APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the London Sunday Times.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO CAPT. SWING.

Comest thou from Santas dwelling place,
To feed thy warm desire?
'Twould seem so, for in every place,
You leave a *tale* of fire.

Do not expect you can appal
Or raise the peasants state,
By turning into *ashes* all
The riches of the *great*.

The farmer's curse will follow thee,
You've left them quite forlorn,
You've *made light* of their *property*,
And *roasted* all their *corn*.

You and your friends well know 'tis true
This state of things must cease,
For tho' you pull to *piece meal*, you
Don't get a *meal a piece*.

What good construction can we put,
On such a deadly hate?
You never *seal* a letter, but
You *seal* a farmer's fate.

And when the firemen fain would play
(I do not wish to joke,)
You *cut* their *pipes*, altho' they say
You're very fond of *smoke*.

The farmers hate the sound of 'Swing,'
And tremble at the name;
This firing is a dreadful thing—
It is a *burning shame*.

If you pursue your sad resolve,
Fire Offices must quake;
E'en the great *Globe* must all dissolve,
The very *Atlas* shake.

But we have now a Premier, who
Ere long will put you down,
Tho' now at you *Grey's* looking *blue*,
He ne'er will be done *brown*.

And when, friend Swing, they've captured you,
(Oh, ponder on it well,)
Tho' you may wish to bend to *sue*,
You'll only hear your *knell*.

Farewell! look sharp; or I avow
'Tis very clear to me,
That you'll take your *leaf* and make a *bow* (bough)
Beneath the gallows *tree*. O. P. Q.

PARIS ON THE 21st DECEMBER, 1830.

From the Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.

PARIS, Dec. 21. 1830.

Sir—The government has spoken! This was as necessary as it was wise. It has spoken from the Tribune—from the head-quarters of the National Guards—from the centre of the Police—and from the Bureau of Odillon Barrot, the chief of the republican party, though Prefect of the Seine. Let me invite your attention for a few moments to what has been said. In moments like these the truth comes out. It is not when all is cool and calm—when men count their words on their fingers, and take a month to digest a speech, or make a proclamation, that they give way to the impetuosity of their feelings, that they give currency to the innermost thoughts of their hearts, and it is not true that their thoughts breathe and their words burn! But in moments like the present, when all is agitation—when Paris is a barrack—when all the ordinary occupations of life are suspended, and when one subject engrosses the mind, and dictates the actions and writings, the movements and speeches of all. Yes, in such times as these the truth comes out, and we must take care not to lose it. You will see what I mean before I have closed my letter. At present give me your attention.

1st. The Government has spoken from the Tribune! What has it said? M. Lafitte has declared that there is a conspiracy against the public tranquility, but he has not denounced to France the conspirators. He says it would not be impossible to point them out; but yet prudence or something else restrains him. That which he has not done in Paris, I can do in London. Yes, there is a conspiracy against the public tranquility, and the conspirators are well known, though all their agents have not yet been detected.

The conspirators are—Peers, Ex-Peers, Deputies, Ex-Deputies, Ex-Public Functionaries, Ex-General Officers, Ex-Gendarmes, Ex-Prefects, Mayors, Sous-curists, Pluralists, Courtiers, and Pensioners—Ex-Officers of the Ex-Royal Guard; and above all, Priests!! yes, Roman Catholic Priests, Jesuits, and other good Christians!! These are the conspirators in Paris who lead the conspiracy, and who are neither destitute of courage, talent, a Treasury Journals, Printing presses, or active or subtle agents. They dress as journeymen masons, drink wine out-side the Barriers at the Cabarets, assist the smugglers, write in the Quotidienne and the Gazette de France, take the sacrament of a Sunday, and to look like the people, 'Swear bloody oaths' on the Monday. To accomplish their object, they wear wigs and mustachoes; they disguise and hide themselves; they creep out at night when darkness envelopes them; they use the Shibboleth of the people that their language may not betray them, and they shout 'Death to the Ministers,' and sing 'The Parisienne,' and 'The Marseillaise.' When the Government asked for five millions of francs to employ the work people who were without employ, these conspirators went about, as workmen, and engaged the others not to accept of work from Government, then to demand a rise of wages, and then not to work so many hours per day. When the Government took into consideration the vote of the Chamber of Deputies, praying that the punishment of Death might be abolished for capital offences, they went about with arms in slings, with faces tied up, and in smock frocks, and with hats with holes in them, and that they were 'the wounded in the July Revolution,' and vowed they would have blood for blood. 'Mort aux Ministres!' was their cry in October, and it was last night.

