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 30, 1825. NO. 33.

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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.

For Rent,

THE FOUNTAIN INN TAVERN, for the next ensuing year, now occupied by Mr. Richard Sherwood. The rent will be very low to an approved tenant. Apply to
JAMES WILLSON, Jr. Agent
for Mary I. Willson.
Easton, July 23 tf

Farms to Rent, viz:

The Farm occupied by Mr. Martin Alford, near the Trappe.
Also the Farm near Easton, occupied by Mr. William Tarbutton.
Also the Farm near Mr. Jenkinson's, occupied by Mr. Thomas Duling, Jr.
Also the small Farm at the head of Island Creek, adjoining my farm occupied by Mr. James Newnam. JOHN LEEDS KERR.
Easton, July 19

To Rent

For the ensuing year, the FARMS called Oakland and Cook's Hope, now occupied by Mr. Thomas Duling.
THE HOUSE AND LOT on Aurora Street, in the town of Easton, occupied at present by Mrs. Sands.
The subscriber will sell or rent, on accommodating terms, a small TAN-YARD, situate in Caroline county, within one mile of Dover Bridge—possession of which, may be had immediately. J. ROGERS.
Talbot county, July 23 3w

To Rent,

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,
THE BRICK HOUSE & LOT, adjoining Dr. Thomas H. Dawson's, on Washington street, now occupied by the subscriber—this property is now in complete order for the accommodation of a good tenant, and may be leased for three or four years. The above is offered for rent for the balance of this year, on very moderate terms. Apply to the subscriber.
ALSO—Two other HOUSES and LOTS in the town of Cambridge, on Race street, one occupied by Mr. Daniel James and the other by Mr. Wm. G. Starkey.—Apply to Mr. Wm. H. Pattison, in said town, or to the subscriber.
WM. MACKEY.
Easton, July 23

Land to Rent.

To be rented from the first day of January next, a small FARM on Harris' Creek, remarkable for the healthiness & beauty of its situation. It is convenient to almost every luxury, with which the salt water abounds, and has on it a very fine Apple Orchard, as also a variety of other Fruit Trees. A comfortable *Dwelling House and Kitchen*, and such out houses as are necessary to the convenience of farmers.
The terms will be made reasonable. Persons wishing to rent said farm, are desired to make early application to the subscriber.
RICHARD DENNY.
July 16

TO BE RENTED
FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,
The Farm near Dover Bridge, on which Mrs. Ann Snow now lives; for terms apply to the subscriber. P. THOMAS, Agent
for Elizabeth Edmondson.
Easton, July 16th, 1825. 3w

Easton Academy.

A Public Examination of the pupils belonging to the Department of this Institution, will be held at the Academy on Thursday and Friday, the 4th and 5th of August next; at which the Parents and Guardians of the Scholars, and the friends and patrons of the Seminary, are respectfully invited to attend.
NS. HAMMOND, President.
Easton, July 23 2w

George W. Morling, Merchant Tailor,

Corner of Light and Pratt-Sts. Baltimore,
Respectfully informs his friends on the Eastern Shore and the public generally, that he has opened a Fashionable Clothing Store, and intends keeping a general assortment of Ready Made Clothes, of every description, which he warrants to be made in a superior style, and will sell on very accommodating terms.
July 23 4w

Notice.

The subscribers being desirous of closing their business at this place, earnestly requests all persons indebted to them, to come forward and make immediate payment—those who neglect this notice longer than the first day of September next, may expect that suits will be immediately commenced against all delinquents, without respect to persons.
THOMAS CULBRETH & Co.
Hillsborough, July 16 7w

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of the Bank of Caroline, held in the Court-House in Denton, on the first Monday of August next, for the purpose of electing five Directors to manage the affairs of said institution for the ensuing year. Punctual attendance is requested, as there will be other business of importance. By order.
JENIFER S. TAYLOR.
Bank of Caroline, July 2, 5w

From the American Farmer.

FRENCH MODE OF SHOEING HORSES.

