# 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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## AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

THE CATTLE-SHOW, PLOUGHING MATCH, AND EXHIBITION OF HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

At Easton, on Thursday and Friday last, fully equaled the most sanguine hopes of the patriotic, and we may well add persevering society, under whose auspices it was held; and of the most zealous friends of the agricultural interest, the most important, by the bye, and the most honest interest, in the whole scope of human employments.

In friend Graham's Gazette, we shall undoubtedly have all the particulars fait fully detailed. Let him 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' This injunction might not appear so altogether superfluous, had the reader seen as did our informant who peeped into the Gazette office, that it resembled not a little the stall of a green grocer—such was the quantity of fruits and vegetables sent in there as specimens of their crops, by hopeful candidates for agricultural renown. There was a mangel wurtzel as large as a hominy mortar, while those who went for potatoes, sent each a peck or more of their best murphies to propitiate his smiles editorial—There were the cow-horn and the blue-nose, the Foxite and the Rohan, and the Mercer and the lobster potatoe, and last and best of all, Capt. Banning's genuine *irish reds*, which have come down from father to son, for the last fifty years, in all their unmixed purity and crumbling mealiness. In another corner of that said office were the curly yellow and the green savoy, the huge drum-head and the no less huge [illegible] the rest of the *choux* family—besides nice apples and other delicious fruits—Now what can be more natural, sir, I put it to your own feelings, than these occasional offerings, pomological and horticultural, to a poor editor, to be stored away for winter use, as a squirrel does his nuts! There is sir, you cannot deny, in this practice of making presents to village editors, from the orchard and the garden, a sort of primeval innocence and simplicity every way commendable; such as may be supposed to have prevailed more generally anterior to the age of corporations and banks and paper money and other vicious contrivances to facilitate commerce; in those glorious days of the wooden trencher and the breech clout; when the first pewter plate was deemed and aristocratical innovation; and breeches were denounced as effeminate and enervating luxury, invented by the enemies of equal rights to promote civilization and the arts, under the specious pretext of covering the posteriors! What may be the effect of these timely offerings on the judgment of him who fills the important office of village chronicler and impartial annalist of agricultural conflicts, can only be told by the lucky wights (not us) who have been subjected to their influence. To drop all badinage and return to the Show—Gentlemen who witnessed it assure us that it was excellent, specially in reference to all kinds of domestic animals, but nothing extraordinary, in the quality of the ploughing done, or in the exhibition of household manufactures.

THE PLOWING MATCHES, have been generally conducted as it seems to us, in some respects on erroneous principles—so far especially as SPEED is made one of the desiderata. The premium should be awarded to the BEST WORK, and as that is done in Maryland by a slave ploughman, a trifle might be awarded to him, best perhaps, in some article of holyday dress. But the principle of awarding this premium which would result probably in most benefit, would be one to the PLOUGH which should do the best work with a given force—whether it be Prouty's or Chenoweth's, or Beach's or others.—Let a good ploughman be selected to try with the same, or an equal force, the different ploughs—It is of the first importance to the farmer to know WHOSE MAKE is the best. No witness of the match on this occasion but must, we think, have been satisfied of the futility of the objection raised against MULES, that they are too SLOW MOTIONED. A view of the action of the several mule teams driven in this contest was demonstrative of the fact, if demonstration were wanting, that their speed depends on their BREAKING, and on the ploughman—A lazy sluggard of a ploughman may ruin animals of the finest spirit and quickest action; whether they be HORSES, mules or oxen. To his team, its treatment and education *at the time of being broken* to the plough or other service, every farmer should give his *personal attention*. Patience, humanity and judgment are then all to be exercised—the team should be put at first to light work, and kept briskly moving up to its work, without being *over worked*—We repeat that no one who saw the speed of these mule teams can doubt the practicability of having this abused and valuable animal to move in the plough as fast as is compatible with thorough work.

