e increasing demand for this celebrate dicine has enabled me to reduce the rise two dollars perbottle, thus bringing it with the reach of the indigent. My panacea requires no encomium; ila sace

my panaces requires no encountain makes ing effects and wonderful operation, are awn, both from Patients and Medical Prowen, both from Patrents and Stedicti Pro-oners of the highest respectability, the mea-qualified approbation, and established for a haracter, which envy's pen, the dipped a l, can never tarnish. The false reports concerning this vitable dialog which have been as dillimatically

The false reports concerning this valuate dicine, which have been so diligantly circulations, which have been so diligantly circulations of the property of th spurious imitations.

and gives them the most solemn seems, and gives them the most solemn seems, that this medicine contains neither merity, nor any other deleterious drug. The public are cautioned not to parchase my naces, except from myself; my acredite ents, or persons of known respectability, all those will consequently be without are, who shall purchase from any other persons of the merity of

Wm SWAIM. Philadelphia, Sept. 1828

Surgery in the University of New York, Surgery in the University of New York, Surgeon of the New York Hospital, as I have repeatedly used Swaim's Passen, h in the Hospital and in private practical have found it to be a valuable medicine a conic, syphylitic and scrofulous complaint, in obtainate cutaneous affections. in obstinate cutaneous affections.

Valentine Mott, M. D.

New-York, 1st mo 5th, 1824.

om Doctor William P Dewees, Adjunt, Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c have much pleasure in saying, I have where the most decided and happy effect is eral instances of inveterate disease five Swaim's Panacea, where other remains failed—one was that of Mrs Brown

Wm. P Dewees, M D. hiladelphia, Feb. 20, 1823 m Doctor James Mease, Member of the

cheerfully add my testimony in favor of Swaim's Panacea, as a remedy in Str. . I saw two inveterate cases perfectly cus-sy it, after the usual remedies had been log d without effect—those of Mrs Offers and

Campbell. James Mcase, M.D. hiladelphia. Feb. 18. 1823. he GENUINE PANACEA may be held, elesale and retail, at the Proprietor's cun

HENRY PRICE. Sole Agent in Baltimere, t the corner of Baltimore and Hanores

Nov 27. The Steam Boat



mmences her regular route on Toutel Cambridge and Easton returning, last aston at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, asserting Baltimore. On Mondays leave Baltimore. re at 6 o'clock, returning, leave Chester, at 1 o'clock the same day. On Sunday, he April, she will feave Baltimore to the for Annapolis only, returning, leave apolis at 1 past 2 o'clock; continuing this throughout the seasons. ssage to and from Annapolis, 81.

NOTICE.

HE subscriber being shout to remove be the Westfra Country, lakes this meth forming those who are Indebted has a or note or on the books of the lat AN & ANDERSON, that his his aims in the hands of J. J. Speeds then, J. He. also in farms, these to purchase, that he has execute

## je det je je je

ANNAPOLIS; THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1829.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN. Church-Street, PRICE THREE BOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCESSANT. Releiting is Tale of the Stoire Mountains.—By Co-flection, 12mo, pp. 136. London, 1829. Ebers and Co: a The story of the principal poem is a very pathetic one—that of a Swiss girl who loves her reason in the

sne—that of a Swiss girl who loved her reason in the fright occasioned by the sudden fall of an avalanche. There is much beauty and sweetness in many pares, shough not throughout on citically correct in compo-sition and thyme as poetical in thought. As it would be difficult to detach passages, we prefer quoting of the minor pieces, from its being finished within our limits.

THE SWORD SONG. Thou sword upon my belied vest, Why elitters thus thy polished crest, Kindling high ardours in my breast, From thy bright beams?—Hurrah!

From thy bright beams!—Hur A horseman brave supports my blade; Proud for a freeman to be made.
For him I thine, for him I wade.
Through blood and death.—Hur fes, my good sword, behold me free.
In fond affection bound to thee.
As though thou wert betroth'd to me, A first, dear, bride.—Hurraht.

Soldier of Freedom, I am thine!
For thee alone my beams shall shipe—
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field!—Hurrah

When the shill trumpet's summons flies—
When red guns flash upon the skies—
Then will our bridal run arise
And join our hands.—Hurrah! O welcome union! haste away,
Te tardy moments of delug,
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To wear thy wreath.—Hurrah!

Why restless in the scabbard why,
Thou iron child of desting?
So wild, as if the battle cry
Thou heanlest now.—Hurrah!

