Swaim's Panacea.

For the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilitic and Mercurial Due

eases, Rheumatism. Ulcerous Bores-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 bettle, and Twenty Dollars per Dozen.

TO THE PUBLIC.

frauds and impositions practised in re-ference to my medicine, I am again

induced to change the form of my bot

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

when my signature is visible; to coun-terfeit which, will be punishable as

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

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 o-

ther deleterious drug.

The public are cautioned not to pur-

chase 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 Pa-

nacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in coronic sy-

phylitic and scrofulous complaints, and

From Doctor William P Dewees, Ad-

I have much pleasure in saying, I have witnessed the most decided and

-one was that of Mrs Brown

Wm. P Dewees, M D. Philadelphia, Feb 20, 1823

From Doctor James Mease, Member

of the American Philosophical Somety, &c. &c.

I cheerfully add my testimony in always of Mr Swaim's Panacea, as a remedy in Scrofula. I saw two interactions are seen to see the usual remedies had been long trief without effect—those of Mrs Office.

and Mrs Campbell.

James Mease, M. D.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1823.

The GENUINE PANACEA may

he had, wholesale and retail, at the

Proprietor's own prices of
HENRY PRICE,
Sole Agent in Baltimore
At the corner of Baltimore and Hs.

The Journal of Proceedings

House of Delegates

December Session 1826, Is completed, and ready for distri-bution. A few copies for sale at 40.

nover streets.

of the American Philosophical Society

junct Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c.

In consequence of the numerous

The Australians Charette.

VOL. LXXXIV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1629.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN,

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MISCELLANY.

From the Rockingham Gezette. THE AUTUMN EVENING. Behold the western ev'ning lig't!

It melts in deep'ning gloom.
So calmly christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low—the with'ring leaf Scarce whispers from the tree! So gently flows the parting breath When good men cease to be. How beautiful on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

The sunset beam is past!
'Tis like the mem'ry left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last. And now above the clews of night
The yellow star appears!
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bath'd in tears.

How mildly on the wand ring cloud

But soon the morning's happier light Its glories shall restore; And eyelids that are seal'd in death Shall wake to close no more. From the Token for 1830.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

[BY JAMES HALL.] After an absence of several years from my native city. I had lately the pleasure of paying it wisit; and having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu. once more, to the goodly 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 driwer was securing my baggage. Every body slept, gentle and simple, for sleep is a gen-tle and simple thing. The watchnich slum-bered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly pre-emi-nence among my fellow citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catecomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all perdu—shut up, like the imprisoned genii, who were bottled away by Sulomon, and east into the sea. I could release them from durance in an instant; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Every thing slept; mayor, aldermen and council, the civil and the military, learning, and beauty, and eloquence, porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines and patent machines,

even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so howerful, and so buoyant, a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm; a sense of the utter inadequateness of human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of of the Rifle.

oil upon the waves.

I had berely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two dy will be a widow, and there will be a vaof Solomon's genii escaped from duresse.— cant captaincy in the rifle regiment. Strange, Had not their outward form been peaceable and worldly. I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a gentleman, with a lady of wither. If was agentlemen, with a lady harring on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burkens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread mill; was seeking to find her a companion. It was an united significant for the worthy man

had slowly been ready to take charge of a path. Thus, it was that my content to large lay, but had never been happy enough to dered from the captain to his law, and from lowl.

find one who was willing to place herself un- the lady to her father. What an honest. der my protection; and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the expected it, came a tair volunteer, while the sanction of a parent; to throw herself, as it were, into my arma! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready reasted, crying, "Whie'll eat/me?" I thought too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some taileann, where withing had called into my lisman, whose virtues had ealled ainto my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was the man, of whose mortality there could be no misponderous receptacle, ready to take its sta-tion socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor! a lady ready booked and bundled up, with her trunk packed and her passage paid! Alas! it is but for a season—after that, some happier wight will take charge of the lady,' and I may jog on in single loneliness.

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 get 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 a finite or finite or the chamber of a finite or finit or finite or finite or finite or finite or finite or finite or wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of connubial tender ness; an l, offering my hand to the worthy personage, I added, I am obliged to you sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavour to render Mrs Johnson's journey safe if not agreeable."

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 fe-male to fly to 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 ner 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 visiter. 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

Poor fellow, perhaps he is very sick-ly-ing, for aught that we know. Then the lathat 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 deshing 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 o every thing that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the rifle regiment; was seeking to find her a companion. It lady did well to get into the rifle regiment; was an unjust suspicion; for the worthy man was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments; he said—Pray friend would it what an eye she must have. A plague on Capt Johason. What are ye she must have. A plague on Capt Johason. What evil genius sent him poschings here? Why sport his gray and black; among the pretty young lattice of received an great a shock. Not that there was any thing, alarming or disagreeable in the proposition that the address was so not expected. Not that there was any thing, alarming or disagreeable in the proposition that the address was so not expected. Take alarge of a why I had not been capt. Johnson. When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he known pothing, there is no late for this very honour. Never was there and of its for his thoughts not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off into a plain road to travel, will shoot off into a path lady, but had never been happy enough to dered from the captain to his lay, and from

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 let-ters of introduction, a good appearance. Per-haps he is a phremologist 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, of my day dreams. But there was the man, of whose mortality there could be no mistake, and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and lady is most copious and lady i or the wandering Jew. I might be a vampure or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper, the novelist, for he is sometimes a travelling bachelos, or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symnes going to the inside of the word, or, Mr. Owen, going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could'nt be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of the stage of the word of the 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 ques tion, 'pray friend, would it suit you to take charge of a lady?'