That the display of Household Manufactures was not so various and ample as on former occasions, is not to be denied—As every good is said to bring its attendant evil, some contend that the introduction of labor saving machinery, and the application of steam power, from the great engine that works in her bowels and gives motion to the British Queen, down almost to threading needles and darning stockings, has had the bad effect of nearly depriving the housewife of all economical employment: leaving her no resource to keep off ennui, except to read novels, whip the children, scold her husband, and kill flies!

The good old days are gone when the bright calico and the gaudy chintz, having served first for the mother's sunday gown, and then for the daughter's every day frock, was finally cut up into stars and diamonds and birds and flowers and made the subject of a long talked of, and much *talked at*, 'quilting match'!—and as for knitting their own stockings, modern machinery will throw off a thousand pair in less time than a young woman can throw off one. Let us hope that the time which would now be unprofitably bestowed on employments thus superseded by improved machinery will be occupied in *useful studies* and occupations calculated to prepare young ladies for the important and sacred obligations of wives and mothers; and by the wife in a manner to lighten the labors and guard the interests of her husband, looking daily after her dairy and her kitchen, her nursery and her closets, not forgetting her fruits & her flowers. Without meaning to be invidious or offensive, may we hope that many will emulate the example of Mrs. F*****, an accomplished housewife on West River, who, leaving her husband to conduct his farm with a success corresponding with his extraordinarily good management; takes the homestead under her own charge; and with equal skill and judgment, supplies and [illegible] his house and his table with all that punctuality, neatness and industry can command—the fattest poultry, the nicest butter, well cooked bread of various kinds, the downy peach, the fragrant melon, the odorous apple, and the luscious grape, decked out with sprigs of jessamine and honeysuckle, the rose,

'And genteel geranium,
'With a leaf for all who come,'

grateful and delicious to the palate and the eye—are all the fruits of her taste and her care.—Such Mr. Editor are the sort of housewives to mitigate the toils of the husbandman, and dissipate the gloom of rural seclusion.

'Tis not the gaudy dress can charm,
Nor equipage the soul can please;
Content can lull each wild alarm,
Unaided still by these

Full oft beneath the splendid robe
The heart with wrathful feeling throbs;
Or envy's pangs the bosom probe;
Or sorrow breathes in sobs.

Even meanness can with pomp reside:
Give me a lot unlike to this;
Be mine nor poverty nor pride,
But competence and bliss.

Let gentle woman's cheering smile
Give every joy a warmer glow,
Whose breast admits no thought of guile:
Be mine this lot to know!

'Returning however from a digression into which you perceive I am apt to run at every thought of woman, let me add, that there was yet much to admire in the exhibition of domestic carpets and hearth rugs, coverlets, quilts, flannels, stockings, &c. &c. as will be seen when we come to copy the official accounts into the American Farmer.

When my informant went to view this part of the exhibition in the court house, there were many ladies present, some of them 'ministering angels' at tables where various articles, substantial or fanciful, were sold for religious objects, or for charity, which, in my faith, is the very essence of all true religion and he, for you must know he is a very susceptible man, remarked that it would have been much easier to examine and admire these beautiful works of ingenuity and taste, had it not been for the superior beauty and attraction of the ladies themselves."