Each nation of Europe has its own peculiar mode of shoeing horses. In America, we follow the English method, which is very different from the French. The national antipathies of the French and English prevent, in a certain degree, the adoption of each other's improvements. An English physician will pertinaciously adhere to the use of emetics because the French prefer cathartics: on one side of the channel the horses have long tails, while on the other they are docked close to the rump: and an Englishman would no sooner part with his prejudices in favour of his own mode of shoeing horses, to adopt the French practice, than he would part with his light pumps and his cough, to thrust his feet into the wooden sabots of a Norman peasant. If we in America have national prejudices, (and who are without them?) I trust they are neither so unreasonable nor so violent as to make us quite blind to the merit of other nations' improvements.

A French shoe is shaped nearly as the hoof of the horse is naturally worn when left unshod. An English shoe is flat, straight, and runs to a point at the toe. It would seem that a little reflection on the form of the foot, and the powers and actions of the horse, would indicate the proper mode of shoeing. When a moving horse rises upon his toe to deliver the weight of his body and transfer the exertions of his muscular force to another foot, reason suggests to us that he would tread more firmly and steadily upon a broad surface supporting as well thesides as the extremity of his foot, than upon a narrow, trembling point; that he would not be so liable to sprains and injuries in his limbs; that he would move with a clear unfaultering step, and travel in ease and safety But the question has been solved by a protracted, and to the animal, a suffering experience, which a rational theory should have long since settled. An English gentleman who had travelled extensively on the continent, and made horses a subject of particular observation, said, that he had seen more lamed horses between Harwich and London, than he had met with in a tour over all France, and this he rightly attributed to the different modes in which they were shod.

I had no difficulty, after turning the subject over in my mind in believing that the French mode at least deserved trial. The immediate advantage which I proposed to myself was to cure the stumbling of a horse which I then occasionally rode. I was satisfied with the experiment, and found, on trial, other advantages which I had not anticipated, and have now no expectation that I shall, when it can be done, have my horses shod in any other than the French mode. But, the smith raised some objections to the plan. It was, he said about five minutes more work to fit a set of shoes; that new shoes would be more seldom called for, these not being liable to be worn through at the toes; that the nails would not be drawn by straining on a hard road, nor loosened by striking the toes against stones and runners, and that, on the whole, he deemed the innovation not for the good of the trade.

In the hope that this item of French knowledge may be acceptable and perhaps useful to a portion of the American public, I offer it to Mr. Skinner for his invaluable journal. CALVIN JONES.
Wake Forest, May 21, 1825.

ENTERTAINING.

Extract of a letter from one of the Proprietors of the New York Daily Advertiser, dated

London, May 8th, 1825.

Liverpool is a beautiful town. The docks are wonderful indeed, particularly the new dock The approach to Liverpool is hazardous in the extreme.——They want the bay of New-York. The Exchange in this town surpasses that of any in Europe.—What astonished me most, was the immense size of the cart horses, their carts, and the loads they draw. The cart itself, I think weighs more than a New York cart, horse, hhd. of sugar and the cartman in the bargain, and on one of these ponderous vehicles I counted twenty six bales of cotton, drawn by two horses, with great ease. The people look very much like New Yorkers, and are quite sociable. Their living is twice the price of living in New York, and what I hate above all things is, after having paid the landlord double fare, one is obliged to pay the servants—for transient persons the rule is 9d a day for a head waiter, 6d. a day for the chamber maid, and three pence a day for boots as he is termed. Then come the coaches—the fare outside from Liverpool to Birmingham is one pound two—then comes the guard, he must have his shilling for such a distance, and the coachman must have his—if the guards or coachman are changed, you must pay the new ones. Servants pay their masters large sums of money, in some cases, to wait upon gentlemen in the public houses, and they must be remunerated by passengers. Coachmen, guards, and all indeed live, not from wages, but from gratuitous presents; and one is bound to comply with their custom.

Oxford is a beautiful city. The colleges, some of which were built in the thirteenth century, have rather an old look—somewhat wrinkled and furrowed—but gothic and magnificent in the highest degree. Indeed, as the colleges are scattered all over the city, it appears as though there were no other buildings there—between 4 and 5000 students at present, are at this ancient place of learning.

