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Swaim's Panacea.
For the cure of Scrotuia or Revil.
Evil. Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Born-White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver and Skin, General Debility, &c. and all diseases of the Company diseases arising from impure blood. It has also been found beneficial in Nervous and Dyspeptic complaints.

T-Price Two Dollars per botts,
and I wenty 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 bot. tles. In future, the Panaces will be put up in round bottles, fluted long, tudinally, with the following words blown in the glass, "Swaim's Panates

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 genuire. The medicine must none is genuire. The medicine must consequently be known to be genuine when my signature is visible; to counterfeit which, will be punishable is

forgery.
The increasing demand for this cal lebrated medicine has enabled me to reduce the price to two dollars per bette, thus bringing it within the reset to feet indices. of the indigent.

My panacea requires no encomium; its astonishing effects and wooderful operation, have drawn, both from Patients and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unquilified approbation, and established for it a character, which envy's pen, the dipped in gall, can never tarnish

The false reports concerning the valuable medicine, which have been so cians, have their origin either in enry

or in the mischievous effects of the spurious initations.

The Proprietor pledges himself to the public, and gives them the most solemn assurances, that this medicins contains neither mercury, norange-

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

Philadelphia, Sept. 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 Swaim's Panacea, both in the Hospital and ia private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic, in phylitic and scrofulous complaints, and in obstinate cutaneous affections.

Valentine Mott, M. D.

New-York, 1st mo. 5th, 1824.
From Doctor William P Dewees, 44 junct Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c.

I have much pleasure in saying have witnessed the most decided and happy effects in several instances of inveterate disease, from Mr. Swam! Panacea, where other remedies had e price of would be

failed—one was that of Mrs. Brown.

Wm. P Dewees, M.D.

Philadelptia, Feb. 20, 1823

From Doctor James Mease, Member Notice of lew Publi-&c. &c. r will be , and for-f the city of the American Phitosophical Society

tv. &c. &c. 1 cheerfully add my testimony in the our of Mr. Swaim's Panacea, as reinedy in Scrofula. I saw two lard terate cases perfectly cured by it, after the usual remedies had been loss tried without effect—those of Mrs. Office and Mrs. Campbell.

James Messe, M.D.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1923.
The GENUINE PANACEA mobbe had, wholesale and retail, at many the control of the co

Proprietor's own prices, of HENRY PRICE, Bole Agent in Baltimers.
At the corner of Baltimers and He nover-streets
Nov 27.

The Journal of Proceeding

HOUSE Of Delegates

HOUSE Of Delegates

December Massian 1808, in

Will oblige button, Advancedy for all in

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## e Alardana Gazette

VOL. LXXXIV.

Annapolis, Thursday, August 13, 1829.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

Jonas Green. CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Pres Three Dollars per annum.

MISCHBLANY.

RERENADE
The night was warm the pool was still,
No sound was beard from lake or hill,
Saramber upon a log deep 'd,
A Bull-frog crusked his serence. Wake, Frogress of my love, awake, And listen to my soing; The heron roots far from the lake, The pickerel his rest doth take The water weed, among.

The sun has put his fire out, The day ight's hardly seen, The daylighth hearly seems. No enemy is round ab int. Then, Fregress, poke thy lovely shout Above the waters green. For low y Lam sitting here. Upon a rotten log. Oli least away all 116 fear. And fir a moment sees ty sheer, The aght of thy Building.

Where we may live in love;
Where he rule which the warm lake cools,
And where do in well he human tools,
Those two legged things above.

THE BOXES.

Or the embarrassed French Traveller.

