

THE POST OFFICE
Is removed to the Frame Building, nearly opposite Mr. Holland's Boarding House.

BANK DIRECTORS
At an election held at the Banking House in this City on Monday last, the following Gentlemen were elected Directors of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland for the ensuing year.

For the City of Annapolis & Anne Arundel County
Alexander C. Magruder, Henry Maynard, James Shaw, Richard Harwood, (of Thos.) Brice J. Worthington, Lewis Neth.

Joseph Harris, Saint Mary's County.
Nicholas Stonestreet, Charles Cunn

William S. Morsell, Calvert County.
John C. Herbert, Prince George's County.

Henry Howard, (of John) Montgomery County.
Daniel Hughes, Frederick County.
Frisby Tighman, Washington County.

William M-Mahon, Allegany County.
Samuel Moale, Baltimore County.
Henry Dorsey, Harford County.

Directors of the Branch Bank at Frederick Town.
John Tyler, John M'Pherson, Casper Maniz, William Ross, George Baltzell, Richard Potts, John Brien, Henry Kemp, and Joseph L. Smith.

For the Maryland Gazette.
LE HONTEUX.

I am the only son of my father, and being seven daughters, and I verily believe that the basifullness and the bluish schemes of the family are all centered in me. I was considerably younger than any of my sisters, and on that account lost the benefit of their society as playmates, which would have served so materially to remove my diffidence. I dare say that the uncomfortable feelings which assail me so disagreeably, when surrounded by any of my fellow creatures, had originally their source in this circumstance, of my mixing in my earlier days with so few of them. I can distinctly recollect the embarrassment which was consequent on any person's addressing me; and I felt it then so severely, that one day I went into my room, and there made a solemn resolution to be as impudent and shameless a varlet as ever existed. Full of this determination, and elated at what I supposed my advancement in forming schemes for my advancement in the world, I came out of my room and went down stairs. As my destiny would have it, there happened to be in the parlour, whither I directed my course, a most appropriate object on which to test the strength and value of my resolutions, in the shape of a very pretty lady. Of this fact, however, I was at the time ignorant. I entered, and being taken quite at surprise, my bashfulness had not time to operate, and if I had let myself alone, I should have got through this visit quick and creditably. Fate ordered it otherwise. The lady, in the goodness of her heart, and intending to please me, inquired of me my name. Now is my time, thought I; so summoning up all my courage, I contracted my visage into an odious frown as I was capable of, and succeeded in getting out, "what's that to you?" Now I thought this the very consummation of all good breeding—the very apex of polite behaviour. But I was sorely deceived; for my father, who had been for some moments perfectly astounded, as soon as he could recover his voice, directed me to retire, and await his coming. As soon as his company had gone, he came out of the drawing room, and told me to follow him up stairs. I did not more than that alive, for I had never been punished before, and my sensibilities on that point were excessively tender. Our house was very large, and a good part of it was wholly unoccupied. At the very extremity of the range of unoccupied rooms, there was a small chamber with an iron door, and twenty other curious and terrific appearances. To this chamber my father was in the habit of carrying any member of the family who deserved punishment. What happened there was always kept a perfect secret; and though each member knew what had happened to himself, no one knew the sufferings of the other. To this chamber of mystery and terror was I now carried. Taking out three keys, one after the other, my father opened a many locks, and pushing the door open, told me, with a most peculiar voice and look, to go in. I do not intend to repeat the occurrences of that chamber, unless it to say, I came out a changed man; my father's last injunction to me, as he parted from me at the head of the stairs, was never to return to that chamber again. I kept his precept literally, more so even than he intended, and from that time to his death I am

