The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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A CAPE MAY SCENE.

A letter from Cape May to the Philadelphia City Item says: "How funny the women do look in their bathing dresses, to be sure. The beautiful Miss ——, of Walnut street, is the sole instigator of the following:

WE MET—'TWAS IN THE BRINY DEEP.

We met—'twas in the briny sea;
I thought that she would shun me.
Because she wore a bathing dress,
And looked so very funny.

She put her little hand in mine.
With faltering emotion,
And let me take her farther in
That merciless old ocean.

That there was not the slightest risk
I frequently asserted,
When, lo! a crashing breaker came,
And we were both inverted.

She screamed as only woman can,
As safe to shore I brought her,
And gasping, said, "I've swallowed, sir,
A quart of briny water."

I tried to dissipate her fears,
And when she looked so doleesome,
Assured her brine was thought to be
Superlatively wholesome.

She gazed upon me silently,
(She couldn't speak for choking.)
But looked as if she thought the theme
Too serious for joking.

She left me by the briny sea,
And through the sand she waded.
Then in a little bathing house
The dripping angel faded.

Thinks I, the only girl that rose
In *beauty* from the ocean
Was Venus—and she certainly
Excited great emotion.

But, cogitating further still,
I drew this moral lesson,
That Venus only looked so well,
Because she had no dress on.

THE ANGEL BRIDE.

FROM THE MSS. OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of C——. Its open windows overlooked a garden where taste and beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden which extended with a scarce perceptible delineation to the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a white picket, and by a hedge of low-trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept on, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.

I entered the house and stepped lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—aye of death.

"Welcome, doctor," said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. "Welcome! the dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must presently awake, and one of her first enquiries will be for you."

"How is your sweet Lucy now?"

"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers who go up to the earthly courts of Zion. Oh!, she added, while the sunlight of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy, "Oh! how full of consolation is the scene of moral life and suffering, of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope!"

"Yes my dear friend," I replied, "your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. I have seen death to-day clad in the robes of terror. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared even after long and faithful warning; and the reconciliation of the sad struggle, the terrible anguish vanquished, the fierce triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted nature, haunt my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them."

"And is poor Edwards gone at last to his dread account? Oh, how fearful!" and the gentle lady covered her face and wept.

Some time elapsed. I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand a small though elegant copy of the bible, I opened the silver clasp, and my eye caught the simple inscription of the fly leaf:—"To my Lucy—a parting gift of Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the word, but thought was for the time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day. Seventeen summers they both had numbered—though Lucy was some months older; no brother or sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, and their pursuits were in common. They called each other 'sister,' and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of this little volume in my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth, in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart, and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we trusted that when each sun rose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons.—Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts, on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject of the widowed mother of the lovely Lucy.—At length, however, she raised her head, and observing the open volume in my hand she said in an assumed tone of cheerfulness "I trust Clarence will come home this evening. It is now—

"Clarence?" said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes and looking eagerly around. Her eye rested on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver, and a sad smile, she said, "he is not come."

"No, my darling, he is not yet come; but there is more than an hour to the close of the day, and then—"

"God grant he *may* come," said the maiden, and she added with energy, "if it be His holy will. Oh, doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?" and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said, "but I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen—why does she not come?" Her mother turned an inquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked the feeble but regular beatings of the pulse.

"Shall I send for your daughter, doctor?" she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her "sister."

"Ellen, my sweet sister," said Lucy, "your father has told me that I must leave," and her voice faltered, "my own dear mother, and ——" but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that moment the voice of one of the domestics was distinctly heard saying.

"He is come. Mr. Clarence is come.—Now God bless my dear young lady."—Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, murmured, "Father in Heaven, I thank Thee!" and then fainted with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant College, and the letter which summoned him to C——, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had stored its affections, and centered its hopes, next to Heaven; for Clarence was more than a noble-hearted, high-souled man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ; and he was getting himself to be an apostle of his holy religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health, and with her companion Ellen, was performing her delightful duties as a Sabbath School Teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sdden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally weak, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe of youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holycaust of death. At first the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently *few*.

