Latest Gentlemen's Fashions.—From the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, we copy a description of the innovations which have recently been made upon the costume that has been deemed appropriate, up to the latest dates from London. It will be perceived that coats of a brick-dust red, waistcoats *en schal*, cocked hats, long steel spurs and bootees, are all the go among the fancy at the present moment while the red and yellow morning cravats in which our beaux have been accustomed to make their appearance, together with the diamond shirt-pins which they have sported for a great while are entirely exploded.—*Boston paper.*

For evening dress, some gentlemen have appeared with coats of a brick dust red, with a white kerseymere waiscoat, in a small shawl pattern, embroidered at the edge in the same color as the coat. The pantaloons full and of black kerseymere; grey silk stockings, with black open clocks; *a lawn shirt, with lace ruffles.* This is the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. Blue coats, those of bronze, and of chesnut brown, are also much in favour. Some of these coats have black velvet lappels.

At balls, the waistcoats are in great variety. They have generally metal buttons, but those *which turn back en schal, are again in favour*, and the ephemeral reign of waistcoats with strait collars is fast declining. The new waiscoats which turn back, are left very open over the breast, and are of black satin, or blue, or white watered silk; some of these latter are woven into a tissue, with gold or silver; the richness and splendour of these do away the monotony and gravity which for some time have given our great assemblies more the appearance of a collection, made up of great doctors and divines, than of a set of lively young men, ready, and sometimes eager, to mingle in the festivities of dance and song.

For dress-balls, the most approved costume consists of short *indispensables*, or black pantaloons made full; a blue or brown coat; a waistcoat worked with silk of bright colours, or with gold or silver. A white cravat laid in folds, and coming up towards the cheeks very high. *A cocked hat*, with a polished steel button, and loop.

Sometimes silk waistcoats have buttons of polished steel. When the waistcoat is of velvet, then the buttons are of gold. There are several *dandies* now, who wear black satin cravats, tied in a bow; an under waistcoat of white quilted and stitched; and over that a waiscoat of green or blue silk, with a pattern of flowers of various colours.

Men of high fashion wear waistcoats of blue, purple, or crimson satin, with an under-waistcoat of white, with a pattern of flowers which turns over the upper waistcoat. Some waistcoats are of a dark colour, in Chinese patterns, generally of ash-colour, with buttons of wrought gold they are very long, and ought to come lower than the frock-coat, so that they may be seen at that part of the coat which is left unbuttoned.

Several gentlemen, at dinner parties, wear a waistcoat of chesnut brown, with a white satin quilted waistcoat, and black pantaloons. A noble lord was seen with the buttons of his shirt of fine brilliants; and on his finger was a diamond of immense size, and of the finest water.—[Mirabile dictu!]

In undress, the great coats have undergone but little alteration. The large wrapping coats are of a dark brown or chocolate colour, with very broad collars, stiffened.

Brown or royal blue great coats are most prevalent; they are made double-breasted. The waistcoat is often of white or brown silk, grey pantaloons, and boots with high heels.

In equestrian dress; for the morning there are seen a great number of blue frock coats, with buttons of wrought metal and a velvet cape. They are buttoned all the way down, except at the lower, button-hole.

The pantaloons are confined to one form, and one colour; they are of a chesnut-brown, with two rows of braiding on each side, and are open to the ancle about six inches, where they close by large buttons, covered by the same cloth as the pantaloons, which fasten under the foot. With these kind of pantaloons, revived the polish dress of 1815, *long spurs of polished steel, two inches in length are indispensable;* they must be worn with every kind of boot, even by those who never sat a horse in their lives.

Full pantaloons do not come lower than full three fingers breadth above the ancle.

Fancy cravats are no longer in vogue; in *dishabille*, black only are worn, tied carelessly, with very long ends falling over the breast, and should not be of sarsenet but of satin.

Shirt pins are quite exploded; the buttons now generally worn, are three in number, they are of precious stone of striking colors, with points, in gold or diamonds.

The hats are of smooth beaver with narrow brims, turned up on each side, and very much bent down before and behind. The crown is high and cylindrical.

Elastic hats should be lined with white watered silk.

