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Weekly Almanack.

November—1831.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
23	Wednesday - -	7 28	4 32	8 53	1 55
24	Thursday - -	7 29	4 31	10 2	2 44
25	Friday - -	7 30	4 30	11 10	3 41
26	Saturday - -	7 31	4 29	morn.	4 44
27	Sunday - -	7 32	4 28	0 18	5 59
28	Monday - -	7 33	4 27	1 23	7 10
29	Tuesday - -	7 33	4 27	2 27	8 13

Last Quarter 26th, 6h. 4m. morning.

THE GARLAND.

"LAND, HO!"

We have (says a late traveller from America) just come in sight of the southern point of Ireland—a few more hours will bring us into the English channel, and the unbounded joy of all on board is the best commentary on the pleasures of the sea.—Ah, land, land! we all gaze upon the country of turf and potatoes as wistfully as if it were one of the "islands of the blest;" and the snuffing of the cow in the long-boat, as she scents the green herbage afar off, approximates towards the borders of the pathetic. I am circumspect in the choice of my company, and it is consequently seldom that I have any thing to say to the "heavenly nine" or they to me; but on the present occasion I felt something unusual the matter with my brain, and as soon as the evening shades fell, and I could see land no longer, it relieved itself by the following effervescence.

Lines on coming in sight of Land.

"Land, land ahead!" the seaman cries,
"Land, land!" re-echoes round;
And happy smiles and glistening eyes
Repay that joyful sound.
The dull and cheerless sea is past—
The warm earth meets our view at last,
With summer's glories crown'd.
Now ill beshrew the twilight gray,
That shrouds it from my sight away.

Well, let it fade, as fades the light
Along the sullen sea:
Yet through the watches of the night
My thoughts will turn to thee.
The fresh green fields—the swelling hills—
The music of the gushing rills—
The humming of the bee;
And scenes and sounds to memory dear,
Are in mine eye and in my ear.

The carol of the merry lark
Rings through the morning air;
The honest sheep-dog's wary bark
Guarding with watchful care
His flocks upon the green hill's side;
The milk-maid, too, with modest pride
And pretty anklet bare,
Tripping along the dewy green,
Is no unpleasant sight, I ween.

These, and ten thousand scenes like these,
Are passing o'er thy breast.
Oh for the wave of thy green trees
To shade my noontide rest!
The pleasant rustling of the leaves,
The warbling of the bird, that weaves
Above me its trim nest—
While cooling breezes float along
Laden with fragrance and with song.

And teeming autumn's golden fruits,
And summer's lingering flowers,
And the sweet woodbine's graceful shoots
Twining round rustic bowers;
And friends long loved through absent years
And kind eyes sparkling mid their tears,
Like April's suns and showers—
Await me here. Cease, heart, to swell!
Thou salt and bitter sea, farewell!

MISCELLANEA.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT LAVALETTE.
(CONCLUDED.)

Lavalette here entered into a cabriolet driven by Count Chassenon; and during the drive he changed his female attire for a livery. In the Faubourg St. Germain he met his friend Baudus, and joined him as servant:

"It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured down rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was nevertheless obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in seach of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally after an hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on and one shoe off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bec, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. 'I am going,' said he, 'to enter a nobleman's hotel.—While I speak to the porter, get you into the court.—You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with on your right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood.—Stop there.'"

This was no other than the hotel of the Duke of Richelieu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs!

"M. Baudus went in first; and while he was talking to the porter, who had thrust his head out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. 'Where is the man going?' cried the porter. 'It is my servant.' I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me.—On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written: 'Make no noise, never open your windows but in the night, wear slippers of list, and wait with patience.' Next to this was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Moliere and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing box. The delicate attentions and the neat hand writing of the note made me guess, that my host combined with their most generous feeling, elegant and refined manners, But why was I in the hotel for Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King. Besides in that case, it would be more natural to pardon me."

The fact was that the Treasurer for the Department of Foreign Affairs, who in the various political changes that had taken place in France, had been once himself proscribed and found safety in the virtuous resolution of others, had consented to give him protection. Madame Bresson herself brought his first meal, and her husband soon after paid him a visit.

