

POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

JOY, joy in London now!

He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn!
His strong right arm unweav'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmet's head
The laurel leaf of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had stood before his sword;
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale,
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now!
Yes, they can gaze upon those manly limbs
Defenceless now, and bound!

And that eye did not shrink,
As he beheld the pomp of intamy,
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs,
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty reviv'd;
What tho' ingenious vengeance lengthen'd life,
To feel protracted life—

What though the hangman's hand
Grasp'd in his living breast the heaving heart,
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds,
Done for his country in the embattled field.
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death!

Go, Edward! triumphant now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd,

On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of Heav'n have fed.

Unrivalled, unoppos'd,
Go, Edward, 'all of glory to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul;
Go, Edward, to thy God!

LOVELY WOMAN.

The blast of war may loudly blow
The note of animation,
Yet Valour, what inspires thy glow,
Like Woman's approbation.

Woman, without thy dazzling charms,
The world were wrapt in shade;
Cold were the clarion's call to arms,
And laurel'd wreathes would fade.

Then lovely sex, with magic smile,
Still point our hopes, our cares beguile,
While glory, love and duty,

Shall warm,
Alam,
Inspire,
And fire,

To gain the meed of beauty.

MISCELLANY.

TO CIDER MAKERS.

Direction for gathering apples and making cider.

Gather the apples dry; house them in an airy apartment; spread them not more than two feet thick. If the weather prove warm, turn them once or twice: if they begin to rot, grind them in a cool day. But the longer the apples are kept in a sound state of health before grinding, the greater certainty of having good Cider. Put the liquor from the presses into vats containing at least three or four barrels, with a tap fixed near the bottom. Cover it close and let it remain till the first fermentation is over, which is known by a white froth coming up through the scum on the top. Then draw off the liquor into casks perfectly sweet, and stummed with matches of brimstone; and put two gills of brandy in each barrel. Stop the barrel so tightly that no air can get in. In March draw off the cider again into stummed casks, with brandy as before.

To refine and give it a deep amber colour, take the white of six eggs, with a handful of fine beach sand washed clean; stir them together. Take one quart of molasses, boiled down to a candy; cool it by pouring in cider, and put this together with the eggs and sand, into a barrel of cider. When cider is thus managed, it will keep good for years.

[N. E. Far.]

Sour Wine Sweetened by Charcoal.

Mr. Creve, of Wisbaden, has discovered a method of recovering wine that has turned sour. For this purpose he employs powdered charcoal. The inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine have bestowed on him a medal, as a reward.

To Restore the Lustre of Glasses which are tarnished by age or accident.

Strow on them powdered fuller's earth, carefully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them with a linen cloth.

CHEVALIER D'EON.

In the vast range of biographical history, from the earliest period down to the present time, there never perhaps, has been found a combination of events so remarkable—an assumption of character so various, and in many cases directly opposite, as in the life of this most extraordinary personage. After having sustained for the first fifty years, and in the most distinguished manner, the character of a scholar, a soldier and a statesman, we suddenly and unexpectedly find M. D'Eon assuming the dress, and apparently with great reluctance submitting to be taken for a woman; and it is not till upwards of thirty years afterwards, that, on his deathbed, are verified, beyond the possibility of doubt, his claims to the personal as well as mental distinctions of a man. As some account of the principal events which had marked the life of this mysterious being, may not be unacceptable to the public, the following brief sketch is submitted, and its authenticity may be relied upon:—

Charles Genevieve Louise Auguste Andker Timothe D'Eon de Beaumont, was born at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, on the 27th October, 1727, of an eminent family. He received his education at the College Mazarin, at Paris. After the death of his father, he was patronized by the Prince of Conti, and was presented by Louis XV. with a Cornetcy of Dragoons.

In the year 1755, he was employed under the Chevalier Douglas, in transacting a negotiation of a most delicate and important nature at the Court of St. Petersburg, which by their means was reconciled to France.

The Chevalier at the time of his first coming over to England, was Captain of Dragoons in the Grenadier Regiment, and Secretary to the Duke de Nivernois, in which character he behaved so much to the Duke's satisfaction, that that Nobleman, upon his departure for France, got M. D'Eon, appointed Minister Plenipotentiary in his room. In this situation he remained until superseded by the count de Guerchy.