not conscious of any question as to the family, as opposite as possible to that which I got over it, I hang down my head more than most recently, any other very young days, account it a disgrace, which I have not been able to get over. In due process, and as he had years ago my present property was large and good, a mortgage, which would take a whole. I knew that, and should have had it not of a distant re-mance, &c. &c. I had twenty years, and have exceeded so now, because our accounts, I myself with a only one-half of other half for a gage, and almost. But this, as I have happened long ago, are now speaking. I lived as usual, for my self for about eight years, then I was called to the ball to be given an evil hour I hour to the ball. It haunted me, I tried to get to sleep, I tried to excuse, and I tried to get my mind to put upon a very old to hire a self a little. I could manage to hurt myself, but to a lively state, the owner for a I went up to the excellence of I would get my antagonist. I stepped into there an account, being killed by a struck me like a seemed brought angel, and I would abate all extreme myself on a moment. My which had been a spect of escape, but I was not found some relation to get a on the ball night a very excited, and I can recollect days of my boyish days anxiety, the footstep of my bring me my bright anticipations, entirely free from in the week with invitation and ed as much as space of time. when the fatal the foundation support of my with it. I never now clothes, an afflicted. My decided eye to fit it, or a sack of I had to wear heavy heart, I was close to walk in the entered, and all eyes were ready to sink. out of the crowd, not know a semblance, confusion, confusion, confusion, I who had got up, appear, appearing very kindly introduced to get this unexpected set me again, but nothing was that he had put to bring me up pride with all shrank from an afraid—and a bow, and mutual intelligible whom they were done this to nature could amote together, able shivering my forehead with my perspiration, my pair I broke for who was introduced out of the completely our my behaviour, able manners, person who I

AGAIN,
IN the Maryland State Lottery No. 13, that was drawn on Wednesday last in the city of Baltimore, on 10713, a prize of \$500, was sold at SWANN'S office, to a gentleman in this county.

CLASS, NO. 4.
Maryland State Lottery, ODD & EVEN SYSTEM
By which the holder of Two Shares, or Two Shares, is CERTAIN of obtaining at least one Prize, and may obtain three or more, and in the same proportion for any greater quantity. The drawing will take place in Baltimore, Wednesday, the 19th August.

HIGHEST PRIZE SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS
SCHEME:
1 prize of \$6,000 is 1/1000
1 prize of 1,000 is 1/100
6 prizes of 500 is 6/100
3 prizes of 200 is 3/100
10 prizes of 100 is 10/100
10 prizes of 50 is 10/100
20 prizes of 20 is 20/100
100 prizes of 10 is 100/100
100 prizes of 5 is 100/100
3000 prizes of 1 is 3000/100

\$251 Prizes, amounting to \$100,000 (Not one Blank to be drawn) whole payable in CASH, and which usual, can be had the same day, are drawn.
Whole Tickets \$5
Half Tickets \$2 1/2
Tickets and Shares in a Lottery numbers may be had by applying to THOMAS SWANN, ANNAPOLIS, July 30.

THE BOOK OF HEALTH.

A compendium of Domestic Medicine, deduced from the experience of the most eminent modern practitioners; including the mode of treatment for diseases in general, &c. &c.

From the Monthly Review.
It has been shrewdly remarked by Goethe, that 'he who studies his body too much, becomes diseased—his mind becomes mad,' and we are well convinced that many of the men and women of the present day might with great justice have another clause added to the well known Italian epithet—'stavo bene, ma star meglio, eto qui, which being thus amended, would run—'I was well—wished to be better—read medical books—took medicine—and died.' In no other science, indeed, does Pope's maxim, that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' hold so strongly as in medicine, for those who dabble in the medical lore, deal out in works professing to be popular, are almost certain to suppose themselves afflicted with every disease about which they read. They forthwith take alarm at the probable consequences, and have some lurking suspicion that they may have mistaken the symptoms, they follow the prescriptions laid down in their book in secret, lest they should bring themselves into open ridicule.

The second step in this field of learning is the assumption of medical skill, and the proffering gratuitous advice to all who may require it, and to many who do not. The recent enormous circulation of works of this class, has rendered such prescribers almost co-extensive with our population; and it is no unusual occurrence to hear children under ten years of age, recommending cures for coughs or chilblains. It is an absurdity obviously open to humorous satire, and it has accordingly afforded the materials for more than one scintillation of the vis comica, since the time that Moliere wrote 'Le Malade Imaginaire.' Almost the only thing piquant in the last series of Theodore Hook's 'Sayings and Doings,' are the drugging and prescribing scene between Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, but they appear to us to fall short of an American sketch in a similar vein, from which we think it not improbable that Mr. Hook borrowed his Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie. As it will serve to illustrate our views, and at the same time may con- sider the power of those who profess to determine the point of plagiarism, we subjoin part of the American narrative alluded to.

