

[Abridged from the Nottingham Review.]

It is with feelings of the most painful nature, and of the deepest regret, that we again recur to the appalling death of this female. We know how extremely averse the highly respectable family of the Cutts are to anything being stated, which may have the least appearance of harshness, or any attempt to vindicate their honour by traducing the character of the deceased; but we have a duty to perform to the public, as well as to the family, and in a case possessing such peculiar features, we cannot, with the knowledge in our possession, independent of any information from Messrs. Cutts, quite accede to their wishes. It is not our intention to pander to that morbid taste which, unhappily, is too prevalent, and which is never satiated until it is put in possession of every circumstance connected with a tale of mystery; it is sufficient for us to say the transactions connected with the brief, but eventful life of this most depraved woman, far exceed those of any fiction. Young and handsome, of captivating manners, apparently artless and ingenuous, her heart appears to have been "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The cool and systematic manner in which she, for months, kept administering poison to an affectionate husband;—the pleasure with which she witnessed his daily and nightly sufferings; the gradual wasting of his athletic frame, and the total deprivation of the use of his limbs,—appear too monstrous for belief. Yet these are, unhappily, facts which do not admit of doubt. Nor do her diabolical proceedings appear to have been confined to her unsuspecting husband, for it appeared, upon the inquest, that poison was administered to the female servants and the farming labourers.

We make this preliminary statement, that such of our readers as may not be in possession of the facts of this extraordinary and melancholy case, as they appeared upon the inquest, held in October last, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the death of the mother of Mr. H. Cutts (which took place a year prior to the inquest,) may have some idea of the moral turpitude of the deceased. During the holding of the inquest, information was brought that Mrs. Cutts (who had been under surveillance at her husband's residence) had escaped; and from that period up to the 4th of July last, Mr. Cutts only heard of her at intervals; however, having become entitled, under the will of her father, to some copy-hold property at Bolsover, it became necessary that she and Mr. Cutts should be admitted to it, and the latter being desirous that she should have a competent provision made for her, authorised Mr. Payne, solicitor, of this town, to make the necessary arrangements, and for such purpose that gentleman went to Chesterfield, and met Mrs. H. Cutts, and her attorney, Mr. Drabble, of Chesterfield, and on behalf of Mr. H. Cutts, he offered to settle the whole of her property upon her, or to allow her £50 a year, if her trustees would indemnify him against any debts, &c., which she might contract; this she refused to do, and the lady insisted upon having £300 down. After repeated fruitless interviews with Mr. and Mrs. H. Cutts (who were in separate apartments,) their solicitors recommended they should meet, and endeavour to come to terms; they did meet in the presence of their solicitors and her trustees, and at length it was agreed that Mr. Cutts should advance her £100, which he did, and gave her the watch he had bought on their marriage, and wearing apparel, a great portion of which was very costly, and had been purchased by her out of money which she had clandestinely obtained from him. It is only an act of justice to Mr. H. Cutts to state, that Mrs. Cutts' uncle and trustee, Mr. Bagshaw, of Stoke pasture, near Grantham, expressed himself highly satisfied with his conduct, which he characterised as "handsome and liberal." This settlement took place on Saturday, and Mrs. Cutts remained at Chesterfield till the following Wednesday, when she took her departure for Worksop, by the side of a favourite swell coachman, who is well known there and at Retford. Her conduct on Saturday, at Mr. Evinson's, the Angel Inn, Chesterfield, was very extraordinary and alarming. She was in a high state of excitement from some unexplained cause, and medical assistance and the stomach pump were deemed needful. She was known to have been in the habit of taking exciting drugs, and during the paroxysm at Mr. Evinson's, she gave £80 to one of his daughters, and her gold watch to his son, but of course they were returned to her.

From this time up to the period of her death, her husband was in total ignorance whither she had gone, until, on Saturday week, he received intelligence of her appalling death. Accompanied by one of his brothers, he immediately proceeded to Miss Sankey's, Post-office, New Ferry, near Liverpool. It appears that she had, during her residence at New Ferry, represented herself to be "the Hon. Mrs. Cutts," and at other times as "the Hon. Miss M. A. Cowper, of Watnall-hall, Nottinghamshire." That she had lodged at two different places, prior to residing at Miss Sankey's, and we have been informed by a respectable gentleman, she was in the habit of getting so intoxicated and excited, that the persons with whom she lodged previous to going to Miss Sankey's, were obliged to watch her lest she should set the apartments on fire. There is no doubt that this fatal propensity caused her death. When she lived with her husband she was guilty of this practice, and was always anxious to have a candle burning in her room in the night. It appears very probable, that on the fatal night she had not undressed herself, for when her corpse was discovered, there was on one of her legs the remains, or rather embers, of a stocking and a garter clearly perceptible.

