

The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, September 3, 1829.

No. 89

VOL. LXXIV.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

Jonas Green.
COURT-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

MISCELLANEY.

"How great are his signals and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation."—Daniel iv. 3.

I looked the Spring as she passed along,
With heretofore light and heretofore song,
The shadows of heretofore days were
The streams of heretofore days were
The beams of heretofore days were
The dew of heretofore days were
The rain of heretofore days were
The snow of heretofore days were
The frost of heretofore days were
The ice of heretofore days were
The wind of heretofore days were
The storm of heretofore days were
The lightning of heretofore days were
The thunder of heretofore days were
The earthquake of heretofore days were
The fire of heretofore days were
The flood of heretofore days were
The pestilence of heretofore days were
The plague of heretofore days were
The famine of heretofore days were
The war of heretofore days were
The pest of heretofore days were
The death of heretofore days were
The resurrection of heretofore days were
The judgment of heretofore days were
The life of heretofore days were
The eternal life of heretofore days were

TO THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of the numerous
frauds and impositions practised in
reference to my medicine, I am
induced to change the form of my
bottle. In future, the Panacea will
be put up in round bottles, fitted
longitudinally, with the following
words blown in the glass, "Swain's Panacea
—Philsa."

These bottles are much stronger
than those heretofore used, and will
have both a 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 genuine. The medicine must
consequently be known to be genuine
when my signature is visible; to counter-
feit which, will be punishable as
forgery.

The increasing demand for this ce-
lebrated medicine has enabled me to
reduce the price to two dollars per bot-
tle, thus bringing it within the reach
of the indigent.

My Panacea requires no economy;
its astonishing effects and wonderful
operation, have drawn, both from Pa-
tients and Medical Practitioners of the
highest respectability, the most unquali-
fied approbation, and established for
it a character, which every pen, that
dipped in gall, can never tarnish.

The false reports concerning this
valuable medicine, which have been so
diligently circulated by certain Phy-
sicians, have their origin either in envy
or in the mischievous effects of the
spurious imitations.

The Proprietor pledges himself to
the public, and gives them the most
solemn assurances, that this medicine
contains neither mercury, nor any
other deleterious drug.

The public are cautioned not to pur-
chase my Panacea, except from my-
self, my accredited agents, or persons
of known respectability, and all those
who consequently be without excuse,
who shall purchase from any other
person.

Wm SWAIN.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1828.

From Doctor Valentine Mott, Profes-
sor of Surgery in the University of
New York, Surgeon of the New-
York Hospital, &c. &c.

I have repeatedly used Swain's Pan-
acea, both in the Hospital and in
private practice, and have found it to
be a valuable medicine in chronic, sy-
philitic and scrofulous complaints, and
in obstinate cutaneous eruptions.

Valentine Mott, M. D.
New-York, 1st mo. 5th, 1824.

From Doctor William P. Dewees, Ad-
junct 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
liver disease, from Swain's Panacea,
where other remedies 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 Soci-
ety, &c. &c.

I cheerfully add my testimony in fa-
vour of Swain's Panacea, as a
remedy in Scrofula. I saw two in-
teresting cases perfectly cured by it, after
the usual remedies had been long tried
without effect—those of Mrs. O'Connell
and Mrs. Campbell.

James Mease, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1824.

THE GENUINE PANACEA may
be had, wholesale and retail, at the
Proprietor's own price, of
HENRY PRICHARD,
Sole Agent in Baltimore,
At the corner of Baltimore and Bay
cover-streets.
Nov 27.

The Journal of Proceedings
of the
House of Delegates
of the State of Maryland
for the Session of 1828-9
As compiled and ready for sale
at the Office of the Proprietor,
Jonas Green, Court-street, Annapolis.
April 27.