For this dreadful intelligence Clarence was not prepared. He learned, but he hoped *more*, and though his heart was heavy, hope kindled a bright smile in his manly face, as he entered the little parlor, where he had spent so many hours in exquisite happiness. He had alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a sad tale to his heart.

"Clarence, dear Clarence, you have the welcome of fond hearts."

"How is Lucy? Why is your face deadly pale? Oh, say is she not dangerously ill! tell me"—and a thought of misery entered his heart; "she is,—oh, my God, my Father in Heaven, strengthen me,—she is dying,—even now, dying!"

"Nay, nay, Clarence," said the mother, soothingly, "Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?"

There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living, but there was an anguish in the expression,—"hope for the best," and he said hurriedly, "oh, take me to her at once,—now," and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear the trial, to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass from him, even as did his master in the days of his incarnation and anguish. He arose and with a calmer voice said, "I can see her now."

At this moment I joined them, with Lucy's earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed fairly through in the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy.

Alas! Clarence; as his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed,—her whom he had left in the very flush of perfection, of youthful loveliness,—now how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.

"Clarence, my own Clarence," said the sweet girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not—dared not speak.

Clarence, cheer up, my beloved," but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover's bosom and weep. We did not attempt to check their grief; nay, we wept with them, and sorrow for a while had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke the silence. "Lucy my own dear Lucy! God forgive me for my own selfish grief;" and he added fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to Heaven, "Father, give us grace to bear this trouble aright," and turning to me, added, "Doctor, oh? pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians."

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, bnt I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness, of her true condition, for I dared not to delude him with false hopes.

"Doctor", said he, with visible anguish, "is there no hope?"

"Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to-day."

"Then God's will be done," said the young man, while a holy confidence lighted up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the dear girl lingered, and many sweet hours of converse did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the portico of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she should die speedily, and hapily this conviction had reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him had yielded to the blissful anticipation of Heaven, that glorious clime where she would, ere long, meet those from whom it was "more than death to part."

"Dear Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, "you are better, love. May not our Heavenly Father yet spare you to me,—to your mother,—to cousin Ellen,—to happiness?"

"Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go, and Clarence you must not mourn when I exchange even this bright world for the Paradise of immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand and drew it close to his throbbing heart, and she resumed, pointing to a bright cluster of amaranth,—"See, there, Charles is the emblem of the life and joys to which I am hastening." * * *

Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arms the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel, and we awaited its surrender to death.

The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately; and he said; 'is it well with thy soul?" She answered in a clear and sweetly confiding tone of voice:

"It is well! Blessed Redeemer thou art my only trust."

Clarence now bent his head close to the head of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly that we all heard.

"Lucy, since thou may not be mine in life, be mine in death; let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipating a re-union in Heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered.

"It is well, Clarence,—I would fain bear thy name before I die?" We were started at this strange request and answer but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said,—

"Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in my bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb?" Clarence also besought Mrs. May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and mother; and she answered:

"As you and Lucy will, but it will be," and her heart spoke—"it will be a mournful bridal."

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to to speak.

"You will not blame me that I seek even in the arms of death to make her my wife. Oh, how much of bliss has crowded into this one anticipation, and though indeed it will be a 'sad bridal,' it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips."

In a few minutes we re-entered that hallowed chamber; the light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe which scarcely outrivalled her cheeks in whiteness, save where the hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed in.—Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported in his arms. She placed her wasted hands in his, and said, half playfully, half sadly, "'Tis a worthless offering, Clarence."

He pressed it to his fevered lip—his face pale and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in a few words aad simple, united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another sun should rise.—Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in Heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them one flesh, and lifted up his hands and voice in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence and in a low voice murmured—

"My husband."

"My wife!" responded Clarence, and their lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

We gave them congratulation, though quick tears exchanged the sweet kiss of holy love and friendship.

That night before the last hour, the angel Azriel came as a messenger of peace to that bridal chamber, and though new foundations of earthly bliss had been opened in the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured—"peace—farewell husband—mother—sister——all," her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the embrace of the woe-stricken but humble Clarence—who still lingers in this weary world doing his Master's work, and waiting his will to be re-united to his angel bride in Heaven.