I am a gentleman, and my goods are in the public rentes, and a chateau with a handsome property on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expens es. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless that I was force, at other e, to go to war with Napoleon But it is passed. So I come to Paris my proper post-chaise, where I

he world is ignorant. The morning following, I get upon the vapouring boat, to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the ship, and I see a great meand thing to push up inside, and hanlle to turn. It seemed to be ingeious, and proper to hoist great burns. They use it for shoving the nber, what come down of the vesl, into the place; and they tell me was call 'Jaques in the box;' and was very please with the invitati-

Very well. I go again promend I look at the compass, and a litboy sailor come and sit him down. nd begin to chatter like the little onkey. Then the man what turns wheel about and about laugh, and erstand one word the little fellow y. So I make inquire, and they ell me he was box the compass." was surprise, but I tell myself, I, never mind, and so we arrived Douvres. I find myself enough Il in the hotel, but as there has en no table d'hote, I ask for some ner, and it was long time I wait; nd so I walk myself to the customy house, and give the key to my

s I had no smuggles in my equip-ge. Very well—I return at my otel, and meet one of the waiters, no tell me, (after I stand little mo-nent to the door to see the world ass by upon a coach at that instant,) ir, he say, your dinner is ready. ery well, I make response, where ras it? This way, sir, he answer, I ave put it in a box in the case room. ell-never mind. I say to myself. hen a man himself finds in a strange wintry he must be never surprised.

ened, and stare at nothing at all. I found my dinner only there, beuse I was so soon come from rance; but, I learn, another sort of e box was a partition and table parcular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cudlet; ad a gentleman what was put in a-other box, perhaps Mr. Mathew, ecause nobody not can know him wice, like a cameleon, he is, call for he pepper box. Very well. I take cup of coffee, and then all my take and bortmentus come with a

was well attentive at my cares, and responded that he shall find me a box to put them all into. Well, I say nothing at all but yes, for fear to discover my ignorance; so he bring me the little box for the clothes and things into the great box what I was put into; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town, and he sent boot boy with me so far as the Theatre, and I go in to pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say how much? asked me if I would not go into the hoxes. Very well, I say, never mind—oh yes—to be sure; and I find very soon the box was the loge, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient in your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear-only one poor maigre doctor, who had been to give his physic too long at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole box of his proper pills. Very well, I say, that must be egregious. It cannot be possible, but they bring little a box not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous; so I returned to my holearn a language what meant so ma-ny differents in one word.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as I come in, tell me, sir did you not say that you would go by the coach to-morrow morning? I replied, yes-and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets in nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my ralet to speak French here where all the world is innered. ry well, I reply, yes—to be sure—I shall have a box then—yes, and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself enrhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed; but I say, no so quick, if you please, I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well. here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish. She was pretty, laughing young woman, and say, oh no, sir, if you pull the bell the porter, who sit up all night, will come, unless you like to attend it yourself, and then you will find the coal box in the closet. Well, I say nothing but yes—oh yes. But when she gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a box not more like none of the other boxes what I see all day

than nothing.
Well-I write at my friends, and then tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possibly be the description of the box I must be put in to-morrow for my

voyage. In the morning, it was very fine time. I see the coach at the door, and I walked all around before they bring the horses; but I see nothing what they can call boxes, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I asked for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who showed me the Quay, and tell me, pointing by his finger at a window. -there, see there is the letter box, and I perceived a crevice. Very well-all box again to day, I say, and give my letter to the master of postes, and go way again at wrong box meaning. the coach, where I very soon find out what was coach box, and mount myself upon it. Then came the coachman, habilitated like the gentleman, and first word he say was keep horses! bring my box coat! and he pushed up a grand capote with many scrapes.

But -never mind, I say, I shall see all the boxes in time. So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry cheat! and we were all out in the country in lesser than one minute, and roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear will be reversed. But after little times, I take courago, and we begin to entertain together, but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak! and I tell him, sir, one of the wheels would be greased; then be make reply, non-chalancely, oh, it is nothing but one of the boxes what is too tight. But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a box was pipe of iron what go