heart, but he was highly gifted, and
his mind was cast in nature's finest
mould; he was a few years her senior,
and capable of being her guide and
protector through the mazes of life;
in all his dreams of domestic bliss,
and rational enjoyment. Helen, the
young, the gay, the beautiful Helen,
shone the ornament and queen. He
hoped that his affection was returned,
for the gentle girl was not insensi-
ble to his manly worth, and sincere
attachment—and his dreams might
have all been realized, but the des-
troyer of his happiness came—the
form of Henry Mordaunt, the graces
of his person, his eloquence, and stud-
ied blandishments, were lures to
catch the heart of the unwary girl.
Conway, his virtues, his affection,
were all eclipsed by the insidious
Mordaunt, and Helen imagined that
she gave a proof of disinterested love,
by wedding this less wealthy admirer,
and bestowing on him the indepen-
dence which was in her power.
Conway could only suffer in silence,
and while his heart writhed beneath
its own disappointment, it also trem-
bled for the future happiness of his
idol. His penetration soon enabled
him to discover the superficial char-
acter of his rival, but his timid warn-
ing was construed by Helen to the
pique of disappointed love, and tho'
she felt for the pain she knew she
inflicted on the generous Conway,
she argued that it would be baseness
to wed him when her affections were
another's. Mordaunt carried his
young bride to a distant city, and
her friends, relatives she had not,
could only wish her that happiness
they dared not hope would be hers.
Brief was Helen's dream of felicity.
Mordaunt was selfish, arrogant, and
a spendthrift; he squandered without
scruple all that her trusting fondness
had bestowed upon him, and cold-
ness, neglect, and even harshness
soon succeeded to his former idola-
try. When Helen became a mother,
he could laugh at her foolish fan-
cies, as he chose to call her tender
anxieties on account of his frequent
absences, and a short period enabled
him to answer her entreaties, that
he would give her more of his soci-
ety, and become more provident for
the sake of their babe, by downright
insult and ridicule.—Helen's heart
sunk beneath this bitter disappoint-
ment; to his taunting sarcasms she
answered only by her tears—and she
sought in the innocent caresses
of her babe to blunt the stings of
outraged feeling, and soften the poi-
gnancy of regret. As Mordaunt's ill-
conduct became more flagrant, Helen
confined her feelings within her
own bosom, for she was too proud to
complain or to supplicate to the man,
who not content with neglecting her,
bestowed his worthless and capricious
regard upon others.—Five years
had now passed since Helen became
a bride—Mordaunt's prodigal and
dissolute courses had reduced them
to poverty, for the last twelve months
the unhappy wife had neither seen
or heard of her worthless husband;
he had left her, to go on a short ex-
cursion, but neither letter or message
had relieved her anxiety, or assured
her of his existence.—Helen's scanty
pittance which she endeavoured
to eke out by labour and the most
rigid economy, was barely sufficient
to procure for herself and the lovely
Rosabelle the most common neces-
saries. In this deserted and forlorn
state, Helen's thought frequently re-
verted to the home of her youth, to
her early friends, among whom the
image of Conway arose with a pang
of self-reproach which she hastened
to banish, as treacherous to him who
had forfeited all claim to her tenderness.—On the night on which we
first introduced to our readers this
beautiful victim of youthful passion
and inexperience—her feelings had
been wounded up to an unusual
pitch of agony; she felt as if forsak-
en by every earthly friend, and to
her dark and troubled thoughts, even
the care of watchful Providence,
seemed turned aside from her; there
were moments when she almost
doubted the goodness of that Almight-
y power, who watches over even
the humblest and most erring of his
creatures, and who never forsakes
those who put their trust in Him.
Helen knew not that one earthly
friend was hovering near her, watch-
ing over her sorrows with painful so-
litude, and wailed with Umid,
and served William Conway
was watching to her young