From this period until the death of Louis XV. M. D'Eon continued to reside in England, destitute, it is true, of any official character, but honoured with the notice and friendship of the most distinguished persons in this country. And here we enter upon a circumstance of D'Eon's life now rendered as mysterious in its origin, as it is wonderful in its successful concealment for so many years. Some faint rumours had spread at various preceding periods, that M. D'Eon was a woman, and, in addition to certain feminine appearances in his voice and person, still stronger surmise was indulged, especially at Petersburg, on account of the total indifference, and even aversion as to all affairs of gallantry constantly exhibited by D'Eon towards the females of that voluptuous court, where amorous intrigue is well known to have mixed itself on most occasions with political events. Not that the manner, or deportment of D'Eon, were either haughty or forbidding towards women, but the extreme caution with which he always avoided any private or particular intercourse with them, gave strength to the doubts excited as to his sex. And other circumstances concurring (the detail of which our present limits forbid,) at this time to place the sexual claim of D'Eon, as a woman, on the most absolute footing of proof both in France and England, he assumed the female dress, and from the year 1777 down to his death was universally regarded as a woman. The first few years after this metamorphosis were passed by M. D'Eon in France, where, if the merits of the newly established Demoiselle are to be estimated by the reception she met at the Court of Louis XVI. and the expression of esteem made to her by almost every person in the kingdom—she was deserving of the highest praise.—About the year 1785, M. D'Eon returned to England, where he has resided ever since.

In the year 1777, we find such strong doubts entertained of his sex as to produce wagers to a large amount, & a curious trial before Lord Mansfield.

It is now evident that the fraud of the Gambling Policies was the result of a direct conspiracy to which the Chevalier himself must have been a party. On the above trial, it was sworn by M. de Morande and M. le Goux, on the testimony of ocular demonstration, that the Chevalier was a female. He affected to quarrel with M. de Morande for the discovery, but finally acquiesced in the falsehood, and put on the female habit. The Verdict on the case tried was afterwards set aside, upon the Act requiring an interest in cases of assurance for life. But many thousand pounds were paid by Gentlemen, who considered the debts as debts of honour.—It now becomes a question, whether in point of honour, the sums ought not to be refunded, as we presume there is no prescription in debts of honour.

Since the year 1778, little has been heard of the Chevalier. The French revolution, fatal to so many establishments, deprived him also of a pension granted by Louis XVth, and confirmed by his successor. For a few subsequent years, the sale of part of his effects,

and the profits of a public fencing exhibition in various parts of the United Kingdom, enabled M. D'Eon to subtilt with decency, but the increasing weight of age, and infirmities, gradually rendered him incapable of these exertions; and for many years he has been struggling with poverty and distress.

For these two years past M. D'Eon scarcely ever quitted his bed, though it was only within these few months that he has laid aside the pen. His health gradually grew weaker, at length an extreme state of debility ensued, which terminated in his death on Monday se'nnight, about 10 o'clock. It was not till after his decease that Madame Cole, the old and respected friend of the Chevalier, whose fortunes or rather misfortunes, she had shared for many years, on performing the last sad office to her friend of laying out the corpse, found it was that of a man. After the first surprize had subsided, the discovery was the next morning communicated to some of the Chevalier's intimate friends, who judge that it would be proper to ascertain all points relative to so singular an occurrence; and accordingly on Wednesday last, in the presence of the Pere Elize, who had attended the Chevalier in his last illness, Mr. Wilson, the professor of anatomy, Mr. Ring and Mr. Burton, two respectable surgeons, Sir Sidney Smith, the Hon. Mr. Littleton, the Hon. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Hoskins, a respectable solicitor, Mr. Richardson, bookseller, of Cornhill—the body was examined, and proved beyond a doubt, by the certificate of Mr. T. Copeland, the surgeon, to be a male. That all doubt of the identity of the person might be removed, some persons of the first respectability were called upon, who gave their positive testimony that the person then before them was the same who had always passed for the Chevalier, or the Chevalier D'Eon. D'Eon has left two or not three nephews of the name O'Gonnan, related also we believe, to the noble family of Thomond, in Ireland. None of those gentlemen are however in England at this time.

The body of this extraordinary character has undergone not only the anatomical inspection of the whole faculty, but also of many hundreds of the most distinguished Curiosity of the metropolis. Strange to say, the female visitants have exceeded those of the other sex as three to one. His Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and several other persons of distinction, were among the latter. It lies in a handsome oak coffin, covered with black cloth and a black velvet cross on the lid, at the house of Mrs. Cole in New-Millman-street, to whose benevolent kindness and attention, the Chevalier was indebted for the principal comforts of his latter days. A cast was taken from the face on Friday. It is proposed to inter the body in St. Pancras-Churchyard the day after tomorrow. The Chevalier had completed the 84th year of his age.

The declaration now made of the sex of this generally supposed female character, is likely to give rise to several actions for the recovery of sums unjustly paid by various underwriters on the faith given to a certificate, after an examination of surgeons 33 years ago; several of these duped paymasters being still alive to reclaim such sums, and many of the payees also remaining in existence to answer such demands of repayment. It may be remembered, that immediately after this pecuniary speculation was decided, the Chevalier assumed the female habit; which to keep up the imposture, was worn until the day of his death.

