water, probably perished in a few minutes after the vessel filled.

By the time that William Simonton had rescued Caroline Seymour from her perilous situation, and placed her on a spot the most secure and comfortable which he could find on deck, the wind had entirely ceased, and the ship lay wallowing in the water. The swell was still considerable, and rushed across the main deck without cessation. William, feeling a new impulse for exertion, looked around to see what could be done to improve the condition of the fair partner of his dangers. The foremast was carried away within a few feet of the deck, as well as the mizen-mast, with every thing attached to it—the bowsprit was also gone, nothing was standing but the main-mast. The yard hung by its slings, and a few fragments of the young sailor soon procured, and they made a welcome addition to Caroline's scanty wardrobe. He then set himself about erecting a sort of platform, extending from the taffarel to the quarter rails, and consequently raised three or four feet above the quarter deck, to which they could retreat when the sea ran high, and from which they could also have a more extended view of the horizon—for it became evident that their only hope of rescue from their present situation, was in meeting with some passing vessel. And happily for them, they were in the track of vessels homeward and outward bound.

The next question which William asked himself, was, on what they should subsist, provided they could remain on board for several days? The water was all stowed in the half deck, and could not be approached. The provisions, also were below, with the exception of what were in the harness casks, and they were washed overboard. The bread, even if it could have been procured, was of course soaked in the salt water, and could not be eaten. At length he saw floating about in the cabin, some cocoa nuts, which had been put on board, and which he took possession of with a grateful heart. He opened one of the nuts, and gave the milk to the fainting girl. She drank it eagerly, and it partially restored her sinking spirits. Some oranges he also found, which were of great value to them in their forlorn situation.

On the following day, William Simonton found that the ship was settling still deeper in the water, giving him reason to believe that in a few days, perhaps sooner, she would sink beneath the surface. He bent his gaze around the horizon, but no vessel was in sight, and he explained to Caroline the necessity of endeavoring to make a raft, capable of sustaining them, provided they should be compelled to leave the ship. The sea was then perfectly smooth, and the wind was light from the southward. He seized his axe and went eagerly to work, and in a short time ripped from the deck a sufficient number of planks to answer his purpose. These he fastened together by means of lashings and a few spikes, and arranged his raft in such a way that he could launch it whenever it might be considered necessary.

The sea is a great enemy to duplicity. A man finds it exceedingly difficult to play the hypocrite at sea. In the course of an ordinary passage of thirty or forty days, much that is good or evil in his character or disposition will be revealed; and it is an old saying among seamen, that "if you want to find out the character of a man, go to sea with him on voyage." If this be so under ordinary circumstances, what must it have been in the case of the two partners in suffering, whose story we are now relating. There was no concealment there—all the conventional rules, which destroy the simplicity and honesty of society, were forgotten. Their hearts were bared to each other. During the few days which they remained on board that sinking vessel, they learned more of each other's character, than they would have done for years if daily frequenting each other's society on shore. They formed a true estimate of each other's value—they felt that they were all the world to each other, then—and it is no wonder that they should act from the impulse of such deep feelings, and resolve that henceforward, their fortunes, whether for weal or woe, should be united. Yes, on the deck of that sinking vessel, with the bright canopy of heaven above them, and the boundless extent of ocean around them, in that awful hour, when reduced by famine and exposure to the weather, and treading as it were on the verge of eternity, they solemnly pledged their vows of mutual affection.

Ten days passed away, ten long, lingering days, during which period they vainly looked for relief. Three vessels at different times had greeted their sight; but their course lay in another direction, and their hopes were revived only to be extinguished. Their food consisted chiefly of the fruit, oranges and cocoa-nuts, which were found floating in the cabin. It happened, fortunately, that there were showers almost every day, by which means they were enabled to satisfy their thirst. By this time they were compelled to look to the raft as a place of refuge. And on the eleventh day, the fore-castle at that time being most of the time

under water, and the stern only a few inches above the surface, they embarked on board the raft, taking with them the few necessaries and provisions which were in their possession. In a short time after this the Soldan disappeared from their view.

