which covers the cork, with my own signature on it, so that the cork example be drawn with destroying the signature, without which see a genuire. The medicine must consequently in known to be genuine when my signature is the sible; to counterfeit which, will be pubushall

The increasing demand for this celebrated medicine has enabled me to reduce the print to two dollars per bottle, thus bringing it wit, in the reach of the indigent.

My panacea requires no encomium; its ange ishing effects and wonderful operation has drawn, both from Patients and Medical Pre-titioners of the highest respectability, the new unqualified approbation, and established for k a character, which envy's pen, the dipped n gall, can never tarnish

The false reports concerning this valuable medicine, which have been se diligently circulated by certain Physicians, have their expetither in envy or in the mischievous effects of the spurious imitations.

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

ces, that this medicine contains neither ma-cury, nor any other deleterious drug. The public are cautioned not to purchase my Panacea, except from myself, my accreding agents, or persons of known respectability, and all those will consequently be without es and all those will consequently any other pa-cuse, who shall purchase from any other pa-Wm SWAIM.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1828 Prinadelphia, Sept. 1020
Prom Doctor Valentine Mott, Professor of
Surgery in the University of New York,
Surgeon of the New York Hospital, &c.

I have repeatedly used Swaim's Passes both in the Hospital and in private pracing and have found it to be a valuable medicing chronic, syphylitic and scrofulous complaint and in obstinate cutaneous affections. Valentine Mott, M. D. New-York, 1st mo 5th, 1824.

From Doctor William P Dowees, Adjust Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c

I have much pleasure in saying. I have the most decided and happy effects several instances of inveterate disease. Imp Mr. Swaim's Panacea, where other remits had failed—one was that of Mrs. Brown Win. P Dewees, M D. Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1823

From Doctor James Messe, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. dn I cheerfully add my testimony in favour of Mr. Swaim's Panacea, as a remedy in Sonfula. I saw two inveterate cases perfectly entried without effect—those of Mrs. Offner is ed by it, after the usual remedies had be

Mrs. Campbell.

James Mease, M. D. The GENUINE PANACEA may be ball wholesale and retail, at the Proprietors out prices, of Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1823.

HENRY PRICE.

Sole Agent in Baltimore, ,
At the corner of Baltimore and Hazen



Commences her regular route on Tuesty next. Leaving Baltimore at 70 clock for Australian Polis, Cambridge and Easton; returning, last ing Easton at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, Australian Baltimore. On Mondays last his timore at 6 o'clock, returning, leave Chesis town at 1 o'clock the same day. On Sundiy is 12th April, she will leave Billimorat is o'clock for Annapolis only, returning leave. Annapolis at i past 2 o'clock; continuing lieve. Annapolis at i past 2 o'clock; continuing lieve. Passage to and from Annapolis, \$1. March 26.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber being about to removes the Western Country, takes this metal of informing those who are indebted him a bond or note, or on the books of the late first BRYAN & ANDERSON, that he has placed his claime in the hands of J J Speed, Est in collection. He also informs those who was in the collection of the late first the late was the late of the wish to purchase, that he has executed to it.

Speed a power of attorney to sell and display
of at his discretion, all his Real Property, etc.

of at his discretion, all gis acceptance of a number of Eotis and Houses.

In the City of Assepole, and a FARM Anne Arundel county. Mr. Speed is empored to execute Deeds, with release of Democratic Country. THOMAS ANDERSON.

The Attarpland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXIV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1829.

NO. 48.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN,

Church-Street. Annapolis.

PRICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANY.

From Baley's Ballads. THE NURSERY TALE.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gossins tell,
Of the two young girls that came to drink
As a certain fairs well?
The words of the Youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip
But the tangue of the ellest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip!

At the well a Beggar acrostel them,
(A Sprite in a mean disguise.)
The cliest spoke with a scornful brow,
The Youngest with tearful eyest
Cried the Fairy, "Whenever you speak, sweet gir
Pure gems from your lips shall falls."
But schoper you utter a word proud maid,

But whenever you after a word proud a From your tongue shall a serpent crav

From your tongue shall a serpent craw. And have you not met with these sisters oft in the haunts of the old and young? The first with her pure and unsullied lip? The last with her serpent tongue? Ye—the first is Goodnature—diamonds bright. On the darkest theme she throws:

And the last is slander—leaving the slime. Of the snake wherever she good.

