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Communications.

Humanity—Why so Many?

BY E. A. WESTON.

What is man's proper food? Is he naturally carnivorous? Or is he, like domesticated swine, omnivorous? The following among other reasons seem to indicate that his constitutional food consists of fruit and vegetable matter.

1st. The nobler among brutes, those distinguished for more amiable qualities, and the more beautiful of plumage and of song among birds, are not carnivorous. Is man to be ranked with the baser beasts?

2d. The intestinal canal in fruit and vegetable eating animals is longer and more complicated than in the carnivore; the gastric juice in one is said to be slightly acid, in the other slightly alkaline. In these respects man resembles the frugivorous and granivorous.

3d. Man is an animal. He has another nature too—is an intellectual being. But his life is sustained by the same animal powers and functions which pertain to other species. And as an animal he is subject to the same laws which govern the animal kingdom—is under the animal economy. Poison will kill him, fire will burn him, water will drown him as surely as they will a lion or a sheep. Appropriateness and adaptation distinguish all nature's doings. The tiger is supplied with the means and properties for securing his food. Man lacks all indications of this kind. His is an entirely different character. He has not the fleetness for seizing, nor the teeth nor claws for rending his prey. Nor is he supposed to possess a bloodthirsty disposition. Now was it nature's plan, contrary to the completeness of all her other undertakings, to deprive man of his proper food until his inventive genius could devise artificial implements for catching it. Why this solitary exception and incongruity, another like which cannot be found throughout nature's domain?

4th. Custom aside, who, with a profusion of delicious fruit and farinaceous food around him, would think of cutting down an innocent inoffending animal to obtain his daily meal? What on earth would suggest the thing to a sane mind?

5th. This cruel, unless inured and hardened, who does not revolt at the thought of butchery? What, compelled to pain, and thwart, and deplete the sensibilities with which we have been endowed, in order to procure sustenance?

6th. This prodigal and wasteful—at variance with the true economy of nature. It costs much more—requires much more land to sustain a man on animal than on vegetable food. Should the injunction "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth" ever meet with fulfillment, how can dense populations be sustained upon a plan so lavishly extravagant? Higher and stronger races extinguish lower and weaker ones. Witness the march of man's dominion. Carnivorous creatures seem to be a kind of parasite, excrement, temporary production below other brutes species. Query. Is there evidence that man should be a superior, nobler, more permanent and enduring race, or does he belong with inferior and receding tribes of animals? Is it the ultimate order and tendency of things, that man should exterminate beasts (not after slaughter-house fashions) or that beasts should exterminate man? If the former, must be pious and degenerate for want of his constitutional aliment?

7th. Flesh is produced from vegetable substances. It is only vegetable matter taken at second hand, deteriorated and made bad by having been already once used, and by containing, of necessity, impure effluvia. If in this state it is better than, in its primal form, why will not a repetition of the ameliorating process make it better yet? That is, why is not the flesh of carnivorous animals still more preferable? Why consider that unclean?

8th. But the matter is not left to mere theorizing speculation. Nature and reason corroborate experience in declaring that a fruit and farinaceous diet is best for man. This has been demonstrated by test beyond the possibility of cavil. Proper and natural vegetable aliment is eminently conducive to bodily strength and energy, to a clear and vigorous intellect, to a control of the passions and the exercise of the moral faculties.

But says an objector—
1st. "In Ireland they can't raise corn and peaches." Well, what if they can't? What business—what right has a man to make his home where he cannot live? Does the crater of a volcano afford special evidence that it was designed for man's residence? 'Tis not on all the globe that we can appropriately dwell. The ocean, the desert, the regions of perpetual snow forbid it.

2d. "We cannot work without meat." So, a little while ago it was confidently thought that alcohol was necessary to give strength to endure toil. Facts immemorially say that, neither is necessary. Compared with proper food and drink, both hinder instead of help in securing the object aimed at. Dr. Franklin ate his frugal repast and drank his glass of water and then enjoyed an intellectual feast, while his fellow laborers were regaling themselves on their ale and beef steak. He carried a printing form under each arm, while they could carry but one.

Have the horse, the ox, the camel, the elephant, no strength?—the squirrel, the antelope, the ape, no nimbleness?

3d. "I like it."—So can a cow be made to like it. So many like tobacco. We like what we have been taught to like or what we have received a hereditary bias for. Our appetites are perverted and depraved. Had we natural uninvited tastes, they would guide us to our proper food. But who has such?

