For the cure of Scrofula or Kings Evil, Syphilitic and Mercurial Dis-eases, Rheumatism, Ulcerotta Seres-White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver and Skin, General Debility, &c. and all diseases arising from impure blood it has also been found beneficial in Nervous and Dyspeptic complaints. Price Two Dollars per bottle, and I wenty Dollars per Dozen.

TO THE RUBLIC.

In consequence of the numer frauds and impositions practised in re-ference to my medicine, I am again induced to change the form of my but-tles. In future, the Panacea will be put up in round bottles, fluted long; tudinally, with the following words blown in the glass, "Swaim's Panaces

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

forgery.
The increasing demand for this calebrated medicine has enabled me te reduce the price to two dollars per bet-tle, thus bringing it within the reach

of the indigent.

My panacea requires no encomium; its astonishing effects and wonderful operation, have drawn, both from Patients and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unquisified approbation, and established for it a character, which envy's pen, the dipped in gall, can never tarnish.

The false reports concerning this valuable medicine, which have been so

diligently circulated by certain Physior 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 painters management.

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contains neither mercury, nor any ther deleterious drug.

The public are cautioned not to per-

chase my Panacea, except from af-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, Professor of Surgery in the University of New York, Surgeon of the New York Hospital, &c. &c.

I have repeatedly used Swaim's re-nacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found its be a valuable medicine in chronic, 17in obstinate cutaneous affections. Valentine Mott, M. D.

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

Prom Doctor William P. Dewes, Adjunct Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c.

I have much pleasure in saying. I have witnessed the most decided and happy effects in several instances of inveterate disease, from Mr. Swaim? Panacea, where other remedies failed—one was that of Mrs Brown, Wm. P Dewees, M.D.

Philadelphia, Peb. 20, 1823 From Doctor James Mease, Member of the American Philosophical Society

of the American Philosophical Security, &c. &to.
I cheerfully add my testimony is a vour of Mr. Swaim's Panaces, as a remedy in Scrofula. I saw two interests cases perfectly cured by it, and the usual remedies had been long trist without effect—those of Mrs. Offer, and Mrs. Campbell,

James Mease, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1823.
The GENUINE PANACEA STANDARD AND Wholesale and retail, it deproprietor's own prices, of

Proprietor's own prices, of HENRY PRICE

Sole Agent in Baltimore.
At the corner of Baltimore and Baltimore. ver-streets

The Journal of Proceedings

HOUSE OF HELEGAL

Jr.

Prill give I scompletted, and resdy fee button. A few topics for salid the office.

April 9.

The apparentable consensus

tion have either no feelings to con-

ceal—or long acquaintance with misery having rendered them perfectly

callous-or, asin the better and rarer

ance of emotion. How eagerly did

Annapolis, Thursday, July 9, 1829.

ed me by their flitting forms, as the rushlight flickered to and fro under case, the strong sense of duty has taught them to subdue every appear-Will it never again be morning? Oh, if this long dreary night would only pass! If I could but again see

flung from the various pieces of fur-

niture upon the wall, how they mock-

Those fantastic shadows, too,

the light of day—Hark! the clock strikes, another hour has gone.' I had spoken this aloud; and the nurse with that gratuitous spirit of information, which infects the old and heartless, when the thing to be communicated may give pain lost no time in setting me right; it was the passing bell I had heard.— And what was that to me more than to any one beside? I was not the nearer death because another had just deceased. Had I been capable of reason, there was nothing in this for terror; but, in such cases, we do not reason-we feel.

'Only the passing bell!' I said for peating her words—only—the bell that calls the worm to a new feast! Oh, for morning-morning!will it be morning?-I say, what is the hour?'

'Ten, Sir; it has just struck. But you had better try to sleep.' 'No more than ten! I thought it had been three at least. Sleep you ay? Ay, but how can I, when that fellow grins at me so horribly, and the room goes round, and the lights flicker? But you are right; I will

go to sleep—to sleep—to sleep!'

I buried my head in the clothes, to shut out the images that harassed me, and for a time slept, or seemed to sleep. It was, however, only for a short time—perhaps an hour—per-haps a few minutes—I know not; but time grows longer as we approach the grave, as the shadows increase in the decline of day.