That this Easton exhibition generally should have surpassed expectation, did not in the least surprise me. I knew that for years past a wholesome emulation had existed among gentlemen in that section of the state, mindful of the progress of improvements going on in the agricultural world: with judgment and means to adapt these improvements to their own circumstances. I knew that the farmers of Talbot had been awakened to the importance of increasing the quantity of manure by the use of marl which abounds there, and all other materials available for that purpose; that they had studied the best rotation of crops and the most valuable points and qualities of domestic animals. In a word I knew that a chosen band of good men and true, associated in a friendly and patriotic spirit, had continued, through good and through evil report, to meet and to confer together for the benefit of the plough; and that however the indolent and the avaricious might affect to undervalue or to ridicule the affects, it was yet impossible that an association of such minds, for purposes so noble and beneficent, could fail to make itself felt in a thousand shapes, that might yet not be visible on a superficial view. The conversations of such men naturally give a tone to public thought—a direction to public inquiry—their social communion and influence is of itself enough to make agricultural discussions fashionable. Discussion elicits new facts and establishes useful truths and practices, which gradually, spread through and pervade a community; meliorating all their habits, without those by whom they are adopted, being sensible to whom they are indebted for the discovery of the truth or the exhibition of the practice! Would you have me say more of a Show that I did not see, or will you not rather wait for what is much better than all I could say—the official reports! I will not, however, close even this crude notice in anticipation of them, without offering the poor tribute of my humble thanks to those gentlemen who, without any more interest than others of their vocation, took the trouble to get up and carry through this fine exhibition of the results of agricultural investigations and rivalry. How much more honorable than the struggles and the triumphs of the political demagogue, is the zeal of him who in the enjoyment of ease and abundance, gives his thoughts and his time to the means of augmenting the sources of subsistence and comfort to his fellow men. Were it not for such men, prompted by feelings of benevolence towards man and beast; and a love of knowledge, the most glorious of all earthly possessions; population would outstrip the means of subsistence, periodical famine would desolate the fairest portions of the world, the human mind would retrograde, and civilization & the arts become words of unmeaning jargon and mockery. Thanks are indeed due to all who in any way contributed to the objects of the society, and quere—would it not be expedient, all other claims alike, where the premium is for animals sent to the show, to award it to the owner of the one residing at the greatest distance? But lo! there rises the steeple of the old State House over the land beyond Thomas Point—I must be ready to admire, as we enter the beautiful harbor of the ancient Metropolis, and to yield my mind to the various and interesting associations which the sight of it will ever awaken—So health and honor to the Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural Society—their best and most acceptable reward is in the success of their labours.

AGRICULTOR.

*S. B. Maryland, 26th Oct.* 1839.

For the Easton Gazette.

