

to me—and watch the statue." Fredriga still under the influence of an infatuation most cruel and unaccountable, did exactly as Reichter, who placed himself (standing) beside her, desired and fixing her eyes upon one of the most beautiful productions of the chisel, she sang in a low, sweet tone, according well with the hour and scene, the following stanzas:—

Wake! palest minion of the moon,  
Thy lady asks for thee:  
Night odours of delicious June  
From floweret breathe and tree!

Wake from thy dreamless slumber—wake!  
Thy charmed eyes unclose!  
'Tis only for the dead to take  
Such rapturous repose!

Thou livest! Beautiful but pale  
And drooping sleeper! rise,  
To life to consciousness; and hail  
The moonlit earth and skies!

Eodymion! thy lady love  
Doth kiss a breast and brow,  
More fair she deems, than ought ab ve  
More pure than aught below!

"Hah!" exclaimed Fredriga, breaking off her song, then dropping the guitar, she fell across she reeked not what, in a long, long fainting fit; for, with emotions of unutterable terror, she had at length beheld the statue smile mournfully, and partially raising its languidly recumbent form, made a visible effort to approach her. In this state and situation was she found by her servants, and only recovered her senses by the means they employed to restore her, to see that the moon at its full was rising high in the heavens, pouring a flood of pale cold brilliancy over all things; that Eodymion the enchanted statue still retained his place and accustomed position, like an effigy upon the tomb of furthest youth; and that she had fallen over the effigiate Reichter who was now as cold and lifeless as that sculpture; for the unfortunate victim of indiscreet, speech, presumptuous science, and unfeeling curiosity, had been dead some hours.

**MATHIES THE PROPHET.**—(From the *Albany (American) Journal*.—This notorious individual, whose proper name is Robert Mathies, was arrested in this city on Monday afternoon, upon the authority of an advertisement issued by Mr. Benj. H. Folger of the city of New York. The expressed charge against him was that he left New York having in his possession a large amount of Mr. Folger's property; but he has been guilty it is asserted of many other malpractices, some of them of the blackest character, and worthy of the most severe punishment. Mathies commenced his career of fanaticism some two or three years since in this city, when he proclaimed himself "the Prophet of the God of the Jews," and asserted divine power. He shortly afterwards went to New York, where he continued to proclaim his doctrines, but with little success at first. He soon, however, secured the favour among a few others of less consequence of three of the most wealthy and respected merchants of Pearl street Messrs. Pierson, Mills, and Forger. These gentlemen received his confidence, and believed him to be all he declared himself. Their treasures were thrown open to the impostor, and he lavished them upon himself most profusely. He purchased the most costly wardrobe. His robes of office were richly trimmed with gold and silver. He wore a sword of the finest workmanship, and his gold watch and establishment equalled that of the most costly. The bondage of these gentlemen was complete; and the fact that three intelligent citizens of New York were thus deluded, will form one of the darkest pages in the whole chapter of modern fanaticism; but the chain with which they were bound is broken. Death liberated Mr. Pierson; he died in West Chester county, at his country seat near Sing Sing and the event was clothed in mystery. A short time previous to his death—and while in health, as we understand—Mathies prevailed upon Mr. Pierson to assign to him his whole estate. He was shortly after taken sick, and although his friends who were with him insisted upon calling medical aid, they were deterred by Mathies, who told them that he "had power of life and death, and Mr. Pierson would not die." But he did die, and a subsequent examination of the body by three able physicians resulted in the conviction that he had been poisoned, and certificates to this effect were drawn up and signed by these physicians, and are now in New York. Who poisoned Mr. Pierson, is to be determined by a proper tribunal. Mr. Mills under the strange delusion, became a lunatic. His friends removed him to the country, and from the society of Mathies, and his reason soon returned. He is now convinced of his error, and has abandoned the delusion. The mysterious death of Mr. Pierson and the accompanying circumstances shook the confidence of Mr. Folger and his family, and they resolved to abandon Mathies and his principles. After his return to New York they announced their determination to the "Prophet," who then declared that if they did, "sickness, and perhaps, death, would follow." This threat was not sufficient to overthrow their resolution, and a day