When the Government issued invitations to the young men to enter the army and prepare for war, these conspirators dressed themselves up as recruits, and availed themselves of their garb to exhort the young men not to enlist—not to enrol their names as defenders of France, and to remain in Paris; for, added they, 'Government only wants to send away the young men from the capital that it may have nothing to oppose it, and there is no idea of war.' I heard one of these Jesuits declare this, and when his hat was knocked off, behold a priest!!! When, the other day, the Government, in order to provide work for many thousands of idle persons who pretended that they were willing to labour, but could not find employment, determined on fortifying Paris, and commenced with the neighbourhood of St. Denis, these conspirators went as workmen to learn the terms—dressed themselves up as laborers—had dirty hands, and drank sour wine with the rest—and then excited the rest to declare that they would not work out at St. Denis, that it was as bad as banishment, that this was pretty employment indeed for artisans to make fortifications, and talked of their right to work in Paris, and to be supplied with plenty to do, and plenty of money for doing it. Some persons were deceived by these hollow hearted Royalists—these lovers of darkness, fires, tumult and misery, and they left their work, and to-day must steal or beg for their bread. And now, when the process against the Ex-Ministers draws to a close—when the witnesses have been examined, and the pleadings has been attended to—these conspirators prist and circulate garbled and false accounts of what passes in the Chamber—omit all the points favourable to the accused, and enforce those only which are against them—go about giving wine, preaching the sovereignty of the people, as Judas betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss, and exort them to force their way into the Luxembourg—to burn down the State prison—to massacre the prisoners—to parade their heads on poles through the capital, and to take a little of the good things of this life! not as robbers! but on the principle of the agrarian law, from those who have more than themselves!

With those whose hearts never beat the quicker at the sound of the word 'my country!' whose understandings are blunted by their vices, and whose poverty, arising from vice, has destroyed all love of order and peace; these conspirators are sometimes successful, and last night they succeeded in rendering it necessary for the Chamber of Peers to rise earlier than it intended, and in causing the bloody scenes of 'Death to the Ministers!' 'Down with the Peers of France!' to reach the holy precincts of the High Court of justice. The neighbourhood of the Luxembourg was all confusion. The women were insulted—girls were abused—all shops were closed—and these abandoned criminals dared to profane our national anthems by singing them in chorus. They told the labouring classes that Polignac was to be liberated—that Peyronnet would sue for dameges for having been arrested; that Chantelauze was to be made a Judge, and Guernon de Ranville a Procureur de Roi. I heard last night in the Rue Tournon, some of these Jesuits or their agents make these declarations.

Well, then, M. Lafitte was right, when he said that there exists a conspiracy against the public tranquility. Let, then, these conspirators be arrested. They are known—I am sure they are known; or, at least, many of them—Let them be arrested. Let no garb be a protection—and no high sounding name a shield. Let them be examined, or at least imprisoned. If they write, let them be answered. If they speak, let them be confronted; but if they conspire, let them be arrested. But M. Lafitte has said, 'I will cause the laws to be observed;' and he has added, 'every one will do his duty—the Citizens and the King, and force will remain with the law.'

Odillon Barrot, the wise, virtuous, and honest republican, followed up this declaration, by saying—'We must separate the people from those who would use them as an instrument. It belongs to us to tell them that they would compromise the country by using violence; that they would endanger its internal safety, and bring back the reign of terror, and perchance the occupation of France by a foreign power.'

Sebastiani, who is Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who is a courageous and resolute man has declared 'that the government has its eyes on these conspirators, and, when the time shall come, will acute those who would injure and alarm their country.' But this is not enough. The time has come—the arrests should be made—the people should be enlightened by clear and indisputable facts as to who are their leaders and instigators—and they should see with their own eyes and feel with their own hands, these Priests and Jesuits, who, disguised as laborers, are endeavouring to seduce them.