Their situation now seemed more deplorable if possible than before. Their chances of being seen by some passing ship were much less than when on the deck of the Soldan—whose mainmast was yet standing. But not a murmur was heard from the lips of Caroline Seymour, who bore her sufferings and perils with truly Christian fortitude—and in that dark hour, instead of a burden, proved a solace and a comfort to her companion in misfortune. The waves washed over the raft—their provisions were expended or lost—their strength was exhausted, and they began to think that death would be a welcome relief. Still they shuddered when they saw, slowly yet gracefully moving about, just beneath the surface of the water, the voracious shark—which in a few hours was perhaps destined to feed on their lifeless bodies—and they renewed their fervent prayers to heaven for succor.

On the fourth morning after they had embarked on the raft, the sun spread its rays over the eastern horizon, William Simonton mechanically looked around to ascertain if any vessel was in sight. For two days neither of these partners in affliction had tasted food—and it seemed as if the bitterness of death was already past. Nevertheless, William's heart throbbed with renewed hope when he saw a sail! But he uttered no exclamation of surprise, as he did not wish to awaken expectations in the mind of his fair companion which might not, after all be realized. Caroline was then reclining in his arms, and, wrapped in slumber, seemed, for a few moments, to be insensible to the horrors of her situation. He kept his eye on the vessel, and soon became convinced that a large ship was steering directly towards them, and was only a few miles off.

"Awake Caroline! awake!" said he, "succor is at hand; our prayers are at length granted."

They both rose to their feet, and he pointed out to the pale and emaciated being, who stood by his side, the noble vessel, with all her canvas spread, advancing rapidly towards them. William attached his jacket to a paddle which he had made, and held it high in the air, as a signal—for he had feared that the crew on board the approaching ship would not notice the raft a mere speck on the surface of the ocean. The ship stood on her course, which would have carried her past them at the distance of two or three hundred yards—but it was evident that the raft was not seen. William waved his flag, and shouted with all his power—but the agony of these two wretched beings may be conceived, when they saw the ship proceeding on her course, and their last hope thus cruelly snatched away!

All at once, as if by some magic power, the ship changed her course—her studding sails were taken in—her courses hauled up, and her main-topsail was hoisted to the mast.

"They see us! they see us! and we shall yet be saved!" was the joyful cry of William and Caroline—and they sunk upon their knees, and, with grateful hearts, poured out their thanks to their God.

The ship proved to be the Mauritius, Captain Dawson, bound from Batavia to New York—On that morning the second mate and the star-board watch were engaged in washing and holy-stoning the decks, and neither saw nor heard anything of the persons on the raft. Soon after sunrise, the Captain came on deck, and, leaning against the weather quarter rail, cast his eyes around the horizon to windward. Just then he thought he heard a voice, a deep voice, coming across the waves. He looked carefully around, and beheld, on the weather quarter, the little raft and its weak and exhausted navigator. The truth flashed upon his mind in a moment—he knew that the persons whom he saw on the raft were the sole survivors of some awful shipwreck—and, obeying the impulse of a benevolent heart, with starting energy he shouted—"Call all hands, there! Tell them to bear a hand up. Lay aft there, and haul up the main-sail—Haul in the studding sails there forward—and stand by to back the main-topsail."

In a few moments after these orders were given, the Mauritius was lying to—the quarter boat was lowered, and Caroline Seymour and William Simonton, with pale and haggard features, emaciated frames, faint with hunger, and tottering with weakness, were transferred to the deck of the East Indian. By the most kind and judicious treatment on the part of the worthy Captain Dawson, who was a genuine Yankee sailor, and who bore within his bosom, a heart that could feel for others' woes, a few days worked a surprising change in their condition; Caroline, although educated in the lap of luxury, was blessed with a good constitution, and with a spirit of firmness under misfortune, which "did her yeoman's service" on this occasion—and by the time that the vessel arrived in New York, she had nearly recovered from the effects of the dismal scenes, in which she was destined to act so important a part.