STRANGE CREDULITY——A $3000 SWINDLE.

About two weeks ago, as a gentleman farmer, living in Madison county, was riding towards his home, not far distant, he observed a man and a woman by the road side, engaged in repairing tin-ware. A few days afterwards, a woman called at his house, and after some conversation, asked him if he did not recollect her. He replied that he did not. She then told him that she had seen him on the road a few days before, and that his appearance had made such an impression upon her mind, that she was compelled to call and see him She told him that she was an astrologer, and that she was well acquainted with its mysteries. She saw at once that he was an extraordinary person, and knew that he had been born under a particular planet, and that great things might be expected of him. She then took from her apron a book which seemed to contain a number of diagrams, figures, &c., and read from it, in an unknown tongue, a few "hocus pocus" sentences, after which, closing it and putting it back into its hiding place, she went into the kitchen, bought a few pounds of butter of the wife of the gentleman, for which she paid liberally, and went on her way.

A day or two afterwards, the woman called again reiterating what she had said on her first visit, the farmer paying but litattention to what she said, looking upon the whole affair as an attempt to humbug him. Not at all discouraged, the woman called again the next day, and wound up her conversation by saying that she knew where three hat crowns full of gold had been buried on his farm; and that, if he would do as she directed, they could recover it; but that it was necessary to allay the spirits that stood guard over it; that a large sum of money must be present with them at the incantation. She thought five thousand dollars would be required, but was not sure as to the amount; and she proposed, if he would go into it, and furnish the money that she would give him two-thirds of the treasure, while she would reserve the other one-third as her share.

Up to this time, the farmer appears to have had no confidence in the woman; but as she took his hand, and traced the mysterious lines therein, telling him the great things in store for him, he began to place some confidence in her, especially as she told him some things that had occurred in his life that he supposed had never been known. About this time he sold a large lot of cattle; for which he received in cash about $4000. The next day the woman called again, and said that $3000 was the amount required to be present to allay the spirits. The farmer then produced the package of money received for the cattle, and the two sat down to a table, and counted out $3000 in bank notes, excepting four small gold coins. The money was then folded up and put into a handkerchief the woman all the time making strange motions, and talking strange talk. The next day and the day after the woman called again, each time counting the money as before, making the same signs, &c., but leaving the money with the farmer, wrapped up in the handkerchief. At the next visit she required him to take a solemn oath that he was not to tell to a living soul the object they were in pursuit of; that she was going away to be absent a short time; he was not to look at the package of money at any time excepting when she was present; and, after making an earnest prayer, she took hold of him while she held the package of money in her hand, and swung him around, so that they came together back to back. She then gave him back the handkerchief, as he supposed, all right, and told him that she would return on the 15th, 16th, or 17th of August, and then they would go in company and secure the hidden treasure. On the 15th he hardly expected to meet her, and was not disappointed that she did not come. On the 16th he sat up late at night expecting her arrival.

After waiting till near midnight, on the 17th, he began to suspect all was not right, and he feared all this might be a trap to rob him. So strong did this suspicion fasten upon him, that he took up his gun, loaded it, and went out into the shrubbery surrounding the house, where he could see all who approached without being seen, and remained there until two o'clock in the morning. But no one came. As the time had elapsed that was set by his fair visitor, he considered himself absolved from his obligation, never doubting in the least that his money was safely deposited in the handkerchief.

Unrolling it carefully, what was his dismay at seeing, not a roll of bank bills, and four pieces of gold, as he had left it, but a package of brown paper and four cents, in lieu thereof. Even the handkerchief had been changed; instead of being his own, it was one precisely similar. One of the strangest things in all this strange transaction is that a counterfeit five dollar bill that was placed in the package of money, was taken out of it, and returned in the roll of brown paper. How this was done is a mystery we cannot solve. The farmer who has been so completely bamboozled out of $3000, now seeks to find some remedy at law.