But 2d, the government has spoken from the head quarters of the National Guards. It has done so through Gen. Lafayette, the commander-in-chief of the Guards of the kingdom, and there are some passages in his speech to which I particularly alluded when I wrote the commencement of this letter.—There are as follows:

'In the midst of our immortal barricades of July, Gen. Lafayette considered that the actual Government founded upon the sovereignty of the people, and having Louis Philip I. at its head, was the best combination that could be adopted under the circumstances in which France and Europe were placed.—He thinks so still, and defends this government, not only because he has promised to do so, but also because he has not changed his opinion.

'A popular throne surrounded with republican institutions! such was the programme adopted at the Hotel de Ville, by a patriot of 1789, who became a Citizen King. People and King will be found faithfully to this contract.'

These declarations are most important? They are not the every day statements of every day men, but they are the opinions of Lafayette at a moment when, if he thought otherwise, he would not, even now, establish a Republic in forty-eight hours!!

Lafayette has called on the Guards—on the citizens—and on the youth of Paris to assist him in maintaining the laws; and last night, even in the midst of the tumult, when he presented himself, all shouted 'Vive Lafayette!!' 'Yes, Vive Lafayette,' said a Priestly looking reprobate in the crowd, 'we shoul! have him for President of a Republic.' I would swear that man was a Royalist and a Jesuit, though I did not knock off his hat.

The Republicans are too honest and straightforward to seize a moment of popular effervescence to establish a form of Government which can only be successfully founded in old states, when men shall become civilized. That time will come—and absolute monarchies will one day be as heartily laughed at as spectres and hobgoblins are ridiculed by every child who is out of his leading strings.

3. The Government has spoken from the centre of the Police. The Count Treilhard, the Prefect of Paris, has put forth his Manifesto, and there is something in it worthy of notice.

He says in that Proclamation, 'The freest nation are those who have professed the most profound respect for the judgements of the tribunals. Obedience to justice is the essential basis of social order and liberty.' Who will doubt the accuracy of this statement, who will not feel, that when the laws are not obeyed there is an end not only of government, but of society? The Revolution of July last was not a Revolution against the laws, but against the violation of the laws. It was Charles X. and his Ministers who violated them—and as the person of the King was invioable; they dethroned him and sent him an exile to Holyrood.

You must not, however, suppose that a great mass of the people, who are not influenced by the Jesuits, Priests, and Conspirators, and who act and feel without any foreign impression, are changed in their opinions, and do not now desire the death of the Ex-Ministers of Charles X. No, no—they desire their death as much as ever—but after the addresses which have been made to them by the republican ministers of Louis Philip—by the republican Lafayette, and by Republican Odillon Barrot, that portion of the people who are not led astray by the Royalist conspirators, and are not the dupes of their villainy—desire the death of the Ex-Ministers to be pronounced by the Chamber of Peers, but who if that judgement be not pronounced, will bow to the decision of the law, because it is the law and because the Government, by the addresses it has now put forth, has gained their attention and obtained their confidence.

Finally 4. M. Odillon Barrot, the Prefect of the Seine, has spoken, and next to Louis Philip and Lafayette, this able and distinguished patriotic citizen is more respected and attended to than any other individual in this vast metropolis. He has insured their attention, by the language he has adopted. He has done just what I and I hoped would be done, in the last letter I addressed to you. He has spoken to the people in their own language—and has spoken as one of the people. Hear him! 'proceeding from your ranks, and entertaining a perfect sympathy in opinions and sentiments with yourselves; what you feel I feel; I am no stranger either to your impatience to see the promised institutions realized in the midst of us,' or to your well founded resentment, or to the popular demand of a legal reparation; but is the reparation which our generous nation had the right to require, to be found only in the blood of a few unfortunate men?'

This appeal has made a great impression. I have watched the groups of unwashed artisans read this address from one of their known and tried friends; and I have seen the blush, heard the sigh, and beheld the tear wiped away from the eyes of those who felt ashamed of their former feelings, and convinced by the arguments of one in whom they had a real confidence.

But Odillon Barrot—the republican—the avowed republican—the man who is for following up the revolution, and who will follow it up—has said more than this. His words are indeed impressive.

