J. Catrup

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. XV. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1832. NO. 41.

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BY
ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS

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.

NEW STORE.
BROWN & CHAPLAIN,

ARE now opening in the store house formerly occupied by Mr. James Sangston and next door to Edward B. Hardcastle,

a handsome and general assortment of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & LIQUORS, *HARDWARE, CASTINGS & CUTLERY, CHINA, GLASS AND* QUEENSWARE, &c. TINWARE, FUR AND WOOL HATS,

BOOTS & SHOES, &c.

Their stock having been laid in with the utmost care will be sold on unusually low terms for cash or country produce. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine their stock.

Denton, Caroline county, Oct. 6. eow3t

NEW SADDLERY.

THE subscriber takes the liberty of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore, with an elegant assortment of

SADDLERY,

Consisting of *BRIDLE BITTS & STIRRUPS, plated and brass,* of various patterns, and every other kind of *plate* necessary for his line of business, of the latest fashions from England—likewise an elegant assortment of

LEATHER,

with which, from the attention he has paid to its selection, he confidently expects to be able to execute his work with neatness and dispatch, and to give general satisfaction. He invites his customers and the public in general to call and examine for themselves, next door to the post office. He will sell low for CASH.

The public's obedient servant,
JOHN W. BLAKE

Oct. 6 cow3t

TO RENT.

THE Store-room and Cellar long occupied by Jenkins & Stevens and at present by Samuel Mackey—will be rented on moderate terms. This stand for the Mercantile Business is inferior to none in our Town; 'tis central, being directly opposite the Court House and has been very long used for that purpose.

Possession will be given 1st November 1832. For terms apply to A. Graham or Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins.

Easton Oct. 6 (W)

New York Consolidated, Lottery
CLASS NO 37, FOR 1832.

TO BE DRAWN
On WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17, 1832.
66 Number Lottery—10 Drawn Ballots.

$50.000.

SCHEME:

1 prize of	50,000	is	50,000
1	25,000		25,000
1	10,000		10,000
1	8,000		8,000
1	5,000		5,000
1	3,000		3,000
20	1,000		20,000
20	500		10,000
34	300		10,200
40	200		8,000
56	100		5,600
56	80		4,480
56	60		3,360
112	40		4,480
2240	20		44,800
15400	10		154,000
18040 prizes amounting to			$336,080

Tickets	$10 00	*Quarters*	$2 50
Halves	5 00	*Eighths*	1 25

This being the most Brilliant Scheme that has ever been issued by the Managers, the "Ever and all Lucky" *SYLVESTER*, has formed a club of 1000 tickets in the above Lottery; and in order to enable *all his friends and patrons* to participate in the extraordinary good fortune which attends his offices he gives this early notice that no disappointment may occur.

The 1,000 Tickets will cost	10,000
Are warranted to draw	3,825
Leaving the actual cost	6,175

Which amount divided into 100 shares will make $61 75 the requisite sum to obtain a certificate.

☞By remitting $60, a certificate of the Club will be forwarded with all the numbers guarenteed by the Managers, Messrs. Yates & M'Intyre.

Please address your orders to
S. J. Sylvester, *Baltimore.*

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

—"Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barleymont Cross, in which he sold whiskey, (from which his Majesty did not derive any larger portion of his revenue) ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returned from a funeral—all neighbors too—stopt at his house, because they were in grief,' to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, son of a gentleman residing near; Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddey Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connoo, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighen proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other 'good boys.' The night began to 'rain cats and dogs,' and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down and the whiskey and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim—with his gun between his legs—and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them, another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire. This, however, did not prevent him from making many sallies to discover the state of the game. A ring, two or three deep, surrounded the players, and in their looks exhibited the most keen interest. This group formed what might be termed the foreground of the picture. In one corner were squatted five boys and three girls, also playing cards for pins. But, notwithstanding the smallness of the stakes, there were innumerable scuffles, and an unceasing clamor kept up, through which the treble of the girls was sure to be heard, and which, every now and then required curses, loud and deep, from some unfortunate player at the large table, to silence. On the block by the fire sat Paddy himself, convulsing a large audience with laughter at some humorous story, or at one of his own practical jokes while his wife bustled about, beat the dog, set pieces of plates and keelers to receive the rain wherever it oozed through the thatch, and occasionally stooped, half-provoked & half-admiring, to shake her head at her husband Card-playing is very thirsty and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched several times to Killarney, a distance of four English miles, for a pint of whiskey each time.—The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swoln, and their eyes red and heavy.—The contest at length was decided; but a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. Indeed, had Tim been able to effect the purpose at which he diligently labored, of getting the gun to his shoulder, it is very probable he would have taken ample satisfaction for some dreadful affront offered him by Andy; who, on his part, directed all his discourse to a large wooden gallon at the other end of the table. The imperturbable coolness of his opponent provoked Andy exceedingly. Abuse is bad enough but contemptuous silence is more than flesh and blood can bear, particularly as he felt that he was running aground fast when he had the whole conversation to himself. He became quite furious, and after two or three efforts started up and made a rush towards his wooden adverversary; but the great slipperiness, of the ground laid him on the flat of his back. This gave time, so that several interfered and peace was made; but the harmony of the night was destroyed. At last, Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same, and Paddy was ordered to cook some *griskins* forthwith. Paddy was completely non-plussed:—all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—'Twas late—'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house; sure they ate and drank enough.' But all in vain. The ould sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour, consisting of his wife and himself.

