# 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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[From a late Foreign Journal.]

## A SPORTING BET.

The Gordon Highlanders, the Limerick county militia, & a brigade of Artilary constituted, in the year 1811, the garrison of Athlone. Its central situation, and the extensive works which had been constructed on its north-west side, required, at least, as large a military force as the above for the various guards daily mounted over the barracks, ordnance stores, and the lines.

The best possible feeling existed between the officers of these regiments, although the gallant Highlanders maintained, on all occasions, an air of conscious superiority over their militia friends.

It was my good fortune to be on terms of friendship with both corps. That worthy son of Caledonia, Lamont of Lamont, would greet me with a hearty shake of the hand, and "Hoo's a' wi' ye the day?" whilst the courtly old peer; Lord Muskerry, had a kind word to say, in the blandest brogue. So much for the colonels.—Majors, captains and subs were all known to me, many of the two latter grades my companions in divers choice pieces of mischief, but I am not going to relate any adventure of my own, and have only made the above remarks, as my good feeling towards both nations is in a measure of consequence to the story I am now about to relate.

I was lounging one morning at the door of the 92d mess-room, with a bevy of kilted cronies, when our attention was attracted by an arrival in the barrack-square. A fine lad, who had joined the Limerick only a few days, rode through the gates. He was not a native of the county to which his regiment belonged, but boasted of high Milesian blood, doubtless with abundant right to such a distinction, his father being an apothecary in Newtownlimavaddy, and withal most celebrated for the wondrous cures which he had wrought on quadrupedal patients; not that I mean to insinuate this "physicianer" was nothing better than a "cow-doctor;" but the district in which he resided was remarkable for the salubrity of its air, as affecting the "humane species," and for a variety of diseases among hoofed and horned cattle.

But to the son and heir of this Irish farrrier-surgeon and bulls' apothecary.—No sooner was he aware that our gaze was upon him than he insidously applied the spur, promoting various capers and caracoles, "to witch the world with noble horsemanship;" nor did he cease to display his proficiency in the mysteries of the manege, as he approached the barracks; on the contrary, he caused his steed to rear, kick, and plunge so violently, and so very near the mess room door, that it was a service of danger any longer to watch the evolutions of the Connaught Centaur.

"Ech, my man, be carefu'; d'ye no ken the stanes are het and slippery? ye may get a fa' before ye'r awure o't," considerately remarked the good-hearted old Major——

"Och, the devil a fear, Mejur? I'd like to see the horse that could spill *me*," replied the youngster, "It's only the feed he gets that makes him so full of spirit; he's been used to't in my father's stables, who has as elegant a stud of hunters and racers as ever you seen."

"And which, Sir, may I ask," continued the Major, "do you denominate your chesnut?"

"Why, he's aquel to aither; I'd hunt him in Roscommon, or match him at the Curragh, for any sum under a thousand." The poor half starved, ewe-necked hack had during this dialogue, stood perfectly quiescent, so we descended from our place of vantage, and, much to the surprise of the lad, took a regular survey of this "high charactered" animal, determined to derive entertainment *from* man or horse.

"As pretty a pair of broken knees as I ever beheld," remarked one.

"You're a mighty big judge of horse-flesh," replied the rider, colouring up, to the eyes at the unlucky discovery; "a mere graze the crature got, topping a six-foot dyke."

"How wad he come on his knees, in crossing a dyke, Sir? the thing's no possible! Certes, ye may baith have stuck in the mud; but supposing that the dyke were perfectly dry, the banks wouldna be that hard as to cause sic an awfu' disfigurement as yon."

"It would be mighty well, Sir, for when you talk about any thing to know what you're talking about," retorted the vexed equestrian. "Them as knows their mother tongue can tell you that in Ireland the English for dyke means stone wall. And if any of ye has a fancy to go out schooling* with me, I'll engage to show you some sporting leaps, that ye'll not be in any kind of hurry to take yourselves."

"That's a tolerably good imitation of a string halt," observed another of the party.

"Now, *you're* out; it's only the remains of a strain he got the day he won the cup at Ballyswillyhooleystown; but I'm not going to stand here to have my horse—better naver was crossed—pulled to paces by them as don't wear the convayniances for riding. I wonder where that lazy vagybone of a groom of mine is? I must send the Bar'ny boy to stable and get ready for the afternoon drill. The devil ride a hunting with our serjeant-major that has the impertinence to say I'll not be fit for duty this month!"

