

# The Maryland Gazette.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Swain's Panacea*—By C. M. Swain, M. D. London, 1829. Ebers and Co.

The story of the principal poem is a very pathetic one—that of a Swiss girl who loses her reason in the flight occasioned by the sudden fall of an avalanche. There is much beauty and sweetness in many parts, though not throughout as artistically correct in composition and rhyme as poetical in thought. As it would be difficult to detach passages, we prefer quoting of the minor pieces, from its being finished within our limits.

### THE SWORD SONG.

Thou swart upon my belted vest,  
Why glitter thus thy polished crest,  
Kidding high ardours in my breast,  
From thy bright beams!—Hurrah!  
A horseman brave supports my blade,  
Proud for freedom to be made—  
For him I fight, for him I wade  
Through blood and death!—Hurrah!  
Yes, my grog sword, behold me free,  
In fond affection bound to thee,  
As though thou wert betroth'd to me,  
A first dear bride!—Hurrah!  
Soldier of Freedom, I am thine!  
For thee alone my beams shall shine—  
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,  
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!  
When the shrill trumpet's summons flies—  
When red ensigns flash upon the skies—  
Then will our bridal sun arise,  
And join our hands!—Hurrah!  
O welcome union! haste away,  
Ye tender moments of delay!  
I long, my bridegroom, for the day  
To wear thy wreath!—Hurrah!  
Why restless art thou, warrior why,  
Thou iron child of death?—Hurrah!  
So wilt, as if the battle cry  
Thou hear'st now!—Hurrah!  
Impatient in my dreal reserve,  
Ready in battle fields to serve,  
I burn our freedom to preserve—  
Thus with bright gleams!—Hurrah!  
Rest, but a little longer rest,  
Thou short space thou shalt be blest,  
Within my ardent grasp compress—  
Ready for fight!—Hurrah!  
Then let me not too long await—  
I love the glory field of fate,  
Where Death's rich roses bloom elate  
In bloody blood!—Hurrah!  
Then out, and from thy bondage fly,  
Thou treasure of the freeman's eye!  
Come to the scene of slaughter here,  
Our nuptial home!—Hurrah!  
Thou see our glorious marriage tie,  
Wedded beneath Heaven's canopy  
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky  
Glitters my bride!—Hurrah!  
Then forth for the immortal strife,  
Thou German soldier's new-made wife!  
Glow not each heart with tender life  
Embracing thee!—Hurrah!  
While in thy scabbard at my side  
I sellom gaze on thee, my bride—  
Our hands now join'd we'll never divide,  
Even in fight!—Hurrah!

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not aware, [any more than the reader very possibly may be] that in some parts of England the country people have an idea that a quack doctor rides a piebald horse. Why I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost—life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man, he, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; he, who, of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glow worm most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his piebald, and went in his angry mood to Tewkesbury.

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather enbopoint, but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; his fat was weighty, he was inclined to blubber. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewkesbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you sir," replied the landlady, with a knowing wink, "a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change, I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking. She then curtseyed and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who do you think we've got here in the blue parlour? you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him, dressed just as I saw him at the Hay Market Theatre, the only night I was ever at a London stage play. The grey coat, and the striped trousers, and the Hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella!"

"Who is he, ma'am?" said Frank.

"Why, the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday, he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befel our ill-fated Dumps. People met him on their features. As they passed they whispered to each other, and the words "inimitable," "clever creature, irresistibly comic," evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, "Oh that mock heroic tragedy look is so like him!"

Sighmon signed for the seclusion of number three Burying ground buildings, Paddington road.

One morning his landlady announced, with broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

"My name, sir, is Opie," said the stranger; "I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewkesbury of course?"

"Gratifying! what can you mean?"

"If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

"I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

"By all means, you will come out here of course!"

"Come out? to be sure, I sha'n't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why, what I've got on will do very well."

"Oh, that's so like you," said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter, "you really are inimitable!—What character do you select here?"

"Character!" said Dumps, "the stranger."

"The Stranger! you?" "Yes, I."

"And you really mean to come out as the stranger?" said Opie. "Why, yes to be sure—I'm but just come."

"Then I shall put your name in large letters immediately; we will open this evening, and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

"Oh, Mr. Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a Junatic.

Shortly afterwards he saw a man very busy pasting bills against the wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters, that he easily deciphered, "the celebrated Mr. Liston in tragedy." This evening the Stranger indeed comedy was quite out of his way.

But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he replied to go.

He ate an early dinner, went by times to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fidlers passed and looked at the turban, but

hearing no signal, they fiddled another strain. The audience became impatient; they hissed, they roared and they called for the manager; another pause, another yell of disapprobation, and the manager appeared, and walked, hat in hand, to the front of the stage.

To Dumps' great surprise, it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shouts of "hear, hear!" At length, silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance; I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston, but, in the anguish of the moment, another thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. (Applause.) I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be found. (Disapprobation.)

He has been informed that he died early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident can have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to say."

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box; surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his pale face, and widely opened eyes; and at length pointing to Dumps he exclaimed—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—It is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you; there he sits at the back of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the man who could not endure the scrutiny of one pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace.

He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against his infamous and unprincipled imposture who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did escape from the town of Tewkesbury, in a return morning coach.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but alas! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewkesbury, recognized the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then in confidence informed the assembled party that the ruse was the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrating this Italy!