'Open only half your shutters' he added, 'and let no more light in than just as much as you want to read if you catch a cold, thrust your head when you cough into this closet.' I had asked for some beer to quench the thirst that had tormented me for the last month. 'You cannot have any. We never drink beer, and some observation might be made on the circumstance. I have not forgotten the history of M. de Montmorin, who was discovered and died on the scaffold, through having eaten a chicken, the bones of which had been thrown at the corner of the door. A neighbour, who knew that the woman who concealed him was too poor to buy chickens, guessed that she had in her house an outlaw, and informed against her. You shall have as much sugar and refreshing syrups as you wish, but no beer.'"

In his concealment a thousand interesting circumstances occurred, which all tended to heighten the interest of the narrative; but we must pass them over. At length application was made by his friends to Mr. Bruce, and through him to Sir Robert Wilson and Capt. Hutchison, to aid in his escape from France, and they all cordially assented.

"The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially assigned to the English army, and it was therefore chosen for my escape. They asked no more than two days to finish their preparations. I received very particular instruction concerning my dress; no mustachios, an English wig, my beard shaved very clean after the manner of the officers of that nation; a great coat with buttons of the English Guards, the regimentals were to be given me at the instant of our departure.

"We held counsel: and as it occurs in most cases, our first steps were wrong. It was looked upon as very necessary to get my coat made by a tailor of an English regiment; but he would want my measure. My friend Stanislaus took it with fine white paper, and instead of the notches that tailors are accustomed to make, he wrote on it '*length of the fore-arm, width of the breast,* &c. in a fine neat hand and carried it boldly to the tailor of the regiment of guards. He quickly made the coat, however; not without observing that the measure had not been taken by a tailor. M. Bresson had been to buy me another great coat at an old clothes shop and was naturally obliged to measure it on himself. He was, however, tall and thin, so that in less than forty eight hours I had two coats, neither of which could be of any service to me. I had no boots and all our speculations were useless in contriving to procure me a pair. I was forced to put on a pair belonging to M. Bresson; they were at least two inches longer than my foot; I could scarcely walk in them, and we all laughed much at the awkward figure I cut.

"On the 19th of January, 1816, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I at last took leave of my kind friends. We were all very much affected, and particularly myself, who was leaving them with so little hope of ever seeing them again. * * * *

"After having embraced them, Messrs. Bresson and Baudus brought me to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle where I found again the faithful Chassenon, with his cabriolet. In going to my destination we crossed the Place du Carousel. I could not help smiling when I passed so near the numerous sentries stationed along the railings of the Tuileries, and when I saw the palace lighted up, and filled, as I had reason to imagine, with people enraged at not being able to seize me, while I was not more than fifty yards from them.

"We stopped at a house in the Rue duo Helder, near the Boulevard; there I took leave of my friend Chassenon. As I walked slowly up the stairs, I was surprised at meeting Mademoiselle Dubourg. There would have been too much danger in our appearing to know each other. I afterwards learned that she was going to Mr. Dupuis, my reporting judge, who lived on the second floor of the house; so that I was going to pass the night under the same roof with the magistrate who had, during my trial, examined me twice at length, and with great severity."

At the lodgings of Capt. Hutchison he met Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce; and, after some consultation, it was determined that they should start the next morning at eight o'clock. After counting every hour of the night, Lavalette observes:

"I heard six o'clock strike. I immediately set about my toilet, and at eight o'clock precisely, I found Sir Robert Wilson in the street, dressed in his full regimentals, and seated in a pretty gig.—Mr. Hutchinson soon appeared also on horseback, and we set off. The weather was beautiful; all the shops were open, every body in the streets, and, by a singular coincidence, they were just at this moment putting up, in the Place de Greve, the gibbet, which, according to custom, is used to execute in effigy, persons declared guilty of contumacy."

They passed the barrier without much difficulty; at La Chapelle they were obliged to change their horse.

"When we approached the house, we perceived four gendarmes standing in front of the large door. Sir Robert went up to them: they separated, that we might pass; and to prevent them from paying attention to us, Mr. Hutchinson began a conversation with them. His inquiries were chiefly directed to the number of stables and the quantity of forage and lodgings that were to be found in the village; from all of which they concluded that English troops were expected, and one of them invited the English captain to accompany him to the mayor. 'Not at present,' he answered; 'I am going forward to meet the waggons, and in two hours I shall be back.' The conversation could not last very long with an Englishman who knew but little of our language. But the horse was quickly changed, and we had the satisfaction, on going away, to exchange salutes with the gendarmes. I then learned that the man who had brought us thus far belonged to M. Auguste de St. Aignan. On the road we met with several gendarmes in pursuit of malefactors for bearing military correspondence. They all fixed their eyes on us without suspecting any thing. I had accustomed myself, in seeing them, to shut my eyes, but with the precaution of placing my hand on my pistol,—fully resolved, if I should be recognised and apprehended, to blow my brains out: for it would have been too great a stupidity to suffer myself to be brought back to Paris.

