

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXIV.

Annapolis, Thursday, July 23, 1829.

No. 30



MARYLAND
Commences her regular route on Tuesday next, leaving Baltimore at 7 o'clock for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton returning, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, Annapolis and Baltimore. On Mondays leaves Baltimore at 6 o'clock, returning, leaves Chestertown at 1 o'clock the same day. On Sunday the 12th April, she will leave Baltimore at 9 o'clock for Annapolis only, returning, leave Annapolis at 1 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, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, 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 reference to my medicine, I am again induced to change the form of my bottles. In future, the Panacea will be put up in round bottles, fluted longitudinally, with the following words blown in the glass, "Swain's Panacea—Philsida."
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 most consequently be known to be genuine when my signature is visible; to counterfeit which, will be punishable as forgery.

The increasing demand for this celebrated medicine has enabled me to reduce the price to two dollars per bottle, thus bringing it within the reach of the indigent.
My Panacea requires no economy; its astonishing effects and wonderful operation, have drawn, both from Patients and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unqualified approbation, and established for it a character, which envy's pen, though dipped in gall, can never tarnish.
The false reports, concerning this valuable medicine, which have been so diligently circulated by certain Physicians, 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 assurances, that this medicine contains neither mercury, nor any other deleterious drug.
The public are cautioned not to purchase my Panacea, except from persons, my accredited agents, or persons of known respectability, and all those who will consequently be without excuse, who shall purchase from any other persons.
Wm SWAIN.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1828.

From Doctor Valentine Mott, Professor of Surgery in the University of New York, Surgeon of the New York Hospital, &c. &c.
I have repeatedly used Swain's Panacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic, syphilitic and scrofulous complaints, and in obstinate cutaneous affections.
Valentine Mott, M. D.
New York, 1st Mo 5th, 1824.
From Doctor William P. Dewees, Adjunct 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—ones was that of Mrs. Brown.
Wm. P. Dewees, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1823.

From Doctor James Messer, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c.
I cheerfully add my testimony in favour of Mr. Swain's Panacea, as a remedy in Scrofula. I saw two inveterate cases perfectly cured by it, after the usual remedies had been long tried without effect—those of Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. Campbell.
James Messer, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 18 1823.
The GENUINE PANACEA may be had, wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's own prices, of HENRY PRICE, Sole Agent in Baltimore, At the corner of Baltimore and Dover-streets.
Nov 27.

The Journal of Proceedings of the House of Delegates.
December Session, 1828. Is completed, and ready for publication. A few copies for sale at the office.
April 2.

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Jonas Green,
CORNER-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

MISCELLANE.

From the London Magazine.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL FELLOWS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock of filthy trades and traffics; I wondered what they meant by stock, I wrote delightful sapphics; I knew the streets of Rome and Troy, I supped with fates and furies; Twelve years ago I was a boy, A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought Of faded pains and pleasures Those whisper'd syllables have brought From memory's hoarded treasures; The fields, the farms, the beds, the books, The glories and disgraces, The voices of dear friends, the looks Of old familiar faces.

Kind master smiles again to me, As bright as when we parted; I seem again the frank, the free, Stout limb'd and simple hearted; Pursuing every idle dream, And shunning every warning; With no hard work but Hovey's Stream, No chill except Long Morning.

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball, That rattled like a rocket; Now hearing Wentworth's fourteen all, And striking for the pocket; Now feasting on a cheese and fitch, Now drinking from the pewter; Now leaping over Chalvey ditch, Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone, No playmate shares my boister; Some lie beneath the churchyard stone, And some before the Speaker, And some compose a tragedy, And some compose a rondo; And some draw pleas for liberty, And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes, Without the fear of sessions; Charles Medlar loath'd false quantities, As much as false professions; Now Mill keeps order in the land, And Medlar's feet repose uncan'd, Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din, Does Dr. Hovey's duty; And Mullion, with that monstrous chin, Is married to a beauty, And Darrell studies, week by week, His Mant and not his Mantion; And Ball, who was but poor at Greek, Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight and twenty now, The world's cold chains have bound me, And darker shades are on my brow, And sadder scenes around me; In Parliament I fill my seat, With many other noodlers; And by my head in Jeremy's street, And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But often when the cares of life Have set my temples aching; When visions haunt me of a wife, When duns await my waking, When lady Jane is in a pet, Or Holy in a hurry; When Captain Hazard wags a bet, Or Beauclieu spins a curry.

For hours and hours I think and talk Of each remembered lobby; I long to lounge in Poet's Walk, To shiver in the lobby; I wish that I could run away From house, and court, and levee, Where bearded men appear to day, Just Eaton boys, grown heavy.