On their arrival at New York, the strange narration of their sufferings was in every body's mouth—and Caroline, a young and beautiful woman, and wealthy withal, was treated with much kindness and attention—offers of service were constantly pouring in upon her from every quarter. But like a true-hearted girl as she was, she would not listen for a moment to any arrangement, which would have the effect of separating her from William Simonton, who by the wreck of the Soldan, had lost all he possessed in the world, and was alike destitute of fortune and of friends.

Neither of them had forgotten what had passed on the deck of the sinking ship, when with grim-visaged death staring them in the face—with the portals of heaven, as it were open to their view—they solemnly promised to unite their fate and their fortunes, whether for weal or for woe—and now that they found themselves safely on terra firma, they neither of them wished to be absolved from their vow. In a few days after their arrival at New York, the nuptial knot was tied, which gave Caroline a legal claim to the kind offices and the protection of William Simonton through life.

SCOTLAND.

We learn, on authority upon which we can rely, that the Solemn League and Covenant is on the eve of revival among us. For a considerable time past we have heard rumours that the pretended Non-Intentionists were busied in concocting a scheme for carrying out their theories on that subject, and for the abolition of church patronage. The scheme is now matured; the deed in which their principles and objects are to be embodied is brought out to public view as a solemn religious engagement, by which all the parties to it are to be bound, as with the force of an oath to co-operate with the force of their power to effectuate the adoption of their theories as to the independence of the Church and the abolition of patronage. The system of universal agitation in support of their engagement in every parish is organized by preparatory meetings of ministers and elders and to be held on Monday and Tuesday; and in the evening

of which latter day the new Covenant is to be promulgated at a public meeting in Edinburgh.—Edinburgh Chronicle, August 8.

The public meeting took place on Tuesday, in the West Church, "for the purpose of forming an association for the support of the Church in her present struggle, and for obtaining the abolition of patronage." The Lord Provost presided. The first resolution, moved by the Reverend Mr. Buchann of Glasgow, and seconded by the Lord Provost of Glasgow was to this effect—

"That the great principles for which the Church of Scotland has been recently contending—namely, that no minister should be intruded into a parish contrary to the will of the congregation, and that the Church Courts have exclusive jurisdiction in all spiritual matters—are founded on the Word of God, and fully accordant with her standards and constitution; and what the maintenance of these principles is imperatively incumbent on the Church of Scotland as a church of Christ, and essential to her efficiency as an instrument of Christian usefulness; and that all the recent events and dissensions connected with the subject, have only confirmed this meeting in the conviction of the sacredness and importance of these principles, and of the obligation incumbent on the Church to maintain them."

In supporting the resolution, Dr. Buchann said, the attempts now making to trample on the great principles of spiritual independence and non-intrusion, could only be regarded as a direct aggression against the spiritual independence of the Church and the spiritual liberties of the people—

A distinction between an established church and one wholly unconnected with the State was nightly dwelt on in this controversy, and it was said that by an alliance with the State the independence of the Church was necessarily surrendered. He could understand this argument from the enemies of all civil establishments, but he could not understand it coming from members of the Church; for by asserting such principle, they proclaimed that they had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. They gloried in their shame.—He rejoiced already, that day at a meeting of ministers and elders, a solemn league had been entered into for the defence of the Church; and he knew that the fact need only be announced to call forth an unanimous and heartfelt response.

Dr. Burns, of Paisley, moved the second— "That this meeting is persuaded that the system of patronage, established by law in Scotland, has no warrant in the Word of God; that its restoration in 1711 was a violation of the treaty of Union; that its practical exercise was attended with the most injurious consequences to the interests of true religion and efficiency of the Church; that the Civil Courts, by their recent decisions, had enforced the law of patronage to an extent altogether unprecedented, and at variance with the rights and liberties of the Christian people; that to the law and interpretation now put upon it, all our present embarrassments may be traced; and that there appears no prospect of securing the liberties of the people of Scotland, except by its abolition."