Nothing pleased me better than a visit to the house in which Shakespeare was born, in Stratford upon Avon. The coachman gave us half an hour for dinner at this town, and although quite hungry, I postponed the dinner to visit the birth place of the celebrated poet. The house is on the main street, the lower part occupied as a butcher's shop. It is a miserable looking place, very narrow and low, and rough enough for a stable. The room in which Shakespear was born, is about 14 or 15 feet square, low ceiling, and built as though it was intended the house should last forever, as most of the English houses are built.

I found the walls, sides and overhead, written so full of names, that it was quite difficult to find a space sufficiently large to put down mine. On passing through the butcher's shop (he occupies the first story) I looked sharply at his meats, for there seemed to be music in the very bones of the joints. For ten miles before you get to Birmingham the coal smoke suffocates one. I have often heard of their inventions for consuming their own smoke in England—they must mean by the inhabitants, for each one appeared to me as though he had been assisting in the consumption.

I am delighted with the appearance of the country. All England is like a flower garden—indeed it is so highly cultivated and so beautiful, that one gets almost fatigued with seeing such a continued sameness of beautiful fields and hedge fences.—Above all, nothing can compare with the neatness of the English Cottages. They look so neat, and are enlivened in their appearance by such a profusion of flowers, which are to be seen in every window, as well as in their gardens—and then, too, the smiling and healthy countenances of the cottager and his family, with cheeks as red as the rose, and eyes as bright as a new sovereign—one has little time for any thing but admiration at such scenes as these. England was never so prosperous as at the present moment, and the most perfect good will, and most friendly feeling exists towards America. The people speak of our country with admiration, and so far I have found them agreeable and sociable, to such a degree, that a blush is constantly put upon American manners.

I was not very much surprised at any thing I had seen until I had reached London. I entered this world of a metropolis at Hyde Park corner, the fashionable and west end of the town. To describe to you my feelings I cannot. It was at the moment when all the fashionables and nobles and gentry were in motion. It appeared to me that what I saw was magic—that the whole world had met in a single street—thousands of carriages, with servants in splendid gold and silvery livery, elegantly dressed with white coats, red plush breeches, buckles in their shoes, cocked hats laced with gold and silver, two servants behind a carriage with staffs in their hands—then the beautiful horses and the glittering harnesses—these carriages were coming from the various streets towards the main street, and add to these a thousand vehicles of different descriptions, men on horseback, and the great mass of foot passengers—my conscience! what did I expect but that every moment a tremendous rush would be made, and horses and carriages and people all be dashed to atoms—yet they passed each other like magic without apparently a touch, although the space through which a carriage would pass, or a heavy waggon with six horses tandem, appeared to be not half large enough for a wheelbarrow.

PIRACY, AS IT REALLY IS.

We have read a pamphlet of about fifty pages, entitled "a Narrative of the shipwreck of the brig Betsey of Wiscasset, and murder of five of her crew by pirates, on the coast of Cuba, Dec. 1824." which discloses scenes of horror and suffering that are almost incredible. The author is Daniel Collins, one of the only two survivors of the crew, and we are assured by persons of respectability that his relation is entitled to belief. It is well written; and as it is published for the benefit of an unfortunate seaman, we hope it will meet with a liberal sale. We annex a short extract, giving an account of the murder of the writers companions.—*Wash. Gaz.*

"The seven pirates and four fishermen, as before, now proceeded with us towards the beach, until the water was about three feet deep, when they all got out; the two fishermen to each canoe hauling us along, and the pirates walking by the side of us, one to each of our crew, torturing us all the way by drawing their knives across our throats, grasping the same, and pushing us back under the water which had been taken in by rocking the canoes While some of us were in the most humiliating manner beseeching of them to spare our lives, and others with uplifted eyes were again supplicating that Divine mercy which had preserved them from the fury of the elements, *they* were singing and laughing, and occasionally telling us in broken English, that "Americans were very good beef for their knives"—Thus they proceeded with us nearly a mile from the vessel, which we were now losing sight of by doubling a point at the entrance of the Cove before described; and when within a few rods of its head, *where we had before seen the human bones*, the canoes were hauled abreast of each other, from 12 to 20 feet apart, preparatory to our execution.

