which covers the cork, with my own signalers on it, so that the cork cannot be drawn without destroying the signature, without which a nova to be genuine when my signature is it.

The increasing demand for this celebrated medicine has anabled me to reduce the prior to two dulars per bottle, thus bringing it within the reach of the indigent.

My panaces requires ne seconium; its assessions of seconium and wonderful operation has a fact a not wonderful operation beautiful or the seconium.

ishing effects and wonderful operation has drawn, both from Patients and Medical Protitioners of the highest respectability, the mea unqualified approbation, and established for a character, which enysteepen, the dipped a gall, can never tarnishes:

The false reports concerning this valuable medicine, which have been so diligently sires, lated by certain Physicians, have their origin either in envy or in the mischievous effects of he spurious imitations.

The Proprietor pledges himself to the pel-lic, and gives them the most solemn assuraces, that this medicine contains neither mer-

ces, that this medicine contains neither mea-cury, nor any other deleterious drug.

The public are cartioned not to purchase my
Panacea, except from myself, my accredited
agents, or persons of known respectability,
and all those will consequently be without excuse, who shall purchase from any other persons.

Wm SWAIM Wm SWAIM Philadelphia, Sept. 1828

From Doctor Va entine Mott, Professor d Surgery in the University of New York, Surgeon of the New York Hospital, &s. I have repeatedly used Swaim's Panacas, both in the Hospital and in private practics, and have found it to be a valuable mediciners. curonic, syphylitic and scrofulous complaints, and in obstinate cutaneous affections.

Valentine Mott, M. D.

No

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for

quire

New-York, 1st mo 5th, 1824 From Doctor William P Dewees Adjunct Professor of Midwifery in the University of

Pennsylvania, &c. &c. I have much pleasure in saying. I have with nessed the most decided and happy effects in several instances of inviterate disease from Mr. Swaim's Panacea, where other remediants. 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 Society, &c. &c I cheerfully add my testimony in favour of Mr Swaim's Panacea, as a remedy in Screfula. I saw two inveterate cases perfectly cured by it, after the usual remedies had been log tried without effect—those of Mrs. Office and Mrs Campbell.

James Mease, M. D. Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1823. The GENUINE PANACEA may be had, wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's ewa prices, of

HENRY PRICE, Sole Agent in Baltimore,

Nov 27.

The Steam Boat



MARYLAND

Commences her regular route on Tuesdy next. Leaving Baltimore at 70 clock for Ana-polis. Cambridge and Easten; returning, lan-ing Easton at 7 o'clock for Cambridge Ana-polis and Baltimore On Mondays, leave 35 timore at 6 o'clock, returning, leave Chemical rn at I o'clock the same day. On Sunday 12th April, she will leave Baltimorest o'clock for Anapolis only, returning the Annapolis at 1 past 2 o'clock; continue the route throughout the season.

Passage to and from Annapolis, \$1.

NOTICE.

HB Subscriber respectfully inferms the Farhers and Raisers of horses, that is will pass through Anne Arundel county is the month of November, for the purpose of deleer, for the purpose of Gelding Colta, and aged horses in the most approved manner, so that there is not the less danger by potting them to work (in any manner,) directly after the operation. If require the will insure them, from all loss from any

and other states that the state of the state Chranana Gara

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1829.

NO. 46.

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MISCELLANY.

[Prom Blackwood's Magazine for April] THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD. Then the hunter turn'd away from that scene, where the home of his fathers once had been. And burning thoughts flash'd o'er his mind, of the white man's faith and love unkind.

In the silence of the midnight,
I journey with the dead;
In the dirkness of the forest boughs,
A lonely path I fread. But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain Eagle hath not plumes,
So strong as love and scorn.

I have rais'd thee from the grave sod, By the white man's path defiled; On to the ancestral wilderness I bear thy dust, my child!

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately focisteps of the free
'Alone should leave a trace. And the rocking pines made answer— Go, bring us back thine own! And the streams from all the hunter's hills, Rush'd with an echoing tone. Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,

That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of those chainless ones
With joy shall fill thy soul. In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon-flight have sped. I have left the spoiler's dwellings For evermore behind;

For exermore behind;
For one shall sweep the wind. Alone, amidst their hearth-fires, I watch'd my child's decay; Uncheer'd I saw the spirit light, From his young eyes fade away. When his head sunk on my bosom, When the dead sleep o'er him fell

Was there one to say—'A friend is near!'
There was none!—Pale race farewell! To the forest to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back! I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now! I bear thee unto burial

With the mighty hunters gone;—
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,—
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son! In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

"A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the State, and fixed himself in a new township, where a number of families were settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice argainst todays provided the common prejudice argainst todays. families were settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after he gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indian.—Tudor's Letters on the Eastern States of America.