was fixed upon when Mathies should leave the house. Upon the morning of that day, Mathies partook of but very little breakfast, and scarcely tasted the coffee, saving as an excuse that he was not well. Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Folger, his wife, and family, were taken violently sick. Mr. Folger did not suspect the cause of the sickness, until after the villain had left the city, when upon examination he learned that the black woman who had done the cooking for the family had also abstained from the use of any coffee upon that morning; and from other circumstances he became convinced that the woman was bribed by Mathies to poison the family. From some cause the effort was not successful. To none of the family did it prove fatal; although all of them have not recovered from its effects. This transaction induced Mr. Folger to procure his arrest, for which purpose he despatched the notice before mentioned. Mathies did not expect this suddenly to be "stopped in his career," and expressed a good deal of surprise when arrested. He had in his possession two large trunks, which he acknowledged contained articles that did belong to Mr. Folger, but which he said Mr. Folger gave him when he left New York. Among the articles were sundry rich dresses, about 500 dollars in gold, a gold watch worth about 150 dollars, a sword of great value, and a rod with which, he said he was going to measure "the bounds of his paradise, the gates thereof and the walls thereof." He was taken to New York.

#### THE MISTAKE; OR, SIXES AND SEVENS.

It is a point which has often been advanced and contested by the learned, that the world grows worse as it grows older; arguments have been advanced, and treatise written, in support of Horace's opinion.

The supporters of this idea rest their sentence upon various grounds; they mention the frequency of crim. con. cases, the increase of the poor-rate, the licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et noir*.

There is, however, one circumstance corroborative of their judgment, to which we think the public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called. We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all descriptions are growing ashamed of their own names. We remember that when we were dragged in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness, and disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed. Now the case is altered! We observed, in a former paper, that the tradesmen have removed their signs; and the tradesmen have removed their signs; and removed their names. The simple numerical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill-replaces that more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense, held up great names for our emulation, and made the streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned by this departure from ancient observances. How is the visitor from the country to discover the patron of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mistress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the unsatisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage, like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of the stars.

Our poor friend, Mr. Nichol Leaming, has treated us with a long and eloquent dissertation upon this system of degeneracy; and certainly, if the advice "experto crede" be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of their residences, some more convincing enunciation of their name and calling, than it is at present the fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to the town with letters of introduction to several friends of his family, whom it was his first duty to wish to discover. But his first adventure so dispirited him, that, after having spent two mornings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsomer than he expected to find it; and on the table were the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Edinburgh Review*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell?

The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir William Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir William Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger, with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company.—Had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquette,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment."

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl of sixteen or seventeen. Upon looking up, Nichol perceived the gentleman he had been addressing rather embarrassed; and "hoped that he had not said anything which would give offence."—"Not in the least," replied the stranger, "I am more amused by an account of the foibles of Sir William Morley than any one else can be; and of this I will immediately convince you. Sir William Knowell resides at No. Six,—you have stepped by mistake into No. Seven."

Before you leave it, allow me to introduce you to lady Morley—who is rather weak in the head, and to say the truth, under confinement;—to Miss Ellen Morley, a professed coquette, who went off to Gretna last week with a half-pay Officer;—finally, (with a low bow) "to Sir William Morley himself, a gambler by habit, and a drunkard by inclination—who is at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment!"

**LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S RECENT TOAST.**—At the late dinner of the Literary Society, given at Freemason's Hall, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte) after returning thanks to the company present for the honour conferred on him in drinking his health proposed the following toast, remarkable as emanating from the brother of Napoleon, but the constant and zealous advocate of republican principles, for the homage it renders to the excellence of British institutions. It was given in French and translated runs thus:—

"To the political principles, sacred treasure of the British constitution; to the inviolability of the private dwelling, to the independence of the jury, to the freedom of the press, and to the imprescriptible right of association! May these precious liberties, gentlemen, continue to constitute your happiness! but may they also cease to be foreign to France, who for forty years has been fighting to obtain them! May the intellectual progress of political reform which agitates Europe, be directed every where, as it is with you by religious sentiments, and an inviolable respect for property! and may all nations become as free as the hospitable people of Old England!"