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity, every body became officiously attentive to him, he was waylaid in his walks, and intentionally intruded upon by accident in his private apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition; a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance, and to give his unbiassed opinion; and the master of the boarding house waited upon him, by desire of his guests, to request that he would honour the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner, and to take a cast of his head, and as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bed-chamber, thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted, he looked towards the Malvern hills, which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows.

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that sea sickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own; he therefore bargained with some boatman, who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons who appeared to be watching him, he felt certain they were dogging him, and just

as he was stepping into the boat they seized him; saying, "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast, we know you are trying to escape to America, but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavour to explain or to expostulate, he spoke not; but was passively hurried to a carriage in which he was borne to a man-of-war, fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment. Of course after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grew a little better; and when the doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken—Sighmon died.

It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe oxalic acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington road. His funeral was conducted with almost as much decorum as if his late father the noble had been present, and he was left with—

"As his head a green grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone."

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men.—Sharpe's Magazine.

### A PROFITABLE WIFE.

A Clergyman in one of our large cities, having married a couple, who were strangers, found on opening a piece of brown paper which was enclosed in the certificate, one bright cent. A few months after, while walking in the street, a stranger accosted him with the question, "Do you know me, sir?" "I do not," was the reply. "Do not, why sir, you married me." Quite probably, replied the clergyman—but I so frequently marry strangers, that it is difficult afterwards to recognise them. "One circumstance," said the stranger, "which I will relate, will, I doubt not, bring me to your recollection; do you not remember finding a bright cent in a certificate which was handed you before marrying a couple?" "I do," said the minister. "I was the man! when I was married, I knew not whether my wife would be of any value, and concluded that if she should not, your service for me was of little value. After I was married, I took lodgings, and soon after went to sea, leaving my wife upon half pay. On my return, I found my wife had paid her rent, supported herself, and laid by a small sum of money, without taking up any of my wages; I am satisfied that I have found a profitable wife, and I now request your acceptance of a five dollar bill for marrying me."

### A BEAR MISS-TAKE.

A worthy old farmer in the north part of Vermont, who had unaccountably lost a number of his sheep, having discovered strong indications that the perpetrator could be no other than a bear, set a number of traps, and retired for the night. On visiting them the next morning, he found to his utter amazement that he had caught a dog, a calf, a sheep, and his daughter Sally! This was a sad one. But the old man with a truly philosophic feeling said "the was farm's" sort, Sally got caught, for she wasn't able to milk or rake hay for a long time."

### A GRAY FAIR WAS ESPIED AMONG THE RAVEN LOCKS.

A gray fair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours, a few days since. "Oh! pray, pull it out," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady, who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out nevertheless," said the dark-haired dame, "if it is no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral, provided they come in black."

### ANECDOTE.

A full-blooded Jonathan, residing in a certain town in New England, once took it into his head to "go a courting"; he accordingly saddled the old mare, and started off to pay his devoirs to one of the buxom lasses of the neighbourhood. After "stayin'" with his "gal" until daylight began to streak the eastern made preparations to depart. Just as he was seating himself in the saddle, his fair one who stood in the door, (and who by the way, was marvellously fond of having "sparks,") wishing to have him come again, stammered out, "I shall be at home next Sunday night, Zeb." Zeb, taking out his tobacco box, and biting off a quid of pipe-stem in less than a second, honestly answered, "So shall I, Zeb."

Amid the many translations of this celebrated poem we know of none that can at all compete with this most animated and stirring one: it has completely caught the spirit of Homer.

### From the Boston Courier.

#### SIGHMON DUMPS.

Anthony Dumps, the father of my hero, the subject matter of a story being always called the hero, however little heroic he may personally have been) married Dora Comyn on St. Switten's day, in the first year of the last reign.

Their babe Simon was registered in a parish book with this first syllable spelt "S—H—". The infant Dumps was registered Sighmon.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy, like other babes and sucklings, and when he grew to be a bobby-boy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much-add-about-nothingness in his eye, which were proclaimed by deep thought and profundity; while others, less "hattering sweet," declared they indicated aught but want of comprehension, and the dullness of stupidity.

As he grew older he grew graver; and was like a look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

During Ground-buildings, Paddington road, was the scene of his infant sports. His father earned his livelihood by letting himself out as a mule, or mule-driver, to a furniture shop.

When his father died, the same of the small shop, and darkened his brows with blacking, he was called forth to follow his father's path, and when he returned from the public performance of the

## Swain's Panacea

For the cure of Scrophulous, Rheumatic, Gouty, and Mercurial Diseases, Swain's Panacea, Hives, White Swellings, Dropsy, Erysipelas, and Skin Diseases, is the only medicine arising from nature, and also been found to be the most powerful and specific remedy.

Price Two Dollars per Bottle, and Six Dollars per Dozen.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of the numerous attacks upon the position of the Panacea, in reference to my name, I am again induced to state that the Panacea is my property. In furtherance of this, I will put it up in round bottles, and the name will be the following: Swain's Panacea, Philadelphia, Pa.

These Panacea are much stronger than those of other persons, used, and will save you the trouble of covering the cork with my own signature, so that the cork cannot be drawn without destroying the signature, without which the Panacea will be of no use.

The Panacea is a medicine, and is not a cure, it is to be applied to the disease, and not to the person. The Panacea is a medicine, and is not a cure, it is to be applied to the disease, and not to the person.

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