'The hero of the narrative is a young man, rather pale as to complexion, and not to call fat, but healthy vital, and having no ailment whatever, except that of sometimes fancying himself in love, and putting on a melancholy face to match. In one of these moods he meets in the morning walk with two friends; and the narrative proceeds thus—

'Methinks you look a little pale,' said one, 'you had better try a cold bath; nothing invigorates the frame like cold bathing.' 'Provided it be a shower bath,' interrupted the other, but in my opinion nothing is so fatal to health as plunging the whole body into cold water. It checks perspirations, impairs digestion, produces cramp, and—' 'Good bye,' I exclaimed rather abruptly, 'I believe I shall try neither at present.'

'Continuing my walk a few minutes longer, I called at the house of a friend, with whom I was in habits of familiar intercourse. I found him, a fine moderately looking woman, with a large shawl thrown over her morning dress, to protect her from the morning air, was pouring out the coffee, whilst the eldest daughter was watching a little urchin, whose ruddy cheeks and laughing blue eyes showed how much comfort he derived from the huge bowl of bread and milk he was in the act of devouring. In the simplicity of my heart I related the conversation I had just had in the street.

'My friend shook his head slowly, and fixing his eyes upon me, with a very solemn expression, "There is something in it. You are sick my dear fellow. You must ride on horseback."
'You must drink pearl ash and cider in the morning to give you an appetite," added his wife.
'You should drink milk," exclaimed the daughter, looking significantly at the chubby cheeks of her little brother.
'Tansey and wormwood pounded together, is a thousand times better," said a maiden aunt, at the same time laying down her knitting—"take a little tansey."

'Spearmint is better,' interrupted the mother anxiously.
'A little tansy, I say, and fresh rue,' resumed the aunt.
'Yes, and ginger," said the daughter.
'Aunt Dorothy always uses ginger tea with a drop of brandy to qualify it.'
'My dear ladies," I exclaimed, "for mercy's sake spare me, I am not sick, and—'
'Come," said my friend, who had now finished his breakfast, and perceiving that I had with difficulty kept my countenance during these various prescriptions, "I will walk with you," and taking me by the arm, we set off together.

'How are you, my good fellow,' was the rough salutation of the first man we met. It was Capt. Jones. My friend replied to his greeting very cordially, but he shook his head as he looked at me.

'Aye, I see how it is,' said Captain Jones. 'Poor fellow! consumptive—But never mind, take a voyage, and all will be very well.'
'I thanked him for his kindness, and passed on; and for the first time in my life began to fancy that I felt something that was a little like a pain in my side, but I was not certain.

'A few steps onward we met Mr. Thompson—long, lank and lean—the very image of famine. He accosted us with a languid bow, and glancing his eyes at me, said, "A fine morning this, sir, especially for those who, like you and I, are dying of indigestion."
'My friend, who was very fond of quizzing me about a certain young lady, without saying a word, led me unthinkingly, close to her father's house, and though it was early, proposed to make a call, and being already recognized from the window by Mary, I could not gallantly make a retreat. As I turned towards the door, a chair that was passing raised a cloud of dust, that filled for a moment, my eyes and my throat. I entered the room with a slight cough.

'Ah, that cough of your's said Mary, my mother, will bring you to the grave.'
'Nothing but dust,' said I.
'This answer seemed to awaken all her sympathies. She said something about the flattering nature of certain disorders, and proceeded at once to administer a dose of balsam of life. Her kindness was so importunate, that resistance was in vain. I took the glass, and was in the act of raising it to my lips, when the door opened and three or four ladies entered, two of them with black hoods, and the third with spectacles.

'I am a lost man,' I muttered to myself. But Mary was near, and I thought I read in her eyes some hope of life.
'One of the black hooded ladies in stantly addressed me—"You will do well to take care of yourself, sir. You look as if your lungs were affected. Have you ever tried onion tea?"
'Never, madam. I am not sick, and I detest onions.'