Strange as this story may appear to many, we have the facts from the most undoubted authority, and we have given them just as they occurred. We can sympathize with our friend, the farmer, in the loss of his money, for he is not the first of the masculine gender who has been, and, alas, he is not the last who will be duped by a pretty woman.—*Columbus (O.) State Journal.*

☞ "Don't lay in that posture, dear," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who was stretched on a sofa with his heels a foot or two higher than his head. "Don't lie so; raise yourself up and put this pillow under you. I knew a young man once who had a suggestion of the brain in consequence of laying so—his brains all ran down into his head!" and with this admonition she left him to his nap in the little sitting room.

PREMIUM LIST OF THE LANCASTER COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

For articles to be exhibited at the first Lancaster County Agricultural Fair, to be held at Columbia, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the 13th, 14th and 15th days of September, 1854.

CLASS NO. I.—HORSES AND MULES.

For best Stallion for heavy draught,	$12
2d best do do	8
Best Brood Mare for heavy draught,	12
2d best do do	8
Best Stallion for quick drg't and saddle,	12
2d best do do do	8
Best Brood Mare for quick drg't and saddle,	12
2d best do do do	8
Best Horse Colt between 2 and 4 years old,	6
2d best do do do	3
Best Filly or Mare Colt between 2 and 4,	6
2d best do do do	3
Best Horse Colt between 1 and 2 years,	4
Best Filly or Mare Colt, do	4

NO. 2.—Matched Horses, Gelding Mares, Jacks and Mules.

For best Carriage Horses,	$8
2d best do	6
Best Gelding,	5
2d best,	3
Best single Mare,	5
2d best do	3
Best Jack,	5
2d best,	3
Best pair of Mules,	5
2d best do	3
Best team of Mules, not less than 4,	5
2d best do do do	3

CLASS NO. II—CATTLE.

NO. 3.—Short Horns.

BULLS.

For best Bull, 3 years old and upwards,	$8
2d best do do do	4
Best Bull between 1 and 2 years,	3
2d best do do	2

COWS.

Best Cow 3 years old and upwards,	$8
2d best do do	4
Best Heifer between 2 and 3 years old,	5
2d best do do do	3

NO. 4.—Devons.

BULLS.

For best Bull 3 years old and upwards,	$8
2d best do do do	4
Best Bull between 1 and 2 years,	3
2d best do do do	2

COWS.

Best Cow 3 years old and upwards,	$8
2d best do do	4
Best Heifer between 2 and 3 years,	5
2d best do do	3

NO. 5.—Natives or Grades.

BULLS.

For best Bull, 3 years old and upwards,	$6
2d best do do do	4
Best Bull between 1 and 2 years,	3
2d best do do	2

COWS.

For best Cow 3 years old and upwards,	$6
2d best do do do	4
Best Heifer between 2 and 3 years,	5
2d best do do	3

NO. 6.—Working Ozen.

For the best yoke of Oxen,	$5
2d best do do	3

A cart will be provided to test the qualities of the oxen.

NO. 7.—Fat Cattle and Stock Cattle.

For best pair of Fat Steers or Oxen,	$5
2d best, do do	3
Best Stock Steer,	4
2d best, do	3

Applicants for premiums for fat cattle must furnish statements of manner of feeding.

NO. 8—Milch Cows.

For best Milch Cow,	$8
2d best do	5

☞ The Cows to be kept on grass only, during the trial, and for 10 days previous to the trial. The time of trial from the 1st to the 10th of September.

Statement to be furnished, containing:—

First, The age and breed of cow, and time of calving.

Second, The quantity of milk in weight, and also of butter made from each cow during the period of trial.

Third, A statement to be made to the Judges, of the facts, verified by the affidavit of competitor and one other person conversant there with.

CLASS NO. III.

NO. 9.—Sheep, Swine and Poultry.—Sheep, native or mixed Blood.

For the best Buck,	$5
2d best, do	3
Best pair of Ewes not less than 3	5
2d best, do do	3
Best pair of Lambs not less than 4,	4
2d best, do do	2

IMPORTED SHEEP.