the poor unfortunate. She knew
not that it was Conway who some-
times met and caressed her child,
when a neighbour kindly led her out
to inhale the fresh air, or that it was
Conway's generosity who had load-
ed the lovely babe, with infantile
gifts, which, from a stranger, she
still proud heart of the mother shrunk
from receiving. But Conway was
there, affection such as his ex-
plicit not with the hope which kind-
led it; but holds the peace and well-
fare of the beloved one dearer than
its own gratification; the misfortunes
of Helen rendered her in his eyes a
sacred trust, which it was his provi-
dence to watch over and guard,
without approaching. He had soon
learned the unworthy conduct of
Mordaunt, and the deserted situati-
on of Helen—he fixed himself near
her, and shared in secret those sor-
rows he dared not attempt to con-
sole. Conway's lodging was within
a few doors of those occupied by He-
len; and on the stormy night before
mentioned, a stranger rang loudly at
his door, and enquired for Mrs.
Mordaunt. Ever anxious to learn
aught concerning her, Conway ques-
tioned the messenger of the purport
of his errand. "I am come," he an-
swered, "from her husband, he is dy-
ing, and wishes to see her before he
breathes his last; he is at a house a-
bout a mile from this, being unable
to proceed further. I am to con-
vey her to him." This was a trying
situation for Conway, he feared lest
his sudden appearance should add to
the agitation Helen must feel on
hearing these dismal tidings. Yet
to leave her to strangers, was impos-
sible—after a moments hesitation,
he declared himself the friend of
Mordaunt and his wife, and offered
to accompany the stranger to Helen's
abode. He wrapped his cloak close-
ly around him, and pulling his hat
over his eyes to conceal his counten-
ance, he told the messenger he would
join him in his mournful task! the
man, who shrunk from witnessing
the sorrows, he could not relieve,
and who had accepted the trust sol-
ely from motives of compassion, glad-
ly acceded to this proposal, and
they sought together the habitation
of Helen. A few words sufficed to
tell their melancholy errand, to which
Helen listened in breathless agita-
tion. "Thank Heaven he repents, he
wishes to see us, he is not wholly a-
bandoned," were the only words
which escaped her, during her brief
and hurried preparations. Conway
took the sleeping Rosabelle in his
arms, and the carriage which he had
procured, soon conveyed them to
the miserable Mordaunt.—Helen
found her husband in the last
stage of suffering; a victim to his own
vices, he knew, and shuddered when
he beheld the being whom he had so
cruelly wronged; he beheld her pale
cheek, and dejected aspect, & thought
of the time when in the pride of her
youthful beauty, and with the sim-
plicity of trusting love, she had be-
come his; he had martyred that love
and abused that confidence, and poi-
soned the spring of her young exist-
ence! "Pardon my Helen, pardon!"
were all the words he could utter.
Helen wept her forgiveness and es-
sayed to speak comfort to his suffer-
ing spirit. He beheld his child,
whose fears on awakening amidst so
strange a scene, Conway was gen-
tly soothing; he mentioned to em-
brace her; and laying his death-cold
hand upon her golden locks, a pious
and fervent prayer to heaven for
blessings upon her head, for the first
time escaped the lips of Mordaunt.
Conway sat down by the bed side of
the dying man, and spoke words of
peace and pardon to his departing
soul, for Conway was a follower of
that blessed gospel which preaches
repentance and pardon; his words
sunk deep into the heart of the dying
man—and it was then Helen recog-
nized the friend of her youth, and
beheld him as a messenger sent from
Heaven to comfort and support the
miserable. A few hours terminated
the existence of Henry Mordaunt,
and his widow mourned for him with
that chastened, subdued grief, which
his errors and repentance had inspired.
Conway watched over Helen, and
her child with kind, respectful soli-
tude, and when, two years after,
the little Rosabelle hung round his
neck and called him "father!" Helen
felt that she had performed a duty in
requiting his faithful attachment, and
allowed to him in some measure for

From the L. L. Port Folio.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

By Mrs. Harriet Muzzy.

It was a dark and stormy evening;
with no companion save her own me-
lancholy reflections, Helen Mordaunt
had long sat watching the rain that
beat against the casement, casting at
intervals glances of anxious fondness
towards the couch of her slumbering
child. The small apartment was
lighted by one solitary lamp, that
cast its feeble gleam upon the angelic
countenance of the little innocent,
who slept in sweet unconsciousness
of her mother's sorrows. Helen ap-
proached to gaze upon her treasure,
and her warm tear fell upon the dim-
pled hand that lay upon the covering.

"My child, my Rosabelle!" she
softly murmured "where is now your
unhappy father? how can he thus
desert us? how shall I struggle for
you, my blessed one? how bear up
against these accumulated woes? The
mother removed from the couch,
fearing her sobs would awaken her
child—she sat down in the farthest
corner of the apartment and gave
way to those agonizing tears caused
by regret for the past anguish for
the present; and terrors for the future.