The stillness of death was now around us—for the very flood gates of feeling had been burst asunder, and exhausted grief at its fountain. It was a beautiful morning—not a cloud to obscure the rays of the sun—and the clear blue sky presented a scene too pure for deeds of darkness. But the lonely sheet of water, on which, side by side, we lay, presented that hopeless prospect which is more ably described by another.

——"No friend, no refuge near;
All, all is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death."

We had scarcely passed the last passing look at each other, when the work of death commenced.

They seized Captain Hilton by the hair—bent his head and shoulders over the gunwale, and I could distinctly hear them chopping the bone of the neck. They then wrung his neck, separated the head from the body by a slight draw of the sword, and let it drop into the water—there was a dying shriek—a convulsive struggle—and all I could discern was the arm dangling over the side of the canoe, and the ragged stump pouring out the blood like a torrent.

There was an imploring look in the innocent and youthful face of Mr. Merry that would have appealed to the heart of any one but a pirate. As he arose on his knees, in the posture of a penitent, supplicating for mercy even on the verge of eternity, he was prostrated with a blow of the cutlass, his bowels gushing out of the wound. They then pierced him through the breast in several places with a long pointed knife, and cut his throat from ear to ear.

The Captain's dog repulsed in his repeated attempts to rescue his master, sat whining beside his lifeless body, looking up to these blood hounds in human shape, as if to tell them, that even brutal cruelty would be glutted with the blood of two innocent, unoffending victims.

Bridge and the Cook, they pierced through the breast, as they had Merry, in several places with their knives, and then split their heads open with their cutlasses. Their dying groans had scarcely ceased, and I was improving the moment of life that yet remained, when I heard the blow behind me—the blood and brains that flew all over my head and shoulders, warned me that poor Russel had shared the fate of the others; and as I turned my head to catch the eye of my executioner, I saw the head of Russel severed in two nearly its whole length, with a single blow of the cutlass, and even without the decency of removing his cap. At the sound of the blow, Manuel, who sat before me, leaped overboard, and four of the Pirates were in full chase after him. In what manner he loosed his hands, I am unable to say—his escape, I shall hereafter explain. My eyes were fixed on my supposed executioner, watching the signal of my death—he was on my right and partly behind me—my head, which was covered with a firm tarpaulin hat, was turned in a direction, that brought my shoulders fore and aft the canoe—the blow came—it divided the top of my hat, struck my head so severely as to stun me, and glanced off my left shoulder, taking the skin and some flesh in its way, and divided my pinion cord on the arm. I was so severely stunned that I did not leap from the canoe, but pitched over the left side, and was just arising from the water, not my length from her, as a Pirate threw his knife which struck me, but did not retard my flight an instant; and I leaped forward through the water, expecting a blow from behind at every step.

The shrieks of the dying had ceased—the scene of horrid butchery in the canoes were now over—Manuel and I were in the water about knee deep—two of the Pirates after me, and all the rest, with the fishermen, except one Pirate, after Manuel. We ran in different directions" * * * *

LAW SUIT.

The widow O'Shaugnessy brought an action against Terrene Epitaph, an undertaker, under the following circumstances, before Squire Morrell: Epitaph had arranged the funeral of her husband, and had charged the estate with a mahogany coffin and silver plate—but as the honorable the corporation had ordered that one of the public avenues should run through the burial ground, Mrs. O'Shaugnessy determined to remove her loving husband before he was removed according to law, and on digging him up, it was discovered that he was buried in a cedar coffin, with a Britannia metal plate. The action was brought to recover the difference, but as the jury could not see the coffin and determine its quality, they gave a verdict for the value of the plate, which Epitaph paid, and hushed up the matter by promising the widow a mahogany coffin when she had use for it
N. Y. Nat. Adv.

