

ST IMPORTED,

OLD by the Subscriber, at his Store in ANNAPOLIS.

BADOES Rum, Muscogee Sugar, Vidania Wine, Lisbon Lemons, &c. in Boxes, Chocolate, English Soap, Cables and Cordage of all Sizes, Anchor Chandlery, with Variety of East-India Goods, by Wholesale and Retail, Bills of Exchange, or Tobacco, at the

Stephen West, junr.

KE loose from a Schooner Mouth of South River, A Boat about 12, very narrow, deep, and strong built; Ashore about 2 Miles above the lower end of Island. Whoever brings the said Schooner, shall have Twenty Shillings Reward.

ST IMPORTED,

BY, Capt. HENDERSON, from LONDON,

OLD by the Subscriber, at his Store in ANNAPOLIS.

AT Variety of European East-India GOODS, proper for the Season, by Wholesale or Retail, at the Store, for Cash, Bills of Exchange, or short

Daniel Wolfenholme.

LIKEWISE,

Rum, Arrack, London Porter, White Brandy, Citron Water, Castile Soap, Muscogee, &c.

Subscriber intending for early next Shipping, all Persons in want of Goods are desired speedily to make Payment of their Accounts. Attendance will be given every Day at Mr. West's Store in Annapolis.

James Dick.

T PUBLISHED,

24 Pages in Folio, very necessary to be kept by all Dealers in TOBACCO)

ACT of Parliament passed last Session at Westminster, Entituled, "An Act for the more effectual securing the Duties of the Excise." To be Sold by the Printer here-fore.

Sold by the Subscriber,

following Tracts of Land, in Frederick County, viz.

1. called Friendship, containing 400 Acres,

2. called Gordon's Purchase, containing 1000 Acres,

3. called Exchange, containing 700 Acres,

4. called for three Lives of a Tract of Land, containing 500 Acres,

5. called his Lordship's Manor, lying in the County of Prince Georges, and paying a yearly Quit Rent of Fifty Shillings.

Persons or Persons inclining to Purchase, are desired to send in the Title and Terms of Sale, to the Subscriber.

James Dick.

OFFICE in Charles-street; RENTALS of a moderate Price per Week after for Con-

THE

Numb. 350.

# MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, January 9, 1752.

From a late Magazine.

An EPISTLE to a Friend, grown Old and Rich in Trade, which he cannot be persuaded to resign.

He that loveth Silver, shall not be satisfied with Silver; Nor he that loveth Abundance, with Increase. Eccl. v. 10.

WHY still so craving? quit the painful Strife, More than eno' thou hast for private Life; In vain Heav'n gives, if still thy Wishes roll, Come, let me tap this Dropsy of the Soul! Be bountiful, revive the drooping Heart, Redeem the Captive with the Surplus Part; Look on thy Silver Haits, and moralize, Transmit thy Treasure to the safer Skies; A Drop of Comfort to the Orphan here, Shall rise a Fountain of Refreshment there! Quench in thy Heart those avaricious Fires, Heat Reason's Voice, and bound thy vast Desires! Can Gold bribe Death, renew a Lease of Years? If so; push on, and double all thy Cares: But if to Respite proves for Wealth too hard, Correct thy Thoughts, and be upon thy Guard; Consider who must thy Possessions rule, Say, will he be a wife Man, or a Fool? Suppose the first, thine is an ample Store, And if the last, too little, were it more: Excess of Living, with a Throw or two, Shall all thy curious long-wrought Scheme undo; Thy Farms, and Rent-rolls to a Stranger go, And all thy Heaps of Cash dissolve like Snow: Thy meager Heir, when thy last Field is sold, Perhaps will curse thy ill-persuading Gold.

Remember Grievus, † for thou knew'st him well, In Toils and Watchings, who cou'd him excel? No Man could make a Penny further go, No Man was dearer to the Plaints of Woe; No Man more skill'd in Tricks of Usury, Or would with Self-Indulgence less comply; Many hard Winters, without Fire he pass'd, Knew no Diversion, absent from his Last; Death seiz'd him, while the Awl was in his Hand, And his Head scheming for a Neighbour's Land.

Two Sons he left, each had a thousand Pounds, His Daughter half as much in hoarded Crowns, The Sons long Penance bore, but now were free, And spent the Hours in Mirth and Jollity; A Tribe of Sycophants, their Liquors quaff'd, Extoll'd their Wit, and at it's Poignance laugh'd, Caprice the Sway of Reason had suppress'd, Whim rose on Whim, norgave one Moments Rest Till all was spent, and they the public Jest.

