Dr. N. Hammond

EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown."
Religion purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. VIII. EASTON, (MARYLAND) SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1825. NO. 32.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING BY
ALEXANDER GRAHAM,

At Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum payable half yearly in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding a square inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty five cents for every subsequent insertion.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

From the New Jersey Free Press.

If you wish to study character—if you wish to see the world—if you wish to know what crudities and qualities exist in the human race, go to the printing office, when the paper is published, and the morning stage has brought its usual bundle of crimes, crim. con. and congressional proceedings. Let a lazy fellow like myself, one who has little to do, and still less disposition to perform even that little, make a morning's lounge in the printing office, and he will learn more than he would in a fortnight's poring over his dusty, wormeaten volumes, I love to secure a quiet nook, and with a newspaper before me, peep out to observe the motley assemblage who flock together to present their advertisements, find fault with the editor or printer, hear the latest news, make their sage remarks, and "spill their judgement" on the political affairs of this mundane sphere.

In comes Mr. Dry Goods, with a request that a blunder, the printer had made in publishing an advertisement of his the day before, by substituting chintze for cheese, making it read a quantity of chintze from one of the first dairies in the county, might be corrected. The compositor was called manuscript was produced, and found printed *verbatim*, and Mr. Dry Goods hastily left the office to correct his own mistakes.

Mr. Vinegar Cruet, the village grocer, wished that 'smoked herrings" might be put in capitals, as he wished to draw the attention of the public to that article.

A young gentleman entered and handed a small packet of papers to the editor and left the office. His manner plainly enough indicated that he belonged to the class of idlers who contribute their mites to the ephemeral columns of the day.

"Mr. Editor," said a fat old fellow, who sat wheezing in his easy chair, "you give too much room to such idle fellows; who cares for their literature and their essays? I had rather read a debate of congress, or our legislature, than all the literary trash which the whole tribe of scriblers can furnish in a year."

"Perhaps, Mr. Grumblegumption, it may be so with you, but you will be so good as to recollect there are numerous persons who patronize a paper merely for the miscellaneous articles it contains, and who rarely if ever look at a congressional debate; and we caterers for the public must consult the inclination and taste of all, so far as is consistent with the paramount obligations we owe to society."

"But, I tell you," interrupted Grumblegumption, 'that no advantage whatever is derived from all the tales, essays, and poetry, which the present generation has produced: they only,"

'Mr. Editor,' said a young lady, who had that moment entered, will you please to hand me your last paper, containing the prize essay of the 'Dream of Love,' from the New York Mirror.

It was given her, and with a smile and a look, which I would not have exchanged for all the congressional debates in the universe, with old Grumble, to boot, she retired.'

'There,' continued he, 'such are the persons for whom you exclude the wisdom of sages and the researches of our legislative halls.'

A pedlar of combs, sleeve buttons, needles, &c. inquired for a paper; one was handed him, and turning it over, said his object in calling was to examine the bank note exchange, but was surprised to find it excluded, when it was so particularly necessary for gentlemen engaged in trade. He was referred to the city papers for the information necessary to determine the character of the two dollar bill he held in his hand, and turning on his heel he left us.

The door opened, and a man whose important and supercilious air showed him to be a person of authority, entered. 'Mr. Editor,' said he 'I have called to demand the name of the individual who signed himself Manlius in this morning's paper.'

'When the reasons are known for this demand,' said the editor, 'perhaps you may be gratified in your request.'

'My reasons,' replied he, angrily, 'are the fellow has abused me shamefully, and his name shall be given up or you must yourself prepare to suffer the consequences of a refusal.'

'But are you certain, 'Squire Smellfungus, the article was aimed at you. There are, you are sensible, no names mentioned, and there are unfortunately so many persons to whom the character sketched by Manlius is applicable, that there must be some strong points of resemblance indeed to justify your demand.'

"You know," said Smellfungus, "that there are scoundrels in every community who take delight in stabbing in the dark, men who are more elevated than themselves, and unless a proper punishment is awarded, no man will be safe from their attacks."

"I venture to say," replied the editor, "that Manlius was unaware that so important a personage as yourself existed; and when he was wielding the lash of satire over the political sins and moral crimes of certain of the community, he had little idea that any person who aspires to respectability in society, would claim the privilege of considering those remarks as directed at him."

