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STANZAS—BY JAMES G. BROOKS.
Life hath its sunshine but the ray
Which flashes on its stormy wave,
Is but the beam of decay.
A meteor gleaming o'er the grave,
And though its shining hour is brief,
With fancy's gayest coloring,
Yet o'er its cloud encumbered night,
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.
Life hath its flowers, and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day.
The gems of warm affection youth;
Alas! the buds decay and die,
Ere opened and matured in bloom;
Then in an hour behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb.
Life hath its pang of deepest thrill,
The sting, relentless memory!
Which wakes not, pierces not, until
The hour of joy hath ceased to be;
Then, when the heart is in its pain,
And cold affections gather o'er,
The mournful anthem doth recall
Bliss which hath faded to bloom no more.
Life hath its blessings, but the stern
Sleep like the dew in wind in wrath,
To rear and blight the loveliest form,
Which sports on earth's deceitful path.
Oh! soon the life heart-broken wall,
Which changed from youth's delightful tone,
Hears mournfully upon the gale,
When all is desolate and lone.
Life hath its hopes a fleeting dream,
A caulked flower, a setting sun,
Which casts a transient gleam
Upon the even clouds of dun.
Pass but an hour—that dream hath fled,
The flowers on earth forsaken lie!
The sun has set, whose lustre shed
A light upon the shrouded sky.

From *Hocutt's Book of the Seasons.*

"In the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing is come,
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Song of Solomon ii. 11, 12.

MAY.
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain.

SHAKESPEARE.
However the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of this month may have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forgotten her festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dew; she still loves her gay garb, and the bursts of unexpressed merriment; for, though we moderns may disdain the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes which they delighted to invest her with, though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet is May a glad month withal. Vegetation has made a good progress; it has become deep, lavish and luxuriant; and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young earth-leaves. Primroses still scatter their billion of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy roots of hazels; and once more, amid the thickly-springing verdure of the meadow we hail the golden and spotted *peep*. In woods there is a bright azure gleam of *Myosotis sylvatica*, a species of forget-me-not, and of those truly vernal flowers called by botanists *Cyllia nutans*, by poets the bell; and by country folk Cuckoo's *pickings*. The ferns are pushing forth their mist scrolls amongst the forest moss and dead leaves. In pools—and none of our ingenious plants can rival our aquatic ones in grace and delicate beauty—and this month the lovely water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*) and the *bag-bane*, originally *bag-bane* plant, from its place of growth (*Myosotis trifidata*), like a stoged hyacinth. The grass and broom are glorious on heaths and in lanes.

In the early part of this month if we walk in woods we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more accessible objects than when they have only assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves springing forth from the grey boughs; some at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the forest is seen, each in its own character, and they neither disguised nor hidden in the mass of foliage which obscures them in summer—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks, the branches stretching high and wide; the dark draperies of ivy which enfold some of them, and the crimson flush glowing in the world of living things above. The contrast of grey and mossy branches, and of the delicate richness of young leaves, shining out of them in a thousand places, is so peculiarly delightful to behold, that of one with another is not the less so. One is full of leaf, another is, mottled with green and green, struggling as it were, which shall have the predominance, and another still perfectly naked. The wild cherry, which has an apparition in the woods, while it is in profusion of blossom, and the wilding which exhibits its rich and blushing young leaves, the pines look dim and dusky, and the ivy hangs in its clusters of asbescent and

powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the *arum*, fully expanded and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique air. And who does not love the wood-notes wild? We again recognize the speech of many a little creature who, since we last heard it has traversed seas and sojourned in places we wot not of. The landscape derives a great portion of its vernal cheerfulness not merely from the songs of the birds, but from their cries. Each has a variety of cries indicative of its different moods of mind, so to speak, which are heard only in spring and summer, and are both familiar and dear to a lover of Nature. Who ever heard the *weet-weet* and *pink-pink* of the chaffinch, or the *winkle-winkle* of the blackbird as it flies out of the hedge and skims along before you at a short distance, repeatedly on a summer evening about sunset,—at any other time? In spring mornings by three or four o'clock the fields are filled with a perfect clamour of bird-voices, but at noon the wood is their oratory. There the wood-pecker's laugh still rings from a distance—the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon is still deep and rich as ever—the little chill-chill sounds his two notes blithely on the top of the tallest trees; and the voice of the long-tailed tit—whee, ever and anon, sounds like a sweet and clear-toned little bell. Nests are now woven to every bough and into every hollow stump.