And then after sometimes, there and soon come so as if I was in my come another house, all alone in a fohim Oh! he responded again, that not the wrong Box. is a shooting box of Lord Killfoot's. Oh! I cried at last out, that is little my valet, we go to Leicestershire for too strong; but he hoisted his shoul-the hunting fox. Very well. He ders and say nothing. Well, we come and demand what I shall leave come at a house of country, ancient, with the trees cut like some peacock, and I demand what you call these trees?—Box, sir, he tell me. Deuce is in the box, I say at myself. But never mind, we shall see. So I my self refreshed with a pinch of souff and offer him, and he take very polite, and remark upon an instant, that is a very handsome box of yours,

Morbleu! I exclaimed with advertencyness, but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff box, and I take a pinch, because at home I like to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood, beautiful with trimmings, and colour of yellowish. and again he say, box sir. Well, I hold myself with patience, but it was difficially, and we kept great gallop, till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then, I say, what for all so large concourse? Oh! he response again, there is one grand boxing match-a battle here to-day Peste! I tell myself, a battle of box-Well, never mind! I hope it can be a combat at the outcance, and they shall destroy one another, for I am fatigue.

Well, we arrive at an hotel, very superb, all as it ought, and I demanded a morsel to refresh myself I go into a saloon, but, before 1 finiso. great noise come into the passage, and I pull the bell's repe to demand why so great tappage? The waiter tell me, and he laugh at some time, but very civil no less, oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a box on the ear. Well, I go back on the coach box,

I look as I pass, at all the women ear, for the box, but not note I see. Well, I tell myself once more never mind, we shall see; and we drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approach ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say, no, my boy, it shan't do! and then he whip his norses, and made some traverse upon the road, and tell to me all the time, a long explication what the other coachmen have done other whiles, and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opcry himself out at another man, who was so angry as himself, I'll tell you what, my hearty, if you comes some more of your gammon at me, I shan't stand, and you shall find yourself in the wrong box. It was not for many weeks after as I find out the

Well, we get to London, at the coachesoffice, and I unlighted from my seat, and go at the bureau to pay my passage, and gentlemen very politely demand, if I had some friend in London. I converse with him very lit tle both hands a pot of forget-me-not and gilly-time in voyaging, because he was in the interior; but I perceived he is real gentleman. So I say, no, sir, I am a stranger. Then he very honestly recommended me to an hotel, very proper, and tell me, sir, because I have some affairs in the Barque, I must sleep in the City this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name. Very well, I tell my-self, this is best. So we exchange the cards, and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say, no room, sir,—very sorry,—no room.
But I demand to stop the moment,

he, I do not recollect the gentleman's waiters, and these come at me a.d. name, but it was what we call a snug say, oh yes, sir. I know Mr. Box country box. Then I feel myself abymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he armused himself. But still I tell myself, and walk into my house. So I self, well-never mind, we shall see. | go in, and find myself very proper. own particular chamber; and Mr. reat, not ornamented at all. What, Box.came next day, and I find very how you call that? I demanded of soon that he was the right Box, and him Oht he was the right Box, and

Ha! ha!-it is very droll!-I tell behind in orders for some presents,

The following tale is from the pen of one of the contributors to a work proposed to be published in the city of Lancaster, Pa. by O. W. Fenton, entitled, 'The Keepsake,'

or a Christmas and New Year's Gift for the year'1830. THE KEEPSAKE.

·What is dearer than a rememprancer of those we love?' said I to Emma Mason, as she sat turning over the leaves of a Souvenir for 1827, which I knew had been given her So I was pleased to admire very last New Year's day. She smiled as much, and inquire the name of the sheanswered—Nothing!—butdoyou by a friend, as a keepsake, on the think that I really love the gentle-

man who presented me with this?' Really,' said I, it is a very elegent book, and if you do not love the donor yourself, I assure you that I do not think that you can be indifferent to him; nor am I entirely disposed to believe that you, light as you appear to prize that little volume, would willingly part with it for another of the same.'

'Nor would I,' she replied, 'but that would be no criterion to judge—that I loved—Henry Holcroft'—she oncluded hesitatingly. And was this the gift of Henry

Holoroft?' I inquired. "It was!—Is it not pretty?" was her reply and quick interrogatory.

beautiful; and as Henry is a person of excellent taste, I presume the work is a choice one, containing the purest and most entertaining variety of prose and verse?