'If in the midst of you be found a man criminal enough to make an attempt on the life of one of his fellow citizens, though he be an ex-minister—let him not consider himself subject to the changes of a battle—he will be nothing less than a murderer!! and will be tried as such by the court of assizes, according to the rigour of the law.'

This is bold. This is decided and manly truth. 'Order and Liberty,' he adds, 'is our motto, and let us rally around it.' He has admitted that the ex-ministers merit death, if, for offences against society, death should ever be inflicted; he has admitted that the revolution is not terminated—that it must go on—that the institutions which France expects she has not yet received—and that he, as well as the people, for he is himself of that people, are waiting with anxiety to see accomplished that which is expected; but he adds, 'We must do all this legally, and in accordance with our charter, and with the compact we have made with our Citizen King.'

Thus, then, has the Government spoken. Am I satisfied? Yes. Are the people satisfied? Generally speaking they are so. They will wait to have the judgement pronounced by the Chamber of Peers. They know the punishment inflicted on the criminals will not be death; but they expect that it will, nevertheless, be marked and proportionate. If it be, there may yet be peace; if it be not, the Chamber of Peers will be succeeded by a Senate; but we may now hope to avoid bloodshed.

To-day the process will probably terminate; and to-morrow or Thursday the judgement will be pronounced. Force will rest with the law; but we are now more assured than ever that the revolution will be followed up, and that young France shall be thoroughly regenerated.

Your obedient Servant, O. P. Q.

In the upper part of the suburb of St. Joseph at Vienna, there lived, some forty years ago, a poor man of the name of Ruttier, who earned a precarious livelihood for himself and a numerous family by dealing in a miscellaneous assortment of curiosities and *bric a brac*. Should any of our readers know half as much of our eccentric friend, John Howel, the literary ex-Janitor of the Edinburgh Academy, as does the learned warden of the Gower street University, he will have a tolerable index of the taste which presided over the collection of the poor, but honest and industrious Ruttier. His profits, I have said, were precarious, and were often scarcely sufficient for support of a wife, yet young, and fourteen children, the eldest of whom was not more than sixteen years of age. Ruttier however, was not so depressed by the frowns of fortune as to allow his disposition to be sourged by adversity. Uniformly well disposed and obliging, a neighbour or a traveller never applied to him for assistance in vain.

A man apparently to the last stage of a decline, but whose grave and interesting physiognomy inspired at once attention and respect, was observed every day to pass poor Ruttier's shop. From the general cast of his countenance, it appeared as if nature had lost all charms for him; but when passing the group of children, some engaged at work and others at play, in front of Ruttier's shop, a momentary smile would kindle in his eyes as he acknowledged their passing salute, the blood would flow for an instant into his colourless lips, and, looking towards heaven, he would seem to wish that the fate of these poor children might be happier than his. Ruttier had also observed the stranger, and as he was ever on the watch for the opportunity of being useful, he did not neglect to offer a seat to the valetudinarian on his return from his accustomed walk. The offer was gratefully accepted, the stranger became speedily a favourite with the children, who disputed with each other for the pleasure of bringing out the stool for their guest.

On a particular occasion—it happened to be Whit-Monday—the stranger returned from his walk rather sooner than usual; the children surrounded him, as they were accustomed to do, and told him that their mother had given them, the night before, a pretty little sister. The stranger leaning on the arm of the eldest of the children, then went as far as the threshhold of the shop to inquire of Ruttier as to the progress of his wife's recovery. The worthy dealer in knick-nacks went out to his visiter, and after confirming the intelligence he had received from the children, and thanking him for his inquiries, concluded by saying,—'Yes, sir, this is the fifteenth which heaven has sent us.' 'My brave fellow,' exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of tenderness and commisseration, 'how small a portion of the treasures which are lavished on the courtiers of Shoenbrunn would fill your housenold with comfort and happiness! In this age of Iron honesty and virtue, talents and genius, are honoured only in the tomb. But, tell me, have you no godfather for your little girl?' 'When a man is poor, sir,' said Ruttier, 'godfathers are not easily found; those of my other children have been travellers, or neighbours as poor as myself.' 'Let me give her a name' rejoined the stranger, 'and let it be Gabrielle. Here are a hundred florins for the entertainment at which I shall not fail to be present,' and as Ruttier hesitated to take them, he said, 'You will oblige me, and when you know me better you will see that I am not unworthy to share your troubles. But do me one service—I see a violin hanging in your shop—bring it to me to this table. I have some ideas this moment which I wish to commit to paper.'

