

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, S E P T E M B E R 13, 1804.

Miscellany.

FOR THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

AMBITION.

AS soon as sin began to scour the world,
 Ambition into birth was sudden hurl'd;
 The tide of blood that issues from its source,
 Is not inferior to the river's course;
 Whole oceans have been influenc'd by its dye,
 And desert plains it seeks to rubify;
 The greatest scourges which mankind have borne,
 Have emanated from Ambition's throne.
 War, famine, pestilence, in fame the first,
 Have from the bosom of this demon burst.
 The sanguinary wars wag'd upon earth,
 To penitential rage have given birth;
 By pestilence, known by its gloomy head,
 Millions rush'd out, and multiply'd the dead.
 What can give rise to gallant feats of arms,
 But this fell Tisiphone's pestiferous charms?
 The direful carnage caus'd by civil war
 Reclaims this monster in his glittering car.
 What, but Ambition, rules weak, coward kings,
 Whom wisdom hoots at, as inferior things?
 Who lay they're monarchs by *divino jure*,
 Not in nature, diff'ring from a lury.
 He seeks, by war, to eternize his name,
 Another sets imperial Rome on flame—
 And in deeds of cruelty well skill'd,
 In dreaming treason, had a subject kill'd—
 In infinite, to t'other world,
 He been by this gorgonic monster hurl'd.
 Wretches on the rack are heard to groan,
 And their pray'rs to the eternal throne,
 To ease their pain, and punish the unjust,
 In barb'ring such vast ambitious lust.
 That carry'd Phillip's son to India's shores,
 Here sacred Ganges unremitted roars?
 That carry'd Cæsar to the Gallic plain,
 Here numbers, hapless, were untimely slain?
 That makes the beauteous damsel to display
 Her charms all blooming as meridian day?
 All bewitching attitudes she takes
 To flatter fools, and please foplastic rakes.
 A lovely dimple and vermilion cheek,
 Teeth all ivory, when she deigns to speak,
 Shining moons, white as the Alpine snow,
 Her tender eye, black as the mountain crow,
 All and each of them, a golden grace,
 Each attracts attention on her pace.
 Her vanity increases with her beaux,
 And if much flatter'd, into pride it grows;
 Her vanity all blushing must yield,
 And pride majestic parade the field.
 A maid, furrow'd like a hick'ry tree,
 From ambition, not completely free,
 Make her visage like Aurora, red,
 Her rouge is practis'd, soon as out of bed.
 With a gig she supples all her joints,
 And next the beaux she charges at all points.
 Her tongue much like the garula anser,
 Her hands and feet like the racing prancer.
 With her tongue, feet, hands and body all,
 She seeks to conquer both the great and small.

MARY ALLSPICE.

September 8, 1804.

A GOOD JOKE.

A good king Charles's jovial days, when the most
 arrogant wit, had, like the loyalty of the time,
 burn in it, it is recorded, that when a gentleman
 ask a lady's health as a toast, by doing her still
 honour, he frequently threw some part of his
 into the flames. In this proof of veneration
 the ladies, his companions were obliged to follow
 by consuming the same article; whatever it
 be. One of the friends of Sir Charles Sedley,
 at dinner at a tavern, perceiving he had a very
 lace cravat on, when he named the lady to whom
 was due, made a sacrifice of his cravat, and
 Charles, and the rest of the company, were all
 led to follow the example. Sir Charles bore his
 with great composure, observing that it was a
 joke, but that he would have as good a frolic
 other time. On a subsequent day the same par-
 being assembled, when Sedley had drank a bump-
 to the health of some beauty of the day, he called
 waiter, and ordering a tooth drawer into the room,
 on he had previously stationed for the purpose,
 he him draw a decayed tooth, which had long
 quod him. The rules of good fellowship clearly
 required that every one of the company should lose
 both also; but they hoped he would not be so un-
 ciful as rigidly to enforce the law.—All their re-
 strances however were vain; and each of his com-
 pions successively, *multa gemens*, was obliged to
 himself into the hands of the operator.

ANECDOTE

OF PROFESSOR JUNKER, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE.

MANY who were personally acquainted with this celebrated character have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote:

Being professor of anatomy, he once procured, for dissection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet which opened into his own apartment. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest.

