# 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.

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*ADVERTISEMENTS*

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**ANTI-COLD-WATER.**....*A Dialogue.*

SCENE. A room furnished with a table, decanter, tumblers, &c. *Swig, Guzzle, and Samuel* (Samuel sitting in a chair reading.)

Swig. How are ye, uncle Guzzle,—do you get any news to day?

Guzzle. Why nothing in particular, only they've got up a cold water 'siety here in town. You know there's a set of folks in our neighborhood that's full of their notions, and so they've took it into their heads that rum is hurtful, and we must quit drinking it.

Swig. Wall, wall, they need'nt tell me any such stuff; I know better, I've lived to be fifty-five years old, or thereabouts, and I've took a little, more or less, every day since I was knee high to a junk bottle, and it never hurt me I can tell 'em.

Guzzle. Nor me either, Mr. Swig. Rum has been the life o' me for more than twenty years past, though I don't drink much, (I never liked hard drinking,) and don't encourage it.

Swig. Oh no, I'd never encourage drunkenness. A man should always keep within bounds; but a little drop won't hurt nobody. And I like a glass or two with a friend sometimes.

Guzzle. Yes, it makes one glad to see his old acquaintance, and it loosens his tongue, as you may say, and gives a kind of joy to conversation. Come, neighbor Swig, what say ye for a glass just to cheer the inner man. (Takes the decanter.) Here's a little New England of the first chop, right from Deacon Gillcup's.

Swig. But I thought the cold water [illegible] up the sale of rum. Sam, did'nt you tell me he had bunged up his casks and sold his measures?

Sam. I understood he had, sir.

Guzzle. I'll tell you about that, neighbour Swig. The good old man was crafty enough to keep a sly tap for his own use, and to accommodate his neighbors in case of sickness. And so, I told him that my wife was expecting every day to be attacked with the dyspepsy, and he was kind enough to spare me a couple o' quarts for that occasion. I hope you won't say nothing about it; if the old woman should hear that I got it on her account, she'd dram my head into a squash pie. She's plaguy handy in the use of broom handles, fire pokers, and sich sort of drumsticks, neighbor Swig. (Turns out a glass, and hands the decanter to Swig.)

Swig. Yes, yes, I'll warrant that; I never see'd one that wasn't. I'd sooner trust my pate in a nest of hornets, than within the reach of my wife when she gets into one of her tantrams. (Shakes the decanter, and turns out a glass.) It bears a good bead. Old Gillcup never waters his rum; it is'nt doing as he'd be done by.

Guzzle. Aye, Deacon Gillcup is a christain, if ever there was one. No man ever lived up nearer to the golden rule than he does. Well, here's to better acquaintance. (Drinks.)

Swig. And here's freedom to drink, and death to cold water. (Drinks.)

*Enter Tom Rattle, in haste.*

Tom R. Stop, my good friends, stop for mercy sake, and if you have the least spark of pity in you, save a dying man from the worst of all deaths.

Swig. Ah, Tom! is this you? You are the last man in the world I should suspect of dying. Why, what the deuce is the matter with you?

Tom R. Matter! matter enough, Mr. Swig. For three long days have I been travelling to and fro in the earth, like the devil in the days of Job, without a drop of toddy to wet my whistle with for the whole time. My throat is as dry as a tin trumpet, and my lips are like a bundle o' brimstone matches. A spark of fire would blow me up like a flash of powder. The sight of your grog has set me all in a flame, and I shall burn to cinders unless you lend a hand to save me.

Swig. Wall, Tom, it's a pity you should die just now, and if a glass of grog will save you, I don't doubt but Mr. Guzzle will make you welcome.

Guzzle. Why, I would'nt see a dog die, if I could help him; so you may give Tom a glass, if you've a mind to, though I don't think he's worth the cost.

Tom R. (Turns out a glass.) Mr. Guzzle, your humble servant. Here's the everlasting gratitude of Tom Rattle for the saviour of his life. (Drinks.) It is a glorious medicine. (Sings.)

