

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1832.

NO. 28.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM THE
FIELD OF GRUTLI.

The field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

BY MISS REMOND
If in the woodlands I gaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of olden days
May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherdess
Who made this earth a holy place!

Wentest thou, flower! from holy ground
Through every Alpine dell,
Through the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell?
Fleest thou a noble field—their birth
Was not where spears have crossed,
And silver helmets have strewn the earth
With banners won and lost;

But where the sunny hues and showers
Dawn the sun were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hearts were raised to heaven.

At times were pleigh'd, that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Through the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

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unwillingly towards the lake. Its course is not to be discerned by the water, but by the willows and shrubs which skirt its banks—the Arab conceals himself in these thickets to way-lay and rob the pilgrim.

"Such are the places rendered famous by the maledictions of Heaven: that river is the Jordan; that lake is the Dead Sea. It appears with a serene surface; but the guilty cities which are embosomed in its waves have poisoned its water. Its solitary abysses can sustain the life of no living thing; no vessel ever ploughed its bosom; its shores are without trees, without birds, without verdure; its waters frightfully cold; is so heavy that the highest wind can hardly raise it.

"In travelling in Judea, an extreme feeling of ennui frequently seizes the mind, from the sterile and monotonous aspect of the objects which are presented to the eye; but when journeying on through these pathless deserts, the expanse seems to spread out to infinity before you, the ennuï disappears, and a secret terror is experienced, which, far from lowering the soul, elevates and inflames the genius. These extraordinary scenes reveal the land desolated by miracles; that burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the barren fig tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are there. Every name recalls a mystery; every grove speaks of the life to come; every peak re-echoes the voice of a prophet—God himself has spoken on these shores; these dried up torrents, these cleft rocks, these tombs rent asunder, attest his resistless hand; the desert appears mute with terror; and you feel that it has never ventured to break silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal.

"I employed two complete hours in wandering on the shores of the Dead Sea, not without the remonstrances of the Bedouins, who pressed me to quit that dangerous region. I was desirous of seeing the Jordan at the place where it discharges itself into the lake; but the Arabs refused to lead me thither, because the river, at a league from its mouth, makes a detour to the left, and approaches the mountains of Arabia. It was necessary, therefore, to direct our steps towards the curve which was nearest us. We struck our tents, and travelled for an hour and a half with excessive difficulty, through a fine and silvery sand. We were moving towards a little wood of willows and tamarinds, which, to my great surprise, I perceived growing in the midst of the desert. All of a sudden the Bedouites stopped, and pointed to something at the bottom of a ravine, which had not yet attracted my attention. Without being able to say what it was, I perceived a sort of sand rolling on through the fixed banks which surrounded it. I approached it, and saw a yellow stream which could hardly be distinguished from the sand of its two banks. It was deeply furrowed through the rocks, and with difficulty rolled on, as a stream surcharged with sand; it was the Jordan.

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incorporated as soldiers in the regiments of the Caucasus Orenburg, and Siberia. The two young Counts Pzackiewicz, almost children, present a heart breaking spectacle. At every step they fall, through the weight of their chains, and before the road for means to purchase lighter chains, which are refused to them by their keepers.

KRUTIA.—About 100 soldiers, prisoners, part of them without arms, almost worn out by suffering and exhaustion, are dragged on to Siberia.

CHORBAKIEWICZ.—Some detachments of from fifty to sixty soldiers in chains are conveying to Siberia. They are of those who, reckoning on the amnesty granted by the Czar, and guaranteed by the King of Prussia, returned to Poland. Many of them were bathed in tears, as seeing us; others endeavoured to sing, "Poland is not yet lost!" others said to us, "We hope still to return to our dear mother."

Beyond Chorbaekiewicz, M. Warcenski, Marshal of Osmiana (the town where the Kirghizes assassinated 300 men, women and children, and old men, in a church) has been brought into a station, under an escort of gentlemen, with his feet and hands loaded with chains, and a ring of iron round his body, joined to another round his neck. His long beard fell on his chest. His hair was cut in the form of a cross; his clothes were half black and half white; he is condemned to compulsory labour for life.