From the Connecticut Courant.

THIS WORLD.

As a house, however well built, gets an ill fame by being inhabited by a scandalous family, so also it has happened to the vast edifice, "not made with hands," which we call the world. This great building of divine workmanship, clearly shows forth the divine perfections. So excellent and magnificent was it, so worthy of the power and wisdom of Him who made it, "that the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy," when it first appeared to their admiring view. It was planted too with a noble vine, with two rational beings created in the image of God, made one flesh by wedlock, linked together in the bonds of pure love, closely allied in heart and affections to the Father of their spirits, and enjoying that sunshine in the breast which arises from the consciousness of perfect innocence.

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born, His sons, the fairest of her daughter Eve."

Such was the world in its primeval state. But no sooner had sin entered into the world, than its beauty was blighted, and its glory departed. In the words of the immortal poet Milton,

"Earth felt the wound; and nature from her seat, Sighing through all her works, give signs of woe, That all was lost."

The evil seed sowed by the serpent has produced in every age a plentiful harvest of crimes and miseries. Hence "the curse that devoureth the earth." Hence sickness, mortality, death, in all its varieties of pains and

terrors. Hence alienation among men, pride, ambition, treachery, deceit, jealousy, envyings, hatreds. Hence contentions, strifes, murders and wars.

"Man devotes his brother, and destroys." And to him who dips his feet in blood, whose goings forth are marked with the conflagrations of towns and villages, with general devastation; to him who is pre-eminent for murder, pre-eminent for multiplying the numbers of widows and orphans, for filling the earth with wailing and lamentation—to him is the palm of glory assigned? Viewing the world in this light, what benevolent heart but is constrained to adopt the language of Cowper—

"My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd."

But what shall we say when we revert to the picture, and steadfastly fix our eyes on its bright side? What shall we say when we reflect that this world is a grand theatre, in which we have pass'd, and are yet passing, most stupendous scenes of divine grace? What shall we say when we reflect that we all are gifted with means and opportunities for purifying our nature, and for attaining a sublime rank of moral dignity; that thousands of thousands, have been and now actually are training up in this world for inconceivable & endless happiness, that precious characters, without number, and from all ranks of life, are here forming, which the Recording Angel will exhibit to the intellectual universe, and transmit to everlasting remembrance? What shall we say when we reflect with assurance, that the world is governed by wisdom that cannot err, by power that cannot be resisted, and that in the final issue of things the mysteries of Providence will be unravelled, and light and order will spring up out of darkness and confusion?

These unquestionable all-important facts speak for themselves, and the course of conduct they should lead to, must be obvious to even the weakest mind.

MENTOR.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THE TOAD.

[From the Sporting Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

Reading lately, an account of a live toad being found in the centre of a hole of a large tree, induces me to transmit for your insertion the following relation of a circumstance nearly similar, and which happened under my own eye, I can vouch for its authenticity:—

Near the village of Tumley in Lincolnshire, and within two hundred yards of the seat of Sir George Tumley Norton, is a small field separated from an extensive moor by a high rampart, the remaining vestige of an ancient work, considered by antiquaries as an encampment of the Romans, when resident in this island. The surface of this space was covered from time immemorial with naked rocks of large dimensions, and from the various moss, and general wear of weather upon their surface, appear of extraordinary antiquity. In May last a considerable repair being necessary to the parish church, it was suggested whether these stones were not fit for the purpose of re-establishing the decayed parts of the walls, being at hand, and without the usual labour of excavation, and upon being examined by a builder of the neighbourhood, were found highly eligible for the end in contemplation. During the breaking them in pieces, and squaring them for the work, I frequently visited the spot to collect specimens of fossil petrifications and crystallizations, with which they abounded, and on again walking to the place on the 20th June following, saw the workmen dividing a block, of unusual size with iron wedges, which being effected, we saw to our astonishment a large cavity enclosing a live toad, very black, of horrid appearance, and offensive smell. Its form differed very considerably from those in the marshes in the vicinity, particularly in being proportionably shorter, and having its head much compressed, but upon the whole, twice the general size. I scarcely need add that it shortly died. It is now preserved in spirits, and forms part of the small but curious collection of Messrs. Hall and Raby, surgeons, of Tumley aforesaid; and those parts of the stone which surrounded it are placed upon the hall chimney piece of Sir G. T. Norton. I have been particular in mentioning the names of these gentlemen from their respectability, as being witnesses to the fact I have related, and also as I had their permission to do so, on having mentioned to them my intention of publishing a small work on this curious and singular subject.

I am, Sir, your's, &c. &c.

W. S. BISHOP,
Late of Horncastle.

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