"We arrived at last at Compeigne. At the entrance of the suburb stood a non-commissioned English officer, who, on seeing his general, turned to the right, and marched with gravity through several small streets, until he stopped at a small house, in a very lonely part of the town. There we found an officer, who received us very well, and we waited for Sir Robert's carriage, which Mr. Wallis was to bring from Paris for him. That officer had ordered post horses for General Wallis, brother-in-law to Sir Robert Wilson, who travelled under his name. Mr. Wallis arrived at about six o'clock, after having been followed a great part of the way by the gendarmes. We had not an instant to loose: the carriage advanced rapidly. We experienced a great delay at Conde, in getting through the town, but it was during the night. At last, next morning, at seven o'clock, we arrived at Valenciennes, the last French city on that frontier. I was beginning to feel more easy, when the postmaster told us to go and have our passports examined by the captain of the gendarmerie. 'You forget, I suppose, to read who we are,' said Sir Robert, calmly; 'let the captain come here if he chooses to see us.'—The postmaster felt how wrong he had acted; and taking our passports, he went himself to get them signed. As it was very long before he came back, I began to be tormented by a most horrible anxiety.—Was I going to be wrecked in the harbour? Suppose the officer of gendarmes were to come himself and verify the signatures, and to apprehend me? Fortunately the weather was very cold; it was scarcely daylight, and the officer signed the passports without rising from his bed. We got out of the gate. On the glacis, an officer of the Preventive Service wanted to see whether we were in order; but, having satisfied his curiosity, we went on and stopped no more. We flew along the beautiful Brussels road. From time to time I looked through the back window, to see whether we were not pursued. My impatience augmented with every turn of the wheels. The postillion showed us, at a distance, a large house, that was the Belgian Custom-house. I fixed my eye on that edifice, and it seemed to me as if I remained equally far off. I imagined that the postillion did not get on. I was ashamed of my impatience, but it was impossible for me to curb it. At last we reached the frontier; we were on the Belgian territories. I was saved! I pressed the hands of Sir Robert, and expressed to him, with a deep emotion, the extent of my gratitude."

The fate of Madame Lavalette is better known and more melancholy. Scarcely had her husband passed the outer door than the jailor entered his room; he retired, however, on hearing the concerted noise behind the screen, but returned again in a few minutes and discovered that his prisoner had escaped. Madame Lavalette was now subjected to imprisonment for many weeks; and the treatment she received, and the anxiety she suffered, affected her mind; and the most amiable and excellent of women lost her senses, and continued in that dreadful state for nearly twelve years. With the concluding passage of the work we shall finish our present notice.

"At last, the health of Madame Lavalette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country house, where she seems to enjoy herself. I have preserved my independence, the first of all mortal riches, without pension, salary, or gratuity of any sort, after a long life consecrated to the service of my country, offering up for her liberty prayers that will perhaps never be fulfilled, and living with the recollections of a great period and a great man."

ARKWRIGHT'S IMPROVEMENT IN SPINNING.

The following brief biographical sketch of the well-known Sir Thomas Arkwright, which we have selected from a "*History of frame-work Knitters, &c.*" lately published at Nottingham by a journeyman lace-maker, will be read with interest:—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

