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MISCELLANY

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

HANSEL MONDAY.

Will you never hold your little

yellow tongue to-night?

Lawson to the nursery brood,

whom she had presided over ever

since their birth, and whom she had

just tucked into the various sized

cubs which surrounded an ample

nursery. 'Your elder brothers are

all quiet in the next room, and so is

your sister; I'll warrant they dinna

get leave to cheep a word at school,

after they are in their beds; and they

will be well asleep, and so before

any of you bairns, to wish their

mamma a good Hansel Monday.'

'Well but, Beaty, just answer me

this one question; said a pertinacious

little rogue, raising a curly bul-

let of a head from a well tumbled pil-

low; 'I'll go to sleep this instant if

you will only tell me. Was that a

guinea mamma sent out to get silver

for?—I wonder how much we'll get

out of our Hansels?'

'Oh, Jemmy, you should get

thinking about money after you have

said your prayers,' whispered a fair

haired little girl, whom Beaty loved

above all the rest; 'you know that

nurse says, the fairies can turn it all

into chucky stones, if we think about

money in our beds.'

'That, nonsense!' said Jemmy;

'Mary is always dreaming about the

fairies, because papa calls her his lit-

tle elf. Well, if I get five shillings

for my Hansel, I'll buy you a little

green coat, Mary, if you'll promise

me not to turn my money into

chucky stones.'

'Well do not say another word a-

bout it, but go to sleep this instant.

See you are wakening Willie, and

I'll have the whole pack of you up;

and if that's the case, Jemmy, I'll

positively leave you at home when

we go to the shops in the morning.'

This terrible threat had the desired

effect; for Beaty was known to

despotic in the nursery; and her

judgments being as merciful as

just, they were never interfered with

by Mrs. Seaton, the mother of these

children.

Sweet were the young voices, and

the patter of little feet, which as-

sembled the happy parents' ears, as the

little troop burst into their room to

wish them a good Hansel Monday.

Mr. Seaton kissed his children, and

then led them to their mother's bed.

The three elder of Beaty's charge

would just as tip-toe reach the mo-

ther's lips; whilst the father helped a

round face little girl to scramble up

the bed, and Beaty held the crowing

baby in her arms.

'Now, little Jane, you must not

be on mamma's pillow,' exclaimed

the daisy-like James; 'for I know all

our Hansels are under it.'

'No, not all,' said the silver-

haired Mary; 'for I see something

very pretty peeping out of the other

side. Oh, mamma, may I see what

it is?'

The mother smiled, and Mary

reached out a little, green silk, frock,

with silver clasps.

'Oh, it is for me, said the happy

child, 'because I am papa's fairy!'

And here is a doll, for Jane, and a purse

for James; and a little one for me,

declare besides my pretty frock!'

'Oh, mamma and papa, how good

you are!' exclaimed the joyous crea-

ture, and the kisses were renewed.

'Now, my little ones, you must

go to bed. Nurse take your

prayer; his mother's kiss in all her

care; and

'May God bless my infant!' breath-

ing the grateful mother, imprinting a

kiss upon his rosy cheeks.

It was that the little ones went

to bed, and the mother, who knew the value

worst gloves, and snow-boots were duly buckled on, and the mother saw the joyous troop depart. She did not detain them with ill-timed cautions, lectures, or advice, to check the freedom of their wild wishes; she stayed but for a moment her little Mary, and, wrapping the Indian shawl still closer on her breast, she bade Beaty take care of her gentle child. The two elder boys had already gone out with Mr. Seaton; and Fanny, being a little beyond Beaty's controul, remained to accompany her mother.

It was a pleasant sight for old & young, to behold the various groups of restless, happy beings, which that day crowded the far-stretched line of Prince's Street. Already were to be seen some impatient little arching, the offspring of chicken-pecked mothers, returning with their load of gilded baubles from their early walk.