That I could bask in childhood's sun, And dance o'er childhood's roses; And find huge wealth in one pound one, Vest wit in broken noses; And play six Gills at Datchet Lane, And call the maid's hours— That could be a boy again, A happy boy, at Drury's.

NEW DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wells, of Detroit, writes to Dr. Mitchell of New York, that an oil has been extracted from Indian corn, the process for which the discoverer will not make known. The oil is said to be equal to Castor oil for a medicine, burns very bright in lamps, and may be made nice enough to eat on salad. It was discovered by accident in preparing mash for distillation.

INNOCENT CONFESSION.

A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsome. And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so," said the confessor. "The confessor on this took his pen out of the confessional, held the light, put on his spectacles, and having looked at her attentively, said, "Well, indeed, you may use rouge, for you're ugly enough, even without it."

From Blackwood's Magazine for March.

FIRST AND LAST CRIME.
JAMES MORLEY, THE MURDERER.
'And to this, it has come at last! Thus I read myself described in every newspaper! Thus I am designated, by every tongue that speaks of me! And many are those who have already made the appointment to be up betimes, and go to Morley's execution. The execution of Morley, the murderer. Yes—it would become me well, to let the hangman play the dog with me; a rude rabble gather round my scaffold; and a heartless world amuse itself, an hour perhaps with the Newgate history of my words, my conduct, nay my very looks, from my first moment in a condemned cell, to my last, under the gibbet. It is not death I fear; but what I do fear, worse than ten thousand deaths, and what I have no spirit in me to sustain, is the malefactor exhibition of myself. These hands bound with cords—the arms ignominiously fastened—a vile halter round my neck—and the leading forth to public execution! Oh! these preparations, and these adjuncts are dreadful! I look into myself and find I have less fortitude to go through such a scene, than I should have resolution to escape it, (if only that escape were left me,) by dashing out my brains against the walls of my prison.

'Why then, should I undergo the mockery of trial? Why stand at the bar of justice, to hear myself arraigned, to endure the public gaze—listen to well-timed periods of tripe horror at my crime and hear others tell how I perpetrated it? And when twelve men shall gravely pronounce I am a murderer, to receive judicial sentence with a solemn exhortation to prepare for a felon's death; and the orthodox appendage, that if I am duly penitent, for the remaining sixty hours I am permitted to breathe, my soul may find heaven, while the surgeons are scraping my bones, to make a skeleton for their museum of curiosities.

'Yet even to this ordeal would I submit were it thus only the world could learn by what a chain of circumstances I became a murderer. But it is not so; for that which living ears might have listened to in my defence, living eyes can read after my death.

'I was the youngest child of three, but before I had attained my tenth year, I was an only one. I had always been the favourite of both my parents, and now I was their idol. They hung upon my existence, as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the last floating fragment of the gallant bark that bore him; they lived, but while they held by me, in the rough tossings of the ocean of life, I was not slow to discover my value in their estimation, or to exercise, in its fullest extent, the capricious tyranny of conscious power. Almost the earliest impression which my ripening mind received, was a regal immunity from error I could do no wrong.

'There was no deficiency of moral training either by precept or example. The stream of virtuous admonition was poured, in a full tide, over my heart; but it was left to stagnate. The model of virtuous conduct was held before my eyes in every action of my parents; but I was absolved from the duty of imitation. What was the consequence? Imperceptibly created within myself an arbitrary standard of right and wrong; my moral vision became habitually distorted; I had one code of ethics for the world, & another for myself, words changed their meaning, according as they were to express my own actions, or those of others. I was taught to know, but not required to practise, the obligations of social life; and I rioted in all the excesses, ran through all the transgressions, which mere boyhood could commit, with a prodigal, and warranted reliance upon parental indulgence. Oh God! what an after life of guilt and sorrow I should have been spared, if authority, hand in hand with wholesome discipline, had frowned upon my first offences!

'As my passion grew stronger, they took a wider range, and rapidly outstripped my years. An almost unlimited command of money placed at my disposal the means of gratifying every inclination, by giving me the power to put meaner instruments in motion; those sordid panders to vice, who made smooth paths of sin for the privilege of dipping into an heir's purse. I had three or four of these panders in my pay by the time I was sixteen; but though I know

the rumour of my youthful licentiousness sometimes reached my father's ears, I never saw displeasure darken his brow towards me, nor heard the language of reproof from his lips. They are the weeds of a rich soil, he would say, which a little culture will soon eradicate. It is true, the more degrading of my follies were unknown to him.