"A person of the name of John Hayse, (said to be an acquaintance of John Hargraves,) a resident of Preston, Lancashire, and a turner by trade, conceived the idea of spinning by machinery, and as was natural to him, of drawing the thread and spinning it by means of rollers; he had made some little progress, and had framed a model of his plan, when in the immediate neighbourhood lived a barber of the name of Arkwright (afterwards the celebrated Sir Richard Arkwright) who having scraped an acquaintance with Hayse, wormed out of him the secret of his invention, and sedulously employed himself, in his many vacant hours, to imitate the productions of his unsuspecting friend. He was frequently so over-sedulous in this occupation that he neglected the more profitable employment of shaving and dressing his customers, to the great detriment of his finances and the inconvenience of Mrs. Arkwright, who, like the female inhabitants of Lancashire, was not very friendly to spinning by machinery, and made continual and not very mild remonstrances against his new occupations. In vain Arkwright represented to her the golden harvest he had in view, that he was sure he should accomplish his undertaking, and ride in his carriage (a favourite expression of Arkwright's,) she treated all his views as the most visionary delusions, and did not hesitate to term them 'building castles in the air.' Customer after customer left the shop unshaved, and so intent was Arkwright, that he frequently refused to obey the mandate to attend to his waiting customers, till at length the patience of Mrs. Arkwright was quite exhausted; one Sunday morning, our projector being absent, for the purpose of pumping his friend Hayse, his shop being full of long-bearded customers and never a shaver, she, in an evil hour for herself, took the fatal resolution to burn what she thought was the source of all her disquietudes: this was scarcely done when Arkwright entered and saw the wreck of all his studies in the destruction of his model. His rage for a moment was ungovernable, but, at length he became calm, and addressing his wife, he solemnly declared, '*That she had committed a crime which he would never forgive; that though he was positive he should yet ride in his carriage, she should never benefit by his invention.*" This vow, it is confidently said, he rigidly kept; tradition says, that he, in the highest of his prosperity, only allowed her four shillings weekly, and that upon compulsion.

'Arkwright instantly took the resolution to quit Preston and leave his wife and family, and, following the track of Paul and Hargraves, came to Nottingham. Thus drove by female domestic authority, and the more solid fear of the rude females of Lancashire, from his home, not having a model of his machinery for inspection, he commenced his business of a barber, and took a small shop in Bridlesmithgate. Many ludicrous tales are related of his conduct while framing his second model; such as leaving his customers half shaved, when a sudden thought struck him, and attending to his model up stairs. After much difficulty, he obtained a patron in Mr. Need, a very distinguished hosier, who was induced, by his representations 'that he should ride in his carriage,' to enable him to obtain a patent, which was dated the 3d of July, 1769, and to build him a factory or mill, in Hockley, Nottingham. Though Need had thus far patronized him, and Arkwright had begun to spin yarn somewhat extensively, it was of a wretched quality. Hargraves had first improved the carding of wool by the stock card, instead of knee carding, and Arkwright had introduced carding by rollers, but still he found himself completely baffled to make a line of thread equal in size, and free from burs or thick places, which the workmen had to stop to take out, in using it on the frame. The sanguine spirit of Arkwright bore up against these difficulties for five years; his partner Need had expended £1,200, and had realized no profit, when he at length became impatient, and had nearly resolved to abandon the concern as hopeless. The mental sufferings of Arkwright were intense in the extreme, but still in the midst of his despair, he clung to his favorite idea, that he should yet 'ride in his carriage.' Need, dispirited at his loss, and finding all Arkwright's schemes to remedy the defects of the yarn abortive, used to taunt him in the bitterest manner; holding up the skein of yarn to the light, he had the unfeelingness to exclaim, in the midst of his work-people, while Arkwright has stood by in anguish, 'Pretty stuff this, to make a man ride in his carriage!' Pretty stuff this, all bumps and burs! yes, yes; pretty stuff this, to make a man ride in his carriage! The mental sufferings of poor Arkwright, it is said were so great, that he at times almost resolved to abandon the concern forever, and leave Need, the mill and cotton spinning to their fate. Fortunately for Britain, he resolved to make another effort and to alter his usual plan of proceeding, which was to entrust 'no man' with his method of working and making his models. He had employed a turner of the name of Coniah Wood, whom he found a man of some genius, and what was of infinite value to him, he could execute what he had planned in a masterly manner. Arkwright took what seemed to him his desperate and last resolution, of entrusting this workman and making him his confidant, by explaining to him the principles of his machinery. It happened with Arkwright the same as with most other ingenious men, that a second person of genius saw at once all his errors; and the suggestion of Wood, flashed like lightning upon the comprehensive mind of Arkwright. Hitherto his rollers had been only turned with a plain surface, the practical experience of Wood suggested the idea of fluting them, that is, making curved lines or indentations on their surface, and to apply a series of rollers where he had only used one pair, thus effecting a complete revolution in his machinery. Arkwright, now certain of success, in despite of his partner's opposition and taunts, instantly disarrayed the whole of the machinery, and with the assistance of his able coadjutor, re-arranged, re-modelled, and in part re-built it. So sedulous, so intent were these two ingenious men whose labours were to effect the whole human race, that they scarcely desisted night or day. The new modelled apparatus was set up in a large room, in which, behind a partition, were placed two beds for security, and it was mutually agreed, that if in the course of the night, any new thought or modification of their plans occurred, they were to awake each other, and instantly commence operations to carry it into effect, while the idea was in full force. This devoted attention and application was completely successful, as in 1775 he was able to spin good level cotton yarn, free from 'bumps and burs,' for which, in December of that year, he obtained another patent, and in a few years all his sanguine hopes were realized, and as Sheriff of Derbyshire, he rode in his carriage!"