And passing them came upright, pale-faced girls, the governess's pride! Poor things, one day of freedom might have been permitted you, just to gild the gloom of such a life of vain and heartless toil! And now came youthful mothers, and proud young papas, with riotous boys, and giggling rosy girls, as happy in the toy-shop as their children were. But amongst all the various throng, none were more naturally joyous than Beaty Lawson's brood. They were the children of a good old-fashioned nursery, where much kindness and little discipline kept all in order.

Beaty knew nothing of the thousand methods and never-ending books, which are now thought necessary for the education of youth. But she had all her Bible by heart, and the greater part of Shakespeare, and a superabundance of fairy tales and romantic ballads; and the little Seaton's knew no severer punishment than Beaty's declaring that she would not tell a story for a week. Never was an impure word or a base action known in Beaty's nursery. Her own mind was the mirror of purity and truth; her heart the seat of ardent and active feeling.

The little Seaton's felt no penance to be confined to such a nursery.—They looked upon it as privileged ground, where they could enact a thousand sports, sure of Beaty Lawson's assistance and applause.—Even Sunday, that day of injudicious gloom to many, shone a holiday to them; nay it was the happiest day of all the seven, for the pious father spent it with his children; and when retired from their parents, they had still to look to Beaty's Bible story; and whether it was to be Daniel in the fiery furnace, or Mary's favourite Ruth, was the only question.

But we must not forget that Monday is already come, and that Beaty has to attend to other high behests. No light task was hers, to hear and answer the thousand questions and never-ending projects, as to what their exhausted legs might be equal to procure.—But, before entering the tempting precincts of the toy-shop, Beaty's custom had ever been to exact from each child a tenth of its treasure, to be appropriated by her to some object of charity; and this being given with open heart and willing hand, there was no farther check to the disposal of the rest. It was delightful to listen to the various projected purchases—the magnificent barometer, and did nurse think they would get it at the toy-shop, and that Mrs. Connell would give it him for half a crown? Then came a list of gifts, commencing with a satin gown for mamma, and ending with a tea-cup for Betty the cook. If these things were at last discovered to be beyond their grasp, and something humbler was suggested when in the toy-shop, great at least had been their delight in talking of them, and Beaty was sure to make honourable mention of the first intention of their return home. And now the toy-shop having been reached, and the merits of good-humoured Mrs. Connell been thoroughly discussed, another pleasure was all in store—a visit to George's Square to fetch old aunt Stewart's bun. This had always formed a part of the routine of Hansel Monday, as long as the little Seaton's could remember George's Square, so long

had aunt Stewart inhabited the same house, and sat at her little wheel in the same chair, just between the fire-place and the window.—Her gray silk-gowns, her beautiful pinched caps, her silver hair & smooth unwrinkled skin, these had never altered.—There stood the little table with her Bible, the newspapers, and a volume of the Spectator, and from year to year these dear children had come, and still found all the same.—The bright brass grate with its ablating utensils, the mahogany cat, on which the frothy buttered toast was placed, at breakfast, and the plates were warmed at dinner; the china figures on the mantel-piece, where Sir John Falstaff, with his paunch stuffed full of fun, still stood so temptingly beyond their reach; these well known sights were sure to meet their eyes as the little folk marched into aunt Stewart's parlour.

'Well, my bairns, and is this you?' said the good old lady, laying aside her spectacles, and carefully marking with a pin the place in the newspaper she had been reading; for since her memory had begun to fail, she found this the surest way of making straight work of the papers.—'Is this you my bairns, come to wish your old aunt a good Hansel Monday, and tell her all your news? Mary, my little woman, give Annie a cry; she'll be up in the store-room looking after the bun.' But it was not necessary to hurry Annie, for she had heard the well known little tongues in the parlour, and, 'Is that the little Seaton's?' in her kindly voice, was answered by their running to meet her as she came down the stair, with a beaming face, and a plate well heaped with short-bread and with bun.

