

MARYLAND

Commences her regular route on Tuesday next. Leaving Baltimore at Tuesday nekt. Leaving Baltimore at y o'clock for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton; returning, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, Annapolis and Baltimors. On Mondays leave Baltimore at 6 o'clock, returning, leave 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 only, returning, leaves Annapolis only, returning, leaves Annapolis only, returning, leaves Annapolis, only, returning, leaves, annapolis, only, returning, leaves, annapolis, only, returning, leaves, annapolis, polis only, returning, leave Annapolis at 1 past 2 o'clock; continuing the route throughout the season. Passage to and from Annapolis, St.

Swaim's Panacea

For the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilitio and Blercurial Diseases, Rheumatism; Ulcerous Seres-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 I wenty Dollars per Dozen. TO THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of the numerous ference to my medicine, I am again induced to change the form of my bot-tles. In future, the Panacea will be put up in round bottles, fluted longi-tudinally, with the following words blown in the glass, "Swaim's Panses

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 consequently be known to be genuine when my signature is visible; to cous-terfeit which, will be punishable as forgery.

The increasing demand for this et-lebrated medicine has enabled me to reduce the price to two dollars per bottle, thus bringing it within the reach

My panacea requires no encomium; its astonishing effects and wonderful operation, have drawn, both from Patients and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unqua-lified approbation, and established for

it a character, which envy's pen, tho 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.

spurious imitations.

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

The public are cautioned not to purchase my Panacea, except from my self, my accredited agents, or persons of known respectability, and all those will consequently be without excus, who shall purchase from any other persons. Wm SWAIM.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1828.

From Doctor Valentine Mott, Profuser of Surgery in the University of New York, Surgeon of the New-York Hospital, &c. &c.

I have repeatedly used Swaim's Panaca, both in the Hospital and in private practice.

private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic, sp in obstinate cutaneous affections.

Valentino Mott, M. D.

New-York, 1st mo 5th, 1824 From Doctor William P Dewes, Ad

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. 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 Socie-

ty, &c. &c. Lcheerfully add my testimony is fa-vour of Mr. Swaim's Panhosa, 33 8 remedy in Scrofuls. I saw two is reterate cases perfectly sured by it, after the usual remedies had been long tried without effect—those of Mrs. Office and alrs. Campbell.

James Mease, M. D. Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1825.
The GENUINE PANACEA meg
be had, wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's own prices, of HENRY PRICE;

At the corner of Baltimore and He

over-streets.

The Journal of Proceedings

House of Delegates

December, Seation 1933,
Is completed, and, read n for distribution. A few copies for selection

office.

PARAMA THE

man Ocean, talking with great ener-

gy to an old weather beaten seaman;

leaning against the door-way. This grey-haired auditor held the can of beer untasted in his hand; and had

suffered the ashes to expire in his

pipe, while listening with open mouth and expanded eyes, to Skelton's mar-

vellous relations. Curiosity tempted

me to draw nearer; and I soon had

the tale, with the improvements and

additions which a hundred relations

'You have heard, neighbour Samp-son, of old Rachel?' said Joel, twist-

ing his Welch wig a little on his head.

which was always the prelude of a story—'old Rachel Lagon, who lived

had furnished.

Annapolis, Thursday, August 27, 1829.

PRINTAD ARD PURLISHED

Jonas Green. CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price-Three Dellars per annum.

MISCELLANY.

COUNSELS.

BY BERNARD BARTON. . Though bright thy meen of life may seem, Resember elouds may rive; and trave not to the transpart gleam. Of calm and making akies. So trude life's path in sanshine drest, Wide facily entities for. That when grief's shadows o'er it pest its memory may be dear.

And nope's negation of the state of the stat

Through aloud and senshine, flawer and thorn, Furser thy even way.
Not let the better hopes be born
Of things that must deem, gringe with trenbling, mourn with hope, fabelife as life is green; general ascent, its fawery slope, by lead sike to hearen!

THE WITCH OF THE EAST CLIFF.