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As rum, rum, rum.

Swig. You've recovered very quick, Tom, for so sick a man; and you've become quite musical in the mean time. Can't you give us a song?

Tom R. Yes, I guess so. I always had a notion for music; and between you and me, I've a considerable knack of making verses. If you'd like to hear a song of my own make, set to the good old tune of Yankee Doodle, you shall have it.

Swig. Aye, aye, Tom, I've shuffled out many a pair of stocking feet to that tune in my younger days; and I tell you what there's but few boys that can shave it down as I used to, though I say it myself. But come, let us have your song. It is a good one no doubt.

Tom R. Why, it may be called a *spiritual* song, I think, though it don't partake much of a religious nater. (Tunes his voice and sings.)

When I was a little boy,
And lived with my dad, sir,
I larnt to love a drop of grog,
I was a merry lad, sir,
And when I come to this ere town,
I brought a jug o' brandy:
I'd take a drink, and then I would
Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Swig. pretty natural, Tom. I don't doubt you being the father of that. A little bit of a history of yourself I rather guess. Wall, what did you find here to please you?

Tom R. (Sings.)

And here I met a thirsty crew,
Of fellows wide awake, sir;
They drank my liquor and 'twas well,
My jug they did not take, sir.
There was old Jeremiah Swig,
Tim Screw, and Jacob Handy,
They got as drunk as David's pig,
Upon my jug o' brandy.

Swig. I don't thank you for dragging my name into your rhymes; and as for being set down along side of Tim Screw, I wont bear it. It is a rascally insult, and you're a scoundrel for doing it.

Tom R. No, no, Mr. Swig, I did'nt mean any harm; I wanted a word to gingle with *pig*, and there was no other name amongst my acquaintance would do it, [illegible] to make up the apartment.

Swig. Wall, what did you do with your empty jug?

Tom R. I guess I got it filled again.

Swig. Pretty likely. And what other acquaintance did you make?

Tom R. (Sings.)

And there was pretty Sally Snap,
I found her at a quilting;
A high-strung jade as ever lived,
And rather fond of jilting.
I felt my heart go pit-a-pat,
I offered her some brandy;
She cuffed my ears, and told me go
Sing Yankee Doodle dandy.

Swig. Then you met with a *head flaw*, did, you Tom?

Tom R. I guess I did; but it was nothing to what I've met with since.

Swig. You took the wrong way to win her.

Tom. R. You see I did not understand her nater. (Sings.)

But Sally could not long hold out,
For she was tender-hearted,
And when I told her how I ached,
She told me how she smarted;
And so we thought to ease our pains,
To marry would be handy;
We had a wedding, and the priest,
He drank my jug o' brandy.

Swig. Quite a natural idea, Tom; capital cure for that kind of sickness. I'll be bound you'll never be troubled with it again. But I don't think you treated the parson fairly. The good old minister would as soon drink a dose of fire and brimstone, as he would touch your brandy that you sing so much about.

Tom R. That's true enough; but we poets ain't obliged to stick to the truth in all cases. And as the jug was certainly emptied, I did'nt know of a better man to charge it to.

Swig. Wall, Tom, you got married; what do you think of Matrimony?

Tom R. Just wait till I get through with the song, and you'll have my ideas on the subject in full. (Sings.)

But oh! what sorrows tread upon
The joys of wedded life sir.
When I'd been married but a week,
I quarrelled with my wife, sir;
She throw'd a poker at my head,
She broke my jug o' brandy;
She scratched my eyes, and told me go
Sing Yankee Doodle dandy.

Guzzle. Oh, Tom! you've seen rough times. I pity you, I'll be hanged if I don't. Ive had just such difficulties myself. Come, your song desarves another dram, if I'm any judge of rhymes.—(Drinks.)

Tom R. [Takes the decanter.] Mr. Guzzle you've as kind a soul as ever nater wrapped up in a lump of clay; and I'll say too, you've as good an idea of varses as any man I've met with.—[Drinks from the decanter.]