Ruttier hastened to unhook the violin, and to place it in the hands of the stranger who instantly drew from it such extraordinary sounds that the street was speedily filled with crowds of the curious; and several persons of rank, who recognized in what they heard the hand of the master, caused their carriages to halt in front of poor Ruttier's shop. The stranger, however was so much engrossed with his own ideas that he seemed to pay no attention to what was passing around him. Having completed his task, he put what he had written in his pocket, and leaving his address with the shop keeper, he begged that notice might be sent to him of the time when the baptism would take place.

Three days elapsed, but the unknown stranger did not make his appearance, although the stool was regularly placed for him at Ruttler's shop door. On the evening of the third day, some individuals dressed in mourning, and apparently in tears, were observed to stop in front of the shop, and look at the humble seat with an air of melancholy.

At length, Ruttler resolved to go in person to inquire after his unknown visiter. He went to the place appointed, but the door was hung with black. On entering the porch, he found a coffin laid out, and, as is the custom in Catholic countries, with a number of wax tapers burning around it. A crowd of artists and grandees, men of letters and of science, were already assembled, and were heard to lament the sudden and unexpected death of him to whom they were about to pay the last sad duties. Ruttle now learned with surprise that his visiter and benefactor, and the intended godfather of his infant, was no other than Mozart, and that it was his obsequies which were now about to be celebrated.

It was at the house of poor Ruttler that Mozart exhaled his last musical sigh; it was seated on the stool in front of his shop that he composed that magnificent requiem, the dying of the swan of Germany.

Ruttler, after paying his last homage to the man whom, without knowing him by name, he had honoured and respected, returned home, and was astonished to find his quiet abode already invaded by a idle, but fashionable crowd, who came to view the scene which had thus become classical, and gave themselves up to admiration of what were regarded as relics, now that the object of their worship no longer existed.

The notoriety thus excited proved a source of fortune to our honest dealer in curiosities, which did not end until he was able to retire from business, after establishing in life his fifteen children, with a comfortable independence. He named his youngest daughter Gabrielle, in deference to the wish expressed by Mozart; and, when sixteen years of age, the violin which this great master had used a few days before his death, became her dowry. It was sold for four thousand florins; but as to the stool on which he had been accustomed to sit in returning from his walks, Ruttler would never part with it, in spite of the brilliant offers which were made to him; keeping it at once as a monument of his former poverty, and of the source of his good fortune.

IMPORT OF NAMES.

Many a man, says the Long Island Star, does not know the meaning of his own name. The Editor of that paper amused himself a short time since, with name hunting, and published the result. We placed the list in the hands of a young friend, who searched out authorities, corrected some errors, and made many additions. The catalogue is by no means so complete as it might be, but we are promised another list when leisure is found to prepare it.

Andrew—Strength. (Greek.) Adam—Earthly man, red, ruddy. Amos—strong, robust. Abel—vanity, breath, vapor. Abraham—father of elevation. Aaron—a mountain; St. Jerome has it, a mountain of strength. Ashur—one that is happy. Alphonso—our health. (Gothic.) Alfred—all peace. (Saxon.) Ambrose—immortal, (Greek.) Adan—an assembly. Alexander—one that turns away evil; one that assists men; it is a Greek word, corresponding in signification to the Hebrew word Solomon. Anah—one who answers, or sings responsively. Anne—the gracious. Agatha—the good. (Greek.) Agnes—from the Latin, Agna; 'a lamb,' mild, gentle. Catharine—a beautiful derivation of this name is found in a Greek word signifying pure. Clara—probably from the Latin *clarus*, bright. Daniel—judgement of God. Demos henes—strength of the people. David—dear. Elisha—salvation of God. Eleazer—help of God. Elizabeth—the oath of the Lord—Eunice—'to conquer charmingly.' Ephraim—one that grows. Eve—life; the Angel Ruhi says of man—

'Had I not heard him as he prest
The frail fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doomed to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his life! his life!
Yes—such the love-taught name the first,
That rained man to woman gave,
Even in his outcast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery with that worst
And earlier boon of love—the grave.'