Captain Trotter seconded this resolution; and stated that he was one of the elders served with an interdict on Sunday last. Dr. Begg, Mr. W. McGill Crichton, and Mr. Clugston, expressed their hearty concurrence.

Mr. Cunningham moved, and Mr. Nairne of Dunblane seconded, the third resolution.

"That while we hold it our duty to support the Church in the present struggle, and to defend her against the assault to which she is exposed in consequence of her steadfast adherence to her principles, and to secure the ascendancy of those principles, we hold ourselves also called upon to use our most strenuous efforts to effect the abolition of patronage, and pledge ourselves to exert for that purpose all the legitimate influence which we can bring to bear upon it."

Mr. Begg then moved that an association be formed on the principles contained in the resolutions, and that a committee be appointed to make arrangements. This was seconded by Mr. Christie of Durie; and the whole resolutions were carried by acclamation.

The Commission of the General Assembly met next day, (Wednesday) and did not depose the Strathgogie ministers. A Committee was appointed to prepare a "libel" against them for the next General Assembly.

HALIFAX, Sept. 21.

The Troops.—A general Review of the Troops, took place on the exercising ground on Saturday last, attended by their Excellencies Sir G. J. Campbell, Lord Falkland and Sir James MacDonald. The day was extremely pleasant, and the assemblage of beauty and fashion, in their carriages, and the numerous spectators on foot, gave a lively and diversified appearance to the scene. The troops went through their manoeuvres, in the superior style they always do, and afforded much satisfaction to the Inspecting officers, as well as to all who were upon the ground.

Keep up the Steam.—A joint stock company has been formed at St. Johns, Newfoundland, for the purpose of carrying into operation a line of Steam Navigation between that Island and this port, touching at Sydney and Alichat in the course. From this quarter we do not anticipate its enterprising spirit would manifest itself so soon, but steam being the propelling power, it has been favourably started and will, we doubt not, be carried fully out. Shares are yet open to those who may feel inclined to invest capital in an undertaking which promises to be successful; all requisite information on the subject may be obtained from the agent here Mr. T. C. Kincaid.—Morning Herald.

A Mistake.—The Editor of the Fredericton Sentinel of the 19th inst. remarks at some length, and with much feeling, on the sale of the Public Library here. He evidently labours under a mistake; it is the Halifax Library of which he was the Founder, and that we are happy to acquaint him, is still in a flourishing condition,—the Public Library, the one in question, originated in our exertions, and after we abandoned it, was purchased by Mr. R. M. Barratt, who, not having met with the support his enterprising exertions merited, has been compelled to sell off the books, and turn his attention to some other business.—Morning Herald.

The Oregon.—It is time that the question of jurisdiction over the Oregon territory, now mooted by the English and this government, were examined, and the fact clearly ascertained and settled, whether we are entitled to that country, as is generally believed, or whether the English can claim it according

to the laws of nations. The longer that the adjustment of this question is delayed, the more difficult it will be to come to an amicable settlement. The Hudson Bay Company already act as if the whole of the country west of the Rocky Mountains belonged to Great Britain, to the great detriment of American citizens, who are engaged in similar enterprises, and are struggling with difficulties thus thrown in their way.

The St. Louis Gazette says that the value of the furs and peltries obtained by the American Fur Company the last year, consisting of beaver, buffalo, otter, deer, skins, &c. is about £250,000. Their operations have been much circumscribed recently, on the west, by the Hudson Bay Company, who possess the great advantage of introducing the goods required for carrying on the trade, free of duty. In the Rocky Mountain expedition undertaken two or three years since, by the American Fur Company, they sustained a loss of \$60,000 being unable to compete with the Hudson Bay Company, for the reason above stated. The branch of the latter company in the Columbia, has obtained the present worth at least \$40,000, two thirds of which has been taken on the territory claimed by the United States. With this competition, the American Fur Company have found it necessary to confine their trade to the Missouri river, and its tributaries, leaving the uncontrolled possession of the Rocky Mountains and the Oregon Territory to the English Company.