Unconsciousness of sleep, its counterfeit, dropt a curtain between me and this stage of suffering, and again the shadow of my delirium took another form. I was in a spacious theatre where the earlier events of the French revolution were being represented, till, by degrees, that which at first had been no more than a show, became reality; and I, who had only been a spectator, was converted into an actor, and called upon to do and suffer. Sometimes I paraded the streets with the infuriated mob, shouting. Caira and the Marseilles Hymn; while, at others, I was the doomed object of popular hatred, and had a thousand breadth escapes from the guillotine, which was going on incessantly by night and day, till the kennels ran with gore, and Paris had the look and smell of one huge slaughter house. Still the cry was for blood more blood! The sun itself refused to shine any longer on the polluted city. It was the third morning, and still no other light appeared in the sky but a broad, crim moon, in which Paris, with its deeds of death, was reflected as in a mirror suspended above our heads. This sign, however, prodigious as it was, had no effect except on a few weaker spirits, in general, the yells of blasphemy only became so much the louder and the fiercer; for the people were drunk with sin and blood as with new wine, and reeled along the streets like Atys and the frantic s and the frantic erew of Cybele in olden times, when their limbs were wet with recent their limbs were wet with recent gore, the foul efferings to the unknown goldess. A pale priestvenerable from his grey locks and placid features—placid even in the midst of features—placid even in the midst of the features. all this fearful tumult-pointed with his aged hands to the red sign above, and bade us remember the fate of Nineveh. He was instantly seized by the meh, and dragged towards the scaffold, where the executioner incessantly plied his office, and as each fell, shrieked, rather then called, to the populace, Encore un, encore un! He was the rabid ogre of the fairy tale, who scarcely devours one victim ere he elamours for another. Imagination cannot picture a more loathsome or terrific munster. -His face, though still human, bore the same revolting resemblance to the wolf that man, in his worst form, is sometimes found to bear to the

looks their opinion, which I feared and my own touch seorched my own only to be found on the face of the cemented by rank and fortune. But dead, and can be compared to nothing living; the colour of his eyes, small, fierce, and burning, could not be distinguished; but they were deeply sunk under the huge brows, which, like his head, were utterly bald of hair. In place of all other dress, he wore a winding sheet, without belt or buckle, that at every moment spread and again closed upon his body as if it had been a part of himself, and more like the wings of a bat in its action, than the mere waving of a shroud.

The populace thrust forward the poor old priest with clubs and staves towards this monster, much as the keeper of some wild beast thrusts into its den the living victim that is destined to gorge its appetite. In the twinkling of an eye, his head fell; when the man of blood shook his shroud till its swelling folds left the body naked; and holding out to me his long arms, reiterated his incessant cry, 'Encore un!' Before the rabble, who were well enough inclined to gratify his wishes, could seize me, I had burst through them, and leaving the noise far behind me, had

found a refuge in my hotel.

Here I fancied myself safe. I could still hear the shouting of the people, but it was at a distance; and the very sound of danger, thus remote, added to the feeling of security. It was like the idle roaring of the sea, from which we have just escaped, to listen on the safe summit of a rock to its impotent growlings for the prey that has been snatched from it. But what was my dismay, when, on turning to the window, I again saw the shrouded monster's face close to the glass, and again heard his terrific cry, 'Encore un!' With a speed such as horror can only give, I darted out of the room, and flett to the topmast chamber of the building, where, if at all, I might reasonably hope to be neyond the reach of his fearful purmit. But the lock-the cursed lock that should have shut out mine enemy-the key was fixed in its rusty wards beyond my power to move it, and strive all I would, I could not

shoot the bolt. In the midst of my desperate efforts, the key broke-shivered into a thousand pieces, as if it had been glass: and there I stood, hopeless, ielpless, without the possibility of further flight. I had reached my utmost limit.

But how could I be blind to those ponderous holts and bars, that made any lock unnecessary, and were al most too weighty to be lifted? Nothing short of the hand and hammer of a blacksmith, and those too plied for hours, could break down a door with such defences. To draw and fasten them was no more than the table on three legs, scored and stainwork of a single instant; and no sooner was this effected than I felt myself as safe as in a case of triple brass. In the triumph and excess of my confi smell, had contained brandy—thus dence, I flung open the window to look for my baffled enemy, and tauntingly shouted his own cry, 'Encore un' A voice close at my ear, returned the cry, 'Encore un;' At core un' that hateful and hated sound, I reeled round as if staggering from a pis-tol shot, when—horror!—there was the monster, neither all man nor all wolf, but an inexplicable compound and the occasional lifting of his arms of both—a thing not to be defined by words; there he was, hanging over me, closing me about with his shroud like a serpent with his folds, his face close to mine. I gave not a moment's thought or look to the depth below, but flung myself from the window, and, without knowing how or why, found myself a prisoner in