Annie the unmarried daughter of Mrs. Stewart, was past the age of beauty; she had even had possessed it; but there was a charm about the whole of the Stewart family far beyond that of beauty, although some of them had been eminent for loveliness,—their minds seemed never to grow old. There was within a springing well of warmth and kindness, of cheerful thoughts and lively fun, which all the cares of this weary world had never checked. They had met with many trials, yet still they saw the bright side of every thing, and their lives seemed but a continual song of thankfulness to God.

The children now being seated, the great-coats unbuckled, the cold shoes taken off, and the little feet rubbed into a glow, a drop of Aunt's cordial and a piece of bun was duly administered to each. Then came the display of all the wonderful things which had been bought—the large Hansels which they had got; and how the little tongues did go about all that had been felt, seen, and done since the morning! Oh, what a pity that Hansel Monday should ever end! But Beaty Lawson reminded them that it was getting late, and they had still to visit cousin Stewart in his room. It was not to every one that this gentleman chose to show himself, and few besides the little Seaton's dared to intrude on his Sanctum Sanctorum; but they were always sure of a kind reception. How with his kindly feeling and lively delight in every thing which looked young and happy, Mr. Stewart had remained a bachelor, was like many other wonders, never tightly understood. But there he sat surrounded by his books, the picture of content.—His pen seemed never idle; what he wrote, or where it went, or if the world was ever the wiser for it, no one ever knew; but at all events he was the busiest and the happiest of men. Himself, his room, and all all about him, was the picture of comfort, order, and scrupulous tidiness. He had been a very handsome man, and when dress was more the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman than now, he had still been conspicuous. Regularly as nine o'clock struck, was Mrs. Stewart to be seen under the hands of an ancient barber, who had shaved, powdered, and tied his ears for more than thirty years, discussing at the same time the politics of the day, mourning over the depredations of the times, and quoting his master with the daily renewed feeling, that it would be well for the country, in general, and his pocket in particular,

if there were many such gentlemen of the good-old-school.—The entrance of the little cousins was preceded by a gentle tap from Mary, who, being the decided favourite, was the first to peer in her little head.—'Come in, my little Fairy.—God bless the little creature.—It is Queen Mab herself.'

'And where are my little men—Jimmy and Willie? Will your purchases hold another half crown, boys? God bless their comely faces! And, oh, have you given them plenty of short bread? and Beaty, did you get a glass of wine Remember, Christmas comes but once a year, but once a year, but once a year, and therefore we'll be merry.'

So sang the old gentleman in the glee of his heart, rubbing his hands in pure delight.—'And now, my little Fairy, you must give cousin Stewart his song. The little maid needed no second bidding, for she sat and sung on cousin Stewart's knee as long as she could remember, and still her song had been,

'Oh gin my love were you red rose, That grows upon the castle wall; And I myself a drop of dew, Into her bonny breast I'd fall.'

He heard her mother sing it when she was somewhat older than Mary; and, perhaps, that might account for the tears that dimmed the good man's eyes when he kissed the child, and said she was the image of her mother. But Beaty must now collect her flock and carry them off; for there was yet one visit to be paid, which her benevolent heart could not omit. It was a visit to the house of mourning.

In one of those narrow closes which abound in the old part of the town of Edinburgh, lived a poor widow of the name of Gray. This day of happiness to many, rose to her the anniversary of lasting sorrow.—But it had not been always thus:—No one year ago and not the youngest heart on Hansel Monday had looked for fuller happiness than that of widow Gray. On that day twenty-two years before, she had been made the blessed mother of a thriving boy. He was her only child, long wished for, and granted when hope was almost dead. He seemed to bring a blessing with him, for every thing had thriven with Agnes Gray since George's birth. Hansel Monday had been to her happiest day of her life, it was the birthday of her child; and though she had since mourned over the grave of a kind husband, yet, when the day came round, the heart of Agnes still renewed her hymn of gratitude to God.

That day twelve months past had been the day which the mother had fixed upon for the wedding of her son.