"Couldn't you prevail on Lord Muskerry to let you fall in on horseback?" asked Capt R.——, with a somewhat malicious expression.

"Naboclish!" returned the Milesian.—"I know 'tis funning me ye are, but I'm not so "aisily hated" as poor Larry in the song was; so one't for all, if you are for a match,"—and again the armed heel of the speaker made the poor beast curvet, "I'll run against any of yez?"

"Hoot, man! don't run against *me*!" cried little Wallis the quartermaster, who was at the moment trying to make his way through the group to the colonel's rooms. "Ye micht keep your garron still, I think; it's just sinfu' to be digging them great butchers' spurs into the ribs of the beast, for the Lord kens there's nae flesh on the back of it to cover him."

"Come, come, Wallis," cried Captain R——, "don't disparage the noble animal: it's a racer man, and has won a cup."

"Ca' ye the likes o' that skeleton a racer? I'd wager a year's pay that I'd find a beast to beat him in a month.'"

"There's a sporting bet for you, Sir," said Captain M'P——; "will you take it?"

"Let's hear what it is," replied the equestrian, dismounting from his steed and handing him over to the charge of a soldier in a fatigue jacket, who had previously been named with the brevet rank of groom.

"It's this just," answered Wallis. "I'll undertake to race a beast o' mine against that poor, miserable, herrin-gutted animal o' yours, within a month from this very day, on condition, d'ye perceive, that four-and twenty hours' notti'so' time and place be deemed good and sufficient on my part, & that the choice of the ground to be run over, the course, ye ken, be left entirely to me; and the stakes shall amount to the vally of a *month's* pay, and no the twelve I was fule-like eneuch to name the noo."

As there was a numerous clan of little Wallis's running about in the worthy Quarter-master's quarters, I took the liberty of saying—

"Excuse me, my good Sir, but recollect you will have all the expense of training, &c.; supposing we make up a purse of ten guineas amongst us, and let the officers of the Limerick know that a day's sport is intended, they will join in the fun with pleasure, and back 'the Barony Boy,' for such is the name of this high mettled racer!"

"I'll back the Bar'ney boy myself entirely, without being beholden to any one," was the spirited remark of the owner of the animal.

"Barney boy or Blarney boy, is it a bet?" asked Wallis, drily.

"It is, for ten guineas—that's eleven pounds seven and six-pence Irish,—done!"

"And noo, gentlemen," said Wallis, "I think we could'na do better than appoint Maister Hell the umpire, for ye see it's a sort of a——kind of a national competetion; the lad's Irish, and sa are a' his freends; we're frae the land o' cakes, Hell's an Englisher, and sae ye see he'll no be prejudeeced on ane side or tither."

"Bravo, Wallis! ye're a canny chiel, and your choice is accellant," said the Major; "will ye take the office, my freend?" he added, turning to me.

"Willingly, if the other party consents."

The young Hibernian, his handsome face beaming with good humour, and by no means displeased at his having thus suddenly become an object of interest to the Regulars, advanced towards me, saying—

"Ill be right glad, Sir, to have you for my umpire; I was promised to be made known to you by Major Spread, the next time you dined at our mess."

"Let us waive ceremony, Sir," I replied; "I shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance, and you may be sure that I will exercise what judgment I may possess most impartially in the responsible situation Mr. Wallis and yourself have been pleased to confer on me."

The beat of drum broke up our meeting, my friends hastening to their rooms to put on belt, sword and sash, for the coming parade.

I shall not trespass on the patience of my reader by describing what passed during the month allowed for training, but content myself with saying, that the frequent questions put to Wallis were invariably answered by,

"Wait and ye'll see just. I'll win the race, ye may depend on't, though I've hard that they Lim'rick lads are offering awfu' odds against me."

This confidence on the part of the Quarter-master seemed to me well founded, as two or three times, whilst visiting the lines, I encountered him with a smiling face, and a look of anticipated triumph. Why he should choose this particular *locale* for his daily walk I could not guess, as no stable existed nearer than the long range within the high walls of the barrack-square; it was possible that he loved to promenade where, unobserved, he might calm his aspiring thoughts and elegant ideas, after visiting the Flying Childers he had chosen to humble the pride of the Barony Boy's master.