rhe Temple, amongst many others, destined like myself to the gullotine. Never were mirth and misery so intimately blended as amongst us, who could have no other expectation than that of death; whether to day or to-morrow, was uncertain; but still death by the edge of the axe, and before the week was over. Some wept, and some laughed-some prayed and some danced; and, every time the sun set, its beams fell up-on dim'nished numbers, till myself and four others were all that remained of the hundreds that filled the pri-

this tie, close as might be, was des-tined in a few hours only to be snap ped asunder by the hand that, soon er or later, breaks all ties. The last rays of the sun were dimly melting into shadow, when my companions were summoned to attend their judges-a summons that was in itself equivalent to a sentence of death; for with such judges, to try was to con-demn. We all felt it to be so. — Our farewells were accordingly warm and earnest, like those of men who vere parting never to meet; and in a few minutes I was left to the soli-

tude of my dungeon.

Night came on. I knew that I had not another day to live, and could count the hours between the present moment and the time when I should cease to be; a knowledge which, whether it be a curse or a blessing, is granted to none save the criminal doomed to expiate on earth his offences against the children on earth. My fancy laboured with a thousand schemes of escape, none perhaps absolutely impracticable, but all improbable, and such only as a prisoner would conceive with the immediate fear of death before his eyes. In the midst of these imaginings,

I was struck by a light shining through a crevice, as it seemed, of the prison door. Life and Liberty were in the pale glimmer. I started up to examine it, and found that the jailer in his hurry, or in his intoxication-a state that always prevailed with him, more or less, towards the evening—had turned the key in the lock without first fairly closing the door, so that the bolt had been shot beside the staple. Here, then, was a chance of escape when I least expected it, if the occasion were only boldly, wisely, and seasonably em ployed.—Boldly and in good time I resolved to use it; whether wisely or not, the result would show. Leaving my dungeon, I entered a long winding corridor, and after passing through an empty room of somewhat less dimensions than the one that I had just quitted, at length found it terminate in a sort of Porch or hall, closed by the great gate of the prison, the only obstacle that now remained between me and freedom. It was, however, guarded, and trebly guarded by locks, bolts and bars, all of the most formidable calibre; but the jailer, with the keys at his girdle, and his hat slouched over his face so as to conceal his features, sate in an arm chair, before a blazing wood fire which rolled up the chimney, and danced in broad light upon the walls. The cigar that he had been smoaking hung loosely in his hand, half burnt out; and by his side was a rough deal ed with the marks of former debauchery, and now set out with a proving the fixedness of his habits, while all round him was changing, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour, and, it might almost be said from minute to minute.

I listened, and was convinced that the man slept; but, besides that his slumber was far from sound, as was our little bark tossed and eddied like evident from his disturbed breathing I could not hope, under any circumstances, to detach the keys from his belt, and undo the ponderous bolts and bars, without awakening him. There was but little time for choice or reflection. Such an opportunity was not likely to last long, and still less to occur a second time, so that what I did I must do quickly.—To murder him was all that was left to me, and seeing a contract that was left to me, and seeing no cause to hesitate when the alternative was his life or mine, I drew from my bosom a knife, that, by some negligence on the part of the scarchers I had been fortunate enough to retain. In second fortunate enough to retain. In another instant he had been with the dead. I raised my arm to strike; but just then he seemed to be awakening: I paused; there was a smothered laugh beneath the hat, and, strange to say, it thrilled through me. I trembled from head to foot; but there was no time to be lost, and the weapon glittered in its descent—when the appalling city, "Encore un!" as appalling city, "Encore un!" Tongue cannot describe nor brain insgine, the dead. I raised my arm to strike; but just then he seemed to be awaken-

without words and without motion-I had no power either to stir or speak—to deprecate his approach, or to fly from it.

The spell dissolved. I crept, or rather glided from him, my still fixed upon his visage, till the wall prevented further flight.—I was now like a stag at bay. He began to move in his turn. With a long, measured stride, he put forth one foot, and it came again to the floor with the sound of an enormous ham-mer on the anvil. There, for the space of a minute, he paused, fixing me with his fierce red eyes, that seemed to burn with some unholy fire. He took a second step, slow and changing as the first—a third—a-fourth!—and the fifth brought him close to me—ay, so close, that I could look into those terrible eyes and see myself imaged there. And I did so: I could not help it, in spite of the horror with which they in-

His shroud now folded round me; tighter-tighter-till the hair stood erect upon my head and my breast laboured to bursting, I struggled and struggled, under the horrid sense of suffocation, while he folded me yet more closely, his voice sounding all the time, "Encore un!"