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloguy 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 araw morning, malain,' said I. 'Very raw,' said she, and the conversation

'The roads appear to be rough,' said, I reurning to the charge.

'Very rough,' replied the lady—and ano-

ther full stop. ·Have you ever travelled in a stage before? enquired.

'But never so great a distance, perhaps?'
'No, never.'

Another dead halt. I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a blue—she cannot talk of these commonplace, all I suffered during that day. The lady's matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my stemper was none of the best, and travelling simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; sagreed with it but indifferently. When we simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuyl-kill 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. Rubicam?' inquired Mrs. Johnson.

I repeated; and the lady replied, 'Oh!

yes, very likely, and then resumed her for-mer taciturnity Thinks I to myself, Capt. mer taciturnity Thiuks I to myself, Capt. Johnson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does no 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 statuary would have admired, and her lips were white and thin I made these lew observa-tions 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 cock white and thin. I made these few observa ade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought 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 imperti-

nent 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 land-

'Redheiffer, Ma'am.'

'Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?" No. ma'am.

Then she sat down to the table and turned Then shd sat down to the table and furned up her pretty nose at every thing that came within its engizence. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the voils were heavy and the lady's appetite light.

'Will you try an egg! said f.
'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 bresst, theo, Madam.'

'It is very tough, is'nt it?'

'No, it seems quite tender.'

'It is 'eems quite tender.'

'It is 'eems quite tender.'

'It is 'eems quite tender.' 'It is done to rags I'm afraid.' 'Quite the reverse-the gravy follows the

'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 fowls, except when cold.

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. Redheiffer,' interrupted I. fearing the appellation might be reseated more directly from another quar-

be resented more directly from another quar-

'Oh laf I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentle-man travels together, you know it's so natu-'Quite natural, Mrs. Redheiffer-

'May be, ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or—
I know not how the touchy gentlewoman

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 beeding 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

By this time the lady had wearied off her 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

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of stopped she was always in a fever to go; when going she tretted continually to stop At meal time she bad 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 re quired. 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 hushand 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 chival-

ry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting

'At the sign of the Anchor, —— street, Fell's Point,' was the reply.

Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. 'Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?' said I. 'I dont't know,' replied the lady.

Does not your husband belong to that re-La! bless you, no; Captain Johnson isn't

'I have been under a mistake, then. I un derstood that he was a captain in the Rifle 'The Rifleman, sir; he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpen-tine, and such matters. That's the house,' continued she, 'and as I live, there's Mr. Johnson, up and well!

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quidin his check. 'How are you, Polly?' said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a

THE SILESLAN GIRL. Founded on a Historal Fact.

During the seven years war, the exertions of the Prussians in that critical period, to support the falling fortunes of their indefaticus characters in the records of history, but Then, madam, here is a nice cold pullet, our characters in the records of history, but let me give you a merry thought, nothing is better to travel on then a merry thought.

Thank you, I never touch meat at breakviduals to repel the encroachments of the ar-mies of France in the year 1819. Each family contributed in different ways to the expenses of the war: and even the poorest berds

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 vallies of Silesia, lived a young girl of surpassing beauty, the pride and delight of her aged to be the surpassing siles and delight of her aged to reach the same largest the surpassing the sur 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 ike the wild flower, had grown and bloomed in obscurity, adorned and beautified by the un-erring 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 flowed from the pipe of Adolph, a fine featured young man, who sat at her feet, gazing tenderly upon her

'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 lux-uriantly around her finely moulded shoul-

'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 worshiping?

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 yoursell 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 en rich gift!' exclaimed the enraptured youth, 'and I will follow the path you shall point out."

'There it is,' answered the maiden, point-ing 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 sa-lutation of Adolph, than generally falls to the lot of the untutored and robust mountaineers of Silesia, and Ella thought, as he winded down the narrow defile, that there was more dignity in his mein than she ever before an erved. She scarcely dared ask herself who he was, for he had been but a short while among the shepherds, and no one knew aught of his birth or calling; but every one loved

of his birth or calling; but every one loved him for his generosity and nobleness of spirit. 'My hair,' said Ella to herself, si the youth vanished from her sight, 'I will dress it for his sake. They say it is rich and beautiful—oh! how freely would A destroy each ample tress and scatter it upon the winds, did he not love to calm it with his fingers.'

Month's rolled away, and Ella watched her alazed hat on his head, and a huge quidin his cheek. 'How are you, Polly?' said
he, as he landed his wife out, and gave her a
smack which might have been heard over the
street. 'Who's that gentleman' that need
mate of 'yours!'
'That's the gentleman that took care of
mo on the road?'
'The supercargo, ch? Come, Mister, light
and take something to drink.'
I thanked the Captain, and ordered the