We understand Miss Sankey delivered to Mr. H. Cutts a mass of letters from gentlemen of all

grades and stations, with whom Mrs. H. Cutts had been corresponding; some of them are of an extraordinary nature, highly inflated with affectionate assurances. It appears she had to some represented herself as the victim of a treacherous guardian; to others that her husband had obtained possession of her property, and that she was in a destitute state; and by these and other artful schemes obtained, from time to time, various sums of money, one man of high rank remitting her £5 at a time. In some letters, she is addressed as "My Dear Mary Ann," and all the letters breathe the fervency of youthful affection and love. From delicacy names are suppressed, but the strain adopted by many of the writers is sufficiently indicative of the nature of the connection, and one person must, unless he is dead to all feeling, bitterly reflect upon the course he has pursued towards this unhappy woman. His signature, "S. A. M." and name are known.

The influence which Mrs. Cutts appears to have obtained over the minds, passions, and affections of her correspondents, evince strong and decisive proofs of proficiency in artful duplicity. Some of her letters are couched in artless, ingenuous, and confiding language, and by their apparent candour and simplicity, could not fail to impose upon all but those deeply versed in intrigue, and who are always doubtful of the purity of a woman's mind. We have felt that we were placed in a delicate situation.

Mrs. H. Cutts' maiden name was Mary Steele, and not Mary Ann, the latter name being one she had adopted: she was born at Palterton, near Bolsover, in the county of Derby, in January 1819; her father was a farmer, and resided at the former village, and was highly respected. He gave his ill-fated daughter a liberal education; she was for some time at a seminary at Mansfield, kept by a very respectable and talented lady, and we believe finished her education in this town, at a very popular seminary. She was married to Mr. Henry Cutts in January, 1838, and died on the 14th ult. What a fearful lesson does the brief period of her existence afford; she was a confirmed novel reader, partial to the romantic and mysterious, and, perhaps, to this vitiated and dangerous taste may be ascribed all her errors. That her mind became diseased, we think, admits of no doubt, hence her love of adventure, her assuming the names of persons of high rank, her strong dislike to domestic ties, and her fondness for intrigue. But she is gone,—may her errors be as a beacon to guide the thoughtless from the rocks and quicksands upon which she was unhappily wrecked.

THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.—Within two miles of Cirencester is the source of the Thames—a clear fountain in a little rocky dell, known by the name of the Thames Head.—This is the little infantine stream, so great a giant when it arrives at its full growth. * * * The little dell, whence issues the gentle stream, is in hot seasons perfectly dry: but the drought that stops the supply at the fountain-head, has but slight effect on the course of the stream. It has so many different feeders from various parts of the country, that at Leechlade and Cricklade it runs on its usual course uninfluenced by the scarcity at the head. There is an amusing story told of a simple cockney, who, on his way from Bristol to London, turned aside to visit the source of the river he was so proud of. It was warm summer; there had been no rain for three weeks, and the spring was dried up: "Good God!" said he, with an expression of the utmost alarm and sorrow, "what ruin this must cause at London! Whatever will the poor people do for water?"—and his busy fancy conjured up a direful picture of a thousand ills consequent upon the stoppage of the stream; no more ships arriving at London, laden with the wealth of the world, the bankruptcy of rich merchants, the shutting up of 'Change, the failure of the Bank of England, the anguish of ruined families, and the death of thousands in the anguish of thirst. The Germans tell a similar story of a traveller who visited the springs of the Danube; and which, as we are upon the subject, may serve as a pendant to the story of our cockney. The traveller in this case, was a Swabian; and whenever the Germans wish to palm off a joke, a Swabian is sure to be the butt. On noticing in what a small stream the water trickled at the source of that great river Danube, he formed the bold resolution of stopping it up. He put his hand across it; and as he fancied, the various cities upon its course deprived of their supply of water by this deed, he exclaimed in the pride of his heart, "What will they say at Vienna?"—Mackay's *Thames and its Tributaries*.

A SHARP TRICK.—The art of swindling seems to be in a more advanced state in France than even in this country; of which the following example is now going the round of the journals:—

"An elegantly-dressed lady presented herself, a few days since, at an extensive shop in the Rue des Fosses Montmartre, at Paris, and asked to see one of their handsomest shawls. After making choice of one of the most elegant articles in the magasin, she requested the clerk who waited on her to carry the shawl to the house of her husband, M. Desirabode, the eminent dentist in the Palais Royal. The lady then withdrew, with a most gracious salutation. The young man shortly afterwards proceeded to the dentist's house, and was shown into an antechamber, when he was told that Mr. Desirabode was engaged. Presently the fine lady made her appearance: 'Ah, are you there, Sir,' she said. 'Mon Dieu! I was just going out, despairing of your arrival. Give me the shawl, that I may show it to my husband; he will come and pay you for it presently.' The lady took the shawl, re-entered the adjoining apartment, of which she left the door open, and the clerk heard her make use of these words:—'Here is the young man about whom I spoke to you: may I beg you will not keep him long, for he wants to return to his shop?'