DEATH PRODUCED BY THE FEAR OF DYING.

The importance of removing every cause of fear from the minds of those who are laboring under disease, and of inspiring them with hopes of recovery, is well understood by every experienced practitioner. A fearful and desponding state of mind, will often render unmanageable or even fatal, a slight affection; while a serene and buoyant disposition has frequently carried a patient through a serious attack, during which his life was placed in the most imminent peril. In all dangerous diseases, the person in whom there is the least fear of dying, has invariably, other circumstances being the same, the fairest chance of surviving. Men of a desponding temperament are apt, in critical situations, to be overwhelmed by their very terrors; they are drowned by their too eager struggles to emerge—they would keep afloat, if they but remained quiescent.—One circumstance which may tend to protract, year after year, the life of consumptive patients is, that they in general either do not expect a fatal event, or wait for it with an exemplary and enviable resignation. This interesting, and for the most part, amiable class of patients, excite the sympathy of others, in proportion as they appear to be divested of anxiety about themselves. They often seem to leave us most willingly, with whom we are least willing to part.

Predictions of death, whether supposed to be supernatural or originating from human authority, have often, in consequence of the depressing operation of fear, been punctually fulfilled. The anecdote is well attested of the licentious Lord Littleton, that he expired at the very stroke of the clock, which, in a dream or supposed vision, he had been forewarned would be the signal of his departure.

It is recorded of a person who had been sentenced to be bled to death, that, instead of the punishment being actually inflicted, he was made to believe that his veins had been opened, by causing water, when his eyes were blindfolded, to trickle down his arm. This mimicry of an operation, however, stopped as completely the movements of life, as if an entire exhaustion of the vivifying fluid had been effected. The individual lost his life, although not his blood, by this imaginary venesection. We read of another unfortunate being, who had been condemned to lose his head, that the moment after it had been laid upon the block, a reprieve arrived; but the victim was already sacrificed. His ear was now deaf to the dilatory mercy; the living principle having been as effectually extinguished by the fear of the axe, as it would have been by its fall. Many of the deaths which take place upon a field of battle, without the individuals being wounded in the slightest degree, all of which were formerly attributed to the wind of a flying ball, are no doubt to be accounted for from the sedative effects of intense fear. In Lesinky's voyages around the world, there is an account, the truth of which is attested by other navigators, of a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate to themselves the power of praying people to death. Whoever incurs their displeasure receives notice that the homicidical litany is about to commence; and such are the effects of imagination, that the very notice is frequently sufficient, with these poor people, to produce the effect. Tell a timorous man, even though brought up amid all the light of civilization, that he will die, and if he has been in the habit of looking up with reverence to your opinion, in all probability he will sink into his grave, though otherwise his life might have been prolonged. Pronounce the sentence with sufficient decision and solemnity, and under certain circumstances, it will execute itself.

We are not advocates for imposing wantonly or unnecessarily upon the hopes of an invalid, under the pretence of remedying his distemper. Deception however skilful, is liable to discovery, and when once detected, an individual forfeits his future right to credit and authority. By raising hopes where the speedy event shows that there existed no ground for them, we deprive ourselves of the power for ever after, of inspiring confidence in those cases where we have not the least suspicion of danger. But by terrifying the imagination of the sick, to create danger, where none had previously existed; by some treacherous logic to reason an individual into illness, or when a trifling ailment is present to aggravate it into a serious malady, by representing it as already such, is what we would most strenuously urge all who are called upon to minister to those of feeble health, or to surround the bed of sickness, carefully to guard against. Let the expression of gloom be banished from the face of the medical attendant. Let the language of cheerfulness and of comfort dwell upon his tongue, but above all, guard the sick from the melancholy foreboding and gloomy predictions of indiscreet friends and tattling neighbors.