4th. "What's one's food is another's poison." It may do for some, but not for me. Nonsense.—Where are the two birds or the two beasts of the same tribe that do not eat the same kind of food? If there's any distinction in this respect, 'tis artificial, not natural.

5th. "But the bible sanctions the use of flesh." What creed or ism on earth, is not according to its advocates, proved by the Bible? Take away every other ground of argument, and forthwith you find the argument backed up upon the bible. Indeed, I do not know but the atheist himself would claim his strongest positions from the bible!

Show to a man that slavery is wrong—is an evil and a curse to both enslaving and enslaved; that it is a libel on God and humanity, and contrary to every principle of justice, and he will perhaps tell you "the bible supports it." Prove that intemperance is a sin, that alcohol is a poison, that the rum traffic makes paupers and criminals and wretches families, that it produces the principal ruin in the taxpaying burden, and that the use of ardent spirits tends (and often accomplishes) to debase reason, to debase the man, and make him worse than a brute—and he may calmly tell you, in effect, "the bible upholds it." Intemperate to a professional soldier that, except in self defence and vindication of right, war is unjustifiable murder, and he will refer you to the bible. Endeavor to persuade a man that polygamy, concubinage, degrading not adapted to the wants and nature of the race and are morally wrong, and you may give him your biblical memory refreshed. In short, rebuke Satan personified, and he will quote scripture to you.

I allude to these things to show their fallacy. The bible is an ethical treatise. And the great truths of morality and religion, must be drawn from it by the general tenor of its teachings and not from isolated detached passages construed to suit any desired fancy. The bible speaks of the sun's rising and setting, but does that invalidate the light of science, or prove that Galileo was a heretic worthy of death as the people of his time supposed? "The world does move" as he asserted. It has moved since he left it, and there is room for it to move more. No body supposes that the bible, rightly understood, contradicts truth or equity or anything good.

And yet doubtless the use of animal food, especially if it be wild flesh, and not the stall and sty-fed, over-fattened, diseased kind, is far less injurious than many other things with which our tables abound. Our forefathers were much more robust than their descendants. Their habits were simple. They were much in the open air. Their homes were not, generally, quite "air-tight." The flesh they ate was much of it, obtained by the chase, as the woods abounded in game. This, though unnatural food, was natural flesh—not art produced.

It is often said that "it matters not so much about the quality of food as about the quantity." This may be true under certain restrictions. Both are important. But why a danger of eating too much? Simply because the food is unnatural. It produces instead of natural appetite, unnatural cravings. Hence come over-eating, inefficient digestion, and partaking of food too frequently. The modern art of cooking is wholly at variance with Nature's simplicity. Spices and stimulants, condiments and sweetmeats, too rich and over-concentrated dishes, "the luxuries of living" are the bane of life and happiness. Nor can it be possible that they afford half the gustatory pleasure, even when the gratification of natural hunger by plain, simple, natural food would afford.

We eat too fast. The teeth should chew the food, the stomach should not. The saliva should moisten it, not an artificial drink, while the saliva is reserved to be drained out and mixed with the filthy juice of a narcotic to contribute to the contents of spurious or do worse.

We eat too much, not only because unnatural food produces unnatural hankers but because there is too much nutriment in a given bulk. It is too concentrated. Oxygen is the principal thing used by the blood in the lungs. And still, the largest ingredient in air is nitrogen. But the proportion of oxygen cannot be increased without the most pernicious results. Why? Because it is exactly suited to the purpose already. So of food—it must contain some nutritious matter. Take wheat, for instance. The covering in which it is so closely enveloped cannot be separated from the more nutritious particles without the aid of art—the art of paring. What a triumph for ingenuity! no, for indigestion and all the children! The stomach needs rest, as well as other organs of the body. After it has performed its work of digestion it requires a respite from all labor. It should never have a task to accomplish during sleep. Who would think of sleeping and keeping a tired arm at work, mean time! Yet one might as well as give the stomach no repose. Late and hearty suppers war with health.

A callous throat can be forced to bear—it is often—generally forced to bear burning viands and scalding drink. But the consequence is lasting detriment.