It was easy to perceive the man of office felt his situation was becoming far from enviable, and denouncing the severest vengeance of the law upon 'all and sundry,' he was moving towards the door, with an evident intention of taking himself off.

"Wait if you please, one moment," said the editor, "I merely wish to whisper in your ear, that before proceeding in this affair, it may be well to look at home. A writer like Manlius looks abroad in the political world; he surveys the mass of knavery and folly with which it abounds, he embodies it and gives it 'a substance and a form,' that may receive the lash of ridicule, the sting of satire, or the frown of contempt;—if any political adventurer steps forward and says, "I am that villain," it is nothing to us. We have learned that no one is ever hurt by that which does not apply to himself. Let the feather of the shaft glance over a *sound* part and it will not be felt, but let it touch a wounded and irritable place and it will inflict pain and anguish!"

Pale with rage, Smellfungus closed the door with a violence that showed the reproof as well as the offence was felt. Even old Grumblegumption grinned a smile of exultation at Smellfungus's mortification.

A young man entered, handed a paper and retired—It read as follows: "Marrid lass wensday by Rev. elder Makhay Mr. jon hingham to Mis olive judez awl of this Plase.

Enough, said I for one morning, and *debouched* from my corner, leaving Grumblegumption to conclude his harangue against poems, tales and newpaper essays, at his leisure.

From the Desk of Oliver Oakwood, Esq.

I was once in a ball room—many, many years ago.—It was crowded to overflowing, with gallantry and beauty—health sat on every cheek and every eye sparkled with pleasure. The guests were all young, all gay, all happy, and sorrow and care seemed to have flown far away.—I leaned against the painted wall and mused upon the scene before me, till my mind was lost in dreams of imagination. Then I thought I saw a pale and ghastly figure, wrapped in thin loose drapery, leaning against a distant pillar of the hall, half hid by its reflected shade, alternately eyeing with piercing scrutiny the moving groups, and making minutes on a scroll he held in his left hand. A shudder ran through me, and I shrunk back, and gathered my breath and raised my finger to point out the mysterious guest just as my arm was seized by a companion. I started—the vision vanished—I mingled amid the giddy maze around me, but the recollection of that singular fancy returned and burned upon my heart a hundred times that evening.—A year ago, those juvenile scenes were brought again to mind. I passed by that old hall. It had now been a church for a quarter of a century, and a large and well filled burial ground was walled in around it. I dismounted and wandered an hour among the graves—almost every step I took brought me before some tombstone sacred to the memory of one or another, who was with me in youth at that crowded ball room—and some of those stones bore the marks of dim and dusty age.—Suddenly the mysterious guest my fancy had so strangely pictured, came to my mind and a voice seemed to say to me—"that was death—he has been faithful to his record."—Who ever thought of death in a ball room?—*Emporium.*

From the New-York American.

We have hastily looked through the volume of the "Life and Character of John Paul Jones," which is this day offered for sale, and recommend it to the perusal of all who take an interest in the character of one of the most extraordinary men of our revolution—that period of extraordinary men. It likewise embraces many particulars of the early formation of our navy, showing the difficulties which arose in its infancy, and the determined spirit with which those difficulties were overcome. There was then none of that bickering spirit among the officers which now too much impairs their efficiency; and Paul Jones, though he found himself outranked by 17, whom he considered not more entitled to superiority of rank than himself, seemed only to desire the opportunity for distinction to show the injustice. This book combines to the fullest extent, all the particulars relating to the public and private history of its subject, and in no part are the details more interesting than where we see the restless anxiety of Jones to obtain a ship in France, the perseverance with which he pursued that object, and in spite of jealousies and lukewarmness accomplished it. There are also all the circumstances attending the most gallant action—if where all were gallant, there is opportunity for comparison—in the annals of naval warfare,—the battle between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard. Imagine an inferior ship, with a crew composed of every nation, lashed fast to a superior vessel, with a picked crew,

BATTLE BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND BON HOMME RICHARD.

Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the Commodore's ship until 7 in the evening, being then within pistol shot, when he hailed the Bon Homme Richard, we answered him by firing a whole broad side.