Impatient in my dread reserve, Reatless in battle fields to serve, Restless in pattie nesses in serve,
I burn our freedom to preserve
Thus with bright gleams.—Hurrah! Rest, but a little longer rest, In a short space thou shalt be blest,

Within my ardent grasp comprest, Ready for fight. -- Hurrali

Then let me not too long await—
I love the glory field of fate,
Where Death's rich roses bloom elste
In bloody bloom.—Hurrah!

Then out, and from thy bondage fly,
Thou treasure of the freeman's eye!
Come to the scene of slaughter hie,
Our nuptial home.—Hurral! Thus be our glorious marriage tie

Thus be our glottous marriage tie
Wedded beneath Heaven's canopy;
Bright as a sunheam of the sky
Glitters my bride.—Hurrah!
Then forth for the immortal strife,
Thou German soldier's new made wife!
Glows not each heart with tenfold life
Embracing thee?—Hurrah!

While in thy scabbard at my side.

I sel·lom gazed on thee, my bride—
Our hands now join'd we'll ne'er divide,
Even in fight.—Hurrah!

Thee sparkling to my lips I press,
And thus my ardent vows profess—
O cursed be be beyond redress
Who parts us now!—Hurrah!

Come Joy into thy polish'd eyes, Let thy bright glances flashing rise— Our marriage-day dawns in the skies, My bride of steel.—Hurrah!

Amid the many translations of this celebrated poem we know of none that can at all compete with this most animated and stirring one: it has completely charget the spirit of Kornor.

From the Boston Courier. SIGHMON DUMPS.

The subject matter of a story being always sailed the hero, however little heroic he may personelly have been) married Dora Solin on St. Swittin's day, in the first year of the last reign.

Their babe Simon was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt ?

GH, the infant Dumps was register-

Spinon sighed away his infancy like sher babes and sucklings, and when he grew to be a hobedy-boy, there was a scriousness in his visage, and a much-add-about-nothing-

d. matter Sighmon des hinocently sumple his craice, and sport with his weeper.

His melancholy out goings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary meanings.—

The demise of athers some a living for him and after a few industily propitions sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains; the moureer expited, and, in praise of his profession, the mitte became stoquent.

Apather event, occurred, after burying so many people professionally, he at length bu-

many people professionally, he at length bu-ried Mrs. Dumps that, of course, was by no means a matter of business. I have before remarked that she was descended from the Coffins; she was now gathered to her ances-

Dumps had long been profit of gentility of appearance, a suit of black had been his working day costume, nothing therefore could be more easy than for Dumps to the gentleman. He did so; took a villa at Gravas-end; chose for his own sitting room a chame for his own sitting room a chember that looked against a dead wall, and whilst he was lying an state upon the squabs of his sofs, he thought seriously of the edu-cation of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the dead languages. Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young

man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him; he loved to linger near the monument; and if ever he thought of a continental excursion, the Catacombs and Pere la Chaise were his seducers. His father died-his old employer fur-

nished him with a funeral; the mute was silenced, and the mourner was mourned. Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever; he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and a sensitive sarink ing when he felt that any body was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl; ne would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms, unheeded and Inseen, like a draft through a key hole. - This, however, was not to be his lot; like a

nan cursed with creaking shoes, stepping

lightly and tiptocing availed not-a creak always betrayed him when he was most mxious to creep into a corner. At his father's death he found himself p issessed of a competency and a villa; but he was unhappy, he was known in the neighhourhood, people called on him, and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and recalls bored him. He never, in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face: a pair of human eyes meeting his own was actually painful to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa, and determined to go to some place where, being a

He went to Cheltenham and consulted Bolsragon about his nerves, was recommended a course of the waters, and horse exercise.

and unknown, attracting no attention, no re-

stranger, he might pass unnoticed

The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already 'too much of wa-ter,' he, however, hired a nag, took a small suburban lodging, and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better, and felt sedately happy. This blest seclusion, the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' was not the predestined fate of Sighmon; odd circumstances always brought him into notice. The horse he had hired was a piebald, a sweet, quiet animal, warranted a safe support for a timid invalid. On this piebald did Dumps jog through the green lanes in brown studies.

One day as he passed a cottage, a face Anthony Dumps, the father of my hero, peered at him through an open window; he heard an exclamation of delight, the door opened, and an elderly female ran after him, entreating him to stop; much against the grain he complied.

"Twas heaven sent you sir,' said his pursuer, out of breath; give me for the love of mercy, the cure for the rheumatiz.4 . The

what? said Dumps,

"The rheumatiz, sir; I've the pains and the aches in my back and my bones—give me

the dose that will cure me."

In vain Dumps declared his imprance of the virtues of medicinal gums." The more

in his visage, and a much-ado-about-nothingness in his eye, which were proclaimed by
good natured people to be indications of
deep thought and profundity; while others,
less flattering sweet, declared they indicatde analyth but want of comprehension, and
the duliness of stupidity.

