

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, O C T O B E R 2, 1866.

Miscellany.

TO A HOG—ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

NEVER as yet the unjust muse
 (As if by those old precepts bound
 Which the superstitious Jews.)
 One line to praise a Hog has found.
 Never till now, as I remember,
 Has any poet sung a swine,
 O, Hog! this twentieth of November,
 I celebrate—the day is thine.
 Three years ago thy little eyes
 Peep'd on the day with optics weak;
 Three years ago thy infant cries,
 By ~~men~~ men were call'd a squeak.
 Even then the muse prophetic saw
 Thy youthful days, thy latter state,
 And sigh'd at the relentless law,
 That doom'd thee to an early fate.
 Yes, the fond muse has anxious look'd,
 While thou a costly careless play'dst,
 Thoughtless how soon thou might'st be cook'd,
 (A fine appearance then thou mad'st.)
 The dangers of a roasting past,
 She saw thee rear'd a handsome float;
 Saw thee a full-grown hog at last,
 And heard thee grunt a deeper note.
 Thy charms mature with joy she view'd,
 As waddling on short legs about,
 Or rolling in delicious mud,
 Or rooting with sagacious snout.
 But thy last hour is near at hand;
 Before a year, a month, a week,
 Is past, 'tis Fate's severe command,
 That death shall claim thy latest squeak.
 And this shall be thy various doom;
 Thou shalt be roasted, fry'd, and boil'd,
 Black puddings shall thy blood become,
 Thy kidneys' flesh shall pork be styl'd:
 Thy ears and feet in soule shall lie;
 Mine'd sausage meat thy guts shall cram;
 And each plump, pretty, waddling thigh,
 Salted and smok'd, shall be a ham.
 Yet it is fruitless to complain:
 "Death cuts down all both great and small,"
 And hope and fear alike are vain,
 To those who by his stroke must fall.
 Full many a hero, young and brave,
 Like thee, O Hog! resign'd his breath;
 The noble presents nature gave,
 Forth'd but a furrer mark for death.
 Achilles met an early doom;
 Euryalus and Nisus young,
 Were slain; but honour'd was their tomb;
 That, Homer, these, sweet Maro sung.
 On the rude cliffs of proud Quebec,
 In glory's arm Montgomery dy'd;
 And Freedom's genius loves to deck
 His early grave with verdant pride.
 Nor shalt thou want a sprig of bays
 To crown thy name. When set agog,
 The muse shall tune eccentric lays,
 And, pleas'd, IMMORTALIZE A HOG.

LITERARY.

From the *Electick Review*.

MEMOIR OF MISS CAROLINE SYMMONS.

THIS surprising young lady, was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Symmons, D. D. In the blooms of corporeal and mental accomplishments, she was prematurely snatched away at the age of 14—Mr. Wrangham, an English poet, associates the history of this uncommonly gifted young female with that of Arius' daughter. There was, an equality of age, and similarity, no doubt, in the workings of parental grief and filial affection. A supernatural resurrection, like that of Arius' daughter, was not to be expected. But he, who said "damsel arise!" though he sees fit not to raise up departed worth at our solicitation and tears, will one day raise it up to himself.
 We transcribe some of the ingenious productions of this prodigy of poesy; and transplant from their native, lovely bud, some blossoms of infant female genius, which would not dishonour the brow of a veteran of Parnassus. The following, it appears, was written when she was but 11 years of age.

THE FLOWER GIRL'S CRY.

"Come buy my wood hare-bells, my cowslips come buy?
 O take my carnation and jessamines sweet:
 Least their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
 All snatched like myself from their native retreat."

"O ye who in pleasure and luxury live,
 Whole bet'na would sink beneath half my sad woes;
 Ah! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
 And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor Rose."
 "Yet once were my days happy, sweet and serene;
 And once have I tasted the balm of repose;
 But now on my cheeks meagre famine is seen,
 And anguish prevails in the bosom of Rose."
 "Then buy my wood hare-bells, my cowslips come buy!
 O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet;
 Least their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
 All snatched like myself from their native retreat."

p. 24.

We shall give another specimen, and take our leave of this "gentle spirit" with her beautiful lines on "A BLIGHTED ROSE BUD," which were to be, and perhaps have been, inscribed on her own tomb; an application probably little expected by her at the time of writing them!

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE BUD.

"Scarce had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,
 And nature had'ld thee infant queen of May;
 Scarce saw thy opening bloom the sun's broad ray,
 And to the air thy tender fragrance threw."
 "When the North wind enamour'd of thee grew,
 And to his cold rude kiss, thy charms decay'd,
 Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue,
 No fabric the queen of flowers, no longer gay."
 "So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy,
 Her nod should mark her lover's bliss;
 When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
 "Death claps the virgin to its iron breast,
 She fades—the parent, sister, friend deplore,
 The charms and budding virtues now no more."

p. 22.

The following little anecdotes deserve mention; as evincing the force of her attachment to poetical pursuits. She declared there was no personal sacrifice or form, however prized by her sex, which she would not make, to have been the author of *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*. And one morning when returning home from undergoing a very painful operation, by Ware, the oculist; and when, in consequence, some apprehension was entertained of her loss of an eye, she declared with a smile, that, to be a Milton, she would consent to be deprived like him of both eyes. Eminent as was her thirst for poetical excellence, we are happy to find that it did not impair her inclination for religious exercises. On this view of her character, Mr. W. throws a cheering light in the following paragraph.