The battle being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship being much more manageable than the Bon Homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situtions, in spite of my best endeavours to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of *greatly superior force*, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the Bon Homme Richard athwart the enemy's bows, but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wishes; the enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the Bon Homme Richard's poop by the mizen mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the Bon Homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square along side of each other, the yards being all entangled, and cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side. When this position took place it was 8 o'clock, previous to which, the Bon homme Richard had received sundry eighteen pounds shot below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of 12 pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieut. Dale and Col. Weibert, and manned principally by American seamen, and French volunteers, were entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun deck, they did no service whatever; two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time too, Col. De Chamillard, who commanded a party of 20 soldiers on the poop had abandoned that station, after having lost some of his men. These men deserted their quarters. I had now only two pieces of cannon, nine pounders, on the quarter deck that were not silenced; and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, Mr. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterwards played three pieces of 9 pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action; especially the main top, where Lieut. Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon, against the main-mast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and cannister shot to silence the enemy's musketry, and clear her deck, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarters, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarters, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury; they were unable to stand the deck, but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of 18 pounders, was incessant. Both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe that the two first were slightly wounded, and as the ship had received various shots under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fear that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking; which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop without my knowledge, to strike the colors; fortunately for me, a cannon ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

All this time the Bon homme Richard had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped had I not made them well fast to the Bon homme Richard.

At last, at half past 9 o'clock, the Alliance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon homme Richard. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon homme Richard; yet he passed along the off-side of the ship and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the Bon homme Richard, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; besides, it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the Bon homme Richard were all black, while the sides of the prize were yellow: yet for the greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissance, by putting out three lanthorns, one at the head, (bow,) another at the stern, (quarter.) and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed: he passed round, firing into the Bon homme Richard's head, stern, and broadside, and by one of his vollies killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer, on the forecastle. My situation was really deplorable. The Bon homme Richard received various shot under water from the Alliance; the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospect became gloomy indeed.—I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's main mast began to shake, their firing decreased, ours rather increased, and the British colours were struck at half past 10 o'clock.

This prize proved to be the British ship of war the Serapis, a new ship of 44 guns, built on their most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of 18 pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter far more, formidable than the Britons; I mean fire and water. The Serapis was attacked only by the first but the Bon homme Richard was assailed by both; there were five feet water in the hold, and though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilemma, I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it was 10 o'clock the next day the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the Bon homme Richard, the rudder was cut entirely off the stern frame, and the transums were almost entirely cut away; the timbers, by the lower deck especially, from the main-mast to the stern, being greatly decayed with age were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an eye witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, that every where appeared.

Warm Baths are such as have a temperature above the 76th, and not exceeding the 96th or 98th degree of the thermometer before mentioned. There are various springs to which nature has given this temperature, the most beneficial to the human body. But whether the tepid bath of this description be natural or artificial, it is equally conducive to the restoration of energy, though its effects have till lately, been little understood. Physicians, as well as patients, have hitherto been too generally accustomed to consider a warm bath as weakening the body, and used only for the removal of certain diseases, especially those of the skin. Experience, however, has amply proved, that there can be no safer and efficacious remedy, in a variety of chronic or inveterate complaints than the warm bath, if properly used, and continued for a sufficient length of time. Instead of heating the human body as has erroneously been asserted, it has a cooling effect, inasmuch as it obviously abates the quickness of the pulse, and reduces the pulsations in a remarkable degree according to the length of the time the patient continues in the water. After the body has been overheated by fatigue from travelling, violent exercise, or from whatever cause, and likewise after great exertion or perturbation of mind, a tepid bath is excellently calculated to invigorate the whole system, while it allays those tempestuous and irregular motions which otherwise prey upon and at length reduce the constitution to a sick bed. Its softening and assuasive power greatly tends to promote the growth of the body; on which account it is peculiarly adapted to the state of such youth as manifest a premature disposition to arrive at a settled period of growth; and it has uniformly been observed to produce this singular effect in all climates.

Hot Baths are those which have a temperature above 98 or 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; and are occasionally increased to 110 or 120 degrees and upwards, according to the particular nature of the case, and constitution of the patient. There can be no stated rules laid down for its use, as every thing depends upon the peculiar circumstances of the patient. No prudent person will, we trust have recourse to a hot bath without medical advice.