'My education was not neglected. I had a thirst for knowledge; and, amid all the dissipation into which I plunged, I willingly and eagerly devoted much of my time to study. Masters of every kind were provided for me; but they were strictly prohibited from exercising any control. It so chanced, I needed none; I engaged in the acquisition of learning with the free grace of a volunteer, and I believe my preceptors were not reluctant to claim me as their pupil.

'Alas! the only use I have ever made of what I acquired, has been to gild my vices when acted, or refine upon the manner of acting them while in contemplation.

'My father had a brother, his elder by many years; a man of stern and rigid character, as I then considered him; but, as I would now call him, of upright, firm, and honorable principle. He loved my father, but did not love his weakness, and the display of it, in his indulgence towards me, was the cause of many a serious, if not sometimes angry, debate between them.—Well do I remember (for it rankled like poison in my swelling heart) a declaration he once made in my presence. It was a fine autumnal evening, and he was seated with my father and mother in a balcony, which opened from a library-window upon a spacious lawn. I entered the room and advanced towards them, unconscious of course, that their conversation had been about me; but my uncle looking at me with a severe expression of countenance, and at the same time addressing his brother, exclaimed, Well James neither you nor I may live to see it; but if the grace of God, or his own better reflection, as he grows older, do not work a change in this young squire, a duel, Jack Ketch, or a razor, will work his exit some day or other.

'My father smiled—I saw my mother wipe a tear—at that moment I could have struck my uncle dead. I muttered a few words—I knew not what, and left the room. Boy as I was, (for I had barely completed my seventeenth year,) I felt all the vindictive passions of manhood kindling within me. It seemed as if a sentence had been passed upon me, more terrible, because a secret voice whispered to me, it was prophetic! That impression never forsook me! It grew with my growth; it pursued me through life; it almost gave a colour to my after years. If I could have opened the volume of futurity, & read the page, blotted with the record of what I was to become, it could hardly have bound me in the fetters of my destiny more certainly, than did this ill-omened prediction of my uncle.

'I questioned my father laughingly, a few days afterwards, as to the reasons of his brother for thus speaking of me; and I even dared to insinuate that had he felt what a father should, he would have resented the indignity. He answered me (I write it with shame and contrition) most mildly, most affectionately. The gentle being, I see him now, as he tenderly took my hand—apologised to me—to me! who ought to have stood trembling in his presence! I followed up my blow. With cold, but subtle malignity, I played off my revenge towards my uncle, thro' the idolatry of my father's love towards myself. I barbarously gave him a choice of misery; for I disdainfully replied, that he must henceforth determine, whether he would lose a brother or son, as I had determined to remain no longer under his roof, unless I had the assurance that I should never again see my uncle there. He looked at me. My God! what a look it was! so full of meek sorrow and appalling obedience! Without uttering a word, he sat down to his writing-table. The tears fell upon his paper; but they did not blot out a few words addressed to his brother, which severed forever in this world two noble hearts; cast, indeed, in two different molds but which kindred blood had cemented, in the close bonds of fraternal love for more than 40 years.

'This was my first revenge. But was I satisfied? No!

'It was only a few months afterwards, that chance threw in my way a daughter of my uncle's. I met her at the house of a common friend, who knew and deplored the unhappy schism which prevailed between the two brothers. He was equally attached to both, and I believe pleased himself with the idea, that an occasional intercourse between the younger branches of the families, might some day or other effect a reconciliation between the head. My cousin Harriet was a year older than myself. She was in her nineteenth, and I in my eighteenth year. I loved her. Yes, the first feeling that glowed in my bosom was that of love. She was beautiful—fascinating—accomplished—amiable—and I loved her. It was not long before I was satisfied that I had kindled a reciprocal passion in her breast. The mute eloquence of her look and manner was only the harbinger of that same thrilling eloquence, which fell from her tongue when I won the declaration of her affection.

'Her father knew that we met at this friend's house; but whether he was told, or whether he penetrated, the secret of our attachment, I never learned. I only know, that, at the very moment when separation was madness, his mandate went forth, prohibiting all further intercourse between us, and that it was obeyed. Not by me, for I was incapable of submission; but my gentle Harriet, who thought herself incapable of disobeying. We met no more where we had been wont to meet; and my young heart's spring of happiness seemed forever withered.

