

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 unweapon'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 fled 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 infamy,
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 tho' 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, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full 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,
White 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 hav-
ing good Cider. Put the liquor from the
press into vats containing at least three or 4
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 ci-
der 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 to-
gether. 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. Par.]

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
soured by age or accident.

Scrub on the powdered fuller's earth, care-
fully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them
with a linen cloth.

From a late London paper.

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 as-
sumption of character so various, and in ma-
ny 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 cha-
racter 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 wo-
man; 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 dis-
tinctions of a man. As some account of the
principal events which had marked the life of
this mysterious being, may not be unaccepta-
ble to the public, the following brief sketch is
submitted, and its authenticity may be relied
upon:—

Charles Genevieve Louise Auguste And-
ker, Timothe D'Eon de Beaumont, was born
at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, on the 27th Octo-
ber, 1727, of an eminent family. He re-
ceived 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 Cornet-
cy of Dragoons.

In the year 1755, he was employed un-
der 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 French service, and Secretary
to the Duke de Nivernois, in which cha-
racter he behaved so much to the Duke's satis-
faction, that that Nobleman, upon his depart-
ure 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 cir-
cumstance 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 wo-
man, and, in addition to certain feminine ap-
pearances in his voice and person, still stron-
ger surmise was indulged, especially at Peters-
burg, on account of the total indifference,
and even aversion as to all affairs of gallan-
try constantly exhibited by D'Eon towards the
females of that voluptuous court, where a mo-
ruous 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 harsh or forbidding to-
wards women, but the extreme caution with
which he always avoided any private or parti-
cular 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 wo-
man, on the most absolute footing of proof
both in France and England, he assumed the fe-
male dress, and from the year 1777 down to
his death was universally regarded as a wo-
man. The first few years after this metamor-
phosis were passed by M. D'Eon in France,
where, if the merits of the newly established
Demoselle are to be estimated by the reception
she met at the Court of Louis XVI. and
the expression of esteem made to her by al-
most every person in the kingdom—she was
deceiving 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 demonstra-
tion, 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 thou-
sand 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 subse-
quent years, the sale of part of his effects,

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

For these two years past M. D'Eon scarce-
ly ever quitted his bed, though it was only
within these few months that he has laid a-
side 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 Che-
valier, whose fortunes or rather misfortunes,
she had shared for many years, on perform-
ing 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 dis-
covery was the next morning communicated
to some of the Chevalier's intimate friends,
who judge that it would be proper to ascer-
tain all points relative to so singular an occur-
rence; and accordingly on Wednesday last, in
the presence of the Pere Elize, who had at-
tended 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. Haskins, a re-
spectable solicitor, Mr. Richardson, book-
seller, of Cornhill—the body was examined,
and proved beyond a doubt, by the certifi-
cate 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 if
not three nephews of the name O'Gorman,
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 in-
spection of the whole faculty, but also of
many hundreds of the most distinguished Cu-
riosity 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 lat-
ter. It lies in a handsome oak coffin, cover-
ed 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 in-
debted for the principal comforts of his latter
days. A cast was taken from the face on Fri-
day. 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; fe-
veral of these duped paymasters being still a-
live to reclaim such sums, and many of the
payees also remaining in existence to answer
such demands of repayment. It may be re-
membered, that immediately after this pecu-
niary 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 fa-
mily, so also it has happened to the vast edi-
fice, "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 wed-
lock, 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, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost."

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

terrors. Hence alienation among men, su-
perstition, pride, ambition, treachery, deceit, je-
alousies, envyings, hatreds. Hence contentions,
strifes, murders and wars.

"Man devotes his brother, and destroys—
And to him who dips his feet in blood, who
goings forth are marked with the confagra-
tions of towns and villages, with general de-
struction; to him who is pre-eminent for
killing, pre-eminent for multiplying the num-
bers 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
constrained to adopt the language of Cor-
ner—

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 reverse
the picture, and steadfastly fix our eyes on its
bright side? What shall we say when we re-
flect that this world is a grand theatre, on
which we have pass'd, and are yet passing, mo-
stupendous scenes of divine grace? What shall
we say when we reflect that we all are gift-
ed with means and opportunities for purifying
our nature, and for attaining a sublime rank
of moral dignity; that thousands of thousands
and ten thousand times ten 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
eternally 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 confu-
sion?

These unquestionable all-important facts
speak for themselves, and the course of con-
duct 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 inser-
tion 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 Lincoln-
shire, 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 an-
cient 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 va-
rious moss, and general wear of weather up-
on their surface, appear of extraordinary anti-
quity. In May last a considerable repair be-
ing 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 with-
out the usual labour of excavation, and upon
being examined by a builder of the neigh-
bourhood, 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 crystal-
lizations, 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 be-
ing effected, we saw 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 cu-
rious collection of Messrs. Hall and Raby, sur-
geons, of Tumley aforesaid; and those parts
of the stone which surrounded it are placed
upon the hall chimney piece of Sir G. T. Nor-
ton. I have been particular in mentioning
the names of these gentlemen from their re-
spectability, as being witnesses to the fact I
have related, and also as I had their permis-
sion to do so, on having mentioned to them
my intention of publishing a small work on
this curious and singular subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.
W. S. BISHOP,
Late of Horncastle.

London, Jan. 13, 1810.

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