Who now believes in ghosts, or forty years ago just under the brow of the East Cliff?" hudders at the recital of a tale from the land of spirits? The apparitions 'Aye! Aye! Master Joel?' responded the seaman, 'to my cost—If I cast my eyes on the hag before we set sail, that haunted the dark ages have vanished before the light of reason and: rerelation—the fairies have forsaken our vessel was sure to be crossed by their green rings in the forest—the merry hobgoblin has dwindled into contrary winds; and she threw such a mist before us, that you would have thought that Old Nick himself stood at the helm. Let us steer our course mere vapour, and quenched his randering light in the marsh—and which way we would, we always found ourselves off the Barnet, or the country church-yard is no longer arded by the flitting shadows of near the accursed Goodwin Sands. Many's the good ship she has sunk with her spells, which left the port the beings "whose years are with ing remains of the fathers of the with a fair wind, and never again enage are left in undisturbed and tered the harbour. serenity; the way-faring man rests his weary limbs on the once 'She was old Rachel when I was a unted stile, and carelessly views the obeams glancing on their graves. citizen would shrug up his shoulrs, and ridicule the absurdity of

en ages pass away, and succeeding nerations tread its oaken floors.

hat would such a building be in

ecounty, where the old superstinstill fondly lingers without its endant spirit? 'I remember listen-

, when a child, with intense in-

est, to the old housekeeper's de-le respecting the lady in white,

10, as the hall clock strikes twelve,

lesdown the great staircase, cross-

with hurried steps the stone court,

amidst piteous sobs and groans,

oly essays, at the distern in the

h this spectre. We may conject that this second lady Macbeth

ed a conspicuous part in some edy, for which the superstitious

andry attached this punishment to

line is a more marvellous, and,

nge to say, a more improbable although I had it from the mouth

principal actor in the drama,

he principal actor in the drama, as religiously believes the wonhe relates, as a good Gatholic
the miracles performed by
see Hohenlohel. I was staying
a widowed sunt, in the summer

829, at a small scaport town on castern coast of England, and by

eastern coast of England, arid by
e accident became acquainted
the arrator loc Skulton; His
the arrator loc Skulton; His
twis renewrood Armoughout the
tal accepte, and was a sort
male solutable; performing the
male solutable;
male sol

boy, and that's a many years ago,'resumed Joel; 'and her name was up
for a witch through the country. I was a wild, reckless dog; and as to fear—at that time I had still to learn sts in the nineteenth century; and ven in the country, only a faint the meaning of the word. My father low of the old superstition redied when I was young, and left me to bring up two sisters, which I did, to the best of my poor abilities. In the course of time, the girls went to The recital of such tales round a ter fireside, when the wind roara distance—each in respectable ser-vitude. God bless them both! they without, and bent the old elms our antiquated mansion, was ever iled by me with interest and plea-re. They constituted an indefinite are dead and gone, but at that period they were my only care, and I loved arm, giving rise to ideas which rdered on the wild and wonderful. them dearly. It was a sore privation to me that we met only once a year, which was generally at Christmas. et I was ever a fearless disbeliever supernatural appearances. They cused and called forth the powers a wayward imagination, but made a deeper impression. It is not of Do you remember my uncle, old Nat Howe, who kept the Jolly Fisherman? spectre that haunts W- Hall I ean to speak;—that ancient edifice, ith its round dowers, and Gothic teways, whose venerable front has

'Do I, Joe! aye, many's the time that I have wished for a draught of his.home-brewed, when my throat has been as dry as a salt herring, and the wind has been piping through the shrouds. But what of old Nat? He has cast his anchor in the chu ch-yard, and his name is nearly forgotten.'

'His house was our place of meeting,' said Joel; 'and he gave us a hearty welcome and plenty of good cheer.
If was on one of these occasions that my first acquaintance with old Rabeen going for several days; and we kept it up with dancing and drinking from night to night. The song and the jest were not wanting; and many a young heart was merry then, which day, and was one of the company. She lived with my sister Deborah, at D- Hall, (which you know is a long way up the London road.) They had to cross W- Heath, and that desolate tract of moorland, which is nov converted into sheep walks, and terrible lonesome place it was. I always saw the girls over the heath; and while they were putting on their

stoot, hale old man, who, to jedge with the breakers. As we approach by, his appearance, might have bidden defiance to the powers of dark-beldam singing and muttering spells to herself. Her song I shall never the stoom of the for nersell. Her song a snatt never forget—it sounded like the meeting of ingry waters when the wind rolls back the advancing billow, and strews the beach with foam. It was, as near merry groy eyes, would have thought him a fitting subject for witches and hobgoblins to play their pranks on. Returning from the beach one fine mooilight night, I happened to pass by Joel's little cabin. The jovial proprietor was seated on the bench. as I can recollect, to the following efproprietor was seated on the bench, within the ivy covered purch, which commanded a fine view of the Ger-

"Harki to the rave
Of wind and wave!
Harki to the scance's cryl.
The mean is bright,
She cause her light.
From a wild and stormy sky. From a wife and stormy in Like wrenth' of snow, Round you used prove. The duthing waters fig! The supplies course Shill ring its direy. Theing the finan on high.

