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By **Jonas Green,**
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MISCELLANY.

The following truly poetical lines, from the third number of *Willis's American Monthly Magazine*. We have not seen the work; but such a piece of poetry would redeem a wilderness of faults. [Y. & C. Journal.]

CHANGES.

The billows run along in gold,
Over the yielding main,
And when upon the shore uprolled,
They gather up again.
They get themselves a different form,
These children of the wind,
And, ere in sunlight or in storm,
Leave the green land behind.

Life's billows on life's charming sea,
Come always to the shore,
Some with a calm content, and free,
Some with hollow roar:
They break and are no longer seen,
Yet still they roll on.

And of different kind,
They roll from clime to clime.
All water courses find the main;
The main sinks back to earth,
Life settles in the grave—again,
The grave hath life and birth;

The fire blooms above the sleeping dust,
The grass grows from scattered clay,
And thus from death the spirit must
To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water, changing forms,
The mist goes upward from the sea,
And gathers into storms;
The fire and rain come down again,
To break the drooping land,
So doth this life, as it wanes,
Subside, and expand.

The Death of Alice Bland.

[By the author of Tales of a Pilgrim.]

Austin, I am domiciled once more under your roof—I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board—and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that embower your mansion. Your Laura, matroned in her beauty, hails me every morning with benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport their innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourning in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithful friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me if you find my pen dwells too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the proximity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was therefore no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me in a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our separation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I a heedless and, perhaps, somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to exchange my quiet home for the tempt of war. I soon forgot amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother; but I never lost remembrance of the fearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household.

Five years afterwards my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Ebro, that he joined our ranks—as brave as a generous heart—yet a youth as Britain over sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month, you saw him stricken down lifelessly by my side. Green, forever green, be the Navarre valley in which his young bones lie buried. A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his hood-dewed brow—a brother's glance alone could now discover his soul's grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. This as needs and duty as Moore's, from five years' exposure to a burning sun, harassed, too, with some memorials of our services, we looked forward, with glad pride and joy to the day that should restore us to our kindred. In the very midst of these anticipations, the war terminated when we heard the shriek of thousands of our brave returning soldiers, swamping

over the blue waved Garonne, the vision of peace departed. Our regiment was ordered to America; and at such a juncture we could not with honour forsake its standard.

We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac & Mississippi testified, and there we buried many of the bravest of our band; men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when that war ended; but for me they were as short-lived as before. While other corps sailed homeward, the vessel in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, fortunately no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St. Lawrence; and for three years I was condemned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice, just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicane, stood alone in the wide world—and, saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that has bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished under its shade. I could bear expatriation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succour.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried, after her mother's death, by an amiable uncle, who, commiserating her forlorn situation, and was upon by her many rare and endearing qualities, had generously resolved that a creature so formed to be loved should not be left to die without an effort made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward turned eyes the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the first opportunity to disembark? I question much whether the certainty of irremediable loss is so harassing to the heart, as the apprehensions of impending evil—that 'hope that keeps alive despair.' I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice on her bier; and my trembling lips could scarcely give utterance to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the place of her residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protectress had resolved on trying the effect of the air of France. They had been gone bare a fortnight, and I determined to follow them without delay. I had business of some consequence, regarding our small patrimony to transmit in England, but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried whether a brother's presence could not revivify my poor Alice's sinking frame.

Arrived at a small town in the south western corner of Normandy, was the place where they intended to reside.—The most expeditious way for me to reach it was to embark in one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that island run across in a French market boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan; I boarded the first vessel that passed through the Solent for St. Helier; and ere the sun went down behind the waves we were ploughing, the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon.

Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey, and doubled the perilous Corbiere. The wind blew stiffly from the south-east, and we made the bay of St. Aubin with some difficulty. On landing at St. Helier, I made immediate enquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several boats belong to that port lay moored in the harbour, and groups of Norman market girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque caps, were lingering on the quay, anxious to depart, none of the skippers would undertake to put me ashore, until the wind should change into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their apprehensions, that delay was absolutely requisite, I

tried to curb my patience; and, to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was in the middle of September. The harvest had been sometime reaped and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mount Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Cape de la Hogne to Mount St. Michel. The rock strewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mount Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly foliaged trees embower it, and in summer the smiling parsonage is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its wall, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying ground and gazed listlessly at the headstones that crowned it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the savity of the barrack-room, and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saying you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvas homes—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of our paternal hearths. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honours? No one, save Alice—and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad, even to death.