"Not less remarkable than the beauties of her person, the elegance of her taste, the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart, was her steadfast and humble piety. Through the whole of her illness, she was constant in her devotions; and when the extreme weakness and emaciation, occasioned by her malady, made the posture of kneeling (long painful) at length impracticable, she deeply regretted the circumstance, as disqualifying her for offering her adoration in a suitable manner. With such a disposition, it will not be matter of surprise that her behaviour, at all times exemplary, in the hours immediately preceding her dissolution should have been admirable. Not a single complaint fell from her lips. Even on the last morning of her earthly existence, when she had expressed to her maid a wish to die, she instantly corrected herself, and said, "No, it is sinful to wish for death, I will not wish for it."

From the *Raleigh (N. C.) Register*.

PATSEY REAVES, a widow woman, who lives near the Apalachian Mountain, declared, that on the 31st July last, about six o'clock P. M. her daughter Elizabeth, about 8 years old, was in the Cottonfield, about 10 poles from the dwelling house, which stands by computation 6 furlongs from the Chimney Mountain, and that Elizabeth told her brother Morgan, aged 11 years, that there was a man on the mountain.—Morgan was incredulous at first; but the little girl affirmed it, and said she saw him rolling rocks or picking up sticks, adding that she saw a heap of people. Morgan then went to the place where she was, and calling out said that he saw a thousand or ten thousand things flying in the air. On which Polly, daughter of Mrs. Reaves, aged 14 years, and a negro woman, ran to the children and called to Mrs. Reaves to come and see what a sight yonder was. Mrs. Reaves says, she went about 3 poles towards them, and without any sensible alarm or fright, she turned towards the Chimney Mountain, and discovered a very numerous crowd of beings resembling the human species; but could not discern any particular members of the human body, nor distinction of sexes; that they were of every size, from the tallest men down to the least infants; that there were more of the small than of the full grown, that they were all clad with brilliant white raiment, but could not describe any form of their raiment; that they appeared to rise off the side of a mountain south of said rock, and about as high, that a considerable part of the moun-

tain's top was visible above this shining host; that they moved in a northern direction and collected about the top of the Chimney rock. When all but a few had reached said rock, two seemed to rise together, and behind them about two feet a third rose. These three moved with great agility towards the crowd, and had the nearest resemblance to men of any before seen. While beholding those three, her eyes were attracted by three more rising nearly from the same place, and moving swiftly in the same order and direction. After these, several others rose and went towards the rock.

During this view, which all the spectators thought lasted upwards of an hour, she sent for Mr. Robert Siercy, who did not come at first; on a second message sent about 15 minutes after the first, Mr. Siercy came; and being now before us, he gives the following relation, to the substance of which Mrs. Reaves agrees.

Mr. Siercy said, when he was coming, he expected to see nothing extraordinary, and when come, being asked if he saw those people on the mountain, he answered no; but looking a second time, he said he saw more glittering white appearances of human kind, than ever he had seen of men at any general review; that they were of all sizes from that of men to infants; that they moved in througts round a large rock, not far from the Chimney rock; they were about the height of the Chimney rock and moved in a semicircular course, between him and the rock, and so passed along in a southern course between him and the mountain, to the place where Mrs. Reaves said they rose; and that two of a full size went before the general crowd about the space of 20 yards; and as they respectively came to this place, they vanished out of sight, leaving a solemn and pleasing impression on the mind, accompanied with a diminution of bodily strength.

Whether the above be accountable on philosophical principles, or whether it be a prelude to the descent of the Holy City, I leave to the impartially curious to judge.

GEORGE NEWTON.

P. S. The above subscriber has been informed, that on the same evening, and about the same time, in which the above phenomenon appeared, there was seen by a gentleman of character, who was several miles distant from the place, a bright rainbow apparently near the Sun, then in the west, where there was no appearance of either clouds or rain; but a haze in the atmosphere. The public are therefore at liberty to judge, whether the phenomenon had any thing supernatural in it, or whether it was some unusual exhalation of moist vapour from the side of the mountain, which exhibited such an unusual rainbow.

G. N.

Method of cleaning silk, woollen and cotton goods, without damage to the texture or colour.

GRATE raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clean water, and pass the liquid matter through a coarse sieve into another vessel of water; let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve the liquor for use. The article to be cleaned should then be laid on a linen cloth, on a table; and having provided a clean sponge, dip it in the potatoe liquor, and apply it to the article to be cleaned, till the dirt is perfectly separated, then wash it in clean water several times. Two middle-sized potatoes will be sufficient for a pint of water. The white fecula will answer the purpose of tapioca, and make an useful, nourishing food with soup or milk, or serve to make starch and hair-powder. The coarse pulp that does not pass the sieve, is of great use in cleaning worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets or other coarse goods. The mucilaginous liquor will clean all sorts of silk, cotton or woollen goods, without hurting or spoiling the colour; it is also used in cleaning old paintings, or furniture that is soiled. Dirty painted wainscots may be cleaned by wetting a sponge in the liquor, then dipping it in a little clean sand, and afterwards rubbing the wainscot with it.

OTTO OF ROSES.

THE produce of Attar or Essential Oil of Roses, obtained at the new plantation and manufactory, at Wandsworth, is stated by the reverend Mr. Butcher, at 2 oz. 2 drms. from 100 bushels or 600 lb. of roses. This produce, if genuine, greatly exceeds any obtained from the most successful operations in India. Col. Polier, who, some years since, had 13 acres under roses, never obtained more than 2 drms. per 400 lb. of flowers.—In many parts of Asia the raspings of sandalwood, and in others (in Cashmere particularly) sweet scented grass are used to increase the quantity of Attar; but it is, consequently, less pure. The Attar, or Otto, is the cream, or scum, which floats on the rose-water when it cools after distillation.

[London php.]