From the Token for 1829.

THE SEA-BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD. And thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in this elf,
Sound his atupendous praise, whose great voice
Orbids you roer, or bids your roarings fall. Thompson

'The sea is his, he made it,' cries the Psalmts, of Israel, in one of those bursts of athusiasm and devotion, in which he so ofden expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else, indeed could the, and by whom else could it have Who else can heave its tides, and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and the wings of the tempest; and then speak to it egain in a master's accents, and bid it be mil? Who else could have poured out its magnificent fullness round the solid land, and

Land as in a storehouse safe its watery treasures by who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various productions, and filled in from its despest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled to the brim with beauty and mystery, and power? Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee, or made thee. Thou hearest but one voice, and that is the Lord's, thou obeyest but one arm, and that is the Almighty's. The ownership and the work nanship are God's; thou art his, and he made thee.

'The sca is his, and he made it.' It hears the strong impression of his greatness, his wisdom, and his love. It speaks to us of God with the voice of all its waters; it may lead us to God by all the influences of its nature How, then, can we be otherwise than profitabl, employed while we are looking on his bright and broad mirror of the Deity? he sacred scriptures are full of references to it, and itself is full of religion and God.

The sea is his, and he made it. Its ma-esty is God. What is there more sublime, han the trackless, desert, all-surrounding, infathomable sea? What is there more peaceully sublime, than the calm, gently-heavsilent sea? What is there more terrisublime than the angry, dashing, ng, sea? Power, resistless, overwhelming ower, is its attribute and its expression. ether in the careless, conscious grandeur its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its e ited wrath. It is awful when its crested raves rise up to make a compact with the lick clouds, and the howling winds, and the hunder, and the thunderbolt, and they sweep h in the Joy of their dread alliance, to do he. Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, po, when it stretches its broad level out to seet in quiet union the bended sky, and how in the line of meeting the vast rotun-ity of the world. There is majesty in its ride expanse, separating and enclosing the reat continents of the earth, occupying two hirds of the whole surface of the globe, etrating the land with its bays and secon ary seas, and receiving the constantly pourg tribute of every river, of every shore.— bere is majesty in its fullness, never dimishing and never increasing. There is ma-sty in its integrity, for its whole vast subce is uniform; in its local unity, for there but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any ne maratime spot may visit the inhabitants l'any other in the wide world. Its denth sublime, who can sound it? Its strength sublime, what fabric of man can resist it? s voice is sublime, whether in the prolong-long of its ripple or the stern music of its ar; whether it utters its hotton and melan-

the strains of its wild monotony; or dies throughout its surface. The variety of the thered the waters together unto one place. away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore.—What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however artful, which can vie with the natural and changeful melodies of the re-

as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many coloured feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beau-The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire, the moonbeams find it in a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light rivalling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It, cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to so beautiful as one upon the borders of the waters where it dwells and rests, singing its coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glarious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are as enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

If we could see the great ocean as it can

be soen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail, and spot by spot, if we could, from a flight for higher than the sea-eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what as infinite variety such a scene would ! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain, and foam, and fire, all mingling togeher; and here, next to this scene of magni ficent confusion we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and write the brisk breezes flow over them, clapping their hands for very gladness—for they do clap their hands and justify, by the life and almost individual animation which they ex hibit, that remackable figure of the Psaimist Here again, on this seif-same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither the tempest nor breeze, but at dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests motionless; here we should see the cluster of green islands, set like jewels, in the midsl of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows an lithreatening the mariner. There go the an ithreatening the mariner. ships, the white robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one, some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swimming lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps over whelmed by storm; some for traffic, and some for state, and some in peace, and others. alas! in war. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odours which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe piercing the cold harriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, con-tending with winter in its own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemi, hermit point of the globe, where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread. Nor are the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the occan. Flocks of sea birds are passing and re-pass ing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwaried wing and undersating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers, and

their clanging cries. How various, how animated, how full of nterest is the survey! We might hehold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean, and it would be in a much more diversified, and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but alightly. I have not spoken of the thousand torms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and the grotion of the critics and the solitudes, which pocur is besutful irregularity of and the grottos, of the critics and the solito the grottos, of the critics and the solito the grottos, of the critics and the solito the great which, though in how many we
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sea notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is over changing and endless.