I was roused from my morbidizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave, benevolent looking matron—the other, one of those sylphlike visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away forever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth, but to Heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark blue eye, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have graced a seraph.

The car was attended with a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services, and when I learned that their object was to visit a grave in the cemetery, I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the older lady knelt down upon the green tumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter, who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its blessings around her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate: 'If I die in this strange country we are going to,' I heard her murmur, as I led her back to the vehicle, 'let me be buried in this quiet spot; and my brother—when he returns—let his voice grow tremulous and indistinct; I'll re-sole them in their car, and they'll drive away.'

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed, lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognized in every gentle sound, the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she flitted like a beautiful vision around my couch. I was glad, for the morning came, doubly glad, for I perceived me from uneasy dreams, and brought the mes-

ter of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put to sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in a fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. 'If I am doomed never to see Alice more,' thought I, 'here I have found her image.'

[A dreadful storm arose, in which the vessel was nearly lost.] The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength was waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in tokens of dissent. 'I shall succumb there,' was her answer; 'and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of Heaven.'

'I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions,' said she, '—but in reality, I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put on my department. What does it signify, since God wills that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure progress of disease? Is it here?—she laid her hand on her heart—'that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl—indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly, and the dying—and destined, perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amid these turbulent waves.'

'An orphan,' said I, and I took her hand, and looked steadily on her face; 'how very deeply these words affect me! I too am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth.' 'But I have a sister—young, fair and delicate as yourself—one who, at this very moment, is perhaps gasping her last with the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wandering brother is almost at her side.'

'Happy girl,' she rejoined, 'how amply will she be blessed, if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! My brother is far, far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rustling waters of the Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long after that of his poor Alice is stilled forever.'

'Alice!' I ejaculated—'emotion stifling my words—'Powers of mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name.'

'Talbot Bland!'

I clasped her to my breast and wept, as I exclaimed, 'Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart.'

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words died away in sighs—I saw when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had had a fatal influence on her strength. How dear—how unutterably dear—did I hold her at that moment—How glad would I have bartered the rank and honors that years of perilous service had won, to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, where her spirit might calmly pass away.

At the twilight we ran under the lee of Chaukey, and anchored in a little inlet. Alice was numbbed in every joint by the spray that had drenched her, and her articulation continued to be confined to indistinct murmurs; but her looks ex-

pressed the depth of her sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the surf, to the hotel, in which we had been taught to look for shelter; but my heart sank in despair when I saw the miserable accommodation it afforded. It was a rude hut, formed of planks, and almost destitute of furniture; for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer half of the year, and were contented with the simplest conveniences. They were hospitable, however—as all French peasants are—and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. Situated as we had fatefully been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet—no matter how humble.

Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protectress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and his sailors. Her congratulations I pass over. She subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Aliceal one that I would speak.

We had some sea stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a ruik in wine and put it to my sister's lips. I partially revived her, and I had at length the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her, and the crew of Le Curieux, and the help durer's family, gathered round the fire of dried foci which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the Livre Noir of Contances told of a Seigneur de Hamby having slain a huge serpent in Jersey—or that the annals of the state prison of Mont St. Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sister's couch, listening to her gentle breathings, and watching for the flight of the imperishing spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day break Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from the shallop, alone lighted the cabin. All my fellow voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister, I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing placidly into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. Nevertheless, I longed earnestly for the light of the morning, and, for a moment, went to the threshold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just lifting his broad disk above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the cabin, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned my pressure—the lids of her eyes were lightly unclosed—but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orb; she had died. I pressed my lips to hers but they were cold and breathless.

Austin, her story is told. From the shelterless rock on which she died, I carried her remains to St. Helier's;—and, in compliance with the wish I had heard her express when I knew not the deep interest I had in her existence, she was buried at Granville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast.

ISADORE D'EREILLO.

In the church-yard of ... there is a grave covered with a plain slab of white marble, with no other inscription than 'ISADORE D'EREILLO, aged nineteen.' These few words speak histories to the heart; they tell of a beautiful flower, withered, far from its accustomed soil, in the spring day of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign country remote from every early association, her last moment unsoothed by affectionate solicitude—no tender voice, whose lightest sound breathed happy memories—no eye of fondness, on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy—her very ashes separated from their native earth.