BOZAKIEWICZ.—Six hundred soldiers of the 4th regiment of the line, and officers, are confined to labour in the fortresses. They are chained ten by ten to a long bar of iron. From this they are only released during the hours of labour. Zabi, a Lithuanian Noble, accused of having conspired to deliver up the fortress to the insurgents, awaits his sentence in prison. When he was arrested he had about him a list of the patriots, the greater part of which, however, he succeeded in swallowing.—The Szibros, who arrested him, broke his teeth and tore open his mouth, but only succeeded in tearing from his throat a few fragments of paper.

The following account of the Plague at London in 1665, which is taken from *Rothelin*, will be read with peculiar interest at the present time. It is a most striking and melancholy picture. De Foe's history of that memorable calamity, contains nothing of the same length, more graphic and impressive:—

THE PLAGUE.

In its malignity it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made Doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death, it possessed itself of all his armories, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yes, the very sight of the inflicted was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals, have seen the plague spots begin to reddens, and have wildly scattered themselves forever.

The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the signs of infection on the babes at their bosoms, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter; some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring out the vial, had a foot on the sea as well as on the land. No place was so wild, that the plague did not visit;—none so secret that the quick sighted pestilence did not discover;—none could fly that it did not overtake.

It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailors fled from the felons that were in fetters;—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prison for safety.—the grass grew in the market places;—the cattle went mooring up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers;—the rooks and the ravens came into the town and built their nests in the mute bellies;—silence was universal save when some infected wretch was seen clamouring at a window.

For a time, all commerce was in shrouds and shrouds; but even that ended. Efforts there was none; churches and chapels were open; but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave;—the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired;—the seams of the sailless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft;—all offences ceased, and no crime, but the universal woe of the pestilence, was heard of among men. The wells overflowed; and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls;—old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof;—little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged. It travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun the source of life.

At that epoch, for a short time, there was

a silence, and every person in the street, for a moment stood still, and Lagdon was as dumb as a church-yard. Again the sound of a bell was heard,—for it was that sound, so long unheard, which arrested the fugitive multitude, and caused their silence.—At the third toll a universal shout arose, as when a herald proclaimed the tidings of a great battle won, and then there was a second silence.

The people fell on their knees, and with an- them of thankfulness rejoiced in the dismal sound of that tolling death bell; for it was a signal of the plague being so abated that men might again mourn for their friends, and hal- low their remains with the solemnities of bur- ial.

(From the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.)

CULTIVATION OF PEACH TREES.

Description of a method of cultivating Peach Trees, with a view to prevent their premature decay; confirmed by the experience of forty five years, in Delaware State, and the western parts of Pennsylvania. By Thomas Coulter, Esq., of Bedford county, Pa.

The death of young peach trees is principally owing to planting, transplanting, and pruning the same stock, which occasions it to be open and tender, with a rough bark; in consequence of which, insects lodge and breed in it, and birds sever after them, whereby wounds are made, the gum exudes, and in a few years the tree is useless. To prevent this, trans- plant your trees as young as possible, if in the kernel it will be best, as there will then be no check of growth. Plant them sixteen feet apart. Plough and Harrow between them for two years without regard to wounding them, but avoid tearing them up by the roots.

In the month of March or April, in the third year after transplanting, cut them all off by the ground, plough and harrow among them as before, but with great care to avoid wounding or tearing them. Suffer all the sprouts of stems to grow, even if they should amount to half a dozen or more; they become bearing trees almost instantaneously, an account of the strength of the root. Allow no animals but hogs to enter your orchard, for fear of their wounding the shoots; as a substance drains away through the least wound, which is essential to the health of the tree and the good quality of the fruit.

If the old stock is cut away the third year after transplanting, no more shoots will come to maturity than the old stump can support and nourish; the remainder will die before they bear fruit, and may be cut away taking care not to wound any other stock. The sprouts, when loaded with fruit, will bend and rest on the ground in every direction for many years, all of them being wounded, and they had been planted, their stocks remaining tough and their bark smooth, for twenty years and upwards. If any of the sprout from the old stump should happen to split off and die, cut them away; they will be supplied from the ground by others, so that you may have trees from the same for one hundred years, as I believe. I have now trees from one to thirty-six years old, all from the same stump. Young trees, formed in this manner will bear fruit the second year; but this fruit will not ripen so early as the fruit on the older trees from the same stump. Three years