Guzzle. Sam, won't you take a drop?

Sam. No, I do not need it.

Guzzle. But you'd better take a little with us; a glass or so won't hurt you.

Sam. A glass or so will not do me any good, so why should I drink it?

Guzzle. But you don't know how awkard you look in refusing to drink with your friends.

Sam. Nor do I care, sir. I dislike rum; and it is no reason for my burning my throat with it, that I happen to meet with a friend.

Guzzle. You'll be a drunkard yet, Sam. I never see one set out so hard against drinking, but he became a drunkard sooner or later.

Sam. So you would have me to drink in order to prevent my becoming a drunkard, would you? Very good advice! You might as well tell me to jump into the fire to prevent burning up, or into the river to save myself from drowning.

Swig. Folks did'nt have these notions of yours, Sam, when I was a young man. A gentleman would'nt be seen in the company of a fellow that should talk such nonsense then. No, Sam, the gals would have snuffed at a fellow that could'nt carry off to the amount of a pint of whiskey in the course of an evening. It sweetened our breath, they used to say, and made us chatty and agreeable.

Sam. A pint of whiskey to sweeten your breath, and make you chatty and agreeable! Your conversation must have been very interesting, and your girls must have possessed extremely delicate stomachs to enable them to snuff such sweet breath as a pint of whiskey would give you! Pray, sir, what constituted a gentleman in your younger days?

(*Guzzle drinks again, and staggers to a chair.*)

Swig. None of your small chaps that sneak away from a bottle like a dog from a sheep-fold. A gentleman in my day would drink as often as he was asked, and always paid his bill without grumbling. And then he would smoke a bunch of long nines in a day, swear a round oath when he was insulted—stake a five dollar bill at a game of cards, cock his hat one side, carry a high head, and kiss the gals, Sam.

Sam. A very fine list of qualifications for a gentleman, though with the exception of the last, I confess I am totally [illegible]

(*Enter Esquire Trueman.*)

Trueman. Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hope I do not interrupt you.

Swig. No, squire, no interruption. Mr. Guzzle and I have been arguing with Sam here, about drinking, sober drinking I mean; but he is as obstinate as a mule; there's no convincing of him.

Trueman. You wish to convince him that it is beneficial, do you?

Swig. Yes.

Trueman. But I suspect your arguments in favor of this habit are not so cogent as you may think them. Did it never occur to you that you might be in the wrong?

Swig. No, squire, my mind is made up from experience. I know that when I'm tired with hard labor, a little drop of the ardent cheers me up, and gives me life and strength again. There's nothing like it, squire.

Trueman. But it gives you an unnatural strength, Mr. Swig; it creates a feverish excitement, which causes you to labor beyond your strength; and when it wears off, it leaves you in a state of languor, and weakness much greater than that in which it found you. And then what will you do?

Swig. What will I do? Take another glass to be sure.

Guzzle. (In a drunken tone.) Yes—take another glass——to be sure.

Trueman. And how many glasses do you want in the course of a day?

Swig. O, not more than four or five.

Guzzle. Four or five——more or less——Mr. Swig.

Trueman. Can a man drink four or five glasses of rum in a day, and be called a sober, temperate man? And will he who is in the constant habit of drinking, be satisfied at all times, with even this quantity? Does not the habit increase upon him as he continues the use of intoxicating liquors? And does he not want a larger quantity to keep up the required excitement as he advances in years?

Swig. I hold that a man should drink just as much as he wants, and no more. And I suppose that as we grow old, we need a little more than we did forty years ago; and some folks want more than others. For my part, when I go to a training, or a husking, or any thing of that sort, I can carry off the matter of a pint and a half of white face. But you see I don't have this sort of sprees more than six or eight times in the course of a year. Wall, here's uncle Guzzle would get pretty well corned on a couple of gills. I suppose I could keel up a dozen like him in a regular blow-out.

Trueman. This is what you call sober driking is it? And these are the arguments by which you would overcome Samuel's scruples! He must be extremely unreasonable not to acknowledge the force of them.