Oh that you could but have heard the hag sing it, as she stood upon a piece of the broken cliff, tossing her withered bony arm to and fro, with her grey hair streaming on the breeze. At the sight of her, my spirits sunk, and my boasted courage was all gone. For my outh's sake, however, I determined to address her; and, putting a bold face on the matter, I stepped up to her, told my errand, and requested her to tell our fortunes. "Fortunes!" screamed the witch,

God give you fortune! I cannot tell your fortunes!' 'How now, dame,' said I, (carefully omitting the old for fear of of-fending her) 'every body kno *s you deal in such contraband articles, therefore what's the use of denying it? I came here to have my fortune

told, and will not depart till I have learnt from you my fate.' 'You are a merry reckless fellow,' returned the witch; 'and your fate is to be poor, and to work hard all the days of your life. That pretty girl who leans on your arm, and trembles like an aspen leaf, will share your poverty, and fill your house with children. Neighbour Sampson, would not this alone prove her to be a witch! What she then told

me, has it not come to pass?
'Wonderful! Wonderful! Master Joel, again muttered the old tar, who appeared deeply interested in the narrative.

'Well, man,' continued old Joel, I was so overjoyed at the prospect of having Hetty, that all my fears vanished; and I accepted the hag's invitation to step into her hut, and taste her beer. The girls screamed, and pulled me back; but all in vain. Had Old Nick himself stood in the door way in the humans I was in the door-way, in the humour I was in I could have braved the devil. girls dared not leave me, and in a few seconds we were all seated round the woman's fire. You have heard the old saying—"Woe betide him who eats with a witch,"—yet, in spite of every remonstrance, L partook largely of her cheer, and drank copious draughts of the best ale that was that gave her power over mc. When my head was warm with liquor, the witch said in a facetious tone, 'Joel Skelton, you have proved yourself a brave young man; but I will call you a brave man indeed, if you dare descend the cliff, and look treof the quadrangle, to obliterate is long since cold in the grave. The name of blood. Time has swallow up some fearful legend connected was a smart rosy girl at that time of plenty of pot valour in my shed.' Aye! or indeed in the grave. The name of your bed, either,' returned I, as bold as a lion. She made a silent laugh up some fearful legend connected was a smart rosy girl at that time of plenty of pot valour in my head, but plenty of pot valour in my head, but my heart none of the lightest. As I approached the shed, which stood at the bottom of the cliff, and was composed of pieces of wreck, and thatched with seatweed, I felt an oppression of breath, add a sensation of fear, such as I had never before experienced; yet, determining not to yield to an old woman, I called pride

spoken; but experience alone proves what fire can be struck from the gered me; yet I entered the shed a second time, with less fear, and more confidence in my own courage. I looked boldly round it; my eye fell on no other object than the heap of nets in the corner; but I could no longer withdraw them from the spot; the heap appeared to me in motion, I looked again-I heard a loud drumming, murmuring sound; and it began slowly to rise.

'Why, Joel,' said I, greatly amus-ed by the solemnity of his manner, it was a cat.

'It was the devil!' returned Skelton, 'as the sequel will prove. Did I not see his black head and fiery eyes? And I returned to the hut in a cold sweat. When I entered it, the old hag hurst into a wild laugh. What thief have you seen in my shed, Joel, that has stolen the colour from your cheeks. loosened your joints in their sockets, and made your hair to

'Your master! but not mine!' returned I, motioning the girls to be off. Do not be in a hurry,' said the witch, 'to depart. The night is not far advanced; and I will promise you a speedy journey home. Besides, a man of your courage will never object to look a third time into my

I was now safe out of her cabin and I shook my fist at her, and told her I would see her and her shed at the bottom of the sea first. Her fiendish laugh followed us a long way over the heath; and when we returned back to look at her cabin, it appeared all in a blace of lish. it appeared all in a blaze of light. This adventure threw a great damp on our spirits; every effort to rally them proved unsuccessful; and I parted with the girls at the first tollgate on the London road, with a very heavy heart.