The sea is his, and he made it. And

when he made it, he ordained that it should he the element and dwelling-place of multi natural and changeful melodies of the resource of living height, and the treasury of many riches. How populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! If we many are the tribes which find in them its own; it horrows it from earth, and air, abundant sustenance and furnish abundant and heaven. The clouds lend it the various sustenance to man. The whale roams through dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, render his vast bulk to the use of man. The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to his own purposes. The line and the hook and the net are dropped and spread to delude them and bring them up from the watery chambers where they were roving in conscious security How strange it is that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and the substance which urnishes our streets and divellings with cheerful light, should be drawn from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

We shall behold new wonders and riche when we investigate the sea shore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell fish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark boroughs in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom o the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests whose branches ne ver wave and whose leaves never fall. In ag pearls' which adorn the crowns of extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers not nourish, and which man has not sown, to belong to the floods aione, and the deni-zens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the lize and enrich the fields of eart'i. have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a moral poison, the plants of the earth.

There with its waving blade of green,
The scarling streams through the sile at water,
And the crimson leaf of the duke is seen
to blush like a bunner nation in slaughter.

I have not told half of the riches of th How can I count the countiess, or de scribe as they ought to be described, these companies of living and liteless things which lume barely to commerate and name? But this subject; how can we refl t on a part we lend but a few moments to the considety and fullness of the ocean, without raising Creator, and exclaiming with one of the suband whose divine strains ought to be familiar works! in wis lon thou hast made them al; the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the snips; there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. -

I'vese wait all upon thee, that thou mayest

give them their meat in due season. That

thou givest them they gather, thou openest thine hand, they are filted with good." We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an in-finite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the globe of he world. It cools the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the out however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on earth. Then again it affords an easier, on the whole perhaps a safer, communication and conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, für equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion, and the virtuous from contamination

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomable Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there to which the fountains of the shall say whence the ocean derives those inpregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimagin-

est places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems. there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands have shall go down to examine and reclaim this incounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep? And oh! yet more affecting to the heart

and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea!-Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiems? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that sacred tomb? Where are the bones, the relies of the borful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and hurried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea. The journesing winds may sigh as year after year, they pass over their hels. The solitary clouds may weep in dark-nessover the mingled remains which he strewed in that that unwonted cemetry. But who tions may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout the solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all! When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be 'no more sca!'

From the Boston Recorder.

THE MIRROR. "To myself, may my friend be a mirror as true, Nor picture, one absent defect."

Moral plindness is the natural consequence of sin. Therefore the sinful children of men-are blind to their own forbles, and often that

there, pirticularly to females, that I attempt a defineation of my character —I was born of pious parents, and was religiously educated by those woo sought my present and eternal wel-fire.—From my childhood I was subject to un-governable sallies of passion. This was in part constitutional; but I had reason given me to govern it, which I dit not use. I grew up with a peerish, fretful disposition, which was not at all calculated to reader me lovely; an I had scarce arrived at womanhood, before I much desired. This discovery, instead humbling me, and stimulating me to render myself amiable, served but to nourish and chermyself amiable, served but to nourish and chernish the seeds of discontent, envy and jealousy, which had already taken deep root in my heart. Those who are acquainted with the deceiful. Those who are acquainted with the deceitfulness of the human heart, will not be surprised when I say, that I was almost totally ignorant of the existence of these passions in my breast; for though, as a professor of religion, I sometimes attended to self-examination, they appeared to me in different colours, and I called them by different names. I do not say I did not know that I was ever in a passion; but I considered it as the effect of a péculiar provocation, such as no person would hear patiently. I could have been contented in any other situation but that in which I was placed; for though I passessed a competence, such was my Those who are acquainted with the deceitful. situation but that in which I was placedy for though I passessed a competence, such was my ingratitude, that I often considered the situation of the houseless child of want, as preferable to mine; and, I shudder white I relate it, pas to mine; and, I shudder white I relate it, pas-sionately preferred death to life.—I consider ed envy and jealousy as far removed from me-as from any one living; though I often declined performing a deed of charity, less it should be placed to the credit of another. In my view, mine was a life of peculiar trials. I often went with vexation and anger, and thought I was grieved. Wounded pride I mistook for perceived agrainst trials. was grieved. Wounded pride I mistock for wounded sensibility. The slightest inattenti on in a friend or a quaintance. I considered as oninted neglect. I continually complained to my friends of their want of love to me, while

anticipations. Taus I not only rendered mye self miserable, but I marred the happings, all about me; for to so high a pitch do phrenzy sometimes reach, that my frem by he since told me, they were fearfully, Apprening sive that I should one day rush uncalled to o the presence of that Guel, who has said that no murderer hath eternal life?