James—the supplanter; Jacob the primitive name of James, has the same meaning. Job—he that cries. Jonah—a dove—another meaning is, he that oppresses. Isaac—laughter. John—the mercy of the Lord. Jemima—handsome as the day. Julia—downy, tender. (Greek.) Jerusha—the rejected; it is supposed the lady who first bore this name was jilted by a 'male flirt.' George—a tiller of the earth, (Greek.) Mary—bitter, (Heb.) Magdalen—exalted. Margaret—a pearl. (Greek.) Nathan—the Giver. Noah—rest. Nicholas—the conqueror of the people, Greek. Philip—a lover of horses. Peter—a rock. Philo—a friend. Rosamond—Rose of the world. Rachel—sheep. Saul—he desired. Susanna—a rose. (Greek.) Susan—a lily. (Heb.) Sarah—a princess, the morning star. Timothy—honoured of God. Theodore—the gift of God.

The old testament names are, most all of them, derived from the Hebrew.

[Boston Trav.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Talbot county, will be sold at the late residence of George Shannahan, near the Royal Oak, on WEDNESDAY the 9th day of March next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. if fair, if not, the next fair day thereafter: all the Personal Property of the said George Shannahan, late of Talbot county deceased—CONSISTING OF

NEGROES,

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs,

Farming Utensils, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and sundry other articles too tedious to mention.—The terms of sale are a credit of six months on all sums over five dollars, the purchaser giving bond or note with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale—for all sums of and under five dollars the cash will be required.

Wm. TOWNSEND, Adm'r.
of George Shannahan, deceased.
feb 22 3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of three writs of venditioni exponas issued out of Talbot County Court, and to me directed and delivered by the Clerk thereof: one at the suit of Edward Roberts, use of John E. Rigdon, one at the suit of the State of Maryland use of J. Sangston, Adm. D. B. N. of George A. Smith, and one at the suit of the State of Maryland, at the instance and for the use of Shadrach and Solomon Mitchell, against Clement Morris, will be sold on TUESDAY, the eighth day of March next, at the Court House door, in the town of Easton, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, of said day, the following property to wit:—One negro boy Stephen, about 21 years old, one negro boy Major, about 18 years old, and one negro woman Matilda, about 20 years old, taken as the property of the said Clement Morris, and will be sold to pay and satisfy the above venditions exponas and the interest and costs due and to become due thereon. Attendance by

THOMAS HENRIX, late Sh'ff.
feb 15 4w

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND.

THE Trustees of the Steam Boat Maryland, early in the year 1830, resolved, that it would be expedient to elect annually a Captain for the Boat, notice therefore is hereby given, to all persons concerned, that in conformity to this Resolution, the Board will proceed to elect or appoint a Captain on THURSDAY, 10th day of March ensuing.

By order,

THOS. H. DAWSON, Treasurer.
feb 22 3w

MORE BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscriber having just returned from Baltimore, with a full and complete winter supply of

BOOTS & SHOES,

respectfully invites his friends and the public in general, to give him a call and see his bargains. He has also a complete assortment of MATERIALS suitable for Boots and Shoes, which he will manufacture in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice.

The Public's obed't. serv't.
JOHN WRIGHT.
jan 18 w

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted for officers' fees for the years of 1828 and 1829, are hereby notified that no longer indulgence can possibly be given, as I am determined to close the collections of said fees as the law directs. I have given my deputies the most peremptory orders to execute every person who may neglect this notice. I would also take the liberty to inform those persons who owe fees for the present year, (1830) that the same has been due for several months past, and payment is expected immediately for the same.

WM. TOWNSEND, Sh'ff.
july 20 w

THE INDIAN PHYSICIAN.