The gloves of plain white kid; a few blue ones are seen embroidered with white but these are reckoned coxcombical, and are not admired by men of fashion.

There are some *exquisites* who wear gloves the color of the Maltese orange; these gentlemen, when at balls, generally sport a waistcoat, left so open, that the three buttons which close the skirt, are all dispayed.

The gloves are frequently the same colour as the coat.

Some of our young military dandies make their footmen wear mustachios.

Shoes with gold buckles are much worn. In the morning a man of fashion generally wears those high-quartered walking shoes, which are sometimes known by the appelation of quarter-boots, and which lace up in the front.

Extraordinary Accident.—A letter dated Nausau, Feb. 17, gives the following account of an extraordinary, death by accident, leading to results still more extraordinary, which has taken place recently near Geneva:—A carter, belonging to the department of the Ain, who is in the habit of travelling between Bour and Geneva, was accosted at some distance from the latter town, by a poor woman, who seemed to be exhausted from fatigue, and who begged of him to allow her to get into the cart, that she might reach Geneva before the gates closed for the night.—The carter consented, and the woman got into the cart, and lay down, covering herself over with the straw, and drawing close round her head the hood of her cloak, to preserve herself from the cold. In a short time her snoring announced that she was enjoying the most profound repose. On coming to a steep hill, close to Geneva, the carter got down to lock the wheel, and on reaching the hill, he took off the sabat, a heavy iron shoe, placed under one of the wheels whilst decending the hill; and, instead of hooking it under the cart its usual place, he, being so near the end of his journey, threw it into the cart. On arriving at the gates of the town he recollected the poor woman, and called to her to come down and go about her business but, receiving no reply to his repeated calls he got up on one of the wheels, and in no very gentle manner, pulled her by the legs, crying out—"Good woman, good woman, come, be stirring;" but the good woman, neither stirred nor spoke; when the carter fearing something was wrong got into the cart, and raising her up discovered that she was a corpse. He gave the alarm, and, in a short time, a physician and a municipal officer arrived, when it was discovered that her death had been caused by a blow on the temple, which blow was given by the heavy iron heel shoe, which the carter, forgetting at the moment, that there was any one in the cart, had thrown into it. As they proceeded with the examination of the body, one cried out—"Oh! this woman is a man!" which exclamation was shortly followed by another of—"Here is a dagger and Pistols!" This led to a still more minute search, when there was found, in one of the pockets, a letter, telling the pretended woman to repair about 12 o'clock that night, to a certain chateau, not far from Geneva, where there would be a plentiful booty, and sufficient aid to secure it. Information being given to the magistrates, a number of gendarmes were placed in ambuscade in the vicinity of the chateau in question: and, about midnight, nine men, who approached it with great caution, were seized and bound hand and foot. The inmates of the chateau were roused up and the owner, a rich old gentleman, informed of the imminent danger he had been in, and the extraordinary accident that saved him from it. It is said that, in the fullness of his gratitude, he immediately settled a pension, for the rest of his life, upon his unintentional saviour. A liberated convict, residing in the arondissement of Mantua, was amongst the brigands taken.

Dutch Mail.—While I was at Nottingham I fell in with a plain elderly man, an ancient reader of the Leicester Herald a paper which I published in the halcyon days of my youth. Its reputation secured me many a hearty shake by the hand, accompanied by the watery eye of warm feeling, as I passed through the midland counties. I abandoned it in 1795 for the Monthly Magazine, and exchanged Leicester for London. This ancient reader hearing that I was in Nottingham, came to me with a certain paper in his hand, to call me to account for the wearisome hours which an article in it had cost him and his friends. I looked at it, and saw it headed 'Dutch mail,' and it professed to be a column of *original Dutch*, which this honest man had been laboring to translate, for he said he had not met with any other specimen of Dutch. The sight of it brought the following circumstance to my recollection:—On the evening before one of the publications, my men and a boy were frolicking in the printing office and they overturned two or three columns of the paper. The chief point was to get ready in some way for the Nottingham and Derby coaches, which at four in the morning required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion we were short nearly a column, but there stood in the gallies a tempting column of *pi*. Now, unlettered reader, mark—*pi* i a jumble of odd letters, gathered from the floor of the printing office, but set on end in any manner, to distribute at leisure in their proper places. Some letters are topsy-turvy, often ten or twelve consonants together, and then as many vowels with as whimsical a juxtaposition of stops. I suddenly bethought me that this might be called *Dutch*, and after writing a head 'Dutch Mail,' I subjoined a statement that, just as our paper was going to press the Dutch Mail had arrived, but, that as we had not time to make a translation we had inserted its intelligence in the original.".