## A STRANGER AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

It was on the 24th of October, (the very month in which I am now writing) after an early breakfast, that N. S—— the companion of my travels, and myself, with a pace somewhat accelerated, were making our way to the town of Easton, the metropolis of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. For several days previous, in our own carriage, for the joint purpose of relaxation and health, and curiosity, we had been making easy stages from one town or village to another, at intervals on either side of the line which divides the little state of Delaware, from the above designated part of Maryland, which has its peculiar name on account of its lying along the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake bay. As it was late the preceding evening, when we first heard of the Cattle Show and Fair to be held at Easton, and determined to visit it, having a ride of some 16 or 18 miles before us, it was necessary to hurry our nag out of the lazy trot, in which for more than a week he had been indulged. The weather had been uncommonly fine. A few chilly nights with their attendant frosts had already interspersed the forests with every variety of colour. The bright yellow of the hickory, the dingy brown of the oak, the lively red of the dog-wood, with multitudes of other sear leaves, made a beautiful contrast with the ever-during green of the cedar and pine and holly. Pursuing our way over the level roads so characteristic of this section of the great Republic, as we approached the object of our quickened speed, the sun emerging from the partial obscurity of a hazy morning, presented more clearly to our vision, the splendors of the woodland scenery, and the no less interesting fields of corn; (newly ploughed for the wheat crop of the following year) with well filled ears bending their stalks to the ground. The day now promised (and it made good the promise) to be one of the loveliest of that most lovely & delicious of every season of the year—the INDIAN SUMMER. We fell in with a few of the citizens on horse-back, or in gigs and carriages, who like ourselves being somewhat behind the time, were endeavoring to make up for their own tardiness in setting off, by the smartness with which they applied their whips and spurs. We found ourselves at the same moment, in the midst of smaller and better cultivated fields, tenanted by spruce and comfortable dwellings and out-houses; and in sight of the town, whither the novelty of a Cattle Show and Fair, was drawing so many curious spectators. A *single* spire peering modestly above a rather compact mass of buildings, covering a space of 15 or 20 acres, on a very slight elevation above the surrounding plain, was among the first objects, which met my eye.—Upon arriving at the Hotel near the centre of the town, I ascertained that this spire was the belfry of the Court House, and not of a church, as I had imagined; the people, or their ancestors having proved themselves to be greater devotees to Justice than to Grace. The pavement before the Easton Hotel (so the inn is called) which fronts two streets was occupied by numerous groups of people, whose numbers were continually increasing. And having given our vehicle and horse into the hands of a servant, and our baggage into those of the landlord (already pretty well filled) the one inquiry, asked by a hundred persons, was, 'where is the show?—where shall I find it?—what part of the town?" Hundreds of gigs and other carriages, separated from their steeds, might be seen arranged along in front of the stabling of this, and a neighbouring tavern. Almost every face looked interested and happy, interrupted only by an occasional aspect of vacancy to be attributed to the momentary want of information, as to the particular place, where the scene of curiosity should be found. Ourselves joining in the inquiry, "where shall I find it?" which was repeated half a dozen times, without a satisfying reply, at length threw our breadths into a current of busy walkers, which, as we rightly conjectured, soon empued us into the general reservoir of the day. A few hundred yards from our inn, on the eastern border of the town, in the centre of a green square was THE SHOW. And *a show* indeed it was, well worth our time and ride. It would be difficult to convey a complete idea of the entire scene suddenly displayed as we wheeled around the last corner of the street leading to the spot. In the middle was an oblong square inclosure of post boards, not more than five feet high. *Within*, at the northern end was erected a large tent for the deposite of butter and wines: and to give shelter and privacy to the committees and officers, whose duty was to inspect the articles offered for premium, and otherwise to superintend the operations of the Fair. A long counter or platform running lengthwise from the gate of the inclosure to the tent, was piled up with every sort of domestic manufacture;—carpets, coverlets, counterpans, quilts, rugs, kersey, towelling, sheeting, stockings, (among them a pretty pair of ribbed silk short ones, made in the neighborhood, of home-spun silk) worsted work, cocoons, silk, thread, &c. Besides, in baskets on the ground, were fine specimens of corn, beets, turnips, rohan and other potatoes. Around the inclosure, in little pens of which the fence of the inclosure made one side, were different animals, bulls, cows, heifers, boars, sows, pigs, rams, ewes and weathers competing for the award of superior excellence, both by the exposure of well-fatted limbs; and the very audible utterance of their several dialects. And on the outside of all, completely filling up the residue of the square might be seen stallions, brood mares with colts, mules, donkeys (among these I specially noticed a noble Maltese Jack, the finest I ever saw,) and well trained saddle horses, some held by their grooms, & some backed by their owners; & altogether, laughing, talking, neighing, braying & mingling their notes of discord with the chaffering of cake-women selling bread and fruit, and with the still louder whirl & whiz of a large corn-husking and shelling machine, gave one, I should judge a no very bad idea of Babel, on a small scale.