We learn from the Gazette that the Hudson Bay Company now extend their trade on this side of the mountains, even to within fifteen days travel of the city of St. Louis—and many of the fur hunters, who were formerly in the service of the Americans, have found it necessary to apply for employment to the British Company. The editor further says that he should not be surprised to find within a year or two that Great Britain lays claim to some three or four of the western counties of Missouri, as they now claim a portion of the State of Maine.

A thirst for dominion, a morbid desire to extend her territory, to grasp at lands, has been for ages one of the characteristics of the British government—and will yet we much fear, seriously enbroil her with this country. This question of the Oregon must however be met—and this had better be done now than after the country becomes in part settled, and is rendered more valuable.—Boston Paper.

Evacuation of St. Sebastian.—The entire evacuation of St. Sebastian by the British Royal Artillery, Sappers and Miners, so long employed in that quarter, has at length taken place, and the evacuation of the same position by the Royal Marine battalion and Marine Artillery is in fast progress. It is understood that the "North Star," with the broad pendant of Lord John Hay, and other vessels under his lordship's command, will return to England as soon as the remainder of the British force employed on shore had quitted the north coast of Spain.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

From the "London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion."

The present season is not one that offers much novelty in our toilettes. The skirts continue to be worn long, as are corsets with whalebone; but fashion is no longer the tyrant, as in former years; we may now with impunity consult our taste, both as to form and style of pattern. Redingots of plain serge, edged all round with bias of the same, are fashionable in Paris. White is very generally worn there also, with the Amazonian specker of black, green, or red velvet with tight sleeves, the body ornamented with buttons, and collar of quipure lace, with manchettes to match; they form a kind of jacket all round, the waist rounding off at the hips. Muslin dresses are also worn, lined with silk. Several redingots of black caduivre have appeared, the body and the sleeves tight, ornamented on the front of the body and skirt with buttons, the flounces on manchettes de laine dresses are sometimes festooned. Cambrons of white muslin, with long or short sleeves a bolton, are worn over coloured silk dresses. Peignoirs of India muslin are ornamented with ruffles instead of flounces. The rage for antique laces is a little subsiding; point d'Alencon, Mechlin, Valenciennes and Brussels application are all in fashion, and the quipure is replaced by embroidery; the return to favor of blond laces threatened, some caps have already appeared—made of it in Paris. Muslin caps are also in favor, but they are of an expensive description. Scarfs of white damask foulard, with deep twisted fringe, shawls of white poul de soie, also trimmed with fringe, and mantelets of white lavantine, trimmed with lace, have been worn during the last month. The beguine collarlette is the newest style of collar, it is delicately embroidered, and ornamented with fine lace.

The Travelling Public.—The steam-boat New Haven arrived yesterday from New Haven at the usual hour, bringing four hundred and ninety-two passengers. For this enormous cargo of flesh and blood, the proprietors received 12 1-2 cents per head; distance 80 miles. Another boat, the American Eagle, also arrived from New Haven yesterday, but her number of passengers we are unable to state. She likewise charges not exceeding 12 1-2 cents fare, and we understand it is in contemplation, to reduce it to one cent. The next step in the process, we suppose, will be, to give a good dinner to all who patronize the boats respectively. The competition does not extend to the New York, which leaves here each alternate day, but is confined to the New Haven and the American Eagle. The New York charges, as usual, two dollars.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A Wise Answer.—In West Africa, the Church Missionary Society of England, have a school for poor negro children. It is related of a little girl who belonged to that school, that when one of her fellow-pupils had beaten her, she was asked—"Did you beat her again?" She answered, "No, I left it to God." The annals of philosophy and human wisdom might be searched in vain, for anything equal to that answer.

It would be laughable if the Reverend Dr. Dyonisius Lardner, who proved, in a course of popular lectures, that it would be impossible to navigate the Atlantic with steam, should visit this country in one of the line of steamers, taking with him Mrs. Heavysides, by way of ballast.—U. S. Gazette.