I had six miles to return over the heath. Behind me was a dark line of pine groves, which skirted the high road; and before me an exten-sive track of land, without a tree or house to deversify the prospect, which was bounded to the right and left; and before me, by the ocean, whose stormy and menacing aspect was clearly revealed by the bright-est moonlight I ever beheld. The witch, and my adventure with her, were almost forgotten, in the anguish I felt at parting with my sweetheart for another long year; and I was thinking to myself, if we should ever meet again, when the sound of horses' hoofs rapidly advancing over the frosty ground met my ear. Surprised at a horseman's crossing the heath at that late hour, I turned round to ascertain who it might be; but no language can express my terror in beholding a jet black steed, with a flowing mane, and tail of fire streaming in the blast, advancing at that furious pace towards me. The earth trembled beneath his hoofs, and his course was marked by a blue track of light from the pine forest. Oh, how I wished, in that extremity of fear, that the ground beneath my feet would yawn and cover me-that I would hide myself in the bowels of the earth! There was no time for reflection-my memory had forsaken me. The name of God trembled on my lips, but I had not power to give it utterance. The appalling steed came thundering towards -flames encompassed me—and I was caught up as by a whirlwind on to his back. My senses recled—the heath, the ocean, and the pine forest whirled in perpetual mazes round me. I called aloud for help—I tri. ed to disengage myself, as the sleeper does who struggles with the night mare, but a supernatural power chained me to my seat. My brain seem-

and terror, I east my eyes all round in the door way, so that he was the heath—but no sight was visible, no sound met my ears but the angry wring in his rear. At length he was vote of the troubled occan. I remember nothing more. My senses into the only wacant seat, between falled member nothing more. My senses failed me, and when the morning dawned, my nightly fears were renewed by finding myself awakening on the identical heap of old pets in the corner of Rachel Lagon's shed. On returning to the Jolly Fisherman, found the size and my uncle, won-I found the girls and my uncle, wondering what had become of me. I
related the adventures of the night,
and how I had accompanied them to
the toligate, and returned on that
horse of the deville own relations. horse of the devil's own training oorse of the devil's own training over the moor. But verily I believe old Rachel had possessed them! They swore that they left me with the witch; and being fearful of prosecuting their journey alone, they returned to the Jolly Fisherman without me.'

'Could not you account Joel,' said I, 'for the adventures of the night, without the help of magie?'

What other power,' replied the old man, rising and wiping his brow, 'could effect it? 73-I stand here a living man, these things really hap-

pened to me.'
'In sleep,' continued I, 'you left old Rachel's but in a state of intoxicalion; overpowered by liquor, you sank down in the shed, and imagination did the rest. Your adventures, my good friend, were nothing more or less than the night-mare. Therefore Acase, I beseech you, to attri-bute to a poor, insane, deluded old woman, the power of witcheraft.

From the London Magazine. THE STAGE COACH,

A rounch of awful but before.
Which stil he had be to before.
Which stil he had switch the reference of the still he had switch the reference of the switch the reference of the switch the reference of the switch as white pot bettermine, and careful but as other returning the switch anon, when the switch and the switch a

I never, for the life o'me, could understand why a man of ten stone should pay as much for coach hire, as one of twenty. There's neither reason nor virtue in it; and the stage coach proprietors must be a set of unjust jolterheads not to alter it. The rogues weigh your dead stock—your luggage; and if it be what they your luggage; and if it be what they call fover weight,' they make no scruple of charging you so much a pound for evry pound above a certain number of pounds, but they take no account at all of overweight in living the second and will observe just as ing luggage, and will charge just as much for carrying a little whipper snapper of a passenger, whose entire corpus, in full dress, might be tucked into a coat packet as they will for a great, over-fed fellow whose empty waistcoat would button round a hay-stack! If a man will stuff himself till he's as big as a roasted Mauningtree ox with a pudding in his belly, let him do so-there is no statute to the contrary thereof, that I know of: but I see no reason why he should obtrude his fat upon folks of reasonable compass—or expect to have his overweight of blubber carried about the country for nothing. Twelve stone is about the average weight of a man; and if the coach owners were not blockheads and boobies-blind to their own interests, and to com-mon equity, they would establish a scale of fares, hang weighing chairs in their coach offices, and demand so much additional fare up on every stone weight above twelve; reducing man wedged in a six-inside coach between two of these enormous bowel cases, might take some little comfort to himself in knowing that what he suffers by suffocations he saved in bocket. And truly, your political economists—your Malthuses and M'Cul-loch's are little better than strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels. or they would have proposed some such regulation as a check upon over-