I then overcame the scruples of my overseer, and the pi was made up to the extent wanted, and off it went as *original Dutch* into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire! In a few hours other matter, in plain English, supplied its place in our local publication. Of course all the linguists, schoolmasters, high bred village politicians and correspondents of the *Ladies Diary*, set their wits to work to translate my Dutch, and I once had a collection of letters, containing speculations on the subject, or demanding a literal translation of that which appeared to be so intricate. How the Dutch could read it was incomprehensible. My Nottingham *quidnunc* was one of the number, and it appeared that at times, for above four and thirty years, he had bestowed on it his anxious attentions.—I told him the story—and he left me, vowing that as I had deceived him, he would never believe any newspapers again!—[*Sir Richard Phillips, Personal Tour.*]

PARIS HOSPITAL.

The following cases have occurred, one in 1820 and the other within the last few months, under the care of M. Maury, at the hospital of St. Louis:—

Case I.—A young man from the country, a laborer, imagined that he had swallowed a young snake in a glass of water. "It is five years (said he) since the accident occurred; since which time the animal has not ceased to grow. It has now attained an enormous size, and produces great inconvenience; constantly in motion, it traverses the belly, mounts into the chest, and sometimes rises up to the left eye, when I have distinct perception of its size and colour. Sometimes its movements are so violent and painful that I am obliged to constrain them by seizing and squeezing it through the parieties of the abdomen." The patient described a variety of other circumstances connected with this internal enemy, and appealed to the bystanders whether they did not hear it hissing; yet, in all other respects he was perfectly rational. M. Maury, aware that no reasoning would avail, affected to agree with him. The patient himself expressed his conviction that nothing but an operation could save him. It was practised. In order to render the allusion more complete, a large plait was made in the integuments of the abdomen; the base of which was traversed with a bistoury and a live adder introduced into the wound in the form of a seton. One of the wounds being covered with the hand, the patient was requested to assist the operator by seizing the head of the "serpent," and unite his efforts in exacting it. No idea can be formed of the joy of the patient without having witnessed it. Next day he declared that he was prodigiously shrunk, in consequence of the extraction of the horrid creature; all the torments which he had suffered for five years were removed, the cure was complete in a few days, and what is more remarkable, it has continued permanent. One circumstance alone for a moment rendered it doubtful; the patient was afraid that the serpent might have left some eggs, but his confidence was completely restored on being assured that it was a *male*.

Case. II.—The subject of this observation was a woman aged 40, the mother of several children, of a nervous temperament, and her health broken by various causes, principally mor. She was admitted into the Hospital of St. Louis last November, after having gone the round of most of the hospitals in Paris, and consulted a great number of practitioners, on account of an animal which moved about in the hypochondriac region and left flank producing pain extending sometimes to the corresponding side of the head. On some occasions she described it as a tape worm, on others as a worm covered with bristles; sometimes an adder, and sometimes leeches she had swallowed in eating water cresses. The countenance was expressive of mental suffering and excitement, but the intellect was not deranged, except as regarded her complaint.—She had increased appetite and borborygmi, which she tributed to the movements of the animal; she was constipated, averse to exercise, and fond of solitude. These circumstances, it will be perceived, rendered this case more complicated than the preceding. It was evident that, though there might be some real suffering, there was more which was imaginary. M. Maury however, easily persuaded her that the animal was a serpent, and that an operation alone could remove it; accordingly a operation similar to that above described, was had recourse to. The success however, was not quite so complete, as she still complained, either owing to her experiencing real pain, or that her imagination had not been entirely satisfied. However, she left the hospital much more tranquil, and it has since been ascertained from her family that she has nearly recovered her health—*Ca Calina,—Medical Gazette.*

[From the London Anniversary, for 1828.]