It certainly is entertaining, Mr. Beverly,' said Emma, 'and so far as chaste in composition, and in the morality which it inculcates-Mr. Holcrost himself so recommended it to me; I have read it, and approve of his judg nent '

'You have read it, you say?'

Will you not favour me with the loan of it?-I am fond of works of fancy, and if it deserves so high an encomium as you have passed upon t, I shall purchase a copy for myself -I am always willing to encourage an American work, especially when position come behind him in one my countrymen exert their genius to narrow place. Well, then he twist yield innocent amusement and advance the cause of virtue.

comply with my request, and I con-tinued 'you may be assured that I you must forzive me. Here is your will take the utmost care of it, and it shall be returned into your hands within a day or two.' She placed in both hands, and while she kissed in both hands in bo the volume in my hands, with a caution to be particularly careful of it; and after some further conversation

I bade her a good morning. In perusing the volume I discover ed the following neat verses, written on one of the blank leaves, and I judged if Henry was in any manner dear to the heart of Emma, that this little poem would endear his present to her a thousand fold: it was from his own pen-

To Emma Mason.

To Emma Mason.
The gift of Friendship! when afar
From those deer seeies my youth has loved,
has be hantl has the polar star
To guide that the seeing to where I've roved;
For. Emma, should it thou with one well,
Then, the's some arraph under shall well.
And awayity breathe Forget me not!
Where're I've some branch one probate of the
Will transhing hover ever my brain.
And dreapy will my sanderings be
Thi thou art in my arms again;
But till that both, find hour returns
Wheel I vertage my fasher's cot.
Think not my hart as longer home.
For thee-Oal and Forget me not:

The delicate allusion to his departure on an European tour pleased me; and the warmth of affection

fervor Henry had intended it to have been remembered, had not p ssed a-way like the baseless fabric of a dream.' I accordingly the next morning bade my son take the book from my room and put it in a place of safety, whilst I hastened to see Emnia. She was seated at her piano, and her sweet voice, accompanied by the instrument, breathed a new and interesting melody to the above little poem. I was surprised, but it was agreeably so, for I now felt satisfied that an affection had been formed between these two children of virtue, that would one day conduce to their mutual happiness.

'You have read these words perhaps, Mr. Beverly, said she, as she concluded, they are in the Souvenir loaned you.'

'I have,' was my reply, 'and am pleased that you do not forget Henry's injunction.' She blushed, but she said not a word: I continued, I am very sorry to say that I have been rather unfortunate with that book, some person has taken it out of my study, and it would be impos sible for me to lay my hands upon

'Oh do not lose it,' she replied eagerly; it was the last gift before he went to England. Perhaps it is about the house somewhere. I would not that it should be lost for the world.' 'Nor I,' was my answer, and it was with difficulty that I preserved the gravity of my counte-nance, but I did, and promised to make strict search for it—Day after day, however, I put her off with some frivolous pretence or another, until one morning she entered my room, inquiring with much apparent anxiety, whether I had found the

'Why,' said I, 'do you appear so

anxious? you have been weeping?
Oh, Mr. Beverly, he is dead, and you have lost the only token I had left of his love,' and she burst into tears-

'Dead!' exclaimed I. 'impossible!'

I felt for the poor girl it was a fact, the intelligence had that morning reached them that he died on the return passage from Liverpool; but I had gone so far that I thought I might venture now to enforce the folly ony judgment exten. s. I should say of regarding a keepsake as a light and passing nothing-'I am certainly sorry that it has so happened, but Emma you now see how highly a gift like this should be prized; heaven has seen proper to release from the prison of life, one on whom your affections were not lightly placed, and you, from entrusting his last gift in-to the hands of one who could never set that value upon it that you could, have lost, perhaps forever, the dear remembrancer which he had so confidently hoped you would preserve for his sake, you now feel that next to his own loss, is the loss of the token of his esteem.' She wept-But, I continued, 'Emma von have not I observed that Emmahesitated to lost it; if I have deceived you too you must forgive me. Here is your it, tears of melancholy joy flowed down her cheeks.