A new mode of obtaining a glass of brandy.—A New York paper states that in one of the days of our late intense heats, a man with a fiery red face was seen at a pump drinking apparently to excess, and then falling down into convulsions. He was taken into a neighbouring grocery store, and restored to life by potent internal applications of the contents of a brandy bottle. He gradually recovered and walked away, and gave a second edition of all his pranks in two hours afterwards—he drank cold water a second time—a second time fell into convulsions, and was a second time restored to life by liberal applications of the brandy bottle.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Gazette.

Dear Sir—As you published a few days since, an extract of a letter from Dr. W. Baker, "an eminent physician in Prince Georges' county, Maryland," which letter professes to set forth an "*original mode* of treatment" of that horrible and fatal disease the Dysentery, or as Dr. Kent in his prefatory letter calls it, "an *entire new* mode of treatment," allow me to occupy a small place in your columns, by way of remonstrance against the *novel* pretensions of the use of "*very cold water* (rendered so even by ice,) thrown up into the bowels by an *enema* every half hour."

How it is possible, that any two physicians could be found, who could so far forget their duty to themselves and the dignity of their profession, as to affix their names, to such a communication, is indeed a matter of astonishment. For as the stress is laid upon the injections of "cold water," and this is the *original* mode of treatment in Dysentery, which '*first occurred*' to Dr. Baker 'in the summer of 1823,' I presume that this use of *cold water* is the only *novel* prescription to which the Doctor wishes to invite public attention.

Now what are the public to think of the 'glorious uncertainty of our science,' when an 'eminent physician of Prince George's county,' and an intelligent and highly respectable representative of that district in the Congress of the United States." also a physician, announce their disposition to 'serve the cause of humanity' by communicating an *original* mode of treatment of Dysentery, which *original* mode has been in almost universal practice for nearly half a century, and has been taught publicly in the Universities of Pennsylvania and Maryland, for the last 30 years in the former, and for 15 years at least in the latter Institution. It may be true, however, that it 'first occurred to Dr. Baker in the summer of 1823,' and to Dr. Kent was altogether "original" in 1825, but it is unfair that the character of the profession should be thus assailed. For when all the old women in our city are daily injecting *ice water*, in the management of Dysentery, often without the direction of a Physician, having become familiar with the prescription, from its frequent use among members of the Faculty; how does it lessen the character of our science, for medical men whatever be their motives, to obtrude themselves and their remedies before the public as *novelties* when those remedies were in extensive use *before they were born*.

Scarcely can you look into a medical periodical, or other publication, without seeing this same "new and original mode of treatment," recommended without being displayed in capitals, as a most Pro-di-gi-ous discovery.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, who taught and prescribed this practice; in a paper published so early as 1809, in contrasting modern with ancient practice, speaks of cold air, *cold water and ice*, as being introduced into Philadelphia in or about the year 1766. Injections of *cold water* have been recommended in this and other diseases, if my memory serve me, by Drs. Buchan, Ewell and Jameson, each of whom have published a "Domestic Medicine," and also by the Rev. John Wesley in his "Family Physick," so that it is difficult to conceive what authors on the subject these "eminent physicians" have consulted, since several of the West India writers and indeed almost all our modern authors, speak of this "*new and original* remedy.'

But my principal motive for making this communication is to forestal if possible the dangerous use of this remedy, so valuable, when judiciously prescribed Many persons may otherwise be induced to use cold water indiscriminately, or perhaps to depend upon it to the exclusion of the other and more necessary remedies, notwithstanding the very salutary caution of Dr. Baker, that it is only "part of the plan of cure."

There are two sentences of this '*eminent physician*' which I am at a loss to understand and should be pleased to see them interpreted. viz: The Doctor says, in most cases of Dysentery, 'a considerable degree of *Hepatic derangement* has been evident, and the function of the *Liver morbidly affected;* and again speaking of his indiscriminate use of *cold water*, he states that he "*allows it always*, except when some medicine has been taken which *forbids its use.*" Indeed Doctor Baker's cold water, like Dr. Saugrado's *warm* water, seems to form "the club of Hercules" in contending with the grim monster in the "work of death."

In conclusion I would pray Dr. Baker to read more, and consult his professional brethren, before he again announces, a 'new and original remedy,'—he may thereby protect himself and spare the reputation of his profession.

AN ENEMY TO PUFFING.

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