It was within the time allowed, by a day or two, when I received notice that "the match would come off" the next afternoon at three, and was requested to attend at the spot selected by Wallis for the trial of speed and skill. It appeared to me a somewhat extraordinary place for the purpose, being no other than the interior of the works already mentioned; and I must here apprise my reader that this irregular fortification consisted of two or three spacious ba tions, connected by long walls, technically called curtains, presenting a formidable altitude on the exterior, but having broad ramparts within, on which the ordnance were placed, and where infantry could act if occasion required: the hollow space between these high banks of earth was not sufficiently capacious to allow of a ring or a straight course upon it, being encumbered with store-houses and piles of shot and shell.

Time would, however, bring truth to light; I should be sure to know all ere twenty-four hours had passed, and therefore awaited the event with patience.

At an early hour of the day—
"The important day,
Big with the fate of *Wallis* and *his bet*—"

an unusual bustle was observable in the barrack-yard; nor was the stir confined to the male part of its inhabitants; it was evident that this wager had excited the most lively interests among the fair sex.

"Ye'll gang and see the race, na doubt, Mestress M'Alister?" asked an old woman, whose grey hairs and decrepit figure ill accorded with the vivacious tone of her question.

"I canna preceesly say whether or no I shall be able, Mem,' answered her friend;" "for I've nearly a' the hose and sarks of twa companies—my gude man's and ane the Adjetent ga' me—in suds the noo, so I'll ha' to stick to my tub, I'm thinking, and lose the sight that I may na' lose the siller, ye ken."

"I say, Mother Gladle, a cuishla,* are ye going to see our young officliere take the shine out of the cmedhaunt of a Scotch Quarthermaster?" demanded a young private of the Limerick.

"Is it meself that would miss the fun, *ma vouchal*! sure, and aint I goin to back the darlint, *a lanna ma chree*? Don't I know his flesh and blood cousin Squire Murphey of Castle Murphey? nice place it will be when its built! And hav'n't I got an old thirteen and three fi'penny bits in the pocket of me, that I mane to sport upon the coorse this blissed day?"

"It's well to be you Mistress Gladle, entirely; sure the fip'nies will be enough for the bets and wid the thirteen you and I can have an ilegant snack before we go, *a hinree*!"

"Who ax'd you for your company, you rauberayh*! I'm goin' wid dacent people, and not wid the likes of you tall fellows as ye are, and handsome as you consate yourself."

These and such like "discourses" I could not avoid hearing as I passed the speakers. As the hour approached, the barracks were left to the undisturbed possession of the sentries, all who could keep holiday making their way to the works.

In order that the necessary preliminaries might be arranged in good time, I was early on the ground, which I found nearly covered by the men, women, and *chil'dr* of the garrison, with here and there a knot of civilians, who had heard of the match, and "wouldn't lose the fun on no account." Wallis soon joined me, and I could not but smile at observing the extraordinary contrast of his present excited appearance with his usual meek sonsy deportment.

"Noo, then, Maister Hell, my freend, the first thing for me to do is to show you the ground I have fixed on, and then we'll clear the course, and prepare for the run. Serjeant Anderson, stick a banderoll down here; that's the starting-post: and come awa' wi' me, and I'll show you the winning-post."

Saying this, he elbowed his way through the crowd for about a hundred and fifty yards along the principal rampart of the work, and again a banderoll was fixed.

"It has chapped twa mair than half-an-hour, so we'll lose no time:" then elevating his voice and his person, he bawled out in Gaelic for the Highlanders to move way from the space between the two flags. Oddly enough, his directions were completely intelligible to his Hibernian hearers, and the dense mass began to stir. It struck me that no possible harm could occur to the parapets by their occupation for so brief a space, and I bade the bystanders jump up and take their seats upon them. It would be in vain should I attempt to describe the scrambling and crushing which followed this order: the derangement of the draperies of the females who were handed or hauled up, did not occasion so much uproarious mirth as accompanied the awkward escalade of my kilted friends: those who were not so fortunate as to obtain seats in this enviable situation, contented themselves with forming a double and sometimes trebel line upon the edge of the opposite slope.