I could not but observe, (and was puzzled at first to make out what they meant) pieces of white satin, on which were printed a plough, and the words "Maryland Agricultural Society," in capital letters, pinned to the breasts of the coats, mostly of the better clad These badges were the sign of membership, were purchased at the gate for two dollars each, and were necessary to entitle any one to the privilege of free ingress and egress into and out of the inclosure. If you took your stand not far off, you could perceive, among all who approached & hovered about the gate, that only those *entered* who wore the white satin badge; like the bustling natives of the hive, those that crawled in, had the golden sign on their thighs. Determining to leave nothing uninspected, which could at all minister to the gratification of curiosity, my companion and I procured each a badge; and desiring rather to see, than to be gazed at by others, we concealed them between our coat and vest, merely unfolding them to the eye of the porter, as we passed through the gate. I *occasionally* saw a curious body hanging about the long counter or platform, examining the woollen, cotton, and flaxen stuffs collected there. But I remarked that the tent was *always* pretty well occupied by persons, standing or sitting. For some time I had kept off, not knowing, but that being *a tabernacle*, it was *sacred* to the use of a favored few. At length my bump of [illegible] within I believe has always measured higher than the ridge either of *modesty* or *reverence*, overcame my scruples, and stationed me at the door. I discovered *the rites of this holyday* savored more of merriment than solemnity; and that both Bacchus and Ceres had abundance of worshippers within. "Taste this butter, this is No. 1,—and, then this, this is No. 2, and tell us, whether you agree with the committee?" "Very fine butter: exceedingly fine butter," was the reply of most of the invited, who first from one plate and then from another, (each plate holding 4 or 5 pounds) cut a liberal slice, and applying it to the side of a cracker applied *both* to his mouth, and munched away quite as greedily, as if he had been dining in a hotel, or on board of a steamboat. "Here are other plates, gentlemen, quite a number, all of them with butter of excellent flavour, but we think a *little* inferior to No. 1, and 2—though the committee have a *delicate* task to decide." Yet nearer the door, were the wine and *cordial* committee and their friends, surrounding a table, on which stood, I suppose at least a dozen bottles and decanters, sparkling with red liquor which had been prepared in the choicest way for this especial occasion. There seemed to be much more difficulty in deciding upon the relative merit of these several vessels, which were nearly exhausted, while the committee still deliberated upon the best. And I could not but wonder, if the competitors, who should receive no premium, would be entirely content with the return of their empty bottles! The last thing I saw, worthy of recital, among the amusements of the first day (for by this time I had learned that another day was to be given to the Show) as I elbowed my way out of the crowd, was the perfect self-complacency with which a jockey, drove his fast-trotting horse, geared to a sulkey up and down the streets, and around the square. The animal was so well trained, that at one moment he would be whirling the vehicle at the top of his speed, and, the next, at a well understood signal of his driver's, would be standing, still as a stake. With the most imposing air, between the giving of the signal and the stopping of his horse, the jockey tossed the reins upon his back, and waving his hand carelessly, as high as he could reach, prepared to dismount.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Cattle Show and Fair.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR

*Held at Easton, Md. on Thursday and Friday, 24th and 25th of October* 1839.

FIRST DAY.—The Exhibition commenced at 10 o'clock, A. M. on the beautiful open square on Dover street, owned by Mrs. Hammond and which was politely furnished by her for the use of the society

The forenoon was spent in the examination, by the committees, of the different articles offered for premiums and the trial of agricultural machines. In the afternoon there was an interesting exhibition of saddle and harness horses, ridden and driven by gentlemen; after which a variety of superior stock was sold at auction, to the butchers and other persons, at prices which afforded a handsome remuneration to the breeders.

SECOND DAY.—The ploughing match came off at 10 o'clock, A. M. in the large field on the east side of the town, in front of the residence of Col. H. L. Edmondson and was attended by a large concourse of spectators. A number of Ladies graced this part of the exhibition by their presence and evinced the liveliest interest in all that concerned the profession of Agriculture; the most honorable of all professions, because it is the only one which can number the ladies amongst its members. At the conclusion of the Ploughing Match the ladies repaired to the Court House where there was a beautiful exhibition of domestic frabrics and also a collation, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to charitable purposes. The society returned to the place of exhibition where the premiums were distributed to the successful competitors in accordance with the awards of the respective committees as contained in their reports hereunto annexed.

T. TILGHMAN,
Sec'ry. to the Board of Trustees.

### HORSES.

The Committee on Horses were much gratified at the display of fine animals, and found some difficulty in deciding on their merits, which, in several cases, were doubtful; yet they hope their efforts to do justice will be crowned with success.—They award the premium of of $10 for the best Stallion, thorough bred to Edward N. Hambleton Esq. of Talbot county, for his horse Roanoke, 6 years old, by John of Roanoke.

For the best Stallion, not thorough bred $10 to C. Sherwood, Esq. of Talbot county, for his horse Van Buren, by Maryland Eclipse.

For the best brood mare, thorough bred, $10 to Gen. Thomas Emory of Queen Anns, for his mare Betsy Wilson, dam of Lady Clifton, 13 years old.

For the best brood mare, not thorough bred $10 to Dr. Theodore Denny, of Talbot county, for his bay mare Fanny.

For the best colt, $8 to Mr. Jas. A. Ridgaway, of Talbot county, for his bay yearling colt, Celerity, by Uncle Sam.

For the best filly, $8 to Wm. Hemsley, Esq. of Queen Anns county, for his black filly 4 years old, by Maryland Eclipse.