bring in his rear. At length hie was all ju; and down he went; squah! into the only vacant seat, believen two yenerable spinster like ladies. two yenerable spinster-like issues his elbows apreading over them in front like a couple of Bribbigongian sausages, and his atopendous catastrophe tearing all before it as it subsided. (Marcy on ust cried one of the animate. He wangs before it as it dethe spinster like venerables I declare you have torn my gown com-pletely out of the gather. And mine too! said the other. Really, Sir, we must get you to sit up a little, said both. 'Aye—I thought I felt some-thing give way, grunted the mountain of mummy; and then, instead of set-

ting up as they had requested, he leaned slowly from side to side, so as to almost smother each lady in her turn, whilst the other was dragging her torn gown from beneath his abominable house. abominable brawn. However all that being arranged, and room having been made for his legs, as he called them, on we went; but we had not gone more than a mile, when he grunted—'Can't stand this!—Stand what, Sir? you seem to me to be set-ting, said somebody. "Can't ride backerd—never could, grunted tal-lowkeech in reply. Now it so happened, that directly opposite to him sat a fine bouncing dame—fat, fair, and fifty, tightly done up in blue brailed broad cloth, overhung with a gilt Belcher chain, almost big enough for a chain cable, and she no sooner heard his complaint of not being able to ride backwark, than she offered to change places with him-whether from sympathy with his fat, or respect to her own blue broadcloth, did not appear. But how this exchange of places was to be brought about, was the thing;—to the lookers-on it seemed to be almost as easy as turning a couple of bullocks in a watch box, out as the necessity for it was growing more and more urgent every moment the attempt was made. In the first instance they each essayed to rise like ordinary people; but that would'nt do; before the male was half up, down he went again-squash? -and they repeated the attempt a second time with no better success -'I tell you what, ma'am,' grunted: tallow keech 'you'd better eatch hold of my hands.' The lady complied; and having hooked their fat fingers together in the way the boys call butcher's hold, they succeeded in bousing each other up fairly out of their respective seats; but in the attempt to turn, they missed stays, as it were, and swung round, horizontally, across the laps of the rest of us. Here was a pretty predicament! In a moment we evere all mixed up together like so many maggots in a greese pot, all trying to get the upper hand of each other; the spinsters were shricking; the hounging dame squalling, the fat fellow grunting; and all of its sprunting with might and main, to keep our heads above brawn. Luckily the two fat ones had is kind of alacrity in sinkin'—their ability to sprunt being diminished in exact ratio to their superabundant blubber, so that we soon got them pretty well under; but nevertheless, there is no knowing what the upshot might have been, had not a lean and long neck'd linen dealer, in the corner, poked his head out at the window, and implored the coachman to stop--Coachman. the fares to those of less weight in proportion. If they would know that cried he-coachman for Heaven's not make out—unless from a notion that a fat body must needs have a fat soul, and a fear that Heaven might be as much burdened with blubber as we were—for, indeed, by this time the fat fellow did begin to manifest very purely physiognomical symptoms of apoplectically ejecting the immortal tenant of this mortal ways saw the girls over the heath; and while they were putting on their hats, I; half seas over, began bragging of my courage. My swaggering apoeches attracted the attention of an old woman, I called pride to my sid, and entered the hovel. The moon was as bright as slay, and assisting the suiton of an old woman, I called pride to my sid, and entered the hovel. The moon was as bright as slay, and sold sailor, who had been quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney cornier. Willing to put my boasted courage to the test, he dared me to stop at old Rachel's cottage; and thave my imaginary terrors, and wentsing in the print of the place; which was entirely my infinite the my inaginary terrors, and wentsing in the print of the place with the word of the state of the place with the entire of the place with the entire of the place with the entire of the state of the place with the entire of the state brawn. However the coach did stop and that right speedily—for the cry

elit of

f An

to his

icth. ire fif. rvants wages Villiam

ned to

EN, LUSCO iazette

e form embly Sec. &c .

Officet April 2.