But pinch'd by Poverty, Reason reviv'd, And they by Work, at Competence arriv'd; Became sedate, rid of the mad'ning Ore, And felt that Peace, they never felt before.

Far harder was th' unhappy Daughter's Lot, She married with a Churl, a Beau, a Sot; Who spent her Fortune, gave her many a Woun', And left her with five Children, on the Town.

Behold the End of Crispin's Ardent Pray'r! His Days of Drudg'ry! and his Nights of Care! Be wise, my Friend! let Wisdom's Voice prevail, And lay to Heart the Moral of my Tale.

CRITO.

† A noted Shoemaker.

From the Gentleman's Magazine for July 1751.

The CURE of CANCERS.

From an eminent Physician at New-York.

I KNOW not, that any certain Method of Cure of genuine Cancers has hitherto been discovered by Physicians, at least the general Want of Success, in the common Methods of Cure, too plainly discovers, that any certain Method is very little known. We have several Instances of Cures, by very simple and unexpected Remedies, of Distempers which had, 'til such Remedies were discovered, baffled all the Skill of the most learned and experienced Physicians. Witness the Cure of the Viper's Bite by Oil, of the Tarantula by Music, and, I may add, of the Intermittent Fevers, by the Peruvian Bark. All which, and several others, were discovered by the Experience of the Vulgar, and were kept as Secrets among them; for which Reason, when I hear of any considerable Cure performed among the common People, I endeavour to inform myself of it, and the Success which commonly attends it. And having heard, at several Times, that a Method of curing Cancers, by the Application of the Juice of the Pokeweed, or Phytolacca, had been discovered in Connecticut Colony, and had been used in several Instances with Success, I wrote to the Reverend Dr. Johnson, of Stratford, in that Colony, a Divine of the Church of England, and a Gentleman of a distinguished Character for his Probity as well as Learning, to procure me, if he could, some authentic Account of these Cures.

Dr. Johnson, by Letter, assures me, that I may depend on what follows to be true Representations of Fact, being taken from the Persons Mouths Verbatim. The first was taken from Capt Isaac Dickerman of New Haven, by Dr. Hubbard, of the same Place, the 26th of June, 1745, as follows: "About the 50th Year of my Age, there appeared on my Face, near my Eye, a small Scab, about the Bigness of an ordinary Pin's Head, but a little different coloured from the Skin, only a little darker. It continued about six Weeks encreasing, and then came off, and the Skin appeared smooth. In three or four Days it began again, and so encreased, and came off as before, tho' something sooner; and so it continued coming on and going off for some Time, though something sooner every Time, till it would come on and go off in a Week's Time; and, as the Time of its coming on was shorter, it encreased proportionably; and would be as big when it came off in a Week, as when it was longer in growing, and not only so, but its Size encreased till it was as big as Half a Hazle Nut. It grew gradually darker. After a while it was wet under the Scab, and in three or four Years Time there was Corruption under it. It was attended generally with a Burning and some Times an Itching, as if a Fly had settled on my Face, but upon a small Brush it ceased. My Cheek was some Times attended with a smart Pain, as if a Thread was drawn through it. Blisters generally abated the Symptoms, and I felt the same Pain in the Blisters. Sundry Sorts of Means I used seemed for a while to do Good, but in the General it grew till it got to the Size before mentioned. I consulted the best Physicians and Surgeons in the Country, who all agreed it was a Cancer, but not of the worst Sort. They were of Opinion that nothing but hot or cold Iron could cure it, but it being so near my Eye the Consequence was feared, otherwise I would have submitted to the Operation. Waiting upon Providence till I was about 60 Years of Age, in the latter End of the Summer I was informed that the Pokeweed Juice would cure Cancers; upon which I tried it in the following Manner. I applied a new Plaster generally once in twelve Hours; the first Plaster fetched the Scab off without much Pain, the next began to draw, and upon every new Application the Drawing and Pain increased. I continued it three Weeks. After the Use of it for some Time, upon putting on a new Plaster the Pain was as great for a few Moments, as if hot Embers had been put on. It made three Holes about the Bigness of a Pin's Head, out of which issued Matter, like what comes out of a Boyl. At three Weeks End I was discouraged with it, and left it off. Upon leaving it