THE BLACK TRADER.

The second voyage I ever made was in the Good Intent, of Glasgow, bound to Puerto Rico. I have reason to remember it, for an awful and solemn mystery that attended it has impressed it on my memory, and few who were then with me have forgotten the perils nd the spriors of that fafed passage. We had light but favourable winds for the

first five weeks, and the captain and passengers were anticipating a speedy end to the voyage, when one night, as we were running about seven knots an hour, Gibbie Alaing about seven knots an hour, Gibbie Alin, who had the watch upon deck, sow a
light to leeward shining upon the water, or
riber a snowy streak, as it appeared, at the
fistance of little more than a cable's length.' Towards the evening, a light breeze sprang
formshe vessel. The captain, although he
magined it to be only the foam of a wave,
mediately ordered Gibbie to heave the
mediately ordered Gibbie to heave the it he he found no bottom; and the man-it he helm, who at the first alarm had alter-d the sing occurse by the critisin's orders, as now commanded to aleer as before. At hat moment a large, black looking vessel, which note of us had previously observed, ame silling swelfilm inver the white spot to suling swiftly wer the white spot tode us. Our captain hailed her, but no one wered; and indeed not a soul was to he co upon her deck. Her salls, like her hull, peired to be perfectly black, and she emed wandering like's dark spirit over the stess billows of the ocean.

That's an all token, said Gibbie, as he had a second token. That's an all token, said Gibbre, as he blowed the departing wessel with his eye, that's an ill token, or Gibbre, kens nathing bout ill. As sure as we are on the waters, or like Black Trader, and few who meet er, be they gentle or simple, can boast with of a prospersor was a like is no? The said some of as will find it see afore the more? ncessis, and having remained for a lew

desolate situation, and, what was worse, we soon found it realized, for the wind began to freshen amain, and the wreck, from its repeated concussions against the rocks, seemed in the poor girl to the wide and placed repeated concussions against the rocks, seemed in the poor girl to the wide and placed repeated period, when the fears of all we're at their height, and a lingering, if not an immediate death, appeared inevitables almost appeared as if a heaven was waiting the captain, who was looking out with the for receive it for the waters were as blue as the sky itself, and myriads of stars were replicable. And then remained breathlessly gazing over the defending the surface. A few minutes only the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the water were as blue as the sky itself, and myriads of stars were resulted to the water and beautiful night that we were assembled in deck, to give the remains of the poor girl to the wide and placed to the water were as sent and the surface. The sea was period to the water were as blue as the surface water and the surface w

seconds, suddenly disappeared. The cap-tain riarted, and muttering something to tilmself, paced up and down in a nurried and agitated manner, whilst the rest of those on deck eyed him with evident curiosity and apprehension. We had now just approach-ed the glittering streak that I spoke of, when suddenly the yessel struck, but without doing any material injury. She struck a second time, the rudder was lost—a thiru time, and the foremast and bowsprit were swept away. but agony—of positive mental agony. At length, she negred and tailed us, and part of the crew having, with great difficulty, lowered her boat, put off at the imminent risk of their own lives to rescue ours. After the most strenuous exertions had been used, and the grostest perile braved, by the strength braved, by the desire following full the grostest perile braved, by the desire following following the grostest perile braved. In the strength was a strength where the merry manners who trade in human soals, and we never want a cable fright where our results. most strengous exertions had seen used, and the greatest perils braved, by the daring fel-lows in the boat, we were all conveyed in safety on board the ship, which proved to be the Carib, from Montego Bay, bound to Liverpool. The captain treated us with great kindness, and, by his aid, and the assistance of his passengers, we were furnished with dry clothes and provisions of every kind.— So different was our situation, by comparison, that we scarcely heeded the increasing violence of the winds and the swell of th irritated waters, although the captain of the Carib by no means seemed to share our insensibility, but remained constantly on deck,

suddenly disappeared. The cap-

the foremast and bowsprit were swept away.

The cries of the passengers, who were a

wakened from their dreams to a sense of dan-

ger enough to appal the stoutest heart, burst with a shrill, mournful, and discordant sound

an the ears of those who were upon deck.