As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sunset. We see around us fields golden with *crisped*, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk-pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges.

Towards the close of the month, the mind, which has been continually led onward by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose in the fulness of nature. Every thing is clothed. The *spring* actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine and melody which mingle in our ideas of *summer*. The hawthorn is in full flower; the leafy hedges appear half buried in the lofty grass. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower, and dragonflies on the banks of the rivers. Sheep-washing is begun in many places. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and imitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively animation. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily, the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and snowy umbelliferous plants toss on the sea like foam on the stormy ocean. Now sweet peas;

Let the happy swain roam,
For the green earth is his home,
When the tree-tops are benighted,
With the blossoms' gorgeous load,
And the forest's verdant path
Shrouds the mistle in her hall;
In the hawthorn's pleasant boughs,
Where a thousand little birds house,
When the meadows are triumphant,
Of all flowers that children fill,
Saxifrage, cardamines,
Kinecrop which in deep gold shines;
Dandelion with globe of down,
The school-boy's chick in every town,
Which the peasant puff in every town,
To conjure lost hours back again,
Then, 'tis then I love to meet
Thy true son's way-faring feet,
As I have, ere now, described
By the thunderous falls of Clyde,
Or where bright Loch Katrine fills,
Such a space, between such hills,
As no lake beside it may,
Since Eden's waters passed away.

Cottage gardens are now perfect paradises; and, after gazing on their sunny quietude, their lilacs, pinks, wall-flowers, tulips, anemones and corcorses with their yellow tufts of flowers, now becoming as common at the doors of cottages as the rosemary and rue once were—one cannot help regretting that more of our labouring classes do not enjoy the freshness of earth, and the pure breeze of heaven, in these little rural retreats, instead of being buried in close and sombre alleys. A man who can, in addition to a tolerable remuneration for the labour of his hands, enjoy a clean cottage and a garden amidst the common and precious offerings of nature; the grateful shade of trees and the flow of waters, a pure atmosphere and a riant sky, can scarcely be called poor.

If Burns had been asked what was the greatest luxury of May, I suppose he would have quoted from his "Cotter's Saturday Night,"
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that tents the evening gale.
At which Gilpin would quote, from his "Forest Scenery," a passage proving the poets to be very foolish for their admiration of so insignificant and inelegant a bush. We, however, shall take part with Burns, only we would conjure a dabbler into his hawthorn, and the hawthorn into a forest, for of all May delights, listening to the nightingale is the greatest, and when heard at still midnight, the moon and stars above, filling with lustre the clear blue sky, the trees lighting up their young and varied foliage, the silvery light the deer quietly resting in their thickest shadows, and the night-breeze, ever

and anon, wafting through the air "Sabean odours," then if you feel neither love nor poetry, depend upon it, you are neither lover nor poet. As however in this country, nightingales are as capricious as the climate, a good *singing gentleman* is no bad substitute, as a friend of ours convinced us on such an occasion, making the woods echo with the "Pibroch of Donnel Dhu."

Flowers.—The return of May again brings over us a living sense of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly, they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they become older they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns; they gather all they come near; they collect them, they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers.

We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They became invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities; they were strewed in the conqueror's path on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.
It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled in a chariot, heralded along
By strown flowers, torches, and a married song.

The guests at banquets were crowned with them, Garlands of every green, and every scent,
From vales dew-dropper, or forest-trees branch-tent,
In baskets of bright ordered gold were brought,
High as the handmaid heaped, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his ease.

The bowl was wreathed with them, and wher-ever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine they cast flowers.
Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed amongst the Hebrews. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass us by. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered." But amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense, they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, "the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." But of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made, as that of Christ.

