

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND

Commences her regular route on Tuesday next. Leaving Baltimore at 7 o'clock for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton; returning, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, Annapolis and Baltimore. On Monday leaves Baltimore at 6 o'clock, returning, leaves Chestertown at 1 o'clock the same day. On Sunday the 12th April, she will leave Baltimore at 9 o'clock for Annapolis only, returning, leave Annapolis at 1 past 2 o'clock; continuing this route throughout the season. Passage to and from Annapolis, \$1. March 26.

Swain's Panacea

For the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Sores, White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver and Skin, General Debility, &c. and all diseases arising from impure blood. It has also been found beneficial in Nervous and Dyspeptic complaints. Price Two Dollars per bottle, and Twenty Dollars per Dozen.

TO THE PUBLIC. In consequence of the numerous frauds and impositions practised in reference to my medicine, I am again induced to change the form of my bottles. In future, the Panacea will be put up in round bottles, fluted longitudinally, with the following words blown in the glass, "Swain's Panacea—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 must 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 enoimous; its astonishing effects and wonderful operation have drawn, both from Patient and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unqualified 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. 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.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Rockingham Gazette. THE AUTUMN EVENING. Behold the western evening light! It melts in deep'ning gloom: So calmly christians sink away, Descending to the tomb.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

After an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the gaily and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage.

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THE JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES. December Session 1829. Is completed, and ready for distribution. A few copies for sale at the office.

And one who was willing to place herself under my protection; and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasting, crying, "Who'll eat me?" I thought too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp; and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called into my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the man's speech, and before I could frame a reply, he continued—'My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Capt. Johnson, of the riflemen, and wishes to go to Baltimore to day to join him.' The ice has stopped the steamboats, and she is obliged to go by land. I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that it would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs. Johnson, and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favour of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband.

A hearty thank you, I judged as much from your appearance, was all the reply, and the stage being now ready, we stepped in, and drove off. As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to their charge. Ah! thought I what a happy fellow is Capt. Johnson of the Rifle! What a prize has he drawn in the lottery of life. How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife. Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to sit by my bedside; no, I might die, before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Capt. Johnson, no sooner is he placed on the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Johnson, continued I. Got the dengue perhaps, or perhaps the dyspepsia; they are both very fashionable complaints. Sickness is generally an unwelcome, and often an alarming visitor. It always brings the doctor with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometimes opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender and skilful assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Capt. Johnson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow, perhaps he is very sick—lying for aught that we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the rifle regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? The rifle is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war, chiefly from the West—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt, six feet six, with red whiskers and an eagle eye. His regimentals had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves any thing in uniform, perhaps because they are very reverse of every thing that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the rifle regiment; for she was, evidently, a sharp shooter, and could pick off an officer, when so disposed. What an eye she must have. A plague on Capt. Johnson. Why evil genius sent him poisoning here? Why sport his gray and black, among the pretty young ladies of Philadelphia? Why could not the rifle officer enlist their wives elsewhere? Or, why if Philadelphia must be rife of its beauty, why I had not been, Capt. Johnson.

the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul, must he be, continued I to myself, to place a daughter, so estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger. He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pickpocket. I might be Rowland Stevenson or Washington Irving—I might be Morgan, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the wandering Jew. I might be a vampire or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper, the novelist, for he is sometimes a travelling bachelor, or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr. Owen, going according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could not be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes the ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does her father know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been. How would the chief magistrate of twenty four sovereign republics, have been startled by the question, 'pray friend, would it suit you to take charge of a lady?'

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought it proper to break silence. 'It is raw morning, ma'am,' said I. 'Very raw,' said she, and the conversation made a slow stop. 'The roads appear to be rough,' said I, turning to the charge. 'Very rough,' replied the lady—and another full stop. 'Have you ever travelled in a stage before?' I inquired. 'Yes, sir.'

I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a blue—she cannot talk of these commonplace matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge, I said, 'We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope, we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious.' 'What did you say about Mr. Rubicon?' inquired Mrs. Johnson. 'I repeated, and the lady replied, 'Oh! yes, very likely, and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Capt. Johnson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candour compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was not mild, her nose was not such as a statuesque would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockle growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, fortunately, I looked Capt. Johnson of the Rifle, fortunate man! whose wife imbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At Breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the 'Black Horse,' and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman. 'What's your name?' said she to the landlord. 'Redheffer, Ma'am.' 'Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?' 'No, ma'am.' Then she sat down to the table and turned up her pretty nose at every thing that came within its cognizance. The butter, was too strong, and the tea, too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy and the lady's appetite light. 'Will you try an egg?' said I. 'I don't like eggs.' 'Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl.'