'Ah! you must not be too squeamish where health is at stake. Three tumblers of onion tea, taken hot every forenoon at eleven o'clock, would soon relieve you. There is no trouble in it—take only a peck of onions—'
'—And make them into a good poultice,' interrupted the other black hood, "and wear them upon your breast all the time, and you will soon be well. Nothing opens the pores and relieves a cough like an onion poultice."

'I turned a despairing eye upon Mary. An onion poultice and a morning call! Shade of Esculapius! What shall I do?"
'If you talk of poultices,' said she with the spectacles, "my prescription is butter cups and vinegar—Take a handful of butter cups—'
'—And drink rosemary and honey,' said the first black hood.
'That is good,' said the second—"but butter and molasses is better."
'Or flax seed tea,' said Mary's mother.

'Or wheat bran,' said Mary, "with boiling water poured over it, and sweetened with some loaf sugar. You love wheat bran, I know."
'There was a little archness in her manner, that led me to suspect that she was not above half serious. I made her a lowly bow in token of acknowledgment. As I slowly raised my head, I perceived that the lady with the spectacles was regarding me very earnestly.
'Poor young man,' said she, "how feeble! you must wear a plaster on your back. A little burgundy pitch."
'Or a back board," said Mary, laughing.

'Don't sport with human life,' said the second black hood gravely. "You friend here must be careful, or he is not long for this world. But if he will follow my prescriptions—'
'If he will follow mine," interrupted the lady with the spectacles,—"take a wine glass full of Cayenne pepper and a pint of alcohol."
'And by all means put bottles of boiling water at your feet when you go to bed, said Mary's mother.
'And a flannel night cap, said Mary.
'Double flannel, said the first black hood, or a petticoat stockings round your neck, said the second black hood.
'Woolen stockings, added Mary.
'And drink during the night about two gallons of boiling cider, said spectacles, solemnly.
'And a spoonful of tobacco-tea every ten minutes, said Mary.
'Child, said spectacles, sharply, you talk foolishly. A poultice of burdock leaves for the feet.
'No—rye meal and cider," interrupted the second hood.
'No, no—mustard-seed and vinegar, said the third eagerly; "I remember that—'

'Human patience could endure no more. I started from my seat, made a very hurried bow, and left the house with so much precipitation, that as I passed over the steps, I stumbled, and nearly fell.
'Have you sprained yourself? said a gentleman who was passing, if you have, take a little opodeldoc.
'The spectacles, running to the door, "Rab it with flannel, said the first black hood, pressing behind her.
'Take a pail full of wheat bran, said

the second, coming out on the steps—mix it with boiling water, stir it well with a mould candle, and—'
'Take a walk with me in the gardens this afternoon, said Mary.

The experience of every reader must testify that, though there are here a few caricature touches, the principal outlines are true to the life, and in good keeping; it is worth volumes of serious argument, in exposing one of the worst evils arising out of the diffusion of knowledge. Here, at least, ignorance is better than knowledge—the knowledge, we mean, which can ever be derived from reading respecting human disease, a subject of such extreme difficulty, that the most talented men, who have spent their whole lives in the study, are frequently at fault. Those the words of a celebrated medical professor—(the late Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh)—"The most eminent physicians, after studying the history of a disease in various authors, after frequently observing it in their own practice, after trying to illustrate the nature of its symptoms by various dissections, and after the most unremitting attention to its remote and proximate causes, during a long professional life, have, notwithstanding, been unable to form, in particular cases, a decided prognosis, either with respect to its continuance, or its mode of termination: so that many have lived, who, by their prognosis, ought to have died—and many have died, who, by their prognosis, ought to have lived. That such is the fact, there cannot be a doubt, and since it is so, the utility of such popular medical works, as shall propagate a race of American Blackhoods, or of Theodore Hook's Crosbies, is more than questionable.—But if we come to such a conclusion on the general subject to popular medical works what are we to think of the 'Book of Health, which the author gravely informs us in his preface, is "deduced, not from the limited experience of an individual practitioner, but from the actual practice of the most eminent medical men of the present day. In other works, as doctors are well known to differ, the reading public are to be instructed in the cure of diseases, by exhibiting the different and frequently opposite practices of the most eminent medical men of the day, in a style, also, not too scientific to answer the purpose.
Like most promises and professions, we find, upon looking into this work, that the author, so far from having made the slightest attempt to dilute the scientific terms with the language of popular phraseology, has trumped up a melange of undisguised scraps from Abernethy, Sir A. Cooper, Armstrong, Clutterbuck, etc. cut out chiefly from the unofficial reports of their lectures in the Lancet.