The catastrophe of this fearful struggle was lost to me in a rapid succession of visions, that came more or less distinct, and again melted a-way, like those fantastic forms which the clouds build up in a summer's evening when the winds are high, and the sun is sinking amidst a world of vapours. -I-skimmed the air with the birds; I dived into the waters with the sea-mew; or floated on its surface with a fleet of gallant barks that were sailing to some unknown land, which no one could name, but which all knew to be the land of the sun, where the spice grew like acorns, and the stones of the highway were emeralds and dia-monds —As we neared it, the air grew softer, the skies brighter, the waters clearer: it was a world unlike the one we had left, not in degree, but in kind: and the feelings it excited required a new language for their ex-pression. But even there the scene fuded. I was burning at the stake beside the Huguenots, surrounded by thousands, who in general did not or dared not pity us, though the faces of many were convulsed with eager horror; and here and there the features of some young female, in des-pite of beads and rosary, expressed a sympathy with our fate. The flames from the new-lit faggots hissed like serpents. Anon, before the fires, that wrapt us as with a garment, were burnt out, I was tossing on the waters of the Polar Sea, amidst mountains of blue ice, whose tops were in the clouds. The surge dashed and broke upon these colossal masses as upon so many rocks of granite. On a sudden, a crash like thunder stilled the mutinous billows. The huge icebergs were rent and shivered, and their summits dissolved into floods, that came roaring and tumbling down their rugged sides, till all around us was a world a dry leaf in the whirlwind.

an Indian prince, hunting the tiger with my attendant rajahs, richer and prouder than the Persian satraps of old, when Xerxes led forth his millions to perish on the Greeian soil, and build up an everlasting record to the glory of the Athenian. The sun set,—and rose,—and again it set.— and still we were following our spot-ted prey over stock and stone, dashing through rivers and down precipices so steep, the chamois must have broken his neck in the attempt to descend them, till I had at last for descend them, the has as tast-far—far outstripped my companions of the chase.—The tiger was now within a few yards of me. I fired, and wounded him in the flank, as is sometimes, found to bear to the substance of the hundreds that filled the primonkey; his teeth, or rather fang, for they were of conormous size, protruded from the blosted, purple lips that was doubtful who, if any, would see the next morning; were constantly drawn back and dissectively. When the blosted purple lips that was doubtful who, if any, would see the next morning; who may be a substant the first the first missing the substant that frightful ashy hue which is outdanded to the first missing the substant was the unity of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body; that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body; that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body; that I experien eder; and there again was the unitying of soul and body; that I experien eder; and there again was the main of blood, with his may would never the mext morning; and the west of soul and body, that I experien eder; and there again was the unity again was the unity again was the unity again was the unity again. not describe, nor brain imagine, the despair, the loathing, the shrinking

Again the scene changed.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED Jonas Green. CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price-Three Dollars per annum.

MISCELLANY.

Those who have read the finest and boldest of Coleridge's Poems, the 'Ancient Mariner,' will be foreibly reminded of it while they read the following beautiful poem, from the pen of Mr. Whittier, the Editor of the Boston 'American Manufacturer.'

From the Harerhill Gazette. THE PIRE SHIP.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN "SALLTRIEL." It was a dream, and yet it seemed.
As our waking visions are,
We were out on the broad old sez,
And a jorust crew we'were,
The moonlight slept on the reeling deck.
And the breeze in the sail was fair. A cloud west up where the sky went down For the kiss of the silver wave, and the stars were welled, and the breeze ** was chained

To its shallowy ocean cave;
And the moon went out and the sea grew-

with a slumber like the grave. Our ship stood still on its ocean way,
There was neither breeze nor tide,
And black as death the waters lay
Around on either side;
And the stalwart crew grew stern and still,
For the buldest heart was tried.

As a tempest's coming on, And up through thick and murky air A su tlen meteor shone.

We gaze! upon it and turned away, And again—but it was not gone. Da—on it came like a living thing,
And the storm-tried seamen shook,
Ind the prottlest eye grew dim with fear
At the as ful shape it took;
like a ship of flame to us it seemed,
And yet we could but look.