"And why take ye thought for raiment?—Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.—Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith! The sentiment built upon this entire dependence on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing, that it delights to enliven and adorn with these luxuriant creatures of sunshine, the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them, by myriads, over the very desert; where no man is; on the wilderness, where there is no man; on the solitary plain, to satisfy the desolate and waste grounds; and to cause the bed of the tender herb to spring forth."
In our confined notions, we are often led to wonder why
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

why beauty, and flowers, and fruit should be scattered so exuberantly, where there are none to enjoy them; but the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. He sees them; he doubtless delights to behold the beauty of his handiwork, and rejoices in that tide of glory which he has caused to flow wide through the universe. We know not, either, what spiritual joys, besides, may behold them for pleasant is the belief, that Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth
And how often does the gladness of uninhabited lands refresh the heart of the solitary traveller! When the distant and sea-tired voyager suddenly descends the blue mountain-tops, and the lofty crest of the palm-tree, and makes some green and pleasant island; where the verdant and blossoming forest-boughs wave in the spicy gale; where the living waters leap from the rocks, and millions of new and resplendent flowers brighten the fresh sward, what then is the joy of his heart! To omnipotence creation costs not an effort, but to the desolate and the weary, how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not regret the exultation of Valliant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? A magnificent lily, which growing on the banks of the river, filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance; and, as he observed, had been respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its beauty.—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage continent, by Mungo Park, is familiar to every one.

In the East, flowers are made to speak the language of sentiment. The custom of embellishing houses and garnishing tables with them, is unquestionably eastern. Perhaps the warmer countries of Europe are less in the use of them than they were formerly. Boccaccio talks of them being disposed even in bedchambers: "E nelle camere i letti fatti, ogni cosa di fiori, quali nella stagione si potevano avere, piana," and at the table of the narrators of the Decameron stories, as "Ogni cosa di fiori di ginestra coperta." In England they are much less used than on the continent, and much less than they were by our ancestors. On May-day, at Whitsuntide, and on other holiday occasions, the houses were profusely decorated with them, and they were strewn before the door. Over the extinction of many popular customs I cannot bring myself to grieve; but there is something so pure and beautiful in the plentiful use of flowers, that I cannot but lament the decay of these. Perhaps the most touching of our popular uses of flowers, is that of strewing the dead with them, designating the age, sex, or other particular circumstances, by different flowers. How expressive, in the hand of a fair young girl, cut off in her early spring, an image exquisitely employed by Chantrey, in his celebrated piece of sculpture.—The two children at Littlefield. Let the pensive lily of the valley forever speak of the gentle maid that has been stricken down in her May; and the fair white lily of the youth shorn in his unsullied strength; and let those who have passed through the vanities of time, have

Flowers of all hues, and with its thorn, the rose.

But even this tender custom is on the decline, from a needless notion that they generate insects, and tend to destroy the body they adorn. In reality, however, the love of flowers never was stronger in any age or nation than in ours. We have, perhaps, less love of showy festivity than our ancestors, but we have more poetry and sentiment amongst the people at large. We have conveyed from every region its most curious and splendid plants; and such is the poetical perception of natural beauty in the general mind, that wherever our wild flowers spring up, in the grass, on the overhanging banks of the wild brook, or in the mossy shade of the forest, there are admiring eyes to behold them.

May is so called from the goddess Maia, a name under which the earth was worshipped at this dusky season of the year. The Saxons termed it *Trimilid*, because they began to milk their cows three times a day in this month.
The flowers of the chesnut-tree begin to unfold; the tulip-tree has its leaves quite out; and the flowers of the Scotch-fir, the beach, the oak, and the honey-suckle, climbing round its neighbour for support, are now in full bloom. The mulberry-tree puts forth its leaves; the walnut-tree is in flower, so, too, are the lilach, the barberry and the maple. Towards the end of the month, that magnificent and beautiful tree, the horse-chestnut, and the hawthorn flower, the mountain-ash, the laburnum, the guelder-rose, the alder, the elm, and the way-faring tree.

Way-faring tree! what ancient claim
Hast thou to that right pleasant name?
Was it that some faint pilgrim came
Unhoped to thee?
In the Brown desert's weary way,
Mid toll and tithes consuming away,
And thenceforth by shade he lay,
Blest the way-faring tree?
Or is it that thou longest to show
Thy consort of fragrant snow,
Like life's spontaneous joys that flow
In bathos thousands best!
Whate'er be, I love it well;
A name, methinks, that surely fell
From poet, in some evening dell,
Wandering with fancy sweet.