Swig.—Ah! squire, you may joke me as much as you've a mind to,—its no use. This hue and cry of your cold water folks is all a humbug. You want us to join your society; but I shan't. Here's Sam will join you any time; and my women folks may go with him; but I shan't give up my rights, I tell ye.

Trueman. What right would you relinquish by uniting with our society?

Swig. The right of drinking squire.

Guzzle. Land o'liberty—Mr. Swig.

Trueman. Until you are convinced that drinking is wrong, and that you have no moral right to indulge in it, we do not ask you to join us. But when you shall have become satisfied of this fact, we shall be happy to receive you.

(*Enter Tim Screw with his head bound up*)

Tim. S. Squire Trueman, I've come to enter a complaint agin Tom Rattle, and I want to get a warrant for him.

Tom R. You may as well make out a couple, squire, whilst you're about it; for if Tim wants law, I mean to give him enough on't.

Trueman. What is the difficulty between you?

Tim S. I'll tell ye squire. Tom and I went down to Deacon Gillcup's along with a dozen or fifteen more good fellers and I paid over a quart o' New England on a sartin 'casion.

Tom R. He lies, squire he lies like a dog.

Trueman. Silence, silence, hear him through.

Tom R. He'll lie and steal too, squire.

Tim S. Wall, as I was saying, I paid over a quart on a sartin 'casion ——

Tom. R. You see he was published last Sunday to Sukey Biddle.

Trueman. Silence, Thomas, sit down till Timothy has made his statement.—(Tom sits down.)

Tim S. Wall, as I was saying, squire, he was taking a little drop that I bought with my own money, and Tom drinked as long as there was a drop left of the quart, (Tom starts up,) and then came up behind me like a savage brute, and knocked me down across the barrel without the least provocation.

Trueman. Is this true or false, Thomas?

Tom R. About half and half, squire. I drinked some of the rum, and knocked him down, that's true. The rest of it is a lie. Tim never bought a gill of rum in his life, though he'll always get drunk when he can beg it, or steal it.

Guzzle. Aye——beg it——and steal it. (Tries to rise, but falls back.)

Tom R. Hurra! uncle Guzzle; a little bit dog-eyed I rather guess.

Guzzle. Not (hickups) as you know on (hickups) Tom.

Trueman. Whose rum did he drink then?

Tom R. My own, squire; and I'll tell you the facts about it. We went down, as Tim says, to take a drop with him on the 'casion of his being published to Sukey Bidddle. And where do you think he got the rum?

Tim S. I bought it.

Tom R. You stole it out of my jug, and the Deacon's boy told me of it. And so I thought, squire, as Tim took the rum in *his* way, it was right enough that I should take the pay in *my* way. So I just laid him on the barrel pretty much as he says. But Tim forgot the best of the story, and I must tell it.

Trueman. Make your story short as possible.

Tom R. Wall, sir, Tim appeared to be bothered for breath awhile, but he got over it at last, and when he had rested himself a little over the barrel, up he jumps all at once and comes at me head first like a mad bull. And as I was willing to give him room according to his strength, as the saying is, I just stepped one side, and let him go by. So you see he missed his mark, don't ye?

Trueman. Proceed, if you have any thing further to say.

Tom R. Wall, Tim's Sukey—you know her, don't you, squire,—Sukey Biddle?

Trueman. Go on.

Tom R. Sukey had just been buying a lot of crockery, and left it in a basket on the counter, and as good luck would have it, the first thing that brought Tim up when he went by me was the basket; and I tell you how it is squire, he rattled it into eggs-shells pretty quick, I ask ye.

Trueman. I cannot stop to hear you any farther; I shall not grant either of you a warrant, although you both deserve punishment. Go home, and quit the grog shops. (Exeunt Omnes.)