They were answered by a loud, hoarse laugh,

but whence it proceeded no one knew. All stood gazing at each other unconsciously, yet

with an expression that showed they were un-

der the influence of supernatural terrors. We

sounded the pump, and found that the ship

had already more than three feet water in the hold. She had fallen with her starboard

side on the rocks, and her ports were only about two feet above the water. The vessel still kept striking, and seemed to be settling

more and more, when the captain ordered

the main and mizen masts to be cut away, and the motion of the wreck was considera-

bly diminished. Whilst we were in this

situation, the wind began to increase until it

swelled into a complete tempest, and the rain burst over us in torrents. Our sole re-maining place of refuge from destruction was

on the larboard side, where we contrived to lash ourselves, for the waves broke so fre-

quently and so heavily over the wreck that

have perished. We were now perfectly helpless, and awaited death with the forti

tude of despair. Then were heard prayers from lips that but a few hours before had ut-

tered blasphemy and wickedness, and the

paleness of the sea-foam was on the sun-burnt faces of the crew. Amidst us was one

fair and trembling girl, our only female pas-

senger, who was lashed at the side of her

father, and kept her arms continually round

his neck, as if anxious not to be separated

even when the wreck should go to pieces.

It was a heart-breaking sight to see one, who

appeared but a tender and weakly flower,

clinging in her fear to an aged parent, and

seeming to dread death less than being di-

vided from him who had cherished her in

his heart, and loved her with all the fond-ness that a father feels for his first born

in the field, the mariner on the sea, and the

crossed her path, may feel the same ento-

tions and bear them in the same manner

when destruction seems inevitable. Just at

departure of night and the break of day, the

dark vessel again passed us within hail, but

except seven loud and discordant yells, and

to our repeated calls, no answer was given,

Gibbie Allan, who looked out anxiously, counted seven forms leaning over that side

of the dark ship which was nearest towards

tion arose in the minds of all; but none dared

to utter his thoughts to his brother sufferer;

and as the sombre vessel shot out of sight, each betook himself to prayer, and endeavoured to make his peace with God, before

whose presence all expected so shortly to be

summoned. As the morning advanced the

wind suddenly ceased, but were still subjected to a very heavy swell, which broke

over us at intervals. One of the sailors found means to procure some biscuit, which, al-

though damaged by the salt water, was pe-culiarly acceptable in our exhausted state.

A superstitious but undefinable sensa-

every soul on board of her must otherwise

and gave his orders with redoubled activity.

As we looked towards the wreck that we had quitted, a large dark shadow glided between us, and when that had passed away, not a trace of the Good Intent was to b seen. The vessel went gallantly on her way, and stood the buffeting of the storm as if she gloried in it. The gale continued for two days, but, on the third morning, the wind dropped into a deep sleep, as though wearied out by its own powerful exertions. On the night of that day it was a dead calm. The ship appeared to be stationary, the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts, and the seaman, who had the watch, paced the deck with listless and unchanging steps, when the Black Trader again came within hail, and sailed past us, although there was not wind enough to hang a pearl drop on the edge of a wave, or part a single ringlet on the fore-head of the innocent and lovely girl who that night clung to her father's arm, and watched the cloud-like vessel taking her solitary and mysterious way over the melancholy main. The same seven figures were seen on her starboard, immovable as before, yet apparently gazing towards us. As the ghostly stranger vanished, a clear, purple light, which shone like a brilliant star, played, for an instant, on our deck, and disappeared as on a former occasion. 'That,' said our Captain, 'is an augury of death to one amongst us, for the Black Trader casts not her lights about without a recompense. May heaven protect us!' 'Amen!' ejaculated the voices of all on deck.

On the following morning we took our stations at the breakfast table, and awaited child. She bore up, however, as well as many of our hardiest seamen, for hopeless danger makes us all equal; and the warrior the appearance of the young lady, who was, generally, as early a rider as any of us. Still she came not. 'My girl has overslept her- phisticated Yankee clodhopper. self,' said her father, 'I will awaken her.'maiden who would tremble if a bee had He arose from his seat, and tapped gently at her door, but received no answer; he knocked louder and louder, and called upon her by name, but all was still quiet within. 'She that cold and cheerless time, between the is not wont to sleep so soundly,' added the father in an agitated tone of voice, 'pray Heaven nothing has happened to my poor girl!' The passengers looked significantly and gloomily towards the captain, and a dead silence ensued. The father again called her, but with as little effect, and then, as if the suspense were more horrible than the worst of certainties, he rushed against the door, burst it almost from its hinges, and entered the little cabin. A deep groan testified that the forebodings of the passengers were but too well founded. The innocent girl was dead. She had passed away from life to death, apparently in a dream, for there was not the slightest trace of pain on her beauti-ful face, and her arms encircled her pillow, even as she held her father's arm on the preceding evening. I will not speak of the old man's grief—his tears—his heart broken feelings—for no words can picture them.—His daughter was the only relative he had in the world; and he gave himself up to the most unrestrained and violent anguish. All on heard endeavoured at first to direct him.