Dr. Oliver asserts "that by the prudent use of the hot bath, most chronical disorders, and gouty cases in particular, not in an inflamed state, may be relieved, and sometimes cured; while persons in high health may be greatly injured by wantonly sporting with so powerful an alternative of the animal machine, either from sickness to health or from health to sickness.

From the National Intelligencer.

The article below on a medical subject, deserves great respect, as well from its origin, as from its importance to those parts of our country in which the disease referred to is prevalent. The author and describer of the remedy is an eminent physician in Prince Georges county, Maryland, and Dr. Kent, of the same county, who vouches for its success in his neighbourhood, is the intelligent and highly respectable Representative of that district in the Congress of the United States.

To the Editors.

Rose Mount, 12th July, 1825.

Dear Sirs: If convenient you would oblige me and serve the cause of humanity, by inserting in the Intelligencer the inclosed letter from Dr. Wm. Baker, of Bladensburg, detailing an entire new treatment of that horrible and fatal disease the Dysentery.

The Doctor so far has been completely successful. The cases in Mr G.'s family were of this most violent character, and, in order that this original mode of treatment may be generally known and tested by others, I have taken the liberty of asking of you the publication of this letter.

Very respectfully, your friend and servant,
JOS KENT.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton, Washington.

Bladensburg, July 10, 1825.

To the Hon. Joseph Kent, M. D.

Dear Sir: The heat of the weather in the latter part of last month, has already brought about a number of cases of Dysentery, which is unusually early for the appearance of this disease. It is more apt, as you know, to appear in autumn, or the last summer month, and more particularly after dry and sultry weather. If I do not mistake you are well acquainted with this horrible disorder, having been remarkable for your successful treatment of it, as I recollect often to have heard some years ago when you were actively engaged in the practice of medicine. Few diseases have led to a greater contrariety of practice than this, in every instance, I presume founded upon opposite theories as to the *remote* and *proximate* causes.—It must be viewed, however, as a remarkable fact, that, in those particular instances and seasons of the year that dispose the system to bilious disorders, dysenteries are apt to ensue; and it is quite likely that the *remote* causes of both complaints are the same. It it certain, however, that in most cases of dysentery, which have fallen under my observation, a considerable degree of *hepatic* derangement has been very evident, and the functions of that important viscus the liver morbidly affected. But, whatever idea may be entertained of the *remote* or the *proximate* causes of the dysentery, one thing is very certain, that the villous coat of the large intestines, is in a state of considerable inflammation, attended with fever, and all the well known distressing train of symptoms that take place from obstinate constriction. Most practitioners discern two stages of the disease; in the early stage I have generally used the lancet with the best effect, together with free and copious purging, for which purpose I have found nothing to compare with calomel, together with antimonial diaphoretics. Viewing dysentery as presenting an inflamed state of the lower intestines, I have been led to adopt a practice predicated upon that view; which, although novel in a great degree, has been attended in every instance with the most certain success. I use very COLD WATER, (rendered so even by ice,) thrown upon the bowels in form of an enema, every half hour. The course, in some instances, I have directed to be continued for twenty four hours or more without intermission. The effect has more than equalled my expectations. Every distressing symptom is speedily alleviated, the tenesmus subsides, the fever abates, and the dejections assume a better aspect. I would not be understood as depending upon this remedy alone, but as part of the plan of cure it has proved of infinite advantage in every instance where I have employed it. This practice appears to me to be sanctioned by the soundest reason; for, if the gut be topically affected with heat and inflammation, what let me ask, can be more likely to allay that inflammation than bathing the inflamed coats of the intestines with cold water? We use it to inflamed eyes and other parts, then why not on the bowels? Nor has cold water, thus applied to the lower intestines, at any time forbid me the use of all the other remedies constantly employed. I bleed, I give calomel with other purges, I use diaphoretics, the warm bath, or whatever the particular symptoms may at the moment call for, without any interruption to the injections of cold water. And here I will just stop to remark, how often have I witnessed, in the course of my professional career, the sufferings from thirst in ardent fevers; when the unhappy patient, parched with heat and draught, would give a kingdom if he owned it, for a draught of cold water. This, by many too fastidious physicians, is cruelly denied him, for what good reason I know not, and warm insipid teas, at which his stomach revolts, urged in its stead. In a course of twenty years practice, I can assure you, sir, I have never, in

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