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*From the Baltimore Gazette.*

*Central Race Course.*—The gentlemen who undertook, some months since, to establish near our city a "CENTRAL" Race Course, on an enlarged and liberal scale, appear, by the following from the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, to have met with the success which might have been expected from the zeal, care and judgment with which their undertaking has been conducted. From those who have had the most active agency in the enterprise, we understand that finer sport and a greater concourse of people may be expected than have ever before been seen on a Maryland Turf. It is ascertained that for a single race of four miles and repeat, besides the regular races, *seven* horses will contend, each so swift and powerful that his owner wages $500 on him, to which the liberal and popular proprietor of the course, Mr. SELDEN, adds $1000, making already a purse of $4500. In other stakes there are horses entered from as far as Poughkeepsie on the North River, and, the course has already become, as its name purports, the "Central Course" for the North and the South, on which the best horses of the Union, with an innumerable train of amateurs, friends backers, breeders, owners, trainers, &c. will meet. It is estimated that these meetings, Spring and Fall, will lead to the expenditure of very large sums of money in Baltimore, besides making its natural advantages and its social and business resources more widely and generally known. So obvious are the benefits to be anticipated, that the steam boat companies, keepers of public houses and some public spirited individuals, as well beyond as within the state, with true discernment and a liberality to be highly commended, have voted to give handsome *extra* contributions annually. But it is not only the owners of steam boats and stages and public houses that will be benefitted. We shall have near us a great biennial horse market, and every branch of business will be more or less assisted; and all should concur in supporting the undertaking, instead of leaving it, as is too often the case, to be kept up by the exertions of a few—suppose 2000 visiters Spring and Fall, five days each to average, an expenditure of $5 each would leave $100,000 in Baltimore. The course is a beautiful one, about five miles out, on the new Franklin or old Frederick road, inclosed by a *close high paling*. A very large house has been built in a most beautiful situation by the Proprietor, which will be ready for the accommodation of the public by the middle of next month. In the mean time the Franklin or Frederick road affords to the course the most beautiful ride in the vicinity.

[illegible] that most particular precautions have been taken to save the Central Course from the reproach of encouraging gaming—for no person concerned in a gaming table can ever be admitted as a member, or start a horse on the Central Course.

*Baltimore Races over the Central Course.*

The first meeting on this new and beautiful course, will commence on Tuesday, the 25th of October, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY, a race of two mile heats, for $200; entrance $10. Also, on this day, (if made out) immediately after the regular race, will be run the sweepstakes of two mile heats; entrance $200 half forfeit, for three year old colts and fillies. This stake will be open to subscribers until the 1st of august; four or more to make a race.

SECOND DAY, the great post sweepstakes four mile heats, entrance $500, p. p. to which the proprietor adds $1000. To this there are now six subscribers, to wit:—J. C. Stevens, J. Craig, Dr. John Minge, Col. Wm. Wynn, John P. White and Gen. C. Irvine.

THIRD DAY, three mile heats; purse $500; entrance $15. On this day, (if made out) the sweepstakes of mile heats for colts & fillies, three years old; entrance $100, half forfeit. This stake will be open to subscribers until the 25th of October; four or more to make a race.

FOURTH DAY, the jockey club purse four mile heats; purse $700; entrance $20.

J. M. SELDEN, proprietor.

*Extract from the Rules and by-Laws of the Maryland Jockey Club for the Government of the Central Course.*

"No person shall start a horse for any purse under the control of this Club, other than a member, he being at least one third bona-fide interested, and producing satisfactory proof of his horse's age; nor shall any member start a horse if his entrance and subscription be not paid before starting.

"Any person desirous of becoming a member only for the purpose of starting a horse, may do so, he being approved by the Club, and paying double entrance.

"No two riders from the same stable shall be allowed to ride in the same race; nor shall two horses trained in the same stable be allowed to start in the same race.

"Riders shall not be permitted to ride unless well dressed in jockey style;—to wit, jockey cap silk jacket, pantaloons and half boots.

"No professional gambler, nor any interested in a public gaming table, or who shall have been so interested, within twelve months previous to this day, shall be admitted as a member of this club.

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