EDWARD LOCKWOOD

FROM BALTIMORE,

HAVING for the last fifteen years, practised the healing art with the most flattering success in Philadelphia and Baltimore, he has appointed E. Lockwood his Agent in Easton, in whom he can confide; he having studied with me for about four years, and is perfectly well acquainted with those Vegetable substances, known to have the power of curing the worst of Diseases to which our frail bodies are liable. The administration of medicine will be confined to the practice of the Seneca Nation of Indians, which practice is particularly applicable to the cure of the following named diseases:—

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Gout,
Tetter Erysipelas, Epilepsy or Falling sickness,
Deafness, Fits, Baldness, Sore & Weak Eyes,
Female Obstruction, Cancers, Ulcers,
King's Evil, White Swellings, Stone or Gravel,
Dropsy, Piles, Costiveness, Liver Complaint,
Sore Throat, Quinzy, Polypus and Mecurial Affections,
Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Palsey,

And many other diseases to which the human family are exposed. The afflicted will meet with every possible attention, and every possible exertion will be made to restore them to health, by calling on the Indian Physician, at Mr. Ridgaways, Union Tavern, Easton.

Easton, Dec. 21 w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union to the Easton Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Peacock, and formerly by himself, begs leave most respectfully to tender his grateful acknowledgements to his numerous customers and friends who have heretofore honoured him with their calls, and at the same time to solicit them and the public in general for their patronage.

THE EASTON HOTEL

Is now in complete order for the reception of travellers and others, and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no labour or expense to render every comfort and convenience to those who may favour him with their custom.

Private parties can at all times be accommodated and Horses, Hacks and Gigs, with careful drivers, furnished to go to any part of the Peninsula. The public's ob't. serv't.

SOLOMON LOWE.
jan 26 6qw

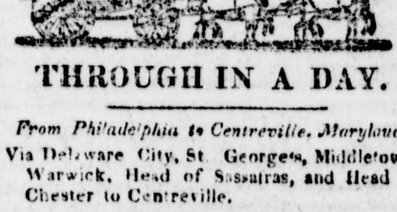
CASH FOR NEGROES.

THE Subscriber, Agent for Austin Woolfolk, of Baltimore, takes this method of acknowledging the many preferences in the purchase of negroes, and wishes the citizens of the Eastern Shore to still continue their preference to him for

100 NEGROES,

From the age of twelve to twenty-five years, for whom he will give higher prices than any real purchaser that is now in the market, or may hereafter come. Any person having negroes, of the above ages, will do well in giving the preference to

SAMUEL REYNOLDS,
who may be found at the Easton Hotel.
nov 16



THROUGH IN A DAY.

From Philadelphia to Centreville, Maryland,

Via Delaware City, St. George's, Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, and Head of Chester to Centreville.

This line is now running and will continue throughout the Season to leave Philadelphia by the Steamboat Baltimore, Captain W. Whilden, from Pine Street Wharf, on Monday Wednesday, and Friday Mornings, at 6 o'clock, for Delaware City; there to take the Canal Packet Boat Lady Clinton, for St. George's, and from thence in Stages to Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, Head of Chester, and Centreville; arriving at Centreville the same Evening at Eight o'clock.

Returning, leaves Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Mornings, at 4 o'clock, arriving at Delaware City in time to take the Steam Boat to Philadelphia, and arriving there at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Connected with the Dispatch Line, is a line of Stages from Centreville to Easton, leaving Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Mornings, at 8 o'clock for Easton.

Returning leaves Solomon Lowe's Tavern, Easton, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 o'clock, P. M., and takes the Dispatch Line the morning following for Philadelphia.

There is also in connection with this Line a Stage to convey Passengers from the Baltimore Steam Boat Patuxent, at Georgetown, to intersect the Dispatch Line at Massey's Cross Roads, and to convey Passengers from Massey's Cross Roads to the Steam Boat.

Passengers coming in this Line for Newcastle or Wilmington, will meet a Stage from Dover at St. George's.

FARE

From Philadelphia to Delaware City,		$1 25
Do.	St. George's,	1 50
Do.	Middletown,	2 00
Do.	Warwick,	2 25
Do.	Head of Sassafras	2 50
Do.	Head of Chester,	3 00
And Do.	Centreville,	4 25

MULFORD, BRADSHAW & Co.,
july 15 w *Proprietors.*

FOR RENT,

THE Store Room and Cellar, opposite the Union Tavern. Possession immediately. Apply at the Star Office. july 20

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