And its mast of tapering fire, and a tall form stood on its blazing deck, like a save at its funeral pyrel carer and nearer came the ship, And the mast of flame rose higher. carer and nearer came the ship With its fearful tenant there, he same like a robe was round him thrown, And his blackened arm was bare; ut his lip was curled, & his brow was bent With the steraness of despair.

ke a glory and a curse— ooked like a stern and suffering one, Who could not dream of worse—
I he turned his fierce and blood red eye
Like a comet's orh on us. shruak from its strange, unearthly glare, and the spectre saw it then—
turned his face, and we saw the trace
there a mournful thought had been to the knew that he might no more com-

h the forms of living men. ling shroud through the murky that veiled the sea so dim. ey passed away - they might not stay, The spectre bark, and him, to sternly stood in the wreathing flame, Like the fallen cherubim, y pased away—the cloud rolled on— he stars shone out above— e moon looked down on the wave again, like a quiet thing of love; it the breze sung merrily thro' the sails, and the ship began to move.

oke from sleep—and yet it seems
as our waking visions are—
heart with dreams of that spectre ship,
and its mariner's calm despair ind its mariner's calm despair, the graving hand of memory leaves a togoble horror there.

tclions of a Night of Fever BY THE REY. GEORGE CROLY. was the eleventh day of my fe-

The medical attendants had acollected round my bed for a struggle with the disease, that drying up my blood, and sear-the very marrow of my bones. fortunately; in every sense of the d, for my present comfort, as for chance of recovery, I had little chance of recovery, I had little in in them, though, to judge from result, my opinion had less of on than of prejudice. But I could help myself; I was far away from a in whom I should have put, in the Isla of Jersey, which, any useful purpose, as regarded ance, might as well, have been Isla of Madeira.

Ty physicians had deemed it probability of them at third, an third, and the form that I felt in the same in the same that I felt in the same in t

the to their number that I felt time was ominous of nothing Sill I had an instinctive dread Still I had an instinctive dread found in the executed to delight a constant of potential forms of the state of the state

I watch their passing glances as they stood about me! and how yet more anxiously did I listen to their halfwhispered consulation on their retiring to the next room, to decide upon the awful question of life or death; for to that I knew too well my case had come. I felt as the criminal must feel when the jury have left the box, carrying with them the power to save or destroy, and much more likely, from what has passed to use that power fatally. Death, when it shall come, will never have half the bitterness of those few minutes of horrible suspense, when life, the dearest stake we can play for, is on the die, and hope is struggling, single-handed, against doubt, and fear, and reason. I listened till I heard, or seemed to hear, the throbbings of my own heart; but I could catch nothing beyond a few broken sentences, through the folding doors that divided the two rooms which were left ajar; and the words heard thus imperfectly, only added to my apprehensions. I think not,' said the new comer .-What was it he did not think? that I should live, or that I should die?—
'To-morrow!' said the same voice. 'Ay, to-morrow!' thought I. to-morrow I shall be cold and senseless; she who now drops the tears of burning agony over my death bed-who give her own life, were that possible, to prolong mine but a few hours-even she will shrink in horror from me. I could almost fancy it was written on yonder wall that it should be thus. Fancy?—why, is ii there, written by the same hand hat wrote the awful 'Mene, mene tekel upharsin,' on the walls of the

banquet room of Beltshazzar. Will it be believed? I was yet in the full possession of my senses when his wild notion seized me; or at least

The physicianshad long since gone. I was in a state of comparative quiet. But when night came on—eyeless, voiceless, heavy night!—oh, how inexpressibly wretched then is the chamber of sickness! Darkness made visible by the dim, dull taper, that only serves to light our terrors; silence or deep, that the low ticking of the clock falls on the ear like rain lrops on stone, fretting and consuming—the array of phials, full and empty—the clothes long since disused, and now hanging on the frame, from which it is probable the same hand will never again remove them, the old, hard-featured nurse, whose presence cannot for a moment be separated from the idea of disease and suffering; the light, ominous click of the death-watch, a fable which health with reason laughs at, but which stekness believes—all these works upon the mind, the mind upon the body, till the brain is excited to deli

clude the light, and fell upon the wall opposite to me in crimson lines, that rresistibly recalled to my over-heated brain the letters of fire that brought dismay and death to the heart of the Babylonish king. But I repeat it, I was still in my perfect senses; I knew that I was at St. Helier's in the Isle of Jersey; I could distinguish all around me; I could count the rapid upon the beach; and could even argue with myself on all I saw and felt. If The moon, the sun itself, existed to me but as I saw them; and if sight e the evidence of reality in one case,

The evening declined rapidly, and in those few hours, which may be said to linger between light and darkness.

I had a perfect consciousness of my The setting sun shone broadly and strongly through the red curtains that had been drawn to exbeatings of my purse; I knew, too, that the rushing sound below my window was the bursting of the waves that were not real, which my eyes presented as such, what was real? why not in another? This, therefore, was no more than the prologue to delirium; the thing itself was yet to