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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AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

EASTON CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

The Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural Society for the Eastern Shore have *Resolved*, That the Cattle Show and Fair, to be held at *Easton*, on the said Shore on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 3d, 4th, and 5th of November next, for the *Exhibition* and *Sale* of *Live Stock*, *Agricultural Implements* and *Household Manufactures*, be conducted according to the following arrangement; and that the following *premiums* be offered and awarded to the owners of the best kinds; that is to say:

CROPS.

For the best crop of 1-4 of an acre of Turnips not less than 50 bushels	$5 00
For the best crop of one acre of Potatoes producing not less than 200 bushels	5 00
For the best crop of 1-4 of an acre of Parsnips not less than 75 bushels	5 00
For the best crop of 1-4 of an acre of Carrots not less than 50 bushels	5 00
For the best crop of 1-4 of an acre of Mangel Wurtzel not less than 250 bushels	5 00
For the best crop of 1-4 of an acre of Ruta Baga not less than 75 bushels	5 00

In every instance satisfactory evidence as to the cultivation and the product must be exhibited together with the samples of the crops; also a statement of the time when the crop was sown or planted.

HORSES.

For the best Stalion over three years of age	$15 00
the second best do. do.	10 00
the third best do. do	5 00
For the best Mare over three years of age	10 00
The second best do. do.	8 00
The third best do. do.	5 00

ASSES AND MULES.

For the best Jack over 3 years old	10 00
For the best Mule do do.	10 00
the second best do. do. do.	5 00

CATTLE.

For the best Bull over 2 years old	15 00
the second best do do do.	10 00
For the best Bull under two and over one year	10 00
the second best do. do. do.	5 00
For the best Milch Cow over 3 years old	15 00
the second best do. do. do.	10 00
the third best do. do. do.	5 00

Certificates will be required of the quantity of milk given and the mode of feeding for thirty days, together with the quantity of Butter produced in any one week, the date of the week from the time of calving being specified.

For the best Heifer under three and over 1 year	$10 00
the second best do. do. do.	5 00

OXEN.

For the best yoke of working Oxen	15 00
the second best do. do.	10 00
For the best stall fed Beef	10 00
the best grass fed do.	5 00

SWINE.

For the best Boar	8 00
the second best do.	6 00
the third best do.	4 00
For the best Sow	8 00
the second best do;	6 00
the third best do.	4 00

SHEEP.

For the best Ram over 1 year old	8 00
the second best do.	5 00
For the best Ewe over 1 year old	8 00
the second best do. do.	5 00
For the two best Wethers over two years old	5 00
the two second best do. do.	3 00
For the two best Wethers under two years old	5 00
the two second best do. do	3 00

IMPLEMENTS OF HUSBANDRY.

For the best Agricultural Machine or Implement that may be considered new, and as deserving of the notice of the society and worthy of patronage	$10 00
For the best Machine for threshing out wheat, the cost of which shall not exceed $100	25 00

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

For the best piece of Kersey not less than ten yards	$5 00
For the best piece of Kersey (cotton warp) fit for labourers not less than 10 yards	5 00
The best piece of Flannel not less than ten yards	5 00
The best piece of Cassinet not less than ten yards	5 00
The best piece of Carpeting not less than 20 yards	5 00
For the best Hearth Rug	4 00
the second best do.	3 00
the third best do.	2 00
the fourth best do.	1 00
For the best Counterpane	5 00
the second best do.	3 00
For the best piece of Linen Sheeting not less than twelve yards	5 00
For the best piece of Table Linen not less than ten yards	4 00
For the best piece of Towelling not less than ten yards	3 00
For the best pair of knit Woolen Stockings	1 00
For the best pair of knit Cotton Stockings	1 00
For the best pair of knit Thread Stockings	1 00

Each of a size for men or women.

The dying of all domestic fabrics to be done at home.

BUTTER.

For the best sample of Butter not less than 5lbs nor less than one week old	$5 00
For the second best do. particulars as above	4 00
For the third best do. do. do,	3 00
For the best sample of potted Butter not less than 10lbs. nor less than three months old	5 00
For the second best do. particulars as above	4 00
For the third best do. do. do.	3 00

A statement of the manner of making and preserving it will be desired.