covered by Physicians, at least the general Want of Success, in the common Methods of Cure, too plainly discovers, that any certain Method is very little known. We have several Instances of Cures, by very simple and unexpected Remedies, of Distempers which had, 'til such Remedies were discovered, baffled all the Skill of the most learned and experienced Physicians. Witness the Cure of the Viper's Bite by Oil, of the Tarantula by Music, and, I may add, of the Intermittent Fevers, by the Peruvian Bark. All which, and several others, were discovered by the Experience of the Vulgar, and were kept as Secrets among them; for which Reason, when I hear of any considerable Cure performed among the common People, I endeavour to inform myself of it, and the Success which commonly attends it. And having heard, at several Times, that a Method of curing Cancers, by the Application of the Juice of the Pokeweed, or Phytolacca, had been discovered in Connecticut Colony, and had been used in several Instances with Success, I wrote to the Reverend Dr. Johnson, of Stratford, in that Colony, a Divine of the Church of England, and a Gentleman of a distinguished Character for his Probity as well as Learning, to procure me, if he could, some authentic Account of these Cures.

of the Cancer presently grew much better, and seemed almost well. About a Month after I applied it again, and followed it five Weeks, at the End of which I seemed perfectly cured, and the Plaster would stick no longer. In about three Years it appeared again, and I used it as before, and have thought ever since I had a perfect Cure, till this Spring I now and then feel the Symptoms of it near my Nose, at some Distance from the original Scab. I am now 66. I made the Ointment in the following Manner; I took the Leaves, Stalks, and Berries, and pounded them together, squeezed out the Juice, and set it in the Sun, in a Pewter Dish, till it came to the Thickness of an Ointment. I took Care that the Juice should be about three Quarters of an Inch deep in the Plaster, for I observed, if it was shallower, it did not make so good an Ointment."

The above is exactly as the Captain related his Cure to me. He informed me, that a Daughter of Madam Wintrop's, of New-London came to him, a Year or two ago with a Cancer. He advised her to use the Pokeweed, and has since heard that it has cured her.

The next is from Hannah Murray of Stratford, taken from her own Mouth the 12th of July, 1745, by her Brother John Patterson.

"About the 23d Year of my Age, there appeared on the Side of my Breast a blue Speck about the Bigness of a Corn of Gunpowder, which continued about seven Years, without any Knot, but attended once in a while with a sharp Pain, after which Term came a Knot as big as a large Pin's Head. After the Knot came, it seemed as if a String was fastened to my Breast Bone from the Speck. In a few Days the Knot grew as big as a Hazle Nut, and in a Month's Time it encreased to the Bigness of an Egg; immediately after that the blue Speck came off, and there came clear Water from under the Speck. Then taking the Advice of the most skilful Surgeons, who concluded it was a Cancer of the worst Sort, I was directed to a Gentlewoman\* that had been cured of a Cancer, whose Directions I followed, and, with a Blessing on the Means, I obtained a Cure. She directed me to take the Leaves and small Branches of Pokeweed, pound them together, and squeeze out the Juice, put it into an Earthen Pot, and set it in the Sun, until it acquired the Thickness of an Ointment, then spread a Plaster on the Leaf of the Plant, no bigger than the Knot (when the Leaf was green to be used, in the Winter use black Silk) and to apply a new Plaster four or five Times in twenty-four Hours, if I could endure the Pain, which was exceeding sharp; she told me it would make it apparently worse, for it would draw it to the Outside from the Bottom, which I found to be true, for in a small Time after I used the Means, it opened five Holes in my Breast; the biggest where the Speck was, which was big enough to put in the End of my Thumb. She told me to take no Physic, nor use any strong Drink; except in Case of Faintness; which Means I used from August to March, and then it healed of a sudden, and hath been well now twelve Years."

The above Account taken from her Mouth by me JOHN PATTERSON.

Tho' the Phytolacca be known to almost every one in America, by the Name of Pokeweed, being a very common Plant, yet I think it proper, on this Occasion, to give a Description of it, in order to preserve the Knowledge of it; for vulgar Names are observed frequently to change, and thereby many useful Discoveries of the Ancients are lost to the Moderns. Dioscorides has omitted the Description of several Plants for this Reason, that they were commonly known; but nothing can be more disputed, than to what Plant the Name in Dioscorides properly belongs; and there is now no Method to end the Dispute by discovering the Truth. The

\* I have been informed, that this Woman had her Breast eat or consumed to the Bone, before she used the Pokeweed.