DOGS.
The following communication is from a very sensible dog—we hope he will bark again.—Eds. Cour. & Enquirer
'Were you ever out fishing upon a lake in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear bell—like tinkles, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of a thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollections of a sound than a distinct murmur.'

From the New York Commercial Advertiser of Thursday.
LATEST FROM FRANCE.
By the arrival of the Edward Bonaparte, we have received Paris papers to the 9th June inclusive. They contain no continental intelligence not anticipated by the last arrival. We are indebted to a commercial friend for a Havre price-current of the 9th.
Advices from Constantinople of the 14th May, represent that the Porte felt less apprehension as to the integrity of the empire, from supposing it certain that England and France wished to treat directly with him, and were, in consequence, less active in preparing for defence. While the ambassadors were in the capital they supposed no hostile attempt would be made on it. The Turkish ministers regarded it as a proof of the influence of the English and French agents that the Russian vessels were kept away from the waters of Candia and Boudron, by which the communication with Alexandria was re-established. Meanwhile, says the article, Admiral Heyden has arrived with the whole squadron at Tenedos, and will command in person the blockade of the Dardanelles, while Ad. Ricord will cruise on the coast of Romania. The Russian vessels are at the mouth of the canal, and do much injury on the two sides. The French General Houlet arrived here from Vienna, occupies political speculation. He was presented some days since to the Bela Effendi, by M. Jaubert. He visits the Austrian Intercourse frequently, and attends at the exercises of the troops. The arrival of the Persian Ambassador also gives rise to many reflections. It is said that after he has concluded his negotiations here he will go to London. Although the Persians does not inspire the Porte with much confidence, yet it seems disposed to treat with him, without committing itself, and sent com-