Scarcely had this arrangement been completed when a loud shout from the Limerick lads announced the arrival of their hero. Young Mr. O'Fogerty, in a racing jacket of sky-blue with yellow sleeves, and a pink jockey-cap, mounted on his fiery steed, and surrounded by a large body of his brother officers, now advanced to where Wallis and myself, attended by an equal number of the 92d, stood.

"Here I am, Sir, for the honour of Ireland!" gallantly exclaimed the equestrian. "I hope you're not going to disgrace the Bar'ny boy by naming any blackguard broken-winded hack to match him. Is yours well bred?"

"He's well fed, and that's eneuch for me, or, at least, he will be by and by," replied Wallis, with a knowing wink, and glancing at the condition of his rival's steed, on whom the month's training had produced the effect of anything but an increase of flesh.

"Well, Sir," said O'Fogerty, burning with impatience to prove himself a Chifney, "where's the winning post?"

"Yon wee bit flag; you can judge of an animal's speed as well in a hundred and fifty yards as in a three-mile course; and the terms, ye ken, are a' of my ain proposing: but, ech, Sirs! there's ane thing I was clean forgetting. Maister Hell will be at the winning post, ye must name some gentlemen to gi' the signal for starting. Will Major Spread have the goodness to do it?"

"Why, my good Sir, as we have in this country the highest legal authority for stating that no man can be in two places at one time, unless he is a bird, I will start you with pleasure"

A loud huzza from the sons of Shannon's side followed the Major's acquiescence.

"Noo then, I'll bring up my beast"—saying which a square wooden machine, carefully covered with tarpauling, was wheeled to the spot by four men of the Wallis faction.

"Death alive! Do you mean to say your horse is in that case?"

"I didna say horse, I said beast; and if my beastie does na win, why you'll put the gowd in your poke, and crow over me, and welcome."

The appearance of this black and somewhat mysterious looking object attracted the most lively attention.

"It's no horse but a sheog* he has there," remarked one of the Hibernian spectators.

"You're not far out, my man," observed Wallis.

"My heavy hathred upon you; is my countrymen to have dalings with the likes o' them? Sure ha's not such a kiolawnt to venture."

"Hould your whist, Ned Collopy, and don's be spiling sport wid your superstitions," rather angrily remarked a corporal of the Limerick to his alarmed comrade.

Noo, then, Maister Hell, to your post; just gi' us a shake of the bandyroll when you're there, and then the Major will say the ane, twa, three and awa'!"

"Do you ride the animal?" I asked, as I was about to leave.

"*Me* ride? the Lord keep me from crossing sitcan a steed."

A few minutes brought me to the appointed spot: there I found Sergeant Anderson, flag in hand; with something at his fed, covered up in like manner to what I presumed contained the Quarter-master's Bucephalus. Through the long and somewhat narrow lane of human beings I could clearly see what was going on at the starting-post. The moment Wallis removed the tarpauling, shouts, roars of laughter, and deep groans burst from those near enough to discern the contest.

"It's a powney just," observed one close to me.

"Fax, I'm after thinking it's a monkey or may be a bear.'

"Bathershin! how would the likes of them late a horse? Ye'll find it's a buckhound or some fleet devil that will run with the speed o'light."

"Be aisy now, can't you be quiet, sure there's the Major by the side of young O'Fogerty; they'll be off in a jiffy.

Wallis, too, was to be seen holding the door of the wooden pen, ready to pull it open at the signal. It was given. Forth ushered a PIG, who, no way terrified at the shouts which attended his appearance, hastened with incredible speed towards the goal: not so the Barony boy, who at sight of his strange competitor, reared in the air, threatening to unhorse the astonished and discomfited jockey. On came the hog, grunting and sniffing the savoury wash that awaited him, and which his friend and ally, Serjeant Anderson, had by this time uncovered. Piggy had made good two-thirds of the distance before the spurs of O'Fogerty, rowel deep, had urged the frightened courser onward; his rider, hoping yet to overtake his procine foe, leant forward in true jockey style, using bridle, whip, and spur, with all the dexterity he could master.