his sanse of the calamity which had fallen upon him. It was on a bright and beautiful night that

utmost anxiety, suddenly exclaimed, 'Cheer uplithere's a sail shead! there's a sail shead! A few minutes only had then remained breathlessly gazing over the ocean to mark the direction she took of the ocean, and almost instantly the terrible by the ocean, and almost instantly the terrible broken. If these bits of timber but keeps to rether till she nears us all will be well—But, death! she changes spain. Hough the boldest hearth to they thought to be done? We have a signals, and we cannot fire a gun. He she changes spain. Hurcah! hursh! We are worth a thousand dead menyel! The interval between the first appearance and near approach of the strange sail, was one ust merely of suspanse.

20

We are the merry mariners who trade in human souls. And we never want a noble freight where'er our ves-sel rolls; We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the

And, of all the trades for mariner's, the human soul is Our weapons are the thunderbolt, and strong arm of

the wave, That strike the clay from prison'd souls, and hurl it in We wither up the heart of man, with lightning from

And ocean is its sepulchre, and the tempest sky its shroud.

We envy not the ocean depths that holds the lifeless We only give to fishes food, that else had been for

worms; Let others look for pearls and gold, for diamonds bright and rare;
Oh what are diamonds, pearls, and gold, to the noble

We are the merry mariners, that trade in human souls, And we never want a noble freight, where'er our vessel rolls;
We seek it on the eastern wave; we seek it in the

west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is
best.

As the chorus ceased, the Black Trader lisappeared, and we saw no more of her, but prosecuted our woyage without further molestation, yet deeply impressed with the remembrance of what had passed, and with the fear of that which was to come. We arrived at Liverpool, where, finding a vessel nearly ready to sail for Bermuda, I entered on hoard of her, and in all my voyages since that time, never had the ill luck to fall in with the Black Trader. The Gondola.

From the Boston Mercury. A TALE OF A BAG OF BEANS;

OR, JOE BUNKER'S COURTSHIP. There was a hody met a body
In a bag of beans,
Can a hody tell a body
What a body means?—Old Song.

Every body in the Country of Essex has heard of Joe Bunker, and the quips and cranks by him enacted. In truth he was a famous fellow in his day, so noted for his bushwacking rusticity of breeding that his name has passed into a proverb, and made nim immortal. Joe Bunker's character is now regarded by all the old crones and gos-sips in the North East corner of Massachusetts as the beau ideal of a genuine, unso-

His fame for ten miles round the country ran, And all the old ladies called him a queer man.

He was the first mortal in these parts that over picked his teeth with a wooden shoe. Various other fashions introduced by him are in the remembrance of many, but it is not our purpose now to specify them. The story of his courtship and the bag of beans is not so common, it runs thus:

It was sometime in the month of April or May, or at any rate, just at the time of the planting of beans, of all the days in the year of a Sunday, that Joe being at a meeting. spied Colonel Shute's daughter Hannah. was in prayer time; (they make terrible long prayers in that part of the country;) and Joe was hanging over the pew door in about the shape of a figure 5, tired to death and wriggling himself about in asawkward and slouchng a fashion as can well be imagined. ooked at Hannah, and Hannah looked at Joe. It is pretty certain that the little hedge-hog Cupid shot off a pair of his quills at the same instant, for Hannah was struck with a very queer sensation, and as for Joe, he felt some thing which he could not describe, except by saying that it was a kind of all-overness like. like.
This is all we happen to know of the first

item in this chapter of accidents. The next morning Joe lay in the bed so long that his father began to grumble, and presently his

'Come Joe,' said she, 'get up and go to planting your beans.'
'I can't,' said Joe, 'I'm sick.'

'Sick. What's the matter with you? What ails you. 'I don't know what ails me; I don't wan

to tell. 'Don't want to still a fiddlestick; let us know what it is.

Joe hid his face under the blanket for some

time, and at last blubbered out, 'I want to go and see the Colonel's Hannah.' Down goes the old woman and reports proceedings to her husband. 'What' said old Bunker the go to see the Colonel's Hannah! tell him to come instantly and plant his beans. The old woman runs back and tells this to Toe.