FERMENTED LIQUORS.

For the best sample of Cider of a preceding year, the premium to be given to the person making the same	$3 00
For the best sample of home made Wine	2 00
For the best sample of home made Cordial	2 00

PLOUGHING MATCH.

For the best ploughing by 2 Horses or Mules	5 00
For the best ploughing with Oxen	5 00
To the successful ploughman with Horses	2 00
To the do. do. with Oxen	2 00

The above premiums will be awarded only for animals bred within the State of Maryland, or within the District of Columbia: But Male animals of the several kinds above specified may be entitled to premiums though bred out of the State and District, provided the owner of such male animal shall secure his continuance in the State of Maryland to be bred from, for one year from the granting of the premium.

It is to be understood no premium shall be awarded merely for want of competition. And where the objects presented for premium shall be considered as possessing no merit worthy of encouragement, the judges shall have a right at their discretion to withhold such premiums.

Persons having animals that have heretofore taken premiums, may enter said animals for premiums of a higher grade than those heretofore awarded to them.

In no case will any premium be given for Live Stock unless the owner shall have notified Mr. Samuel T. Kennard, of Easton, of his intention to offer for the same, and shall have entered the particular animal with him ten days previous to the Exhibition, stating himself to be the owner of such animal, and the manner of feeding and rearing it, together with its age, pedigree, disposition and other qualities as far as practicable. And those persons who intend offering more than one kind of Stock for premium are required to make a separate communication for each description of Stock so intended to be offered. Persons having fine animals, though not intended to be offered for premiums, will gratify the Society by exhibiting them in their field, and for the purpose of making proper arrangements, and stalls for the accommodation of all Stock offered for premiums or for Show, it is requested that all persons intending to offer Stock for Show only, as well as those offering them for premiums should give notice to Mr. Kennard of such intention at least ten days prior to the Exhibition. All premiums awarded by the Committee shall be distributed in Articles of Plate.

The Trustees believing that it is neither just nor reasonable for those who are well able to aid in promoting the general welfare by Cattle Shows, to receive the honours and advantages of the society, without contributing something to its support, have

Resolved, That no Landholder shall receive a premium for any article, who is not a contributor to the amount of Membership. But all Tenants and others, not being the owners of land, may contend for premiums in like manner as members. And this exclusion does not extend to any *females* who may exhibit domestic fabrics or other articles for premiums.

An Auctioneer will be appointed, and the sale of Live Stock and articles exhibited will be made on the second day. Food will be provided for such Stock offered for premium or Show as shall be accommodated in the stalls.

By order of the Trustees,
NICHOLAS HAMMOND, *Chair'n.*
Test, Sam'l. T. Kennard, Sec'ry.
Easton, Sept. 17, 1825.

☞The Editors of papers in this State, and in the District of Columbia, and the states of Pennsylvania and Delaware, friendly to plans for the improvement of Agriculture, will confer a favour by inserting the above in their respective gazettes.

Sir Sidney Smith & the Guerilla chief.

"FRERE DE DIABLE."*

Few men were better calculated for the conducting of that sort of amphibious warfare which, during the contest of England with France, marked the progress of hostilities in the Mediterranean, than the truly gallant Sir Sidney Smith; and there was a degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous spirit. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution, were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession; and we have only to mention the siege of the Acre, to prove how well he could conduct operations on land. But it was in boarding, in cutting out, and in storming batteries, that he chiefly delighted—or to lead his men at night through the tangled forest, and winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast under the mild influences of an Italian sky, where the wild guerilla crossed his path, or joined his band, and gave him intelligence of the enemy. To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement, and gave repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humour. When the boats were ordered to be manned, (generally with volunteers) the boatswain's mate usually piped, "Bush-fighters away there," and all knew the purport of it.