'But here again, I began to reflect, my path was crossed—my hopes were blighted—by my uncle. I heard too, that his tongue had been free with my name; that the blistering censure of his austere virtue had fallen upon my actions. I writhed under the contumely. My wounded spirit was insatiate for revenge. I meditated deeply, how I could inflict it, so as to strike the blow where he was most vulnerable. I did not brood over my dark purpose. The love I still bore his daughter, was now mingled with the hatred I still bore towards himself; and I exulted in the thought, that I should perhaps be able to gratify, at one and the same moment, two of the fiercest passions of my nature—lust and revenge. I succeeded!

'In these two words let me shroud a tale of horror. Harriet was my victim! Ask not how I triumphed? She fell! An angel might have fallen as she did, and lost no purity.—But her stainless heart was too proud to pander and equivocate with circumstances. She never rose from what she deemed her bridal bed.—And ere twenty summers had fanned her cheek, the grave worm banqueted upon its loveliness.

'This was my first crime. The recollection of it is engraved upon my memory by an awful catastrophe.—The night wind that sung her funeral dirge, howled with dismal fury through the burning ruins of my paternal mansion. Yes! that very night, as if it were in mercy to them, my father and my mother both perished in the flames which reduced the house itself to cinders. They were seen at the windows of their bed chamber, shrieking for aid; but before any could be procured, the flooring gave way, and they sunk, at once into the yawning furnace that roared beneath. Their remains, when afterwards dug out, were a few shovels full of blackened ashes; except my father's right hand, which was found clasped in that of my mother, and both unconsumed. I followed these sad relics to the sepulchre.—

But with the tears I shed, there was a feeble consolation at the thought they had died before they knew the fate of Harriet—and a frightful joy, that another pang was added to the wretchedness of my uncle.

'I well remember what a feeling of despondency and desolation now took possession of me. A few days, a few hours almost, had snapped asunder the only links by which I seemed to be held to this world.—Forward as my youth had been—headlong as I had followed the impulse of my passions—my heart was not so seared, the springs of social virtue were not so dried up within me—my nature was not so bleak and barren—but that I often sighed, in bitterness of soul, over the wreck of

things that had been. There were moments, too, when I would gladly have paid the price of all my future life to redeem and cancel the past; for I already shrank, with prophetic fears, from what was to come. Nor could the intoxicated anticipations, of that ample wealth which awaited me, when another year should elapse, make me forget that I was doomed to enjoy it alone. I felt, too, that I should enter upon my inheritance with a tainted name, a feeling which the falsehoods and fawnings of the parasites who surrounded me could not obliterate.

Time, however, gradually rolled on; and I grew callous, if not reconciled. I could not disguise from myself that the more select circles of society were closed against me; or, if I found my way into them, some blushing whisper was circulated, which created a solitude around me. For several years I strove to bear down this ostracism of fashion, as I considered it, rather than of morals, by the imposing influence of money. There was no equipage—no establishment in the capital which surpassed my own; there was no patron of the arts, of literature, or of science, so munificent; there was no benefactor to public charities so liberal, there was no dispenser of private benevolence, whose aims were so ostentatiously blazoned forth. My name was on every tongue; my movements, and my actions, were the daily theme of the newspapers; I lived in the general eye; but I could not level the barrier which excluded me from the region I sought.

'It was during this period, and while I was thus squandering away thousands to achieve the conquest of shadows, that I succeeded in fixing an intimacy with a family equal to my own in station, and superior to it in fortune. The eldest daughter was an heiress of large expectations, and my proposals of marriage were favourably received. I might almost say that Matilda was mine, when one day I received a letter from her father, peremptorily forbidding my visits. I was thunderstruck. I hastened to the house, and demanded an explanation. It was given in a few words. I was referred to my uncle for any information I required.

'This blow struck me down. I had run through my patrimonial estate; but hoped by my marriage with Matilda, to repair my shattered fortune. Three weeks after it was known that the match was broken off, I was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench! I breathed no curses upon the cause of this sudden reverse of fortune, but—I swore revenge in silence; and I kept my oath. I languished away six months, a captive debtor; and then, taking the benefit of the act, I walked forth a beggar, to prey upon the world at large! I had studied, during that time in an admirable school, where I found professors in every art by which fools are gulled, and knaves foiled with their own weapons. I was an apt scholar, and returned to the bosom of polished deception. Translate this into the language of the Old Bailey, and I became a swindler by profession. Like the eagle, however, I was a bird of prey that soared into the higher regions, and rarely stooped to strike the meaner tribes of my species. I had not lost, with the trappings of my birth, the manners and address of the sphere in which I had moved; and these were now my stock in trade for carrying on my new vocation.