'Agrah Jillen, agrah, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue; If it was yours, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it; but I maine the cow's' (aside.)

'Sure the proctors got the tongue yesterday, and you know there an't a bit in the tub. Oh the murthern villians! and I'll engage 'twill be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whiskey.—That it may pison 'em!'

'Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if we don't make it out any how; and he has'nt a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket, without jolting over a ha'penny—Coming, coming, d'ye hear 'em?'

'Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had ony of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger.'

'Eh! What's that you say? I declare here's Andy getting up. We must do something. *Thonom and dhianoul*, I have it. Jillen, run and bring me the leather breeches; run woman, alive! Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot'

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripes. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends, were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape—'a bone,' being their *summum bonum*—the risk was very little. If discovered, however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of any unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy dog's or cat's flesh; & there have been instances where the persons who have eaten it, on being informed of the fact, have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wean him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in, did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen remonstrated in vain. 'Hould your tongne, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. But luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a pig for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy e'm!' The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

'By J——,' says Jack Shea, 'that's fine Stuff. How a man would dig a trench, after that'

'I'll take a priest's oath,' answered Tim Cobill, the most irritable of men, but whose temper was something softened by the rich steam.'

'Yet Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that.'

'Why, sure, every one knows you did'nt ever hear of any thing of good.'

'I say you lie, Tim, you rascal.'

Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin; but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled; Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath According to him, a priest's oath was this:—He was surrounded by books, which were gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom. As soon as the admiration excited by his explanation, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly, if the tripes had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time.—

'Well,' says Owen Connor, 'that I mightn't!—but these are the quarest tripes I ever eat. It must be she was very ould.'

'By J——,' says Andy, aking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying addresses for the last half hour, 'I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull man; I can't find the colt end at all of it.'

'And that's true for you, Andy,' said the man of the gun; 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull-bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding they're so tough.'

'I'll tell you, Tim where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shandor's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—*Asda churpnaur hagusteh*.'

'Amen, I pray, Paddy. Out of Lord Shandon's cow! near the Steeple, I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By J—— these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy, give two or three *lhbers* more of 'em.'

'Well, see that! out of Lord Shandon's cow; I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I mightn's—but these would eat a pit of patatoes. And how, they're good for the teeth. Padly, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?'

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavoring to help Tim, uttered aloud '*Thonom an dhiaoul!* what's this? Isn't this flannel?' The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry, had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with quickness he said, 'Tis the book tripe, *agragal*, dont you see!'—and actually persuaded them to it.

'Well, any how,' says Tim, 'it had the taste of wool,'

'May this choke me,' says Jack Shea, 'if I did'nt think 'twas a piece of leather breeches when I saw Andy chawing it.'

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self-possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could no more than turn it off by a faint laugh.—But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some time with a very ominous look, he said, *Yirroo Paudhrig* of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my belly to the devil if I would not cut you into garters. By the vestment I'd make a *turhurmeen* of you.'

'Is it I, Andy? That the hands may fall off me!'

But Tim Cohill made a most seasonable diversion. 'Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know, that wasn't ever in Cork itself, about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the County of Kerry if he had a tub of it.'

'Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripe again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, '*Kirhappa, dar dhia!*'—[A button by—]

'What's that you say?' burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

'Oh, the villain of the world!' roared Andy, 'I'm pisoned! Where's the pike? Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? —— yeer bloods, wont ye catch him, and I pisoned?'

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was a universal rush for Paddy and Jillen, but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after."

From the N. Y. Constellation.

COFFINED ALIVE —That persons during the raging of a pestilence and the hurry of burials, have some times been earthed alive, there is very little doubt. We have not, however, heard of any well attested case of this kind since the commencement of the present epidemic in our city; and the story we are about to relate avouches for no more than the coffining of a man who, as will appear in the sequel, could not be persuaded, that he was a proper subject for burial.