'I can't say that I am partial to the wing.' 'A piece of the breast, then, Madam.' 'It is very tough, isn't it?' 'No, it seems quite tender.' 'It is done to rags I'm afraid.' 'Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife.' 'Oh! horrible! It is raw.'

'On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn; permit me to give you this piece.' 'I seldom eat fowl, except when cold.' 'Thou, madam, here is a nice cold pullet, let me give you a merry thought, nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought.' 'Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast.' And my merry thought flashed in the pan. 'Perhaps, Sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some—'

'This is not my lady, Mrs. Redheffer, interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter. 'Oh! I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know it's so natural—'

'Quite natural, Mrs. Redheffer—' 'May be, ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or—'

I know not how the touchy gentleman would have taken all this; I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them; for luckily before any reply could be made, the stage driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar; but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding lie between. The lady occupied one of those extremes, I know not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Johnson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied off her former taciturnity, and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about herself and her 'Pa.' Her Pa was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line. Alas! I was in the bored line myself just then. Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopped she was always in a fever to go; when going she trotted continually to stop. At meal time she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a solid pet the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of captain Johnson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this; yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with these little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

carriage to drive off, fully determined, that, whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it—take charge of a lady.'

THE SILESIA GIRL. Founded on a Historical Fact. During the seven years' war, the exertions of the Prussians in that critical period, to support the falling fortunes of their indefatigable monarch, were truly worthy of luminous characters in the records of history, but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to repel the encroachments of the armies of France in the year 1813. Each family contributed in different ways to the expenses of the war; and even the poorest birds gave in their mites for general good, though it deprived their families of many a little luxury, which they had before been used to.

In one of the romantic valleys of Silesia, lived a young girl of surpassing beauty, the pride and delight of her aged parents, whose only occupation was to attend their flocks, and bear the scant produce of their little farm to a neighbouring market town. Ella like the wild flower, had grown and bloomed in obscurity, adorned and beautified by the unerring hand of nature. She had known but little of the world, until the burst of war spread over the country, and echoed discordantly among the darkest recesses of solitude; and when by her inquiries, her father was obliged to tell her of the distracted state of her country, the indignant blush, and the high heaving of her bosom, told how much she felt for her enterprising sovereign, and the brave people that were arrayed to defend his dominion. 'Heaven grant us victory!' exclaimed she, in the patriotic enthusiasm of her soul. 'I would, father, that nature had made women strong enough to fight.' The old man only smiled a reply, and kissing her rosy cheeks, bade her to keep out of the sight of the soldiers.

This caution was scarcely needed; Ella knew where to find one on whom she could gaze, and be gazed upon for hours, and who, though not dressed out in the trappings of the military, was more to her than all the world beside. She was soon upon the mountain slope, watching her herds, and listening to the mellow notes as they flew from the pipe of Adolph, a fine featured young man, who sat at her feet, gazing tenderly upon her smiling face.

'That hair of yours, Ella,' said he, laying down the instrument, 'I would give the world for one little lock,' and he ran his fingers through the glossy tresses as they hung luxuriantly around her finely moulded shoulders. 'The world is not yours to give, Adolph,' said she, archly smiling, 'but do you only love me for my hair, which you are always worshipping?' 'I love you for yourself, dear Ella, but these rich ringlets, which might grace a crown, I idolize them; and yet you refuse to bestow one little tress.'

'Have I not reason?' replied Ella. 'Were I to give you a lock, I might never see you again, for then you would always have your idol by you, and I would be forsaken. No, Adolph, first prove yourself worthy of the gift, and then you shall not only have a tress, but the whole of me.'

'Tell me how to become wo thy of so rich a gift!' exclaimed the enraptured youth, 'and I will follow the path you shall point out.' 'There it is,' answered the maiden, pointing towards Brestau, and looking her lover fixedly in the face. 'And what am I to do in Brestau?' 'Join the brave men who are struggling for the liberties of your country, and ten fold shall be the love of Ella.'

A slight blush overspread the face of young Adolph, and kissing the hand of the fair shepherdess, he turned away, and was soon lost in the deep recesses of the valley. There was more courtliness in the last salutation of Adolph, than generally falls to the lot of the untutored and robust mountaineers of Silesia, and Ella thought, as he wended down the narrow defile, that there was more dignity in his mien than she ever before observed. She scarcely dared ask herself who he was, for he had been but a short while among the shepherds, and no one knew sight of his birth or calling; but every one loved him for his generosity and nobleness of spirit. 'My hair,' said Ella to herself, as the youth vanished from her sight, 'I will dress it for his sake. They say it is rich and beautiful—oh! how freely would I destroy each ample tress and scatter it upon the winds, did he not love to calm it with his fingers.'

NG this Office.