For best imported Buck,	$5
2d best do	3
Best imported Ewe,	5
2d best do	3

WOOL.

For best 3 fleeces of Saxony or Merino Wool,	$2
2d best do do do	1
Best 3 fleeces Cotswold or South Down Wool,	2
2d best do do	1
Best 3 fleeces of wool from native or cross breed sheep,	2
2d best do do	1

NO. 10.—Swine.

For best Boar over 2 years old,	$5
2d best do do	3
Best Boar one year old.	5
2d best do	3
Best Boar 6 months and under 1 year,	5
2d best do do	3
Best breeding sow over 2 years old,	5
2d best do do	3
Best breeding sow 1 year old,	5
2d best do do	3
Best lot of pigs (not less than 5) under 6 months,	4
2d best do do	2
Best fattened hog,	5
2d best do	3

NO. 11.—Poultry,

Best lot of Shanghai Fowls, not less than 3 one Cock and two Hens,	$2
Best lot of Dorking Fowls do do	2
Best lot of Poland Fowls do do	2
Best lot Spanish Fowls, do do	2
Best lot of Jersey Blues, do do	2
Best lot of Bucks County Fowls, do do	2
Best lot of Malay or Chitagong Fowls, do	2
Best lot of Bantams, do	2
Best lot of Game Fowls, do	2
Best lot of Native or Dunghill Fowls, not less than 5,	2
Best lot of Poultry owned by Exhibitor,	4
Largest Collection of Fowls,	4
Best pair of Capons,	1
Best pair of Turkeys,	1
" " Wild Geese,	1
" " Muscovy Ducks,	1
" " Common Ducks,	1
Best pair of Pea Fowls,	2
Best Caponed Turkey,	2

CLASS NO. IV.

NO. 12.—Plowing Match.

The plowing Match will take place on Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock. Persons competing in the plowing match, will have their Teams hitched and in readiness at the appointed hour.

1st premium to be awarded for the best plow,	$5
2d best, do	4
Best Sub-soil plow,	5
2d best do	4
First premium to be awarded to the best plowman,	5
2d best plowman,	3
First premium to be awarded to the best plow boy under 18 years.	5
2d best plow boy under 18 years,	3

☞ The name of the plowman must be given as well as the kind of plow to be used, at the time of entry.

CLASS NO. V.

NO. 13—Farm Implements, No. 1.

Best Farm Wagon,	$5
2d best do	3
Best Hay rigging,	3
2d best do	2
Best Harrow,	1
2d best do Farm Journal	
Best Corn Cultivator, Diploma and	3
2d best do Diploma and Farm Journal	
Best Grain Drill,	5
2d best do	3
Best seed planter, for horse or hand power for hills or Drills, Diploma and	4
2d best do do do	2
Best Cultivator for general purposes Diploma and	4
2d best do do	2
Best broadcast sown, Diploma and	2
2d best do	2
Best Roller, for general use,	2
2d best do	1
Best Clod crusher and Roller combined,	2
2d best do do	1
Best Fanning Mill, Diploma and	4
2d best do do	2
Best Hay and Straw cutter, Diploma and	2
2d best do do	1
Best Vegetable cutter,	2
2d best do	1
Best Clover huller,	4
2d best do	2
Best Horse Rake,	2
2d best do Farm Journal	
Best Corn sheller, horse power,	4
2d best do do Diploma and	2
Best Corn sheller, hand power, do and	2
2d best do do do	1

NO. 14.—Farm Implements No. 2.

For best Wagon Harness for Farm,	$2
2d best do do	1
Best Cart Gears,	2
2d best do Farm Journal	
For best Churn, Farm Journal, or	1
2d best do Farm Journal	
Best Grain Cradle, Diploma	
2d best do Farm Journal	
Best Scythe and Snathe, Diploma and	1
2d best do Farm Journal and	1

NO. 15.—Farm Implements and Machinery.