Among the chiefs with whom Sir Sidney had formed an acquaintance, was one who from his undaunted recklessness in battle, defiance of every danger, and many escapes from death, was known by the appellation of "Frere de diable;" and, certainly, there was very little either in his aspect or manners that claimed much acquaintance with humanity—His countenance was ferocious in the extreme, and was rendered still more hideous by thick bushy whiskers that passed under his chin, and nearly encircled his face. On his shoulders, and sometimes over his head he wore the skin of some animal, and in his belt were his pistols, knife and dagger. His heavy hanger was suspended at his side, and his carbine hung at his back. The French had set a reward on his head; but so terrible had his name become, and so accurate was the information he obtained, that many a boaster, who over-night had sworn to conquer him, was found next morning weltering in his blood, and the soldiers looked upon him as an infernal spirit.

Sir S. having received intelligence of this chief being in the neighborhood of his cruizing ground, wished to communicate with him for the purpose of gaining an accurate account of the situation and operations of the common enemy. Accordingly, with a small party, he landed an hour before day-break, and the boat was concealed among the rocks, with orders for no one to quit her. After pushing their way over stock and stone, through brush and briar, climbing sometimes upon their hands and knees, and at others sliding down huge masses of rock, just as the sun rose above the wave, a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and they burst at once into an open space that had been partially cleared from the trees.

In one corner sat "Frere de diable," while his troop of banditti lay stretched at length, or sat upon the ground in unconnected groups. Some were still sleeping; others were awaking from their slumbers and stretching their limbs; while a few were examining their arms, or polishing their knives.—The whistle again sounded; when a single blast from a bugle roused every soul in an instant, their carbines were unslung, and they stood prepared for action. It was a scene that Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvass. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognized, and a wild shout of joy proclaimed his welcome.

After a short conference, breakfast was prepared, consisting of fruits, wine and hard bread. Sir Sidney and the chief sat together. Immediately behind them stood the bugle-man, and at the chief's left hand his sword-bearer, while the seamen of the party joined in the messes of the guerillas.

A few minutes had elapsed since this arrangement had been made, and the confusion had in a great measure subsided, when the report of a carbine was heard, and the bugle-man fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulders.

There could be no doubt that the ball was designed for either him or the chief, and each for a moment gazed with defiance on the other, as a mutual suspicion of treachery flashed upon their minds. But it was momentary.

The chief grasped the bugle, sprung upon his feet, and gave a blast that echoed from rock to rock. The men forsook their meal, and crowded round their leader, eager to execute his orders.—Again the bugle sounded, louder and longer than before, and soon after was sounded by another at a distance. The chief dashed the instrument upon the ground, gazed at the lifeless corpse, clenched his hand, and gnashed his teeth in demoniac rage, while the assembled group shrunk back before him. The distant bugle was once more heard, and in an instant he became calm, issued his directions to the band, and turning to Sir S. took his hand, requesting him to repair to his boat, and as soon as he saw smoke or fire in the wood, it was to be a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

This, however did not wholly eradicate the doubts of foul play from the mind of our gallant countryman; but there was no time to dispute, for in two minutes the whole guerilla troop had disappeared, and not a vestige of them remained, except the corpse, the broken food and half emptied flagons.

Sir S. returned to the ship, and passed the day in expectation of the concerted signal, determined to prove how far his suspicions were just, and what reliance was to be placed on "Frere de diable."

Night came, and about the middle of the first watch, bright flashes were seen in the appointed direction. Soon after the flames ascended, and it seemed as if the whole wood was in a blaze. The boats were again manned, and after considerable difficulty, Sir S. succeeded in reaching the spot.

A yell of satisfaction resounded from the troop as the brave British officer appeared amongst them.—But if the scene in the morning was striking, it was not to be compared with the present; where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. The chief leaned upon his sword, near a fire formed of dry logs, piled up on end, which burnt with great rapidity, and cast a red glare on the horrible figures that were gathered round.—'See,' said he, opening the fire as Sir S. advanced, and showing within the mutilated carcase of a human being nearly consumed, "See—thus perish all our enemies! This is he who fired the shot this morning—we caught the wretch—he confessed the bullet was designed for me, and thus—thus—I am revenged!" The miserable victim, (a French soldier) had been burnt alive. *London Paper.*

*The *Devil's brother.*

PRIZE ESSAY.

From the New-York Mirror.

HUMAN NATURE.

Written by Matilda Murray of this city, for the premium of Fifty Dollars.