If, during a serious illness, a patient hears accidentally of the death of some old acquaintance, especially if it be a person of nearly the same age as himself, or affected with the same, or a somewhat similar complaint, it will, not so much from sorrow for the loss as by exciting or aggravating his apprehensions for his own fate, be calculated to produce an unfavorable effect upon the termination of his malady. Even in ordinary health, the shock we feel at the final departure of a friend, still in the prime of life, may often arise, in part at least, from the unwelcome hint which it gives us of our own mortality. Another circumstance which has often accelerated death, is the preparation which we make for it, when sickness has approached us, in the *post obit* disposal of our worldly property. Many a sick man has died of making his will. After having fixed the signature to his last testament, viewing it as a kind of prelude to the funeral ceremonies, the spirits and strength of the invalid will often be found irretrievably to sink; no mental stimulus will subsequently arouse him, no medicine afford mitigation to his complaint. This fact constitutes a powerful argument in favor of performing this duty to survivors, whilst yet in a state of health and vigor, when the task will have a better chance of being judiciously executed, and at the same time, without any risk of disturbance or injury to the body, or to the mind.—*Journal of Health.*

Butter.—We find this article mentioned in scripture, but we presume that no one thinks it bore much resemblance to what passes by the name. It is thought by the best sacred critics to have been milk cream, or some thick cream. It was evidently used for the purpose of bathing the feet, and is spoken of as a luxurious indulgence. The oldest accounts of the preparation of butter, whatever the substance was, is found in Herodotus; but he does not describe, and, probably, did not know it minutely; all he tells us is, that it was separated by shaking the milk till the richest part of it subsided. Strabo mentions that it was used by the Ethiopians; but he does not say what it was, nor for what purpose it was used. We learn from Plutarch, that a Spartan lady paid a visit to Berentice, the wife of Dijotarus, and one being perfumed with ointment and the other with butter, they openly expressed their disgust to each other. This prepares us for the statement of Hippocrates, that butter was efficient as a medicine, probably of the emetic kind. But we need not be particular in this criticism, for it is sufficiently clear, that neither Greeks nor Romans used it in cookery: they valued it as an ointment and medicine, not as food.—*North American Review.*

FEMALE DRESS.

The female dress of modern Europe is good in its way—the freaks of fashion apart—it is simple and shapely, and makes us acquainted with a number of elegant figures. Yet there is a flimsiness in it, compared with the Eastern, a want of richness and the picturesque; and it fails in what it most intends to do; that is to say, it does not render the figure so piquant as a dress that conceals it more. Enough is not left to the imagination. As somebody said, "A modern woman can but be undressed." In these flimsy coverings, fitting to the body, a woman has but another skin or two over her; in the weightier and richer dress she is *enclosed* shut in, hung round about as with a pavilion. The eye circuits it, as a lover does his mistress's house; and the Venus is inside, for his imagination. We have a regard, on this account, even for the hoop-petticoat. Monstrous it might be, yet it did not affect the 'bright idea' within, at least, it does not do so to us, when we think of it. The woman and the dress, in that instance, were distinct; at present they are confounded. We like the massy draperies, the colours, the rich heavy stuffs, the large sleeves, the damasks, velvets, and brocades, the rustlings and draperied wealth, the

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *woman*:

or, if we are not to have this, give us the gipsy hats and honest thick petticoats of the country girls, and let them have black stockings if you like, or almost any colour but white. This is one of the chilliest of all countries; yet we are fond of dressing our women like snow-drops, and force them to have recourse to mean shawls, or a bit of a fur snake over their shoulders, in which they come shivering down to dinner, and would blow the tips of their fingers, if it were not vulgar.—*Tatler.*

Birth of Young Napoleon.—The Empress was delivered of a son on the 20th of March. The pregnancy had given great hopes: and the people, who had frequently enjoyed the sight of her, showed her all the interest she could wish to inspire. Government had announced, that if she were delivered of a son, the salute would consist of 101 guns; but only of 25 if it were a Princess. At the 26th gun the joy of the people was carried to a fit of delirium, not only in Paris but over all France. I call a whole generation to witness that all our wishes were fulfilled. The prosperity of the state seemed assured, and France delivered from all fear of revolution. It was then, I have often since repeated with many other people—it was then that the Emperor ought to have hung up against the wall his conqueror's sword, and sought rest in the administration of his extensive empire. France would have been happy, and the memory of the Bourbons for ever buried in oblivion.—*Lavalette's Memoirs.*