**FRENCH IDEA OF FEMALE DECEPTION.**—There are very few women who have not been, once in their lives, exposed to an interrogatory, precise, short, and cutting; one of those questions made without commiseration by their husbands, the dread alone of which causes a cold shivering fit, and the first word of which, strikes the heart like the point of a poinard. From thence the axiom *Every woman lies*:—an officious lie, a venal lie, a sublime lie, a horrible lie; but obliged to lie. This obligation then once admitted, is not essential to lie skillfully? The women therefore in France are admirable liars; our manners teach them deceit so well! In short woman is such an ingeniously impatient, so pretty, so graceful, so true in lying, she avows so well its utility to avoid in social life the shocks which domestic happiness would not assist, that it is as necessary as the cotton in which they place their pearls. Lying therefore, becomes the foundation of their language, and truth is nothing more than an exception; they tell it as they are virtuous, from caprice or speculation; according to their dispositions or tempers, some women laugh in lying others weep or become serious; some are angry. After having begun in life by feigning insensibility for the homage which delighted them the most, they often end by lying to themselves. Who has not admired their appearance of superiority, when they trembled for the mysterious treasurers of their loves? Who has not studied their ease their facility, their freedom of understanding, under the great embarrassments of life? Then with them nothing is "horrowed; deceit flies as snow falls from the skies." With what art too, do they discover truth in others,—with what cunning, do they employ the right logic regarding the point in discussion, which always acquires for

them some secret of the heart from a man, open enough to proceed with them in interrogation. To question a woman is it not to give ourselves up to her? Will she not always learn what we wish to hide from her? and in conversing with us, will she not conceal whatever she chooses to keep secret? And yet some men pretend to cope with the women of Paris; with women who can put themselves above the stabs of a poinard, by saying, you are very inquisitive; what does it matter to you? Why do you wish to know it? Ah! you are jealous! and if I did not choose to answer you? In short with a woman who possesses a hundred thousand different ways of saying No, and innumerable variations for saying Yes.—*Balsac's Scenes of Parisian Life.*

**MEN MAIMED AND DISFIGURED.**—Hercules is not the only male spinner, for we saw many of the men of Egypt spinning wool with a distaff; and most of them maimed and disfigured. Some without the right eye, others with no teeth on the right side, and others again without the fore finger of the right hand. These mutilations were most common among the younger men, and we were for some time puzzled to find out the cause. At last we ascertained that it was to prevent their serving in the Pasha's army. The eyeless men could not take aim, the toothless bite a cartridge, or the fingerless draw a trigger. But Mahomet Ali is a shrewd philosopher at hitting upon revenge, and as he has discovered the men so mutilated can wear a fetter and pull an oar, he now makes a point of sending many of them to the galleys.

**TROPICAL VEGETATION.**—It is in the torrid latitude that Nature displays all her magnificence. There the species of tribes, which in other climates are herbaceous, become shrubs and the shrubs trees. Ferns rise into trunks equal to those of pines in the Northern regions of Europe; balsams, gums, and resins, exude from the bark; aromatic fruits and flowers abound; and the savage, as he roams the woods, satisfies his hunger with the spontaneous offerings of the soil. Here also are all the climates of the globe, and almost all the productions united; for, while the plains are covered with the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics, the lofty mountains display the forms that occur in the colder regions, and the places intermediate in elevation all the graduated transition from these to the warmest parallels.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

**FRENCH WOMEN.**—In truth, although women complain how ill they are loved by men, they do not admire those whose soul is half feminine. All their superiority consists in making men believe that they are inferior to them in love; thus they willingly quit a lover when he is sufficiently experienced to rob them of the fears with which they would invest themselves; those delicious torments of jealousy, those troubles of hope deceived, those vain trials, in fine, all the parade of their females miseries; they abhor all Sir Charles Grandersons. What can be more contrary to their nature than a tranquil and perfect love? They wish for emotions, and happiness without storms is no longer happiness for them. The feminine minds powerful enough to feel eternal love constitute angelic exceptions, and are among women what splendid geniuses are among men.—Great passions are rare as master-pieces.—Without this love, there are only arrangements, passing visitations as contemptible as all little feelings.—*Balsac's Scenes of Parisian Life.*

**HOW TEA IS MADE IN CASHMERE.**—Tea comes to Cashmere in caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet. I know not why the caravan tea has any reputation with us; this is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste.—All this produces a turbid, reddish liquor of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable to others; I am of the latter opinion. In Kanawer it is made in another way; after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goat's flesh. This makes a detestable ragout; they call it tea.—*Jacquemont's Travels in India.*

**THE FEMALES OF CASHMERE.**—Know that I have never seen any were such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks, those one sees in the streets and fields, since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty are sold at eight years of age, and are carried off into the Punjab and India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred franks, most commonly fifty or sixty.—*Ibid.*

We hear of a great number of bankruptcies at St Petersburg, Hamburg, and Berlin. Two houses in the latter city have failed for a million of dollars.