Best Mowing or Reaping Machine, Diploma and	$8
2d best do Farm Journal and	4
Best Sweep Horse Power,	8
2d best do	4
Best Threshing Machine. Diploma and	3
2d best do do	2
Best Pump for Wells,	4
2d best do	2
Best arrangement for raising water, other than pumps,	4
2d best do do do	2
Best Hay and Cattle Weighing Scales, Diploma and	4
Best Weighing Machine for general Farm purposes,	8
Best lot of large Scales,	2
Best portable Cider Press, Diploma and	3
2d best do do Farm Journal and	1
Best Shingle and Stave Cutter,	3
2d best do do	1
Best invention for spreading Lime,	2
Best collection of Farmers' Tools, arranged in a depout,	3
Best invention for securing the run of water in drains,	2
2d best,	1
Best and most numerous collection of Ag'l Implements, Diploma and	5
2d best do do	3

In addition to the foregoing premiums on Agricultural Implements, DIPLOMAS and PREMIUMS will be awarded by the Judges on Discretionary PREMIUMS for such new and *meritorious* implements and inventions as may be exhibited. Persons presenting Agricultural Implements or articles of mechanical ingenuity, are requested to furnish the Secretary with a particular description of the article, and the price and place where it can be obtained.

CLASS NO. VI.

NO. 16.—Dairy, Sugar and Honey.

Best firkin or tub of Salted Butter, not less than 3 months old,	$5
2d best do	3

Premiums awarded to Girls under 21 years of age.

For best lot of 10 lbs. of butter made any time, a Diploma and	$1
2d best lot of 10 lbs. of butter made any time,	Diploma
Best lot of 5 lbs. of butter made any time	1
2d best do do	Diploma

CHEESE.

One Year and Older.

Best 100 lbs. Cheese,	$4
2d best do	2

SUGAR AND HONEY.

Best 20 lbs. Maple Sugar,	$2
2d best do	1
Best 10 lbs. of Honey,	2
2d best do	1

CLASS NO. VII.

NO. 17.—Flour, Corn Meal, Grain, Seeds and Vegetables.

Best Barrel of Flour,	$5
2d best do	3
3d do do	2
Best Barrel of Corn meal prepared from kiln-dried corn,	3
2d best do do	2
Best sample Corn Farina,	1
Best Wheat Farina,	1
Best Smut Machine,	5
2d best do	3

NO. 18.—Grain, Seed and Vegetables.

Best Bushel white wheat,	$2
" " Red wheat or Mediterranean,	2
" " Rye,	2
" " Yellow gourd seed corn,	2
" " Irish potatoes, Farm Journal and	1
" " Sweet potatoes, do	1
" " Field turnips, do	1
" " Ruta Baga, do	1
" " Sugar Beets, do	1
" " Carrots, do	1
" " Parsnips, do	1
" " Timothy seed, do	1
12 best Onions,	1
2d do do	1
6 best heads of Cabbage	1
6 best heads of Brooali,	1
12 best Tomatoes,	1
2 best purple Egg plants	1
12 best ears yellow seed corn,	1
do do white seed corn,	1
For the choicest and largest assortment of Table Vegetables, Diploma and	4
2d best do do do	2

CLASS NO. VIII.

NO 19.—Domestic Manufactures.

Best lot of Silk Cocoons,	$1
2d best do Farm Journal and	3
Best pair of Woolen Blankets,	1
Best 10 yds. Woolen Cloth, Domestic Manufacture, Diploma and	3
2d best,	2
Best 15 yds. Woolen Carpets, Diploma and	3
2d best do do	2
Best Rag Carpets, 15 yards,	3
2d best do do	1
Best Double Coverlets,	3
2d best do	2
Best pair Woolen Knit Stockings,	1
Best pair Linen Knit do	2
2d best do do	1
Best pound of Linen sewing thread,	2
2d best do do	1

NO. 20.—Household Manufactures.

Best Ornamental Needlework,	$2
2nd best do	1
Best artificial flowers,	2
2d best do	1
Best variety Worsted work,	2
2d best do do	1
Best Fancy Needlework,	2
2d best do	1
Best Quilt,	2
2d best,	1
Best Counterpane,	2
2d best do	1

Articles of Domestic Manufacture to be made in the family; and in all cases, the exhibitor must furnish evidence that they are so manufactured. And no article manufactured in Factories, or out of the family, will be received in either of the classes of Domestic Manufacture.