The lady then made her appearance at the door, pointed out the clerk to M. Desirabode with her finger, and took her departure with a familiar nod of the head to the dentist. 'I am at your service, Sir,' said Desirabode: and, arranging his instruments, he put some casual questions to the young man. Presently the conversation turned upon dental surgery; and, in answer to a question from Desirabode, the young man confessed that he sometimes suffered from a tooth on the left side. The dentist approached, and on more rapidly than thought, removed at once both tooth and twinge. The clerk was thunderstruck; and the dentist said, with a smile, 'Your sister informed me where the troublesome tooth lay.' It will readily be believed that these words increased, instead of diminishing, the clerk's astonishment. A long and provoking explanation ensued; from which it transpired, that the seductive stranger waited upon M. Desirabode, and entreated him to remove by surprise an unsound tooth from her brother's left jaw, she having brought him to the dentist's house under the pretext of showing a shawl to his wife. The poor clerk returned to his shop in a state of the utmost confusion, minus both shawl and money, and also with a tooth less in his head. The authorities have instituted a search after the ingenious culprit, but hitherto without success.

TRIUMVIRATE OF BOOKSELLERS.—Three individuals at this moment have almost monopolised the bookselling trade in Germany. The most powerful of these is Baron Cotta, the proprietor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The Baron is likewise proprietor of six literary periodicals of high standing, and is said to have from 300 to 400 editors in his pay. He is proprietor of the copyright of all the works of Goethe, Schiller, Herden, and Uhland. The second of these literary grandees is Reimer of Berlin, who owns the copyright of all the works of Jean Paul, Tieck, Cleis, Johannes von Muller, Novalis, and Schlegel. The third is Brockhause of Leipsic, proprietor of the "Conversations Lexicon," which alone employs the time and talents of 100 literary men. Brockhause is likewise the publisher of a most colossal encyclopædia, which, when finished, will consist of at least 200 volumes; and a few months since he commenced a new daily paper, and is about to publish at this moment, a periodical work upon a most extensive and peculiar scale.

The Rev. T. Fell, of Sheeply, we learn from the *Leicester Chronicle*, was recently "presented" by the church-wardens to the bishop, charged with reading newspapers in the pulpit during divine service! The bishop admonished the parson in the vestry, and obtained from him a promise that he would desist from such an appetite for news.

THE REV. W. JAY ON INTEMPERANCE.—What has this accursed evil (intemperance) done? Why, it has produced—all acknowledge this, no individual can deny it—it has produced a thousand times more sin and misery than a thousand other causes in the aggregate, while it baffles all efforts to do good of every kind. Yet what has been done to stop, or even to check it, till, at length, a simple expedient has been devised, and successfully employed, in countless instances, in America, and in our own land, and especially in Ireland. I never reclaimed a drunkard in my life: perhaps no minister in the Church or among the Dissenters ever reclaimed one, unless by the efficacy of that gospel which delivers men from the power and love of every sin. But now we have thousands reclaimed from their infamous and wretched course, to habits of labour, and decency, and comfort; without religion, *immediately*. Ah! this furnishes some of you with an objection. But consider what advantages arise from such a reformation, with regard to wives, and children, and neighbours, and families, and the country. And then observe, as to the individuals themselves, they are now in the way of becoming religious. They were like madmen before; but to use an expression of my friend, Dr. Morgan, who has so nobly laboured in this cause, these now, by this lunatic hospital, (for it professes to be nothing more,) are restored to reason: and now that they are restored to reason you can reason with them: they are accessible to motives; and means may be advantageously employed. People may smile; but let them take heed how they oppose, if their sins and appetites will not allow of their aiding in such a cause. I speak after much reflection, as in the presence of God, I am fully persuaded that these institutions will be found one of the grand regenerators of society, and will verify the language of Scripture, with regard to Ireland,— "A nation shall be born in a day."—(From a *Thanksgiving Sermon, preached on Sunday Morning, June 21, 1840.*)