'It was the happiest day of my life, George,' said she, 'and I would have it the happiest day of yours; and if God spare me to see you Peggy as blest a mother as I have been, then may I say, Lord, now testest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Thus, with his mother's blessing warm at his heart, and happiness brightening every feature, did the youthful bride groom quit his parent's roof. He was to return in the evening with his bride, who was henceforward to be the inmate of his mother's dwelling.—The widow had no fears or misgivings as to the worth or excellency of George's wife; for she had known & loved her from a child; and the first wish of her heart had been—that George should marry Peggy Burns. The daylight had long passed away and more than once had widow Gray trimmed the fire, and looked with pride and pleasure at the well furnished room which was to be the abode of her new daughter. The hours had passed by, and still they did not come; Oh, what could stay them now? And for the first time alarm arose in the mother's heart.—She took her seat beside the fire, and tried to read her Bible; but her heart throbbled and fluttered so, it was in vain.—At last she heard a noise,—her ears could not be deceived—it was their footsteps on the stairs.—She hurried to the door with a lighted candle, indeed, stood there; but the light fell upon the face of a stranger.—'Who are you?' said the startled mother. 'Why do I see you here? My God has any thing happened to my boy?' 'Where are those voices that I hear?' 'And she would have rushed past him, but he caught her

arm.—'Come into the house,' said the compassionate stranger, 'and I will tell you all.' 'Oh, I know it all ready!' said the mother; 'my boy my boy is gone! No he is not dead; believe me, my poor woman, your son lives, but he has been severely hurt, and they are now bringing him here at his own desire. I have dressed his wound, and perhaps—'

The mother heard not what he said, she remained fixed to the spot—her eyes raised to heaven—her heart in silent prayer, as if imploring God for strength to bear her misery.—It was indeed a sight to harrow up the soul; her brave, her beautiful boy, was now brought back to his mother's house, and laid upon the bed, pale, bleeding, and almost lifeless. He was supported by the surgeon & some of the bridal party, whilst his poor Peggy pressed close to his side, her face as white as his bridal garments.

The mother asked not a question, but the facts were soon made known by those around her. Her son had arrived within a few paces of his father-in-law's door, when his attention was attracted to the opposite side of the street, by the screams of a young girl apparently struggling to disengage herself from the rude attack of two young men. He stooped for a moment, but persuading himself they were only claiming the privilege of Hansel Monday, to obtain a kiss from a pretty girl, he prepared to hurry on to his appointment. A second appeal for help, however, in a voice of unequivocal terror and supplication, rendered him ashamed of his momentary selfishness, and thinking of his own Peggy, he flew to the assistance of the arm of the most troublesome of the two ruffians, he enabled the girl to make her escape; but at that moment the other young man turning upon George, threw him head foremost with all his force against the iron lamp-post. The blow was fatal, severe, and he lay at their feet bleeding and senseless.—A party of the wedding guests were the first to observe him, and come to his assistance; he was carried into the house of his Peggy's father, and it was some time before he uttered a word. At last he opened his eyes; and as Peggy hung over him, he pressed her hand and faintly uttered. Let them carry me to my mother. After a while, however, he recovered so far, as to be able to give some account of what had happened.—The surgeon who had been called in, having now made his appearance, the poor young man again petitioned to be taken to his mother's house; and seeing that quiet was not to be obtained where he was, the surgeon agreed to his immediate removal.

All now having quitted the house of Mrs. Gray, except the surgeon and poor Peggy, the mother, with trembling hands, assisted to undress her son, and stood by while he was bled. The doctor now saw him laid quiet, and proposed to leave them for the night. He had given no hope—he had said nothing; and the unhappy widow dared not to ask a question for she read in his face the sentence of her son's death. Next morning, George desired to see the surgeon alone, and after conversing with him for some moments, he sent for Peggy. They remained for some time together, and when the mother entered the room, the poor girl was seated by the bed, holding the hand of her lover, paler if possible than before, but still, and silent, as death itself.