NO. 21.—Manufactures other than Domestic.

Best piece of black Broadcloth, American manufacture, 20 yards,	Diploma
Best piece blue Broadcloth, American manufacture, 20 yards,	Diploma
Best piece of woolen Carpet, manufactured in Factories, 20 yards,	Diploma
Best piece of Satinett, 20 yards,	Diploma
" " of bleached cotton shirting 30 yards,	Diploma
" " unbleached do 30 yds.	Diploma
" " bleached cotton sheeting 30 yards,	Diploma
" " unbleached do 30 yds.	Diploma
" pair woolen Blankets,	Diploma
" variety of Flannel,	Diploma
Best lot of men, women and children's Boots and Shoes, Diploma and	$2
2d best do	2
Best lot of men and women's Saddles and Bridles, Diploma and	6
2d best,	3
Best Traveling Trunk, Diploma and	3
2d best do	2
Best Carriage, Buggy, and Hunting Wagon,	3
Best specimen of Cabinet ware, Diploma and	3
2d best do	2
Best improved Bedstead,	3
2d best do	2
Best improved School Desks and Chairs,	4
2d best do do	2
Best lot of Sole, Harness and Upper Leather,	3
2d best do do	2
Best lot of Calf Skins, dressed,	3
2d best do do	1

CLASS NO. IX.

NO. 22.—Agricultural Productions of Field Crops.

WINTER PREMIUMS.

For best 5 acres of Corn,	$10
Best acre of Corn,	3
" 5 acres of Wheat,	10
" acre of Wheat,	3
" 5 acres of Rye,	8
" acre of Rye,	3
" 5 acres of Barley,	8
" acre of Barley,	3
" 5 acres of Oats,	8
" acre of Oats,	3
" acre of Timothy Seed,	2
" acre of Clover Seed,	2
" acre of Irish Potatoes,	5
" ½ acre do	3
" acre of Carrots,	5
" ¼ acre do	2
" ¼ acre Ruta Baga,	4
" ¼ acre Sugar Beets.	4
" ¼ acre Mangel Wurtzel,	4
" ¼ acre Turnips,	4
" ½ acre Tobacco,	3

Competitors for premiums for the above agricultural productions, must produce a full statement of the mode of cultivation, and accompany the same with a certificate of two respectable men as to the product and measurement of the ground, and also exhibit a sample of each crop at the annual meeting of the Society in Lancaster on the second Tuesday in January next, when the premiums will be awarded.

CLASS NO. X.

NO. 23.—Fruit and Flowers.

FRUIT.

Best and greatest number of choice varieties of Apples, 3 of each kind, marked and labeled with the names,	$4
2d best do do	2
Best dozen of Fall Apples,	2
2d best do	1
Best and greatest number of choice varieties of peaches, 3 of each variety, with the name,	4
2d best do do do	2
Best 5 varieties of Pears, named and labeled,	3
2d best do do	1
Best dozen of Quinces,	2
2d best do	1
Best collection of Plums, 6 of each variety,	2
2d best do do	1
Best collection of Grapes, grown in the open air,	2
2d best do do	1
Best home made Wine,	1
2d best do	1
Best Bottled Cider, with mode of curing, so as to keep sweet for one year,	2

☞ The fruit exhibited not to be removed until the close of the Exhibition.

NO. 24.—Flowers.

Greatest variety of Dahlias,	$2
Greatest variety of Roses,	2
Greatest variety of Verbenas,	2
Best collection of Greenhouse plants owned by one person,	2

CLASS NO. XI.

NO. 25.—Stoves, Silverware, Glass and Glassware.

Best Cooking stove for coal,	$3
2d best do do	2
Best Cooking stove for wood fire,	3
2d best do do	2
Best Cooking range for families,	3
2d best do do	2
Best ornamental Parlor stove,	3
Best Hall stove,	2
Best sample h