The human mind is like a tilting field,
Where two contending champions scorn to yield,
Reason and passion—each in turn prevails,
Just as the owner regulates the scales.
If wisely he on reason's side declare,
Passion must yield, and happiness be there;
But if, alas, to passion's side he lean,
Disorder reigns, and desolates the scene.

When Kemble was hissed by an exasperated audience, in consequence of a rudeness previously offered to a female favorite, he could not have chosen a more plausible excuse than the one which gained him universal applause. 'Human nature,' said the great tragedian in his high, shrill, peculiar voice; 'Human nature,'—'Human nature!' It was eloquent in the extreme. The ingenuity of the world could not have devised a wiser pretext than the frailties and inconstancies of human nature. Good and evil are strangely commingled together. Opinions always fluctuating, and passions counteracting each other, whirl the mind into a delirium of contending emotions; and man is so singularly constructed, that he is ever regretting losses consequent on his own folly, or miserably disappointed in the accomplishment of his brightest hopes. In all the ardour of virtuous meditation he is eager to acknowledge the impossibility of a combination between happiness and vice; and yet unallured by true glory, and unabashed by shame, he daily sacrifices integrity to earthly pursuits; he abandons an endearing protector, an everlasting source of joy, for paltry treasures, which are at any moment liable to be destroyed by the fickle sport of chance.

Fame, that comes and goes on the wings of the wind—pleasures which flash and disappear like electricity in the summer cloud—and wealth which glides irresistibly from the tenacious grasp—are subjects that monopolize the attention of the learned, and arrest the steps of the gay.

The philosopher in his closet, and the soldier in the field, (though the former professes to teach the emptiness of glory, and the latter to stem the current of unjust power,) weary the slowly rolling hours with exertions: the one gaining admiration by the ridicule of praise, and the other ingeniously furthering the cause of humanity by glutting himself with the blood of his fellow men.—We cannot too deeply impress our minds with the value of virtue or too carefully mould our meditations into the shape of truth. Earth abounds with fascinating temptations, which surround the adventurer to dazzle his vision with false glares, and betray his attention with cheating sounds—The ambient pleasures will sometimes prove too strong for eagle-eyed resolution to resist, and faith often sleeps when the battle is nigh. Unless trained by long discipline into the practice of honour, he may not always follow the best inclination, or have any good inclinations to guide them. The flowery wreaths of vice stupify his senses with their fragrance, and lull his conscience into a fatal repose, until the deluded mind is entangled in her hundred-thousand folds, and the whole man sinks a horrid victim to irretrievable ruin. Then too late he sees his error; then the chains which seemed at first but garlands of flowers, are metamorphosed into serpents, whose breath is rank poison, and whose touch is destruction. Vainly he struggles in their nauseous embrace—seizes their slippery forms in his useless grasp, or attempts to control their billowy motions, and trample them beneath his shrinking feet. Alas! the creeping folds have encircled his body, and imprisoned every limb; gasping, he is enveloped in their countless toils, and yields, conquered and shuddering, to torments, horrible as hell! The course of vice is a steep descent, and we pass with accelerated velocity down its dreadful abyss—a false step, or a heedless turn, may plunge us into the lion's den, and the Spirit of God dwells not with the abandoned one, to pacify their rugged natures or soften down their ire.

Let us on the other hand observe the noblest work of God—an honest man. It is the constitution of humanity to endure every sorrow which is not the result of sin, and the good man turns a shielded breast to the ills of life, which rattle like harmless hail stones on an armed knight. Virtue to the mind is a more imperishable protection, than Spanish steel to the body; and he who has equipped himself in her sacred suit, walks gigantic and immortal amid the loudest din and fiercest dangers of tumultuous war. The greatest monarch who has gained his magnificence by the sacrifice of honour, has no dignity to compare to this; and La Fayette in his plain blue coat surrounded by the enchantments which virtue bestowed, is an object comparatively of more interest and admiration, than the sultan half buried in the treasures of the east. Many weak minded mortals, at the onset of their career, vainly suppose it possible to trifle a little with the pleasures of vice, and afterwards erect themselves in the strict practice of all that is just, honorable and good. They would amuse their tastes by sipping forbidden sweets, being careful not to drain the poisonous bowl to the bottom, and fondly imagine they possess resolution, in which daily experience proves their fellow mortals so miserably deficient—to allow a few merry gambols on the brink of the precipice, without the risk of being betrayed into the abyss. A very few, by the peculiar blessings of fortune, may regain their equilibrium, and re-establish themselves in the road to happiness; but many, and by far the majority, find their veins swelling with incurable malady, when they believed the venomous goblet only touched their lip; or dizzy and bewildered by the witcheries around them, lose their hold, and are hurled into the gaping chasm, when they only intended to glance over the edge.