Mother, I have been telling Peggy what I need not tell you, for I saw you knew how it would be, when you laid me on this bed. And now, dear mother, I have only one wish, and that is to see our good minister, and once more hear his voice in prayer. Oh! I hoped to have seen him perform an office far different from this! but the Lord's will be done. The good man came, and after a few words to the afflicted mother, he seated himself by the bed of her son, Peggy now rose for the first time, and taking the widow aside, she said some words in a low but earnest voice, but at that moment the minister called to them to kneel round George's bed, and then he prayed aloud with all the fervour of a feeling and a pious heart. His words indeed the words of eternal life; and as he poured out his spirit in prayer, this world, with all

its sins and its sorrows, faded from their eyes.

'The boy man now arose, and would have left them, but Peggy, starting forward, laid her hand upon his arm with a look of earnest supplication, and tried to speak; but the effort was too much for her, and the mother then advanced to explain her wishes. If you think there is anything wrong in it, sir, Peggy wishes to be made the wife of my poor boy. The minister looked at the dying man, and shook his head. Peggy knows that, sir, said widow Gray; she knows that it is not many hours to live; but yet it is natural for her to wish—And then her father could let her live with me. And then, said Peggy, roused herself to speak. Oh! then, sir, I would be laid in—She could not say the word, but George, clasping her hand, added, In my grave, Peggy! it is that you would say. God bless you, dearest, for the wish.

The good man made no further objection, and their hands were now joined in wedlock. George's strength supported him through the sacred ceremony, and when the clergyman pronounced them man and wife, he opened his arms, received her to his bosom and saying, God bless my Peggy, he expired.

Such was the story which the children had heard from their nurse soon after it had happened. Since then they had frequently visited the widow and her daughter, for Peggy had never left her mother-in-law. Though poor now, they were not altogether destitute, and the young widow added to their little stock, by taking in plain work. This was all she was able for. She had always been a delicate girl; and now sorrow, though quietly endured, was making deep inroads in her feeble frame. The cold of winter had borne hard upon Peggy; and when Beaty now saw her seated by the poor old woman, she felt it would be difficult to say whether the ripe fruit or the blighted flower was likely to be soonest taken. The children with instinctive feeling, had laid their toys in Beaty's mantle as they ascended the stair. Do not let poor Peggy see our playthings, to put her in mind of Hansel Monday, said little William. Poor things, it was kindly meant; but Hansel Monday was written in Peggy's heart in characters too deep to be ever effaced from it. As they softly entered, they found the widow seated by the fire, her wheel, for that day, was laid aside, while Peggy sat beside her with her open Bible upon her knee, apparently reading to her. Do not let me interrupt you, said the nurse; our visit must be very short; but my bairns have brought Agnes and yourself some little things to show their good-will, for they well know it is not what this world can now bestow that is any thing to you. That is true! said Peggy, clasping her Bible to her breast, this book is my best treasure, and oh! may these dear bairns feel it to be such, again in their young days of happiness and joy! So may God spare the sore season. He saw fit that I should learn, yet we are the uses of adversity.—Yes, said the old woman, Peggy does mean to murmur. And do not, dear children, amongst all the happy faces you have seen to-day, think that God has forgotten us. No; he has made his face to shine upon us in all our sorrow, and filled our hearts with peace, and hope, and joy. Poor Peggy had but one care when she rose this morning, and left how weak she was; and even that is now removed, for both our good minister, and your dear mother, have been here to-day, and they have promised Peggy that if it pleased the Lord that she should join him that's gone before his poor old mother does, they will take care of her. So now her poor heart is at rest, and we can both wait for God's good times in peace. The children now bestowed their little gifts, and received the blessing of the widow and her daughter. Their little hearts were full, and the tears stood in their bright eyes when they departed. But at their age, such tears may be dry, but do nothing to sadden the heart.

As an instance of the traffic between Ireland and Glasgow, in the article of eggs, it is mentioned that one of the Derry steam-vessels in a late trip brought over 15 tons, and on her next voyage upwards of 30 tons of eggs—970,000 ordinary hen eggs.