A name given in those olden days,
When 'mid the wild wood's vernal sprays,
The merry and mavis poured their joys
In the lone listener's ears,
Like songs of an enchanted land,
Sung sweetly to some fairy band,
Lust'ring with dotted helms in each hand,
In some green hollow near.

Rye is in ear at the end of the month.—This, too, is the *bening time* of pigeons.—After the spring-corn has vegetated, until the harvest, they are driven to immature seeds, and green panicles of the grasses for subsistence, and are seen, in large flocks, in pasture fields, where they pick up so bare a living as to have occasioned an old couplet, often quoted in the country,
The pigeon never knoweth we,
Until a bening it doth go.

The leafing of the trees is commonly completed in this month. It begins with the aquatic kinds, such as willow, poplar and alder; and ends with the oak, beech and ash. These are sometimes, very thin of foliage even at the close of May.

Bees.—Towards the end of May the bees begin to send forth their earliest swarms. One queen-bee is necessary to form each colony; and wherever she flies, they follow. Nature directs them to march in a body, in quest of a new habitation, which, if left to their choice, would generally be in the trunk of some hollow tree. But man, who converts the labour and instincts of so many animals to his own use, provides them with a more secure dwelling, and repays himself with their honey. There is something very picturesque in the manner of reclaiming the swarms of bees. Their departure is announced for a day or more before it takes place by an unusual bustle and humming in the hive. Some person, commonly a boy, is set to watch, and the moment their flight is proclaimed, a ringing is commenced upon a pan or fire-shovel, which, as country people say, charms them down. They alight, or rather the queen-bee alights, upon the end of a bough, and the rest of the bees cluster round, or, as it is termed, *knitting*, about her, form a living, brown, dependant cone. Beneath this, some skilful operator spreads a cloth (upon a table, if one can be had), and holding an empty hive inverted under the swarm, suddenly shakes them into it, and places it, with all the captive colony in it, upon the cloth. In this state they are conveyed to the place they are intended to occupy, and the following morning they are found to have taken kindly to their new dwelling. They will frequently fix themselves in the roots of houses.

It is a superstition common both in France and in this country, to announce to the bees the death of the master of the family; in some places, of any individual of the family, or, it is believed, the bees would die, or fly away. It is also reckoned unlucky to fling bees in some places, and for this reason when a person parts with a hive, he will not receive its value in money, but stipulates for a certain part of its produce.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, ON THE ADJUSTMENT OF THE TA-RIFF.
Treasury Department,
April 27, 1832.

Sir:—In obedience to two resolutions of the House of Representatives, of the 19th January, 1832, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to collect information as to certain manufactures in the United States, and to communicate the same to the house; with such suggestions as he may think useful, with a view to the adjustment of the tariff, and with such a tariff of duties on imports, in his opinion, be best adapted to the advancement of the public interest; the undersigned, has the honour to report, that for the purpose of effectually complying with the presumed object of the house, as soon as proper agents could be selected, he addressed circulars to gentlemen in the states north of the Potomac, and in the State of Ohio, requesting their aid in collecting the information desired, and also sought personal conferences with eminent manufacturers and other gentlemen acquainted with the subject.

Some of those, however, who had been selected as agents, declined acting; and owing to that and other causes, with which it is not necessary to trouble the house, more time has been employed in executing the intentions of the department, than was anticipated. The importance of despatch was fully appreciated, but until the returns could be received, to enable the undersigned to communicate the facts called for by the house, he did not deem himself authorized to submit any suggestions, or recommend any particular modification of existing duties.

These returns have but recently begun to come in, and have yet been only partially received; but rather than incur greater delay, at this advanced period of the season, or longer disappoint the expectations of the house, the undersigned has the honour to communicate the returns as far as they have come to hand, and will continue to transmit others as they may be received by the department.

In complying with so much of the resolutions of the house as requires the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate his own suggestions, I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
(See fourth Page.)

CASH FOR NEGROES.
WE WISH TO PURCHASE
100 LIKELY NEGROES.
Of both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age, field hands, also, mechanics of every description. Persons who will sell, will do well to give as a call, as we are determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than any purchaser who is now, or may be hereafter in the market. Any communication in writing will be promptly attended to. We can at all times be found at WILLIAMS'S, 115 N. 3d Street, Philadelphia.
LEGG & WILLIAMS.
December 15, 1831.

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