An honest man is rarely to be found. There is no lack of those sort of beings who abound in negative virtues, who delight in religion, and detest the devil; who go to church three times on the Sabbath, and never demolish a meal without a good long winded grace.—The excellence of these consist in declarations of what feats they might have accomplished, if circumstances had not prevented, and how noble they would be—if they could. They grow up like brutes, deficient in the cultivated passions of civilized society—exhibiting their stated periods of youth, maturity, and decay—remote alike from the virtues and the vices, the rewards and the penalties, the delicate pleasures and refined pains of active existence; and after having undergone the varieties of animal life, at last quietly repose themselves in their narrow bed; like small pebbles for a moment disturbing the peaceful tranquility of the water with their fall, silently they bury their names and their natures in an oblivion as deep as though they had never been. These compose one of the three classes of the human kind. The other two consist of beings, whose loud voices are heard, and whose figures are seen and remembered on the great stage of the world, conspicuous as the benefactors or enemies, the glory or shame of their race. Augustus is one of the former.—In him are combined at once enthusiastic admiration of honesty, with will and power to practice it. Virtue consists scarcely more in acting, than in resisting. The impulse of a moment may urge a youth, warm in disposition into some glorious undertaking, but it requires firm reasoning, philosophical morality, the most difficult to attain, to defy temptations as a rock defies the waves which are forever beating at its base, and forever in vain. This great characteristic distinguishes Augustus from the rest of men. He pursues his varied path, with an unwavering moral courage, which, with the foppery of unnecessary display, is faithful in the hour of danger, and rises in ratio to the tumults in which he is engaged; strengthening him in proportion to the oppressive weight, it sheds a glory around his way, when overclouded with the gloomiest shades; and when he is brought to the test, when vice stands on one side, arrayed in her robes of gaiety, with her long train of false phantoms to urge her requests, and offering gold, and glory, and all the earth can afford, for a smile of his lip, or a touch from his hand; and the plain unadorned form of truth on the other, call with her silver voice, and bids him beware—then does this invaluable charm close his ear to sounds that would betray the unwary, and soften visions that would ruin the thoughtless gay. Indeed his mind is a beautiful piece of moral mechanism, which presents a barrier to shield from almost every weapon, or affords a remedy for every wound. What ills it cannot palliate, it teaches him to endure, and when fate banishes him from the prosperous rays which often shine on the vicious, it enables him to tread the dark labarynth with a *light* step and a fearless heart, confident and happy that joy awaits him at the end.

He possesses a thousand resources for agreeable thought, which hushes his bosom into a serenity impervious to the storm.—Cheerfulness perpetually irradiates his heart, from which he has wisely shut the greatest enemy to man. No matter what tempests brood over his head, or what terrors start up at his feet, whether he float on the full tide of trimphant prosperity, or smilingly row his little boat, industrious to the opposition of winds and waves—he happily meditates, that if his barque is overwhelmed, he can beat the surge with his arms; or if no means of security vary the waste around, the worst that can befal him is the momentary crisis, which not all creation could much longer have averted, and he eludes the cruelty of the angry storm, by causing the very winds which wreck his vessel to waft him to everlasting peace. Manlius, on the contrary, pursues pleasure over the path of vice, and, for a few contemptible and evanescent throbs of joy, pays a price, than which, far less would have purchased an eternity of delight. Before his youth had ripened into the energies of manhood, he thought he perceived many ways whereby he might indulge in idleness, without making the results visible in the tenour of his conduct, or the recitations of his task; but he was at length discovered in a falsehood which he had invented to excuse a crime, and, in addition to the advantages he had lost, he experienced the flagellation of his tutor, the disaffection of his companions, and the reproofs and contempt of all his friends. When the world presented a broader path,

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