American Shakers.—The Shaker settlement at Niskayuna is eight miles north-west of Albany. The shakers are the followers of Ann Lee, called by them Mother Ann, a religious enthusiast, who was born in England some time antecedent to the revolutionary war; and while yet in her youth suffered much tribulation and deep exercises of spirit, in her conversion from the sins of this world to a state of greater perfection. Her followers regard her memory with pious veneration, and consider themselves as the only people in possession of the true light. Some of the oldest and most perfect members, it is said, pretend to speak with tongues, heal diseases by the touch &c. The marriage contract is dissolved on joining the society; their association is a perfect community of goods, all private property being thrown into the common stock, and they profess to banish the love of ambition, wealth, and luxury from their gloomy territories. They own at this place 2000 acres of excellent land, laid out and kept in the order, neatness, and cleanliness, which always distinguish their sect. This is divided into four farms, or families, as they are called, occupied by about seventy-five persons each, of both sexes and of all ages. The division of labour which they carry into practice, every occupation being entrusted to separate members, and their economical habits, render their gains very considerable. The men work as farmers, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, &c.; the women at weaving, spinning, washing, cooking, and in the duties of the farm; making and mending clothes,—the occupations of each sex being performed in seperate buildings.—They also eat separately, and neither of them will sit down to a meal with what they call the 'world's people.' The dress of the men is drab, perfectly plain; that of the women, gray, with white caps, all made as plain and easy as possible. It is usual before the admission of a member to all the privileges of the society, to impose a noviciate of three months, when, if he so desires, he may leave them; if not, he is regularly admitted a member, and throws his property into the common stock. Notwithstanding the severity of their discipline as to celibacy, it is said the harmony of their society was lately much disturbed in consequence of a 'love affair.' A young man and woman, both belonging to the society, in despite of the doctrines of their leader, fell from their estate of 'single blessedness,' and yielded to a worldly attachment. This heresy, as might be expected, produced considerable commotion. The members wrestled with the tempter, and the elders prayed for and with the victims to the dreaded enemy of the sect; but all to no purpose. They left the society and were married. It is creditable however, to the members, that after finding their efforts to prevent this result unavailing, they sent the happy pair sufficient furniture for comfortable housekeeping, assigning, as a reason, that they had laboured for the society, and that it was no more than justice to reward them.—*Fowler's Tour in America.*

Emigration to New South Wales.—In the present disturbed and distressed state of the mother country, we can assure the people of England, that those who are disposed to emigrate hither with capital (say £400 to £5,000) will find considerable advantages, provided (and not without) the Secretary for the Colonies will order land and servants to be given them immediately on their landing here. This has not been done by Sir George Murray, and emigrants hitherto have been great sufferers thereby; but no doubt Lord Goderich will be imperative in his orders to the Governor on this head, that is to say, if, firstly, he reads, which is doubtful, and, secondly, if he believes, which is still more doubtful, the letter to his Lordship which fills six columns of the present number. Heifers in calf of a tame milking breed can be bought here for 30s. a-head; Merino ewes, 20s.; Saxon-bred rams, £6 a piece; draught horses, £20; ploughs, £2; carts, £8; drays, £12. Salt butter by the firkin will always bring 6d. to 9d. a pound; cheese 5d.; pork and bacon, 4d. to 5d.; salted beef, 3d. to 4d.; tobacco in leaf 6d.; in fig well cured, 10d. As to mechanics, they may come in droves in spite of Governors or Secretaries of State, and will do well unless they be of curious trades; but carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, ship-wrights, boat-builders, caulkers, nailors, sawyers, stone-masons, bricklayers, brick-layers, plasterers, painters, glaziers, window-frame makers, ploughmen, gardeners, and farming men of all sorts, wool sorters, tobacco manufacturers, may venture to come in droves; for those of them who are frugal, sober, and industrious will find a comfortable living in the Colony. Women of all kinds, if sober and industrious, may also come out by cargoes, as high wages and plenty of *tolerable* Husbands are to be found for them here. The Colony is sadly short of well-behaved women for wives for the industrious free people here, as well as for house servants. A thousand women, of good character, could find other work or husbands the moment they arrived; and the supply might be repeated every three months with great advantage to the new comers themselves, and infinite satisfaction to the people of the Colony, especially to our longing Bachelors. Working people, with families grown up, would do best there as there is plenty of employment both for boys and girls, i. e., if willing to work.—*Sydney Monitor.*