First homage: pressing the yielding fingers gently to his lips. Alas! thought Isadore, while these eloquent interpreters of the feeling, a blush, a smile, mingled together—he loves not passionately as I love, or he could not trifle thus; a light compliment was never yet breathed by love. Isadore was at that age when the deeper tenderness of woman first deepens the gaiety of childhood, like the richest tint that dies the rose as it expands into number lovelessness. Adored by her father, for she had her mother's voice and look, and came a sweet remembrance of his youth's sole warm dream of happiness—of that love whose joy departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or one sting of sorrow; a word of anger seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against the dead, and his own melancholy constancy gave a reality to the romantic imaginings of his child. She now loved Fitzalan with all the fervor of first excited attachment: she had known him under circumstances the most affecting, when the energies and softest feelings of a woman were alike called forth; when the proud and fearless soldier became dependent on her he had protected, laid on the bed of sickness, far from the affectionate hands that would have smoothed, the tender eyes that would have wept over his pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed with unremitting care the solitude and weariness of a sick room, and when again able to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was the support of her too interesting patient.

With Fitzalan the day of romance was over; a man above thirty cannot enter into the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl; flattered by the attachment which Isadore's every look betrayed, he trifled with her, regardless or thoughtless of the young and innocent heart that confided so fearlessly. Love has no power to look forward; the delicious consciousness of the present, a faint but delightful shadow of the past, from its eternity: the possibility of separation never entered the mind of his Spanish love, till Fitzalan's instant return to England became necessary. Tony parted with all these gentle vows which are such sweet anchors for hope to rest on in absence, but, alas! such frail ones. For a time, her English lover wrote very regularly. 'That philosopher knew the human heart who said, "I would separate from my mistress for the sake of writing to her." A word, a look, may be forgotten—but a letter is a lasting memorial of affection.—The correspondence soon slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the last moments of a beloved parent, had not one thought for self; but when that father's eyes were closed, and her tears had fallen on the grave of the companions of her infancy, the orphan looked round for comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the first time, her loneliness, and the sickness of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expectation; fear, not for her fidelity; but his safety: was he again laid on a bed of sickness, and Isadore far away? She dwelt on this idea till it became a present reality, suspense was agony; at length she resolved on visiting England. She sailed—and after a quick voyage reached the land;—a wanderer seeking for happiness, which, like the shadow thrown by the lily on the water, still eludes the grasp. It was not thus in the graves of Arragon, she looked forward to the British shore, it was then the promised home of a beloved and happy bride. The day after her arrival in London, she drove to her agent's, (for her father, during the troubles in Spain, had secured some property in the English funds), hoping from him to get some intelligence of the Colonel. Passing through a very crowded street, her coach became entangled in the press, which occasioned a short stoppage. Gazing round in that mood, when anxious to escape the impressions within, the eye voluntarily seeks for others without, her attention became attracted to an elegant equipage—'Could she be mistaken never to that form—it was surely Fitzalan! Well she remembered that graceful head, that air of protection with which he supported his companion. The agitated Spaniard just caught a glimpse of her slight and delicate figure, of eyes blue as Spring sky, of a cheek of sunset, and ere her surprise allowed, the power of movement, the carriage was out of sight. Her entrance

MARYLAND
Commences her regular route on Tuesday next. Leaving Baltimore at 9 o'clock for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton; returning, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, Annapolis and Baltimore. On Mondays leave Baltimore at 6 o'clock, returning, leave Chestertown at 1 o'clock the same day. On Sunday the 19th April, she will leave Baltimore at 9 o'clock for Annapolis only, returning, leave Annapolis at 1 past 2 o'clock; continuing the route throughout the season. Passage to and from Annapolis, \$1. March 25.

Swaim's Panacea
For the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilite 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.

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, "Swaim's Panacea—Phila'da."

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 thus 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 encomium; its astonishing effects and wonderful operation, have drawn both from Physicians and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unqualified approbation, and established for it a character, which envy's pen, 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 myself, my accredited agents, or persons of known respectability, and all those who consequently be without excuse, who shall purchase from any other persons.

Wm SWAIM.
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 Swaim's Panacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it a valuable medicine in chronic syphilitic and scrofulous affections, and in obstinate cutaneous eruptions.

Valentine Mott, M. D.
New York, 11th Mo 5th, 1828.
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. Swaim's Panacea, where other remedies had failed—one was that of Mrs. Brown.

Wm. P Dewees, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1823.
From Doctor James Mease, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c.

I cheerfully add my testimony in favour of Mr. Swaim's Panacea, as a remedy in Scrofula. I saw two inveterate cases perfectly cured by it, after the usual remedies had been long used without effect—those of Mrs. O'Neil and Mrs. Campbell.

James Mease, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1825.
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
is completed, and ready for publication. A few copies for sale at the office.
April 2.