As he graw older he grow graver; sad was
the load, sombre the tone of his voice, and
all an bour's conversation with him was a
tely serious affair indeed.

But me Ground-building, Enddington
and was the scene of his infant sports. His
allow estreed his freely hood by letting him
aff out as a nute, ar mountain to a furnishto f interest.

(Astate' and consider the ware his
classifications and darken his chows with
his mounts are he sallied forth to folow borrowed business and when he r turnof from its posted. He was solicited to surface the processed these unaccountable stracks, were fearful annoyances to a verticing a personage as Dumps,
the determined to avoid that green hane in
future, and rode out the next lay, in an opposite direction. As he trotted through a
village, a girl ran after him, shouting for
sure for the hooping cough; a dame, with a
low courseay, solicited a semedy for the cholie; and and darken his chows with
him course when he would, the same
things happened. He was solicited to curr
the first happened. He was solicited to curr

most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his piehald, and went in his angry mood to Tewkesbury.'

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather enbonpoint, but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; his fat was weighty, he was inclined to blubber. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind. \*.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewkesbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

'I understand you sir,' replied the landlady, with a knowing wink, 'a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change, I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking. She then curtseyed and withdrew.
'Frank,' said the hostess to the head wait-

er, 'who do you think we've got here in the blue parlour! you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him, dress-ed just as I saw him at the Hay Market Theatre, the only night I was ever at a London stage play. The grey coat, and the striped trewsers, and the Hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella.'

Who is he, ma'am?' said Frank. Why, the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston, replied the landlady, come down for a holiday, he wants to be quiet, so we not blab, or the whole town will be after

This brief dialogue will account for much disquictude which subsequently befel our ill-fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed they whispered to each other, and the words 'inimitable,' 'clever creature, irresistably comic,' evi-

dently applied to himself, reached his ears. Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, 'Oh that mock heroic tragedy look is so like

Sighmon signed for the seclusion of number three Burying ground buildings, Pad-

dington road. One morning his landlady announced, with broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

'My name, sir, is Opie,' said the stranger; I am quite delighted to see you here intend gratifying the good people of Tewkesbury of course!'

'Gratifying! what can you mean?' 'If your name is announced, there'll not a box to be had.'

'I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you,' replied Dumps.

'By all means, you will come out here of course!

Come out to be sure, I sha'nt stay within doors always.' "What do you mean to come out in?"

'Why, what I've got on will do very well.'
Oh, that's so like you,' said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter, 'you really are inimitable!—What character do you select

Character!' said Dumps, 'the stranger.'

'The Stranger! you?' 'Yes, I.'
'And you really mean to come out as the stranger?' said Opie. 'Why, yes to be sure—
I'm but just come.'

Then I shall put your-name in large letters immediately; we will open this evening, and as to terms, you shall have half the re-

off ran Mr. Opie, who was no less a perconage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been

closeted with a lunatic. Shortly afterwards he saw a man very sy pasting bills agilnst the wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters, that he easily decyphored, the relebrated Mr. Liston in tragety. This evening the Strager; the part of the Stranger by Mr. Liston, Listop in tragedy. This evening the Strap-ger the part of the Stranger by Mr. Liston, perpendid, his blind always down, and he Dumps had never seen the inimitable List took his solitary walks, in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that see sickness

not sware, lany more than the realist very possibly may be I that in some parts of England, the country people have an ides that a quack doctor rides a piebaid horse, why I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost—life became a burthen to him; he was a marked may, he, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; he, who, of all the creeping things on the earth, patied the glow worm most, because the spark in its tail attracted man who visited hid is the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips but was enaulible amid ahe shouts of their liear. At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearances I lament as

much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Listan, but, in the anguish of the mo-ment, one thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. (Applause.) I had an interview with your deplause.) I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning and every necessary armingement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be found. (Disapprobation.) I have been informed that he direct early and the house expine that he was going to left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident can have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box; surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his face, and widely opened eyes; and at

length pointing to Dumps he exclaimed—
"Ladies and Gentlemen—It is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston before your there he sits at the back of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct.'