ful, prattling female, on whom few men could have looked without ad-miration. Her dark full eyes, with their long and delicate lashes, when a smile played on her lips, seemed to be globes of wit and vivacity, emitting their flashes of merriment like sparks of electricity, but when those eyes, wet with tears of cominingled joy and sorrow, were now raised upon me, and the soft pearl hung upon their lids, so sweet, so divinely beautiful did she appear, that she looked like the angel of nercy weeping over the misfortunes of man. But hers was not alone the outward show of beauty, though she possessed it almost to perfection, she had a heart of meekness, kindness and affection; a soul that soared into the region of the most exalted feelings. The recovery of Henry's to-ken, carried her thoughts back to a thousand scenes of youthful felicity, and it seemed, while she pressed the the part of the pa

Emma was a beautiful girl; a play-

Emms. Henry had been absent services ken reason from its throne, but when veral months, and I felt a little anxious to know whether the strong in turn of Henry; contradicting the rejunction forget me not!' with the port of his death, was announced to her, she became the same light and fairy creature that she had ever been longed for the moment when her eyes should again behold him. But then came her doubts and fears, and she blushed to think that she could be so foolish as to suppose, he cared aught for her, but the hours appeared as days to her from the moment she heard of his return, until he visited her, and then hours passed away as minutes. She was scated at her piano, playing the same soft air that had so delighted me, when Henry entered her apartment, and the last sweet notes 'forget me not!' yet trembled upon her lips as she beheld him whom she so ardently wished to behold. In an instant she was in his arms, and the fond kiss that he impressed upon her lips, spoke so much of felicity, that tears of joy sparkled in her eyes, and her utterance was choaked with bliss.

Soon after Henry paid me a visit. When I related to him Emma's devotion for his present, he construed it to be devotion for himself, and perhaps he was right, for she became his bride shortly after, and to them, next to the Bible, the keepsake is the most sacred book in their library, for it is the remembrancer of their

Lancaster, June 15th, 1829.

FATHER FORGIVE THEM.

one con proud infidel—search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning—examine the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates—collect all the exmoralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Saviour-reviled and insulted, suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns, and led away to die; no annihilating curse breaks from his tortured breast. Sweet and placid as the springs of a mother for her nursling, ascends the prayer for his enemies.—Father forgivo them. O, it was worthy of its origin, them.' O, it was worthy of its origin, and stamped with this brightest seal of truth, that his mission was from heav-

Acquaintances, have you "quarreled?" Friends, have you differed? If he who was pure and perfect torgave his bitterest enemies, do you do well to Brothers, to you the precept is im-

perative-you shall forgive-not zeven times, but seventy times seven. Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Idleness will sometimes render you petuness will sometimes render you petu-lant and disappointment ruffles the amoothest temper. Guard, I beseech gau, with unremitting vigilance, your pessions—controlled, they are the ge-palal heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned, they are consum-ing fires.—Let your strife be one of res-mentful attentions and conclinator coning lires.—Let yourstrile be one of respectful attentions and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate with care the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but cradicate, the thorns that grow in your path—above all let no feeling of revenge ever find harbor in your breast. Let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action, if it be in a trifling concern, has a power superior, to the harp of David in calming the billows of

concern, has a power superior, to the harp of David in calming the billows of Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields, while clad with verdure and adoined with flowers—to his eye there is no beauty—the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in the deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not his bosom with joy, but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him is the ob-

hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand upon his heart and say—revenge, I cast thee from me—Hather forgive me, as I forgive mine enemies, and nature has a new and more delightful garniture. Then indeed are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the munic Then indeed are the meads vertain and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the grove delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.—Oxford Observer.

## GOLD MINB.

A letter to the editors of the Raleigh