But vain his efforts! The snout of hungry Toby had been for some seconds immersed in the wash, when the career of the rider was checked by his horse stumbling against the trough, and pitching him over the head of the Barony boy and the curly tail of his rival into the arms of that portion of the assembled multitude who were, luckily, behind the winning post, and who placed him in safety upon the legs he had adorned with a pair of jockey-boots for this occasion.

Wallis was declared the winner, and the stakes paid on the spot. The wily Scott had taken the oportunity of training his sapient pig at hours when he knew the officers of both regiments were at mess, and, after making him run for his dainty fare for more than three weeks, had only to keep the animal without food the previous day to insure a super porcine speed.

Congratulations poured in on the victor from all sides: his Irish friends acknowledged it was "a sporting bet," whilst his country men evinced their joy by carrying the pig round the barracks in triumph, preceded by the pipers of the regiment, who appropriately played 'peggy o' Knoch winnoch," not a few singing Hogg's words to that scarce old air, instead of having to chant 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace *bled*,' as they might have done had the Caledonian party been obliged to pay the ten guineas staked on these pork-chops.

*Term of fondness. †Fool. ‡My boy. §Child of my heart. ||My honey. **Rake

*The game of "Follow the leader" on horseback.

*Fairy. †Mad Fool.

## ON BUYING AND STOCKING A FARM WITH CATTLE.

The first object of attention, is to consider the proportion between his stock and the quantity of feed which will be necessary to support them.—The nature, situation and fertility of the soils that compose his farm are worthy of notice; also the purpose for which he designs more particularly to rear or feed his cattle; whether for the pail, or for beef.

In fact, it will be expedient to observe the greatest exactness in this proportion, because, if he should over-stock his land, he will be compelled to re-sell before the cattle are in a fat state for market, and, consequently, at certain loss, while, on the other hand, he will incur a loss in his profit, if he should not stock his land with as many cattle as it will bear.

Formerly, a great prejudice prevailed in favor of big boned, large beasts, but it has been ascertained, that this breed is, in point of profit, much inferior to the middle-sized kind. By a careful attention of stock, great progress may be made towards the improvement of the different species. Among the various professional breeders of modern times, few have attained greater celebrity than the late Mr. Bakewell of England, to whom we are indebted for many new and important improvements in the science of rearing cattle.

The principle which he variably adopted was, to select the beast, that would weigh most in the valuable points; so that while he gained in point of shape, he also acquired a more hardy breed. By attending to the *kindliness* of their skin, he became possessed of a race which was more easily fattened than any other.

For many years the practice was to judge by the eye only, without regarding the other qualities of the animal. But, in the present improved age, a more rational mode of forming the judgment has been adopted. The sense of touch is now brought in aid of the kindliness to fatten has been brought to such perfection, that any well informed breeder, will tell almost instantaneously, in what points or parts they will or will not fatten.

In the selection, therefore, of live stock in general, the young farmer will find it necessary attentively to consider the following particulars. *Beauty or symmetry of shape*—in which the form is so compact, that every part of the animal bears an exact consistency while the carcass should be deep and broad, and the valuable parts (such as the head, bones, &c.) ought to be as small as possible. Further, the shoulders ought not only to be light of bone, and rounded off at the lower point, but also broad and well covered with flesh The back also ought to be wide and level throughout.

In *rearing live stock* of any description, it should be an invariable rule to have the increase from small boned, straight-backed healthy, clean, kindly skinned, round bodied, and barrel shaped animals,

In the *purchasing of cattle*, whether in a lean or fat state, the farmer should on no account buy beast out of richer or better grounds than those into which he intends to turn them. For, in this case, he must inevitably sustain a very material loss, by the cattle not thriving, particularly if they be old. It will, therefore be advisable select them either from stock feeding in the neighborhood, or from such breeds as are best adapted to the nature and situation of the soil.

DOCILITY OF DISPOSITION, without being deficient in spirit, is of equal moment. Independently of the damage committed by cattle of wild tempers on fences, fields, &c. it is a fact that tame beasts require less food to rear, support and fatten them; consequently every attention ought to be paid, early to accustom them to be docile and familiar.

HARDINESS OF CONSTITUTION, particularly in bleak and exposed districts, is indeed a most important requisite. In every case it is highly essential to a farmer's interest to have a breed that is liable neither to disease nor to any hereditary distemper.