THE STEAM BOAT
Maryland
Companys her regular route
Tuesday next, leaving Baltimore
at 10 o'clock for Annapolis, Cambridge
and Easton; returning, leaving Easton at
10 o'clock for Cambridge, Annapolis and
Baltimore. On Monday leave Baltimore
at 6 o'clock, returning, leave
Cambridge at 1 o'clock the same day.
On Sunday the 1st of April, she will
leave Baltimore at 9 o'clock for Annapolis
only, returning, leave Annapolis
at 3 past 2 o'clock, continuing this
route throughout the season.
Passage to and from Annapolis, St.
March 26.

Swain's Panacea
For the cure of Scrofula or King's
Evil, Syphilis and Mercurial Dis-
eases, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Sores,
White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver
and Skin, General Debility, &c. and all
diseases arising from impure blood.
It has also been found beneficial in
Nervous and Dyspeptic complaints.
Price Two Dollars per bottle,
and Twenty Dollars per Dozen.

TO THE PUBLIC.
In consequence of the numerous
frauds and impositions practised in re-
ference to my medicine, I am again
induced to change the form of my bot-
tles. In future, the Panacea will be
put up in round bottles, fluted longi-
tudinally, with the following words
blown in the glass, "Swain's Panacea
—Phila."—

These bottles are much stronger
than those heretofore used, and will
have but one label, which covers the
cork, with my own signature on it, so
that the cork cannot be drawn without
destroying the signature, without which
none is genuine. The medicine must
consequently be known to be genuine
when my signature is visible; to coun-
terfeit which, will be punishable as
forgery.

The increasing demand for this ce-
lebrated medicine has enabled me to re-
duce the price to two dollars per bot-
tle, thus bringing it within the reach
of the indigent.

My Panacea requires no encomiums;
its astonishing effects and wonderful
operation, have drawn, both from Pa-
tients and Medical Practitioners of the
highest respectability, the most unquali-
fied approbation, and established for
it a character, which every pen, that
dipped in gall, can never tarnish.

The false reports concerning this
valuable medicine, which have been so
diligently circulated by certain Physi-
cians, have their origin either in envy
or in the mischievous effects of the
spurious imitations.

The Proprietor pledges himself to
the public, and gives them the most
solemn assurance, that this medicine
contains neither mercury, nor any o-
ther deleterious drug.

The public are cautioned not to pur-
chase my Panacea, except from my
self, my accredited agents, or persons
of known respectability, and all those
who will consequently be without excuse,
who shall purchase from any other
person.

Philadelphia, Sep. 1828
From Doctor Valentine Mott, Profes-
sor of Surgery in the University of
New York, Surgeon of the New-
York Hospital, &c. &c.
I have repeatedly used Swain's Pa-
nacea, both in the Hospital, and in
private practice, and have found it to
be a valuable medicine in syphilis, sy-
philitic and scrofulous complaints, and
in obstinate cutaneous affections.

Valentine Mott, M. D.
New-York, 1st mo. 5th, 1828.
From Doctor William P. Dewees, Ad-
junct Professor of Midwifery in the
University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c.
I have much pleasure in saying, I
have witnessed the most decided and
happy effects in several instances of
inveterate disease, from Mr. Swain's
Panacea, where other remedies had
failed—was that of Mrs. Brown.

Wm. P. Dewees, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1823
From Doctor James Mease, Member
of the American Philosophical Soci-
ety, &c. &c.
I cheerfully add my testimony in
favour of Mr. Swain's Panacea, as a
remedy in Scrofula. I saw two inveter-
ate cases perfectly cured by it, after
the usual remedies had been long tried,
without effect—those of Mrs. O'Neil
and Mrs. Campbell.

James Mease, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1823.
THE GENUINE PANACEA may
be had, wholesale and retail, at the
Proprietor's own office,
No. 1, HENRY PRICES,
No. 1, Sole Agent in Baltimore.
At the corner of Baltimore and H.
power-street.
Nov. 27.

The Journal of Proceedings
of the
House of Delegates
of the
General Assembly of the State of
Maryland, for the Session of 1828.
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