In the course of the disease, it has sometimes occurred, that a man, being found dead-drunk in the street, has been mistaken for a cholera patient, lifted upon a litter, and carried off to one of the hospitals. It has been customary, in these cases, for Medical attendants on ascertaining the mistake to order the drunken man to be laid in a room, used for that purpose, until he shall have slept off the fumes of liquor, and then dismiss him to take care of himself.

Two or three weeks since, a patient of this description was one evening brought to the ——— Hospital, supposed to be nearly in the last stage of cholera asphyxia. Certain it is, that he was prodigiously *blue*. The Doctor examined him, shook his head, and ordered him to the drunkard's room.

Besides this apartment for those who were merely dead drunk, there was another, wherein it was customary to lay such as had actually died during the night; from whence they were carried away and buried the next morning. It so happened that the above mentioned patient was by mistake, conveyed to the *dead* room instead of the *drunkard's*.

There he lay, unconscious of his situation, either personal or local, until the morning; when the burial cart came, and two Hibernians proceeded to the dead room to take away the corpses. They found no other but the drunken man, who being still fast locked in the arms of sleep, they forthwith proceeded to coffin and nail up. They laid him in his narrow house and began to drive the nails, when the noise awoke him. He started up, thrust off the lid, and asked them what the d——l they were about?

'We're a goin to bury ye, sure,' said one of the Hibernians, endeavoring to make the man lie down again, and be *decently* nailed up.

'Going to bury me!' exclaimed the astonished drunkard.

'Ay, sure,' returned the Irishman, coolly; 'it's we that buries all that die of the cholera.'

'But I'am not dead!' said the patient.

'Not dead!' exclaimed the Irishman—'aint that a pretty extravagant assartion for a corpse to make? Not dead! And sure you cant be in your right mind to say so. Come, lie down, if ye please, and we'll nail ye up, and bury ye decently?'

'*Decently*?'

'Ay, sure, as decently as the times will admit of. It isn't every man now, that can git a coffin like yourself to be buried up in.'

'But I tell you, I'm not dead!' persisted the drunken man, at the same time struggling to get out of the coffin.

'Not dead,' again exclaimed the Hibernian, endeavoring to keep him in—'that assartion wont do here. We fetched ye out of the dead room, where they put all the corpses, and if so be you aint dead, there is no confidence at all to be placed in the doctor's stuff.'

'Have I been under the hands of the doctor then?'

'Is'nt that a pretty question now for a dead man to ax?'

'D— it! I tell you I'm not dead.'

"Who knows better nor the doctor? Come, Jemmy, (addressing his brother Irishman,) you hold him down, while I nail him up. We can't bother here all day, no how."

As the coffined man saw there was no such thing as reasoning these honest officials out of their duty, and that he must resort to main force to save himself, he made one desperate effort, shook off the dead-cartman, sprang from the coffin and took to his heels.

Premature Interment.—We copy the following from the London Morning Herald, where it is credited to the London Globe. The editor of the latter journal, in presenting the account to his readers, remarks that it comes from a source above all suspicion. How many such cases may not have happened during the progress of the Cholera in America and Europe? "A distressing instance of premature interment occurred last week in the neighborhood of Old Street, St. Luke's. A poor woman and her son were violently attacked with cholera, which in the case of the latter very soon terminated, as it was supposed, fatally; and after having lain apparently lifeless for a few hours, the body was buried.—The poor woman shortly after got worse and became insensible and motionless. Having been kept as long as was considered safe, she was put in a coffin to be buried; but just as the undertakers were about to screw it down, she revived, pushed off the lid, and very soon recovered. Having anxiously inquired about her son, she was informed that he had been buried for several hours, which made her very uneasy, and she insisted on his being exhumed. Her desires were, after a short delay, complied with, and the horror of the spectators can scarcely be imagined, when on opening the coffin it was found the child had turned round, and torn its face almost to pieces with agony; having it must be supposed, come to life in this dreadful situation."

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, at the court House door, in the town of Easton, on *TUESDAY the 20th day of November next,* between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. on a credit of 12 months, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond with security, bearing interest from the day of sale,

that large and convenient three story brick Dwelling house, situate on Washington street, and the two story frame shop adjoining, (the property of the late Col. Jabez Caldwell,) persons disposed to purchase, would do well to examine the property before the day of sale.

Attendance given by
JOSEPH CALDWELL, Adm'r.

Oct. 6

POSTPONED SALE.

The sale advertised to take place at St. Aubin's the late residence of Dr. N. Hammond, dec'd. advertised in this paper to take place on Monday next, is unavoidably postponed until MONDAY 15th October, inst.

JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

Oct. 6

WANTED.

TO engage the services of a single man as an Overseer for the ensuing year, one who is capable of taking charge of a small farm, he must produce satisfactory Testimonials of integrity & sobriety. Constant attendance to duty will be required. Apply to the Editor

Oct. 6.

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