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the man who could not endure the scrutiny of one pair of eves, now beheld a house full of them glar ing at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the loby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession

of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against his infamous and unprin imposture who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did escape from the town

of Tewkesbury, in a return morning coach. Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a hearding house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but alas! its dura tion was doomed to be short. A young of-ficer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewkesbury, recog-nized the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of

the place. He dired at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then in confidence informed the assembled party that the re-cluse was the celebrated author of the "Picasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrat-

ing this Italy." Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity, every body became offi-ciously attentive to him, he was waylaid in his walks, and intentionally intruded upon velling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition; a lady and the master of the boarding house walked upon him, by desire of this guesta to request that he would honour the public table
with his company. Several ladies solicited
his autograph for their albums, and several
gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabiants, and resolved to give him a public din-nerse cranisligist requested to be permitted to take a cast of his head, and as a climat to his misery, when he was sitting in his bed-chamber, thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted he looked towards the Malvern hills, which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party

of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long te-lescopes through the open windows.

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitive-But now that the star was to thins forth in tragedy, the anguincement was concensal to the star was to thin forth in the star was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling this own; he therefore bargained with some bostmen, who congress to take him out into the channel, dat a little experimental medition to the channel, dat a little experimental medition was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling which some who stook was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, dat a little experimental medition to the channel, dat a little experimental medition was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, dat a little experimental medition was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, dat a little experimental medition was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, dat a little experimental medition was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, dat a little experimental medition was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, data a little experimental medition was mary wishing to out, I she could be sufficient to the channel, data a little experimental medition was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling him him to the therefore bargained with some could be a little experimental medition was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling him him to the channel, data a little experimental medition was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling him because of the channel, data a little experimental medition was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling

as he was stepping into the boat they him maring. "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so fing concealed on this coast, we know you are trying to escape to America, but our must come with us."

with us.

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt is would be seless to endeavour to explain or to expostulate, he spoke not, but was passingly hurried to carriage in which he was borne to a maguate fast as four horses could carry him, without act or refreshingut. Of course after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been premarked instructional. He called in the aid of the first medical

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grow a little better; and when the doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken.

Sighmon died.

It was afterwards discovered that a mistako had occasioned his premature departure; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe oxalic acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the shurchvard opposite to Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington road.
His funeral was conducted with almost as much decorum es if his late father the mute had been present, and he was left with-

"At his head a green grass turi, And at his heels a stone."

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men. - Sharpe's Mogazine.

## A PROFITABLE WIFE.

A Clergyman in one of our large cities, aving married a couple, who were strangers, found on opening a piece of brown pa-per which was enclosed in the certificate, one bright cent. A few months after, while walking in the street, a stranger accosted him with the question, 'Do you know mosir?' 'I do not,' was the reply. 'Do not! why sir, you married me.' 'Q lite probable.' replied the clergyman—but I so frequently marry strangers, that it is difficult afterwards to recognise them.' 'One circumstance,' said the stranger, 'which I will relate, will. I doubt not, bring me to your resollection; do you not remember finding a bright cent in a certificate which was handed you before marrying a couple?' At do,' said the minister. 'I was the man! when I was married, I knew not whether un wife would be of any va-lue, and concluded that if the should not, your service for me was of little salue. After I was married, I took lodging, and soon after went to sea, leaving my wife upon half pay. On my return, I found my wife had paid her rent, supported herself, and laid by a small sum of money, without taking up any of my wages; I am satisfied that I have found a profundle wife, and I now request your acceptance of a five dollar bill for marrying me.'

## A BEAR MISS-TAKE.

A worthy old farmer in the north part of . Vermont, who had unaccountably lost a number of his sheep, having discovered strong indications that the perpetrator could be no. by accident in his paryte apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition; a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance, and to give his unbassed opinion; and the master of the boarding house walk was a sad one. But the old man with a tury was a sad one. But the old man with a tury was a sad one. But the old man with a tury was a sad one. philosophic feeling said 'he was darn'd sorr Sally got eatch'd, for she warn't able to milk or rake hay for a long time."

> A gray hair was espied among the ravea locks air friend of ours, a few days since. Oh! pray, pull it out, she exclaimed. If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeal, replied the lady, who had made the newelease discovery. Pluck it out never-theless, said the dark-haired damage is in no sort of consequence how many come to the timeral, provided they come in black. Boston Journal

## ANECDOTE

A full-blooded Jonathan, residing in a centain town in New England, once took it into his head to go a courtin; he accordingly saddled the old mare, and started off to per saddled the old mare, and started off to pay this devoirs to one of the buxom lasses of the neighbourhood. After 'stayin' with his 'gal' ontil daylight began to streak the cast he made preparations to depart. That as he was seating himself in the saddle, his fair one who stood in the door, (and who by the way, was marvellously fond of having 'sparks,') wishing to have him come again, stammered out, 'I shall be at home next Sunday night, 2-h' Zabedee, taking out his fobacco box, Zeb. Zebedee, taking out his fobacco hox, and bitting off a quid of pigtail in less than a second, honestly answered, Sa shall Ling