missioners to give him a formal reception. The Persian nation seems very little irritated against the Russians. On the 18th, the head quarters and standard of the Prophet were transferred to Terapiaz.
On the 3rd of June seven Spaniards were arrested by the French authorities near the commune of La Roque which borders on Spain. They were armed with guns and pistols, and among them was Gen. Milano, who it was supposed was at Montpellier. The Paris Constitutionnel says, that this Milano was a creature of the Count D'Espagne, Governor of Catalonia, and that he with the men under him there, tried to get up a mock insurrection on the frontiers of Catalonia, in order to induce the Spanish Constitutionalists in the south of France, to cross the Spanish line and join their supposed friends, when they might be delivered up to Count D'Espagne.
By the arrival on Thursday afternoon of the ship Thomas Dickerson, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 19th of June, the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received the London papers of the 18th, and Liverpool of the 19th ult.
Still there are rumours about the retirement of the Chancellor. The Duke of Wellington has endeavoured to get in some of the heads of the Tory party, but they, relying upon the influence of the Duke of Cumberland with the king, and calculating upon coming in altogether, have refused to join him. He must therefore have recourse to the whigs, however little he may be inclined towards liberality. There is another rumour that Keane is dead.
Reports, unfavourable as it respects the health of the king, were positively contradicted by the Courier on the 17th.
The very Revd. Dr. Bagoi, Dean of Canterbury, is, it is reported, nominated to the vacant see of Oxford, void by the death of Dr. Lloyd, the late Bishop thereof.
A very large majority in favour of Mr. O'Connell, has been ascertained, in anticipation, and the Dublin Evening Post says, four baronies yet remained to be disposed of.
PORTUGAL.
A dreadful report was put into circulation in London, on the evening of the 17th, and was believed by the first Portuguese merchants. It is stated that a number of persons, on their removal to other prisons, have been murdered at Lisbon; and that further executions are ordered forthwith, both at Lisbon and Oporto.—The intelligence is reported to come by his Majesty's ship Vigilant. The vessel arrived with despatches to government; she sailed 31st May, but the letters by her are not generally delivered.
FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.
The accounts from the seat of the Russian and Turkish war, are late. And we have given below, from the frontiers of Servia, what the London Courier denominates the Turkish account of the battle of the 17th of May, near Paravadi.—According to this statement, the Russians must have come off second best.
The latest Russian Bulletin bears the date of the camp before Silistria, May 29th. It appears that the operations of the siege of that place had just commenced. It seemed likely to be protracted much longer than might suit the Russian interests. A Turkish ship of the line of 60 guns is said to have been burnt at the entrance of the Bosphorus, under the fire of a fort, by a small Russian squadron. The Grand Vizier remained shut up in Choumka.
The latest accounts received at Odessa, says that the Grand Vizier is concentrating all his forces behind no continental intelligence not anticipated by the last arrival. We are indebted to a commercial friend for a Havre price-current of the 9th.
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FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.
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The latest Russian Bulletin bears the date of the camp before Silistria, May 29th. It appears that the operations of the siege of that place had just commenced. It seemed likely to be protracted much longer than might suit the Russian interests. A Turkish ship of the line of 60 guns is said to have been burnt at the entrance of the Bosphorus, under the fire of a fort, by a small Russian squadron. The Grand Vizier remained shut up in Choumka.
The latest accounts received at Odessa, says that the Grand Vizier is concentrating all his forces behind no continental intelligence not anticipated by the last arrival. We are indebted to a commercial friend for a Havre price-current of the 9th.
Advices from Constantinople of the 14th May, represent that the Porte felt less apprehension as to the integrity of the empire, from supposing it certain that England and France wished to treat directly with him, and were, in consequence, less active in preparing for defence. While the ambassadors were in the capital they supposed no hostile attempt would be made on it. The Turkish ministers regarded it as a proof of the influence of the English and French agents that the Russian vessels were kept away from the waters of Candia and Boudron, by which the communication with Alexandria was re-established. Meanwhile, says the article, Admiral Heyden has arrived with the whole squadron at Tenedos, and will command in person the blockade of the Dardanelles, while Ad. Ricord will cruise on the coast of Romania. The Russian vessels are at the mouth of the canal, and do much injury on the two sides. The French General Houlet arrived here from Vienna, occupies political speculation. He was presented some days since to the Bela Effendi, by M. Jaubert. He visits the Austrian Intercourse frequently, and attends at the exercises of the troops. The arrival of the Persian Ambassador also gives rise to many reflections. It is said that after he has concluded his negotiations here he will go to London. Although the Persians does not inspire the Porte with much confidence, yet it seems disposed to treat with him, without committing itself, and sent com-

missioners to give him a formal reception. The Persian nation seems very little irritated against the Russians. On the 18th, the head quarters and standard of the Prophet were transferred to Terapiaz.
On the 3rd of June seven Spaniards were arrested by the French authorities near the commune of La Roque which borders on Spain. They were armed with guns and pistols, and among them was Gen. Milano, who it was supposed was at Montpellier. The Paris Constitutionnel says, that this Milano was a creature of the Count D'Espagne, Governor of Catalonia, and that he with the men under him there, tried to get up a mock insurrection on the frontiers of Catalonia, in order to induce the Spanish Constitutionalists in the south of France, to cross the Spanish line and join their supposed friends, when they might be delivered up to Count D'Espagne.
By the arrival on Thursday afternoon of the ship Thomas Dickerson, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 19th of June, the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received the London papers of the 18th, and Liverpool of the 19th ult.
Still there are rumours about the retirement of the Chancellor. The Duke of Wellington has endeavoured to get in some of the heads of the Tory party, but they, relying upon the influence of the Duke of Cumberland with the king, and calculating upon coming in altogether, have refused to join him. He must therefore have recourse to the whigs, however little he may be inclined towards liberality. There is another rumour that Keane is dead.
Reports, unfavourable as it respects the health of the king, were positively contradicted by the Courier on the 17th.
The very Revd. Dr. Bagoi, Dean of Canterbury, is, it is reported, nominated to the vacant see of Oxford, void by the death of Dr. Lloyd, the late Bishop thereof.
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