Such was my chiracter and conduct, un of I was turned of forty; when one day meeting sa acquaintance, I was forcibly struck with one surprise strongly marked in her countenance, as she met me. I involuntarily turned around, and caught a look at myses fin the mirror, and have here described, and which, till that moed, and for the first time in my life, serthuly and solemnly, and as in the presence of God, reflected on my temper and conduct through life; and then I wowd, that, we'fillisting and sharp was the conflict between iong confirmed that is a determination. habits and a determination o vircoine them; yet relying on Almighty or og hand he promised influence of the Haly Spirit. I in a good measure persevered, till, athrough grace. Fam

It is now ten' years since I gained the victory over those unhallowed passions, to which I had been so long in adject slavery; and I can sincerely say, that I have enjoyed more real satisfaction, in these ten years, trun in all my preceding life. No that my outward circomstances are better, but that in hivong governed conscious superiority of character, which the naturally until and unitable can never possess. I am new willing roots please c, and my friends take pleasure in my gratification. My happiness is increased by the happiness of oto 75. My own little concerns, which were so mountainess in longer procure my vision, when he ainous, no longer obscure my vision, when he good of society is to be sought, or the happiness of mankind to be promoted. An i now as one who nopos she has obtained in rey of the Lo.), I take the tiberty to address a worl of exportation to a I wan are dis-

dress a worst of exportation to a I woo are disposed to indulge in uncappy feedings, particularly females. An unconfortable temper in a woman is a peculiar trial to a family. In the case of a man who is mostly aboved, his family have some respirer out a scontentious woman is tike a continual disposing in a raily day. As you value your own happings as a district of worst families of the first of the firs that of your families, guard against the first risings of descentent. It is impossible to pass through life without many trials and p-rolexities, because infinite wisdom has so ordered it. and we must be content with such things as we have. Ye, this is a good world still, just such a world as our benefit ent Creator has provided to the residence of his interiogent offspang. Happiness depends more upon the state of the Happiness depends more upon the state of the mind, than upon outward circumstances. The mind, than upon diseased circumstances, so onstempted tringina ion to often open od with burdens toge as mountains, which to the tringing mind, sear, by exist. By with the tringing diseases ion; it will not only make you an unconfortable minder, but will foment discord, and render the d as you would have put it. A pie e of w k have the well done, though it has no good the ligh-the same process to ough watch vie wild have carried it. Me kness is the grand ornanent of temace character. Put on anat hearis sigh not, doth not belave itself unseem r, seeketn not her own, is not easily privak d, minketh no evil; search all things, believe th minketh no evily careth all things, believe that things. Be first pure, then peaceable, p accable, peaceable. You can never home to energy the comforts of religion even though you pursess it, while you are not careful to g. v. rr. your temper, for the Spirit like a peac ful dove, flee from the realms of roles and strife. Cultivate a benevolent disposition. Law, your Cultivate a benevolent disposition Lov. y or nitions. It requires much self denial to be faithful in the certain prospect of incurring faithful in the certain prospect of incursing your displeasure. An ungoverned temper not only sours the mind, but it disfigures the countenance, and exposes private feelings to public view. So long as this is the case, do not wonde that your society is not sought, nor think yourself ill used by neglect. When, instead of being greeted by the cordial smile, you are met by the strange look of surprise, turn your eyes towards the Mirror, and see if you spoot decease the case in your own counterstood. eyes towards the Mirror, and see if you cannot discover the cause in your own countenance. Beware of peevishly wishing death; so long as you are unwilling to live, you are unfit to die. I may be thought severe, to suppose any him capable of thus trifling with the solemnities of capable of thus trifling with the solemnities of a dying hour. But when you have once surrendered the reign of self government you cannot tell to what degrees of guilt you will be driven. Permit me to urge upon parents the necessity of regulating the tempers of their children while they are young, and assifting them to control their passions as they advance in life. Their present and eternal happiness depend upon its for 'temper is every thing?

Dr. Cheyne - When some one was talking before this acute Scotsman of the excellence of