Whoever had seen the lonely mourn-
er at this moment, scanned her small
and meanly furnished apartment, her
neglected dress, her faded cheek,
and listened to the deep pathos of
her desponding accents, could not
have recognized her for the gay,
blooming, brilliant girl, who five
years before, at the early age of se-
venteen, had become the bride of
Henry Mordaunt—then, blest with
an ample independence, surrounded
by smiling friends, radiant with con-
scious beauty, happy in propitious
love, a more charming vision never
met the eye!—Now, with scarcely
the means to support a miserable ex-
istence, far from her former home
and early friends, forsaken by an un-
worthy husband; and a prey to un-
availing regrets, Helen could look
back with no feeling save that of re-
pentance; to the days of her ill-judg-
ing, romantic youth, when she lie-
ned only to the dictates of fancy &
passion, and refused to hear the cau-
tions of friendly experience; Helen
had performed the duty which had
led her to this state, and she had loved
and served William Conway
was watching to her young

the error of her youth—her spirit
caught the placid piety of his, and
the remembrance of past sorrows,
rendered her more grateful for the
blessings of her present lot.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The Undine of Stauffenberg.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.
Never did braver knight break a
 lance than Prince Drimenge, Count
 de Stauffen. He was young, accom-
 plished, rich and handsome; he might
 have aspired to the favour of the fairest
 and most noble lady in the kingdom;
 but this very circumstance seemed to
 present obstacles to his choice. Like
 a bee in a garden filled with choicest
 flowers, he wandered from one to
 another, never wearying in the per-
 suit of sweets, but still fickle and
 doubtful on which to rest. Perhaps
 had the fair dames of the court paid
 him less attention and not allowed
 him to perceive the high estimation
 in which he was held, it would have
 been different; but alas! then, as now,
 men were apt to be spoiled by adula-
 tion; and Pierre was an example of
 this fact. He had been left to his
 own audience, from a very early age,
 by reason of the death of both of
 his parents. Surrounded as he was,
 by every temptation, it would not
 have been surprising had he given into
 the prevalent vices of the court, but
 he escaped these, and might have
 been perfectly happy but for caprice,
 which was, however, not always
 uninfluenced by ambition.

One day, returning late from hunt-
 ing, he was accidentally separated
 from his companions. Overcome with
 thirst and fatigue, he perceived a
 fountain, shaded with lofty and
 beautiful oak trees, at which he dis-
 mounted. He had tied up his horse,
 and was about to drink, when to his
 surprise, he saw seated on the op-
 posite bank of the fountain a damsel
 of wonderful beauty. He bowed low
 to her, and she returned the salutation,
 at the same time calling him by his
 name. The astonished count asked
 who she was and whence she came?

"I live near at hand, she replied,
 "I have frequently seen you at this
 fountain, with your dogs and hunt-
 men, and thus it is that I have learned
 your name." They continued con-
 versing for some time, each moment
 increasing the count's admiration,
 when on hearing voices in the neigh-
 boring thicket, she suddenly vanished.
 The count was surrounded the next
 minute by his hunting companions
 who had been vainly seeking him for
 some time, and they hinted that he
 had been amusing himself at their
 expense, as they had been in the
 neighborhood of the fountain all the
 time; and they insisted they must
 have been heard before, if he had
 not been obstinately and willfully
 deaf. One of them said jestingly,
 that perhaps he had been visiting the
 bottom of the fountain, in quest of
 one of its fair inhabitants, as many of
 the neighbouring peasants declare
 positively that females of surprising
 beauty have frequently been seen on
 its banks, and that on the approach
 of footsteps they always disappear be-
 neath the waters. The count impa-
 tiently interrupted them, by asking
 them, whether they had not seen a
 female as they approached the foun-
 tain. This, however, only gave new
 vigor to their jokes; at length, having
 sought in vain for the lovely girl, or
 for some traces of her dwelling which
 she said was near at hand, the count,
 tired of his companions' mirth, and
 full of surprise & perplexity, return-
 ed to his palace.

He could not, however, for one
 moment, forget the fiery and angelic
 countenance of the fountain beauty;
 his wayward heart now fancied itself
 fixed, and he impatiently passed
 the hours till day light enabled him
 to renew the search. But day after day
 did he vainly hope to meet her. At
 the hour, he had first seen her he
 repaired constantly to the fountain,
 but the unknown was never there.
 At length, one evening, as he was
 pensively reclining against an oak, he
 heard a voice of celestial sweetness,
 which appeared to proceed from the
 depth of the water.—He rose, looked
 on every side with the utmost anxiety
 but no one was visible, and the voice
 was no longer to be heard. He turn-
 ed to reseat himself under the oak,
 in hope that he should again hear her
 voice, when suddenly he beheld the
 unknown seated on the stone, he had
 just left. She appeared in a most
 lively humour, and replied to his

questions with a fascinating badinage
 that captivated the count, still more
 than her former behaviour; he confes-
 sed his passion, she instantly became
 thoughtful and silent; at length, she
 told him to meet her at the same hour
 on the following day.