For the best saddle horse, $5 to Jas. Ll. Martin, Esq. of Talbot county, for his brown mare by Chester.

For the best Harness horse, $5 to Edward T. Paca, Esq. of Queen Anns county, for his grey gelding.

The Committee having exhausted the premiums at their disposal; beg leave to mention, among the fine stallions exhibited, the noble Horses Uncle Sam and Maryland Eclipse: there were several other fine animals—much admired—among them Mr. Slaughter's Sir Hampton; Mr. James H. Willson's Conrad and Mr. Ennalls Martin's Sweeper.

### VOLUNTEER PREMIUMS.

Given by Gen. T. Tilghman.

The Committee award for the best foal by Tuscarora dropped in 1839, $8 to Col. Nicholas Goldsborough, of Talbot county, for his bay filly-foal.

For the second best, $4 to Wm: H. DeCoursey, Esq. of Queen Ann's county, for his sorrel filly-foal.

Given by the owners of Uncle Sam.

For the best foal by Uncle Sam, $10 to Jas. A. Ridgaway, Esq. of Talbot county, for his yearling bay colt,—a remarkably fine animal.

Respectfully submitted.

ROBERT WRIGHT. Jr.
CLAYTON WRIGHT,
T. D. SINGLETON,
JAS. N. GOLDSBOROUGH,
JAS. H. WILLSON.

### ASSES AND MULES.

The Judges of Asses and Mules award the pemium of $10 for the best Jack, over three years old to Mr. John N. Hambleton, U. S. Navy, of Talbot county, for his very fine Imported Maltese Jack, 'Peter Simple,' 3 years old.

For the best mule, over three years old they award the premium of $8 to Mr. Samuel Hambleton, U. S. Navy, of Talbot county for his brown mare mule; Col. Goldsborough's mule Kildee not being considered (in the opinion of the Judges) as entitled to a premium, on account of having obtained the premium at a former cattle show in this county. And for the best Mule under 3 years old, the premium of $5 is awarded to Mr. Joseph R. Cook of Queen Anns county, for his fine yearling mule 'Jim'.

The Judges beg leave to remark that Mr. Hambleton's Jack was the only one entered for a premium, but being decidedly the finest animal of the kind they have ever seen, they thought him eminently entitled to the premium and have accordingly awarded it to him. The mules exhibited were generally of fine size and spirit.

This report is made with entire unanimity by the Judges.

John Tilghman,
John N. Hambleton,
Wm. R. Trippe.

### CATTLE.

The committee on cattle appointed by the Agricultural Society, for the purpose of awarding premiums to those, in their judgement best entitled. Take great pleasure in meting out much commendation, to the different owners of that kind of stock, and can with truth say, that they think it the best exhibition, they have ever been called to decide upon—and after much diligent investigation; and strict comparison as to age, symetry of proportion and breed—do award as follows, viz.

To William Goldsborough Esq. Myrtle Grove, of Talbot county, for his splendid Durham Bull, Blanc Mange, they award the first premium of $10 and think him unsurpassed; combining great length of body, with critical accuracy of proportion.

To Mr. S. Hambleton, U. S. Navy, of Talbot county, for his beautiful Devon Bull, Tippecanoe, they awarded the second premium, though with some difficulty, as there were several others, that attracted great attention and shared close competition.

To Mr. Wm. H. Wilmer of Queen Anns county, for his uncommon Durham Bull calf, Don Carlos, we award the premium of $10.

To Mr. S. Hambleton, U. S. Navy, of Talbot county, for his very fine Devon Milch Cow, Cherry, they award the first premium of $10.

To Mr. Martin Goldsborough of Talbot county for his beautiful Devon Milch Cow, Balinda; they award the second premium of $5.

To Mr. Joseph K. Cook of Queen Ann's for his remarkably well grown and beautiful Durham heifer, Victoria, they award the premium of $8.

To Wm. Goldsborough, Esq Myrtle Grove, of Talbot county, for his critically formed heifer, Snow Ball, they award the second premium of $5, though

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