Connected with hardiness of constitution is *early maturity*, This however, can only be attained by feeding cattle in such a manner as to keep them constantly in a growing state. By an observance of this principle, it has been found that beasts and sheep thrive more in three years, than they usually do in five when they have not sufficient food during winter. In the common mode of rearing their growth is checked.

WORKING, or an aptitude for labor.—Whether kine be purchased for the plough, or for the purpose of fattening it will be necessary to see, that they are young, in perfect health, full-mouthed, and not broken in any part. That the hair stare not, and that they are not hidebound or they will not feed kindly.

The same remark is applicable to cows intended for the pail. The horns should be fair and smooth, the forehead broad, udders white, yet not fleshy, but thin and loose when empty, (to hold the greater quantity of milk,) but large when full.

Besides the rules above stated, there are some particulars with regard to the *age* of cattle and sheep, which merit the farmer's consideration. Neat cattle cast no teeth until turned two years old, when they get two new teeth; at three they get two more, and in every succeeding year get two until 5 years old, when they are called *full mouthed*. Though they are not properly full mouthed until six years old, because the two corner teeth, which are last renewing, and are not perfectly up until they are 6.

The horns of neat cattle also supply another criterion by which the judgment may be assisted, after the signs afforded by the teeth become uncertain. When three years old their horns are smooth and handsome: after which period there appears a circle or wrinkle, which is annually, increased as long as the horn remains; so that according to the number of these circle or rings the age of a beast may be ascertained with tolerable precision,

Sometimes the wrinkles are defaced, or artificially removed by scraping or filing. This is a fraudulent practice, too frequently adopted, in order to deceive the ignorant or unexperienced purchaser, as to the real age of the animal. These circles, however, must not be confounded with those ringlets which are sometimes found at the root of the horn, and which are a pretty sure indication that the animal has been ill-fed during its growth.—[Farmer's School Books.

## MITCHELL, THE PIRATE.

The Boston Courier, of the 27th inst. in publishing the accounts of the late alledged piracy, introduces the following article from the United Service Journal, an English periodical. It is not impossible if the story be not altogether fictitious, that the person generally known as Mitchell the pirate, may be the hero.

[Chronicle.

MITCHELL THE PIRATE.—'Well,' I said 'he is certainly a noble-looking fellow, if that be the famous Mitchell. I have read the lives of the Buccaneers and most of the modern novels where pirates are commended into generous cut-throats; but remember no hero of them all to compare with the picture of this fine fellow. Bulwer himself could scarcely have imagined a more magnificent villain.'

This was about eighteen months since, when I was standing on the wharf, observing the vessels that arrived with a fine breeze, and anchored in succession abreast of the City of Charleston, in South Carolina. A tall and most remarkable person approached the spot where I was standing, and where a single sailor within a few yards was similarly engaged in watching the vessels that moved about the harbor. The stranger appeared to be in the prime of life, though somewhat weather-beaten, and his tall, erect, and singularly commanding person, with an inquiring eye, rendered him an object of instant attention. He was in the dress of a sea-faring person, with a round jacket, the buttons of which displayed an anchor, and his flowing white trowsers and large Havanna hat induced me to suppose that he was a naval officer. He approached the sailor, and I overheard the following dialogue.

'Do you want a ship, my friend?'

'I don't know: where is she bound?'

'Oh! never mind where she is bound. I want six good men; and I'll give an advance of fifty dollars, and fifty dollars a month.'

'She carries guns, I suppose?'

'Why, the guns are amongst the ballast till she gets outside—you understand?'

'Yes; but I think I have seen you before. What's your name, if it's a fair question?'

'Mitchell is my name.

'Did you ever sail out of Baltimore?'

'Yes, I commanded a Columbian privateer out of Baltimore.'

"So I thought. I know you, Mr. Mitchell;—you are a pirate. I got a ball through this left arm out of your schooner, when we drove you off the James Taylor, Indiaman. You stood off and on at the mouth of the Chesapeake, waiting for her, and I was one of the forty men that the owners sent down in a pilot boat, to see her out of soundings. You had to up stick and run, you know.

'Oh! I see you are a fool."

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