EARLY RISING.—Next to temperance, a quiet conscience, a cheerful mind, and active habits, I place early rising as a means of health and happiness. I have hardly words for the estimate I form of that sluggish, male or female, that has formed the habit of wasting the early prime of day in bed. Putting out of the question the positive loss of life, and that too of the most inspiring and beautiful part of each day, when all the voices of nature invite man from his bed; leaving out of the calculation, that longevity has been almost invariably attended by early rising; to me late hours in bed present an index to character, and an omen of the ultimate hopes of the person who indulges in this habit. There is no mark so clear of a tendency to self-indulgence. It denotes an inert and feeble mind, infirm of purpose, and incapable of that elastic vigour of will which enables the possessor to accomplish what his reason ordains. The subject of this unfortunate habit cannot but have felt self-reproach, and a purpose to spring from his repose with the freshness of dawn. If the mere indolent luxury of another hour of languid indulgence is allowed to overrule this better purpose, it argues a general weakness of character, which promises

no high attainment or distinction. These are never awarded by fortune to any trait but vigour, promptness, and decision.—Viewing the habit of late rising, in many of its aspects, it would seem as if no being that had any claim to rationality could be found in the allowed habit of sacrificing a tenth, and that the freshest portion of life, at the expence of health, and the curtailing of the remainder, for any pleasure that this indulgence could confer.—*Flint*.

The chief cause of most of the diseases to which the human body is subject, is a superabundant acid in the stomach; and that superabundance of acid is occasioned by overloading the stomach with food or drink. For the stomach can only digest a certain portion of food in a given time, namely, that which is in contact with its sides; all the rest must wait its turn; consequently, if the stomach be overloaded, the superabundant food will ferment and generate an acid; when it comes, in its turn, to be spread over the sides of the stomach, for the purpose of being converted into chyle, it frets and irritates the stomach by its acid and corrosive qualities, and very often produces inflammation, more or less violent, which is indicated either by heart-burn eructation, stomach-ache, or other distressing sensations. Nor is this the whole of the injury. If the effects of the acid be not arrested, all the organs which sympathise with the stomach partake of the distress, in proportion to their previous constitutional strength or debility. Numerous instances occur in medical annals of death having been occasioned by inordinate eating. Sir Everard Home mentions an instance of a child losing its life from eating too large a quantity of apple-pudding.—*Hand Book of Health*.

THE COWARDICE OF SUICIDE.—If ever there is an act of cowardice, it is that exhibited by the person who, to escape from the disappointments and vexations of the world, wantonly puts an end to his existence. The man of courage will defy the opinions and scorns of the world, when he knows himself to be in the right—will be above sinking under the petty misfortunes that assail him—will court difficulties and dangers in order to show that he is able to surmount them. "I will wait," said Darius, after every ray of hope had abandoned him, "the issue of my fate. You wonder, perhaps, that I do not terminate my own life; but I choose rather to die by another's crime than by my own." Cleomenes, King of Sparta, when his fortunes appeared most desperate, upon being urged by a friend to commit suicide, replied with magnanimity, "By seeking this easy and ready kind of death, you think to appear brave and courageous; but better men than you or I have been oppressed by fortune, and borne down by multitudes. He that sinks under toil, or yields to affliction, or is overcome by the opinions or reproaches of men, gives way, in fact, to his own effeminacy or cowardice."

SAD REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—In the small town of Maxwelltown, on the banks of the Nith, Kirkcudbrightshire, may be seen a poor feeble old woman, destitute and distressed, who picks up a scanty subsistence by washing clothes. This was one of Burns's loveliest heroines, the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman in Nithsdale. Of her the poet sung—

"O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades, and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart."

Poor Polly Stewart forgot her "worth and truth," and has sunk from the highest circles of fashion to her present abject state. Such reverses feelingly remind us of the sad vicissitudes of life. The fine gold has become dim, and the colours of poesy, romance, and beauty have faded into darkness and desolation!—*Inverness Courier*.

EXTRAORDINARY OATS.—We recently observed an account in a newspaper of a stalk of oats six feet in height, but we have to report a greater prodigy, namely, a stalk of oats eight feet four inches in height. This wonder may be seen at our office by those who are curious in such matters.—*Carlisle Patriot*.

Poetry.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

PARAPHRASED FROM GOETHE.

(From the Britannia.)

Roll on, thou Sun! for ever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the Heaven;
Creation's wonder, nature's soul!
Thy golden wheels by angels driven;
The planets die without thy blaze;
And cherubim with star-dropt wing
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,
Thou brightest emblem of thy King!
Roll, lovely Earth! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound;
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels with delighted eyes
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise;
Swift-whirling like a glorious dream.
Roll, Planets! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed;
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendours of the skies!
High altars from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!
Ye that through boundless nature roam;
Ye monarchs on your flame-winged cars!
Tell us in what more glorious dome,
What orb to which your pomps are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod—
Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne—where dwells your God!

HAVALLI.