'Among the children of misfortune with whom I associated in prison, was Charles Fitzroy; a bankrupt in every thing but exhausted invention, and unconquerable perseverance. Give him the free use of his limbs, and with matchless dexterity he would make the contributions of the morning furnish out the riotous expenses of the evening. It was his boast, that he would breakfast with an empty pocket, and dine with a purse that should defray the carousal of a dozen friends. And I have known him to fulfil his boast, with a heart as light, too, as became a man who thus made the credulous fools of the world his bankers.

'I was needy, desperate, and an outcast; & I linked my destiny with Fitzroy's. He had my confidence; such confidence as confederates in knavery can bestow. When he obtained his liberty, which he did shortly after my own was accomplished, he introduced me to his companions; men who, like himself, lived by plundering the unwary, and

who looked up to him as their Magnus Apollo. I was soon initiated in all their mysteries; and played my part to admiration at the gaming table, on the race course, and in the ring.

'Fitzroy was master of the secret that festered near my heart; the increased and increasing hatred towards my uncle. I regarded him as my evil genius; for not only had he thwarted me in two of the dearest objects of my life; but his prediction of my boyhood had clung to me like a poisoned garment. I could not shake it off; and now, more than ever, it seemed accomplishing itself with rapid strides. It made me mad when I reflected upon the polluted channels through which my precarious means flowed, & thought of the luxurious enjoyments which his opulence commanded. It was true, I had dashed his cup with bitterness; but it was no less true, that it still flowed with sweets, while mine was brimming with gall. Fitzroy, would often talk to me upon this subject, and devise schemes for a successful inroad upon his purse. At length a plan was matured between us, in which I could not appear, but which Fitzroy, and a picked few of our associates, undertook to execute.

'My uncle had always been passionately fond of the course, and prided himself upon his stud of racers. He betted largely, and was generally fortunate, probably because he selected his men with a wary eye. The race course, then, was the arena chosen for the enterprise, but admirable as were the projected plans, and skillfully as they were executed, such was his luck, or so profound were his calculations, that they failed five successive seasons. Fitzroy, however, was one of those men, who, when satisfied that what they engage in ought to succeed, according to the means employed, only derived fresh vigour from every fresh defeat. He played his game a sixth time, and won. The same day that I saw my uncle rise with thousands, saw him seek his pillow at night, a frantic beggar! He was too proud a man, too honourable, I will add, not to throw down his last guinea, in satisfaction of such demands. He never suspected villainy in the business. He paid his losses, therefore; and in less than a week afterwards, an inquest sat upon his body, which was found at the bottom of his own fish pond.

'I had my share of this infernal plunder; but so ravenous had been my appetite for revenge, that not one pang of remorse disturbed the riotous enjoyments in which it was lavished. On the contrary, the very consciousness that it was my uncle's money I squandered, gave a zest to every excess, and seemed to appease the gnawing passions which had so long tormented me. In two or three years, however boundless extravagance, and the gaming table, stripped me of my last shilling. It was in one of the frenzied moments of this profligate reverse of fortune, that I committed the crime for which, if to-morrow dawned upon me, I should be publicly arraigned.

'Fitzroy had been fortunate the whole night. I had thrown with constant bad luck. He had pocketed some hundreds; I had lost more than I could pay. I asked him for a temporary loan of fifty pounds, to make good what I owed, and stake the small remaining sum for the chance of retrieving all. He refused me. It was the first time he had ever done so. But he not only refused me, he taunted me with sarcastic reproofs for my folly, and muttered something about the uselessness of assisting a man who, if he had thousands, would scatter them like dust. He should have chosen a fitter moment to exhort me, than when I was galled by my losses, and by his denial of my request. I was heated with wine too; and half mad with despair, half mad with drink, I sprung upon him, tore him to the earth, and before the bystander could interfere to separate us, I had buried a knife, which I snatched from a table near me, up to the handle in his heart. He screamed—convulsively grappled me by the throat—and expired! His death-gripe was so fierce and powerful, that I believe had we been alone, his murderer would have been found strangled by his side. It was with difficulty that the horror struck witnesses of this bloody scene could force open his clenched hands time enough to let me breathe.

'I have done! I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the silent response which my heart made when my uncle pronounced that withering sentence on me. 'No! was my indignant exclamation; 'I may deserve a hundred public deaths, but if I know myself, I would never undergo one!—Nor will I. When that which I have written shall be read—other hopes—other punishments, perhaps, than man can smother or inflict—will await me. My first crime—my first revenge, and my last, I have completed; my last crime others may see, when they speak of the murderer and victim, JAMES MORLEY.'