It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that, by some mistake, the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle. He approached, and found that one of them was gone. The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the bodies could have been stolen. He, trembling, looked round the closet, and observed the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him; he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him. The professor then retired, step by step, with his eyes still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand, until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion, the lateness of the hour, the dead silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bedchamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither, however, he was pursued, and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs and loudly sobbing. Repeated cries of "leave me! leave me!" released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed "Ah good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me."

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the reanimated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion, in order to call up some of the family. "You wish then to destroy me," exclaimed the criminal. "If you call any one my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity I implore you to save my life." The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old-night gown, and, having made him take off a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet.

"It would have been a truly singular exhibition," observed Junker, "to have seen me, at that late hour, engaged in a tete a tete with a dead man, decked out in a night gown." The poor wretch informed him that he had enlisted as a soldier, but that, having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had unfortunately intrusted his secret to a kind of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman had discovered his retreat to the officers of police, &c. &c. Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house and keep the affair a secret, and to turn him out of doors was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point he dressed the man in some of his old cloaths, covered him with a cloak, and at an early hour, set out for the country with his *protège* behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person who was dying in the suburbs. He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange by a man well dressed and of the best appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not professor Junker of Halle; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shewn into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful wife and two fine

healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment at meeting so cordial a reception from a family with whom he thought he was entirely unacquainted. After dinner, the merchant taking him into his counting-room, said, "You do not recollect me?" "Not at all." "But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerable expert at accounts; my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments. Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal."

Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CIDER.

COOPER'S-POINT, February 18th.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

CIDER is an article of domestic manufacture, which in my opinion, is the worst managed of any in our country, considering its usefulness; and perhaps the best method to correct errors is to point out some of the principal ones, and then recommend better methods.

One of the first errors with respect to cider is, to gather apples when wet; the next, to throw them together, exposed to sun and rain, until a sourness prevades the whole mass, then grind, and for want of a trough or other vessels sufficient to hold a cheese at a time, put the pummice on the pless as fast as ground; then make so large a cheese as to take so long time to complete and press off, that fermentation will come on the cheese before the cider is all out; and certain it is, that a small quantity of the juice pressed out, after fermentation comes on, will spoil the product of a whole cheese, if therewith. When either of the above circumstances will spoil the cider, which I know to be the case, do not wonder at the effect of a combination of the whole, which is frequently the case.

As I have very often exported the cider, and sold it to others for that purpose, to the West-Indies and Europe, without ever hearing of any spoiling, and as it is my wish to make the productions of our country as useful as possible, I will give an account of my method.

I gather the apples for good cider when dry, put them on a floor under cover, have a trough sufficient to hold a cheese at once, and when the weather is warm I grind them late in the evening, spreading the pummice over the trough, to give it air, as that will greatly enrich the cider and give it a fine amber colour, and early in the morning press it off. The longer a cheese lays after being ground, before the pressing, the better provided it escapes fermentation, until the pressing is completed. The reason is evident from the following circumstance;—take a tart apple, bruise one side, and let it lay till brown, then taste the juice of each part, and you will find the juice of the bruised part sweet and rich, though of a tart apple—So if sweet and tart apples are ground together, and put immediately on the press, the liquor therefrom will taste both sweet and tart; but if let lay till brown the cider will be greatly improved.

I always take great care to put cider in clean sweet casks, and the only way to effect this is to rinse or scald them well as soon as the cider is out, and not to let them stand with a remnant or lees in, which is certain to make them sour, must, or sink.—When my casks are filled while the weather is warm, I place them in the shade, exposed to the northern air; when fermentation takes place, fill them up once or more a day, to cause as much of the filth as possible to discharge from the bung; when it discharges a clear white froth I put in the bung slack, or bore a hole and put a spike in, and thereby check the fermentation gradually; and when the fermentation has subsided, take the first opportunity of clear cool weather, to rack it off into clean casks, to effect which when I draw the cider out of a cask in which it has fermented, I first rinse the cask with cold water, then put into a hoghead two or three quarts of fine gravel, and three or four gallons of water, work it well to scour off the yeast or scum and sediment, which always adheres to the casks in which cider ferments, and if not scoured off as above directed, will act as yeast when the cider is put in again, bring on a ferment, and spoil or greatly injure the liquor; after racking, rinse as before. I find benefit in burning a brimstone match suspended in the cask by a wire, after putting in two or three buckets of cider, the best method for