WHO IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN?

Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form & proportion which corresponds with the theory of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples and of which every man has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indiscribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart which ensures to man the greatest portion of happiness.

Wherever there is most home tranquility, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at the mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland—smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, with six healthy children, and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal, she is a good mother & an affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage, and there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her and how fair she is compared to all her early companions Or, here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honey suckles perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that English woman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband a sleek, contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful?—She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honey-suckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight; a creation more honorable to nature and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, deluded dreamers fascinated old bachelors, which catch the eye and vex the heart.

From a Raleigh, N. C. Paper.

THE GOLD REGION.—Few persons not residing in the immediate vicinity of the Gold Mines of this State, have any adequate conception of the extent of the operations which are carried on for procuring the precious metal. In this section of the State, the people talk of the Gold Mines, but they have a very imperfect idea of them, and but little knowledge of the vast sums which they annually yield. They have heard of individuals digging for Gold, but they have taken up the impression, that the same amount of labour, directed with the same zeal to the cultivation of the soil, would create a quantity of produce of greater value in the market. They are not aware that science and skill have been put in requisition, and that a system has been adopted for working the Mines which ensures regular profits, and renders them extensively productive. It is true, the great desideratum of labor saving machinery has been but recently put into successful operation and is confided as yet to water and horse power; but preparations are making for that of steam, also, which will greatly facilitate the process of obtaining the Gold and enhance its profits. Already there are several companies from the North and South engaged in the business, and we have recently heard of the formation of a company in Baltimore, with a capital of $50,000 for working a Mine in Cabarrus. Indeed, moneyed men from every quarter of the Union, are purchasing up land, for which they pay extravagant prices. Foreign capitalists have not thought it beneath their attention to visit the Gold Region, for purposes of speculation; one of whom informed us a few days since, that he had just returned from a visit to the South American Mines, and that those of North Carolina greatly exceed them in richness.

In the county of Mecklenburg alone, it is believed, the amount of Gold dug from the bowels of the earth, in each week produces $2,000. And it is nothing uncommon for the merchants of the town of Charlotte, when they go on to make their purchases, to carry with them from 10 to 40 pounds of the precious metal.—It can easily be imagined what life and activity is infused into every department of business, where the only Bank which is required to relieve the wants of the people is as *a bank of earth.*

To such of our citizens as have the ability and leisure for making summer excursions, we would recommend a trip to the Gold Country. The Superintendants of the Mines are obliging and communicative, the citizens are proverbial for their hospitality, and the salubrity of the air is equal to any in the world. A few days spent in personal examination will give an individual a more thorough insight into the manner of obtaining the Gold, than volumes of description.

We are not without hope, from some recent discoveries that Gold will yet be found in this (Wake) County. The first discovery of it was made in Cabarrus, and confined to that County for many years, The limits within which it was then supposed to be embraced, have continually been enlarging as people have been led to search the country for it. It has been subsequently found in the counties of Rutherford, Burke, Lincoln, Mecklenburg, Rowan, Anson, Davidson, Montgomery, Randolph, Caswell, Guilford, Orange, and very recently in Chatham. Is this not sufficient to warrant an examination of the more central counties of the State, there being nothing in the structure or composition of the Gold Formation to forbid the belief of its existence in them also.

The Right Honorable and Rev. Earl Nelson, was married last Thursday to the widow of George Barlow, Esq. eldest son of Sir George Barlow, G. C. B. she being the daughter of Sir Robert Barlow, K. C. B.—The venerable, reverend, and noble Earl will on the 20th of next month, complete his seventy-second year.—"*England expects every man to do his duty.*"*London paper.*

From the Washington Correspondent of the U. S. Gazette.

WASHINGTON, May 30.