The chevalier was true to his ap-
 pointment; at break of day the fair
 unknown appeared from the coppice,
 and so beautiful she looked, that
 Pierre thought he beheld an angel.
 The ringlets of her Auburn hair spar-
 kled with the morning dew, and were
 wound with a wreath of blue-balls.
 She fixed her innocent and expressive
 eyes on the enamoured count, who
 was silent with admiration. At length
 she ventured to take her hand, and
 speak of his passion.—She made him
 sit down by her and thus replied to
 him:

"I am not a child of earth; the
 waters gave me being, and in the
 waters is my home. I am an Undine,
 and therefore unfit to wed with the
 Count of Stauffenberg. He should
 have, with his bride, wealth and
 broad lands; we of the waters have
 neither gold nor jewels nor house
 nor castle. Him we love truly we
 wed, and when we wed, we give
 hand with heart and heart with hand.
 But reflect well, Sir Knight.—If you
 pledge your faith to me, your love
 ought to be as pure as the limpid
 water, and as true as the steel of your
 sword. A single infidelity, after we
 are united, would inevitably cause
 your death, and would make me
 eternally miserable. For it is the
 fate of our tribe, that our joys and
 our griefs know no end.

The count swore that it would be
 equally impossible for him to live
 without her or to be unfaithful. The
 nymph then gave him her hand. He
 pressed her with tenderness to his
 bosom, spoke to her of the delightful
 situation of his castle, and of the hap-
 piness by which she would be sur-
 rounded as his mistress, and after a
 long conversation they parted, having
 first named the day for their nuptials.

On the eve of this day the count
 found on his table three baskets, most
 elegantly ornamented, one filled with
 gold, another with silver, and a third
 with precious stones of every variety.
 He perceived that what she had said
 to him respecting her being without
 wealth, must have been only to ascer-
 tain whether she loved her disinter-
 estedly, for these baskets and their
 contents would have sufficed for a
 princess' dowry. She soon afterwards
 appeared, attended by a numerous
 suite, and requested to speak in private
 with the count. He conducted her
 to another saloon, where she entreat-
 ed him to reflect once more on what
 he was about to do, ere it should be
 too late to retract. If your love for
 me," said she, emphatically "cools
 for one moment, or is transferred to
 another, you are inevitably lost, and
 the sign of your approaching death
 will be, seeing no other part of my
 person but my right foot."

The chevalier again repeated his
 protestations of fidelity, with all the
 tenderness and ardor of a first and
 violent love; and as the lady wished
 to believe him true, she was not long
 in giving him credit for all the vows
 he uttered. The marriage was solemn-
 ized with the utmost splendor; days
 and months passed in a succession of
 pleasures; the young wife became
 each day more beautiful and amiable,
 and the birth of a son seemed to place
 their happiness beyond a possibility
 of doubt. But alas! nothing can be
 certain. A war broke out on the
 frontiers of France—Pierre was
 brave, and now ambition divided his
 heart with love. The countess did
 not choose to oppose his desire for
 fame, but at parting, she shed many
 tears, entreating him not to forget
 his wife, nor the lovely pledge of
 their affections.

Pierre passed the Rhine at the
 head of a small and well chosen
 troop, and fought under the banners
 of a French duke. In every engage-
 ment he distinguished himself, and
 in one saved the duke's life. The
 peace, which was soon afterwards
 concluded, was also brought about by
 his exertions; and the duke full of
 gratitude, and thinking he could not
 pay him too much respect, offered
 him the hand of his youngest and
 fairest daughter in marriage, as a re-
 ward for his many services. Pierre's
 inconstancy now showed itself, and
 his behaviour now offered the most
 singular contrast; for at the same