But Joe was hard to work upon. He was

But Joe was hard to work upon. He was granite; he was adamant; there was no softening him, no moving him, You might as easily have shouldered Oldown Hill from its foundation as have made him start a per. If won tag to planting hemas Twill go and see the Colonel's Haunah? This was all she could get out of him, and so she paddled off again to her husband.

Raally, Mr. Bunker, there's no gaiting Joe to mind, he says he won't so to planting beans nor touch 'em; and he will go and see the Colonel's Hannah. Now do let the poor boy have his way for once remember you was once a young man yourself. This was bringing the matter home, and Old Bunker though he was no logician, nor imagined how the thing could be proved in Baralipton or Ferita, yet he thought the reasoning so pat to the purpose that he fairly yielded. 'Well, well, let him take Dobbin and go, but not stay long.'

stay long' But,' said Joe on hearing this, 'I won't go without I can go grand, and I won't have Dobbin.' Off goes the old woman once more with this intelligence.

Well then,' said old Bunker, 'he may go grand, and let him take old Bob.' But I won't ride upon old Boh,' said Joe,
'Pill have Posset,' 'Then take Posset,' says

his father, 'and make haste back ' Hereupon Joe began to bustle about with all speed, and bedizen himself out in his Sunday's best. He was a strapping, bony, long-sided fellow. It would do you good to long-sided fellow. It would do you good to see him dressed in the fashion of that day,

Joe had just bestowed a hearty kick upon the ribs of his Rozinante at setting out for the Colonel's, when old Bunker bawled after him, Colonel's, when old Bunker bawled after him, 'Halloo, Joe! stop there, come back sgain. You are going by Pearson's mill, and you shall take a couple of bags of corn to be ground, while you go to the Colonel's, and bring it back with you when you come away; so you can kill two dogs with one stone.' Joe was inclined to demur to this stone of mixing husiness but hating to waste. plan of mixing business, but hating to wasto time arguing with his father, he assented, and shambling off to the barn brought out his two bags and bestowed them snugly en croupe. Thus fairly accoutred, he trotted off to the mill.

'Pearson, can ye grind my grist while I go to Colonel Shute's.' 'Yes, Joe, but what are ye going a courting

for, so early?" Oh, who the dickens told you?"

'Oh, who the dickens told your 'Never mind, Joe, pluck up courage; faint heart never won fair lady.'
'Thank ye for nothing,' said Joe, 'I shalf be back in an hour. Don't let your horse to the heart had so off he street to the heart of the house. eat out of the hopper. So off he started tor

Joe bolted in at the Colonel's door without knocking. (Indeed it is affirmed he never was known to be guilty of making such a superfluous noise in all his life.) 'Ah Mrs. Shute, the top of the morning to ye; where's

'Ah Joe Bunker! is that you? where's Hannah? why she's up stairs a spinning.' At this Joe stumped off up stairs without any further idle palaver.

Hannsh's wheel was humming right mer-rily when Joe entered. She blushed like a blue cabbage upon seeing him. 'How d'yo do Hannah,' said Joe, and shambling up towards the window, he slouched himself into marvellously uncomfortable skewing posi-

tion on the corner of a chair.
Well! now was Joe fairly scated alongside of his Dulcinea; but how to begin conversation—ah, there was the difficulty.— What was he to say? Indeed he had never thought of that. However, he looked out of the window, and saw a flock of sheep: there is nothing like taking a hint from the

first thing that offers—
'Are these your father's sheep, Hannah?'
'Yes, Joe.'

Joe gave a hem, and tried to think of something else to say about the sheep—such as, how much wool they gave, and whether they were of the Byfield breed; but he could not make it ladge. Presently he espied some

'Are these your cows?'

Yes? 'How many cows have you got?' 'Twenty,'
'Twenty! that's a tarnation lot of 'em.'

tion, and Joe felt more awkward that even As for Hannah, she did not feel altogether

quite so sheepish.

Joe looked out at the window again, but could see nothing to talk of. He looked round the room, and up to the ceiling but there was nought save a seed cucumber, three red peppers, and a crooked neck squasti. They would not suit. He drummen was infingers upon the table, and begun unconsciously to whistle a stave of 'The tongs and this quavered away into Yankee Doodle, and finally be found himself hum-ming a mixture of Old Hundred and Little Marlborough.

At last he was struck with an ides, and

out it came-Did you ever see a crow?"

How black they are! a'nt they?"
Yes.

Another passe. Joe began to wipe his fore-head with his cost sleeve. Presently the ap-parition of another idea dawned upon him. 'Did you ever see an awil'