"Gentlemen—Until the new order of things, the approach of the first day of the month was always hailed by the clerks in the public offices as a day of unmitigated delight, when the monthly stipend for the monthly service was poured into the hand, received without apprehension, and expended without parsimony. These were the olden times, but they seem to have passed into the province of history, or at least, that of memory; and now, with looks of care and pale visage, with heart shrinking, knees knocking and voice that trembles as it escapes from the lips, the office holder approaches the pay clerk and ask the customary wages of his toil doubtful whether with the tender of his salary, he may not receive the tender of some deep regrets at the unpleasant duty which is imposed upon the payer, of giving him a very polite dismissal from his office. Vulgar, abrupt and violent suicide, is no longer in fashion; but our discarded clerks seem to have purchased up all the flutes in the district, and are eargerly employed, night and day, in the laudable task of puffing themselves into consumption, by which they may accomplish the end without incurring the moral turpitude of suicide. They may be literally said to pour out their souls in the full tide of melody.

Among the dismissals which are spoken of as likely to take place at the end of this month, is that of Mr. Joseph Nourse who for many years has filled the situation of register of the treasury; Mr. Harrison, the first, Mr. Hagner, the third, and Mr. Pleasenton, the fifth auditor. Mr. Hamans, a very intelligent and efficient clerk in the navy department, has been removed; and some others are to be removed, according to rumour, on Monday morning; but I am not willing, on no better authority than mere report, to specify the names of persons.

The argument in the case of Dr. Watkins, on the subject of quashing the indictment, was concluded on Thursday. His counsel had unquestionably the better of the argument; but whether the indictment will be quashed or sustained, is a question more diffiult to be answered. It is expected that the court will deliver their opinion in writing on Monday; and if it shall be in favor sustaining the indictment, the trial will, it is believed, immediately commence.

Mr Van Buren has been in the country for a few days, rusticating from the cares of his official station, which do not appear to assume any more pleasing character as his duties advance. There is a great dissatisfaction with the course of Duff Green, and it is generally spoken of, and believed here, that a new administration paper is about to be started, to run him down. You remember well, that during Mr. Monroe's administration, Mr. Crawford was supported by a paper or two here very warmly, although all the other members of the administration, and also their general policy were either very lukewarmly supported, or were actively opposed.—Mr. Crawford was advocated at the expense of the administration. Such a condition of things may possibly occur again; and we may be called on to see an actual collision between members of the same cabinet, as there was at the time to which I allude. The establishment of a paper to sustain Mr. Van Buren is spoken of with much confidence; and the chief reason assigned, is the dislike of Duff Green, which is felt and observed by a large portion of the Jackson party.

The U. States have commenced suit against Mr. Fillebrown, who had sued Duff Green. No better reason can be assigned for this suit against Mr. Fillebrown, than that it is intended to sustain Duff Green."

[From the Kentuckian.]

MR. CLAY.—We had the pleasure of attending the dinner given to this distinguished statesman, at Capt Fowler's garden near Lexington, on Saturday last. The scene was exceedingly imposing The concourse was great, being variously estimated at from three thousand to forty-five hundred of his countrymen, convened to do him honor. The order, decorum, and general propriety of conduct were such, as we have never before seen in any large assemblage of men, with every temptation to excess presented to them. The sight of so much talent and respectability on such an occasion, awakened in our bosom glad feelings in the joyful assurance of a better and brighter day for our country—a day on which folly and imbecility, and corruption should sink in the rebuke of a deceived, but honest people—a day on which worth, and wisdom, and virtue, should resume their reign and scatter their blessings through our land.

Mr. Clay moved amidst the throng of his gratulating countrymen, cheerful and happy, whilst their eyes followed him, whom they still delighted to honor; and for whose happiness, their hearts still beat with warmth. It was to him a proud day—a day, worth a whole age of the vengeful misrule of ACCIDENTAL greatness. Returning, in age, persecuted, slandered, vilified by pensioned printers and political tricksters, to the land he adopted in his youth, as his home, he finds in the countenance of surrounding thousands, a manly, generous, and scornful refutation of his accusers. The speech which he delivered on the occasion, was such as must have met the approbation of all—It was lucid, just, conciliating—In fine, it was the speech of an accomplished statesman. We forbear to advert to its subjects, as we hope it will in due time, be presented to the consideration of the country—It will deserve the earnest and mature reflection of that country.

On Saturday last a man in Queen St. Philadelphia, committed suicide by cutting his throat. The exciting cause is said to have been his having made a bad swap with a horse.

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