time that he meditated the desertion
 of his lovely and confiding wife, the
 ingenuousness of his character would
 not allow him to deceive the duke
 by concealing his marriage. He
 therefore, faithfully related all that
 had passed.—The duke shook his
 head; but as he much wished for the
 count's marriage with his daughter,
 he obstinately closed his eyes to the
 injustice of the proceeding, and de-
 clared, that the whole affair had been
 the work of magic, that the eternal
 welfare of the count's soul depend-
 ed on this most dangerous connexion
 being dissolved.—The chaplain,
 when consulted, assured the che-
 valier that the whole of his magical
 delusion would vanish on his receiving
 the holy benediction of the church.
 Pierre allowed himself to be persua-
 ded without much difficulty, and the
 ceremony of betrothing was perform-
 ed; the nuptials were deferred for a
 fortnight. On the eve of the day ap-
 pointed for the marriage, one of the
 count's people arrived from Stauffen-
 berg with the intelligence that his
 wife and child had disappeared from
 his palace on the very day of his be-
 trothing. This information confirm-
 ed the idea that the whole was the
 work of magic.

Pierre believing that he was rid of
 them now, and thinking of nothing
 but his young bride, set out with a
 light heart to a country palace of the
 duke's where the marriage was to be
 celebrated. As they were all seated
 at table, the count being not the
 least merry of the party, accident-
 ally cast his eyes on the wall of the
 saloon and beheld starting from it,
 a beautiful foot; the graceful form of
 which he remembered but too well.
 In vain did he rub his eyes and en-
 deavour to persuade himself that his
 sight deceived him; still, to his hor-
 ror and dismay this ominous appear-
 ance long remained. At length it
 vanished.—The count emptied goblet
 after goblet of the choicest wine,
 endeavouring to drown his gloomy
 presentiments, and at length partly
 succeeded. In the evening they had
 to return to the duke's palace. A
 small and gently flowing brook cross-
 ed their path. All the company
 with the exception of Pierre, passed
 over the Bridge, but he chose to ford
 the stream. None opposed him; but
 as he reached the middle, the waters,
 before so placid, seemed agitated by
 a violent tempest; waves rose as high
 as the vexed ocean, when the north
 wind tosses it from its very bed.
 The company gazed in horror from
 the opposite bank, and saw the count
 struggling with the raging element.
 He uttered a shriek of despair, his
 horse was seen to plunge, and disap-
 pear for a moment, beneath the wa-
 ters; in the next he gained the op-
 posite bank; but of the unfortunate count
 no trace remained.

From this time every one cautious-
 ly avoided the stream; but the few
 who by chance or necessity, have
 passed the spot where the count dis-
 appeared, say that each night when
 the moon shines brightly, a lovely
 female form is seen to glide over
 the waters. Most true it is that plain-
 tive notes, of celestial sweetness, are
 often heard; and all the maidens of
 Stauffenberg, to this day, devoutly
 believe in the tale, and cite it as a
 proof of the fate which attends faith-
 less lovers.

STAND FROM UNDER

The following story was told for an
 actual fact by a sailor who solemnly af-
 firmed he knew it to be so; whatever
 else he was, he certainly must have
 been a genius.

We were on board a slave ship
 bound to the coast of Africa. I had
 my misgivings about the business, and
 I believe others had them too. We
 had passed the Straights of Gibraltar,
 and were lying off Barbary, one clear,
 bright evening, when it came my turn
 to take the helm. The ship was be-
 calm, and every thing around was
 as silent as the day after the deluge.

The wide monotony of water, vari-
 ed only by the placings of the moon
 on the crest of the waves, made me
 think the old fables of Neptune were
 true, and that Amphitrite and her
 Nixids were sporting on the surface
 of the ocean with diamonds in their
 hair. These fancies were followed
 by thoughts of my wife, my children,
 and my home; and all was eddy
 enough jumbled together in a deli-
 cious state of approaching stupor.
 Suddenly I heard, high above my
 head, a loud deep, terrible voice call

me to stand from under. I started
 up, and looked round me. I was
 alone. The ship was becalmed, and
 every thing around was as silent as
 the day after the deluge.

The wide monotony of water, vari-
 ed only by the placings of the moon
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 think the old fables of Neptune were
 true, and that Amphitrite and her
 Nixids were sporting on the surface
 of the ocean with diamonds in their
 hair. These fancies were followed
 by thoughts of my wife, my children,
 and my home; and all was eddy
 enough jumbled together in a deli-
 cious state of approaching stupor.
 Suddenly I heard, high above my
 head, a loud deep, terrible voice call

me to stand from under. I started
 up, and looked round me. I was
 alone. The ship was becalmed, and
 every thing around was as silent as
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