If any truth is evident—if it is clear that the sun sheds his rays at midday in a cloudless sky—it is plain that water was made to drink—to relieve the thirsty animal, the thirsty plant. The pure, clear, cool, unsaturated liquid "sparkling and bright," as it trickles from the rock or gurgles from the hill side, is the beverage. But man, in his wisdom, knows better! Tea, coffee, chocolate, beer and a hundred others are superior to water. Those who will spin all blessings, must. Many whose warp and woof are through and through with artificial stuff, suppose that water and fruit would make them sick because these induce an effort to expel impurities. The injury wrought by these impure drinks can be demonstrated chemically. But it is sufficient for any rational man who uses his reason, to say they are *unnatural*.

All who reflect can but deplore the use of a spirituous liquor for spiritual purposes. If wine is to be used, get the grape and express the juice as wanted. Else make it of water, the Saviour did. Why not, rather than employ poison-makers to make it? I can see no difference between drinking diluted and drugged alcohol in a church or in a grog-shop except in favor of the latter as being the more appropriate and befitting place. Would not such practice render it inconsistent for an inebriate struggling to reform to pray—lead me not into temptation? I say these things with deference, but cannot evade their force.

Tobacco and opium are poisonous. As well take a little arsenic or lobelia every day, as them. May it not be that the eating of a forbidden fruit is as other words of improper and unconstitutional food, has brought more woe into our world, than we generally imagine? Would not man gladly make better bodies, better minds and go far toward making better morals? What does an unnatural pernicious drink accomplish for a man? Does it injure his physical powers? Does it influence his mind? Does it affect his moral character? Then may not other pernicious substances as surely if not as strikingly accomplish the same results? All creatures live and grow from what they feed on. The hyena's food helps make the hyena. The gazelle, the gazelle. Ferocious, savage tempered, snarling dogs sometimes cannot be controlled if fed on flesh. Think of that, and think of it again.

"But," says some wiseacre, "God gave beasts instinct, man wisdom and reason. So he has latitude and option in his modes of life. If creative Intelligence has done all these things, and made all these provisions, and if your reasoning is good, why do you thing else? why make clothing or houses? why use fire or water in preparing food? why not eat what you can get as the goat does, and be contented?"

Well, perchance His prescience foresaw that if He gave man clothing entire, he would shave it off or destroy it in some way, and fix up something to his own notion instead, and so any expenditure in that direction would be useless! Why did He not make nests for the birds and burrows for the rabbits? Why did he not crack nuts for the squirrels? Why order a necessity for eating at all? Why give man hands and a neck to use them? He did endow him a rational being, capable of judging, sure enough. And why? Was it to use his reason well in many lofty and worthy enterprises, to make profound in scientific research and to find things which most vitally concern his immediate well-being, to ignore it, leave it dormant, or abuse it? Why did He give him memory so as to enable him to direct his course by experience? Why did he not make him so that no thought would be necessary—no action? Why not form him a brute, a block, a stone?

They who arraign His wisdom must devise something better. **ICONS OF ELOQUENCE.**—The following burst of eloquence was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania: "Your honor sits high on the adorning seat of justice like the Atlantic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal rivers of mercy, like the cadaverous of the valley, flows meandering at your feet."

"The following is the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey: "Your honor do not sit there like marble statues to be waited about by every idle breeze."

Another orator thus commenced his harangue: "The important crisis which were about to arrive have arisen."

Another thus expatiated: "The court will please to observe that the gentleman from the east has given them a very learned speech. He has rained with old Romans, soaked with old Socrates, and dined with old Catherines, but what your honor does he know about the laws of Wisconsin."

"Mike," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "If you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Shure and I will," replied Mike; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

Miscellaneous.

Fleeing a Lawyer, or Taking Receipts.

From the Knickerbocker.

"It is always safe to receive money,"—*Lawyer.*

"There now," said Elkanor Bunker, musingly, "that'll do tolerably well. Chitty in there and Starkie next beside it, and 'My Lord Coke,' and his devoted admirer Sir William, on the shelf above; and then the reports—Kirby, 'Day,' 'Root,' and 'Connecticut'—we'll string them along here. Who says now, there isn't considerable law on those three shelves? And who, that didn't know, would suppose that these few books cost me something short of one hundred federal dollars, for which sun old Spier has my 'promise to pay.' A rash promise that, all things considered," and Elkanor sat down to reflect on rash promises in general, and his own in particular. Elkanor Bunker was a lawyer, newly fledged, and as yet without a client. His "shingle," with

ELKANOR BUNKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

in letters as bright as gold-leaf could make them, had gone up the day before; and his library, rather a scant pattern, had just arrived, and Elkanor had spent the last fifteen minutes in putting that up too; after which, Elkanor seated himself again in his old arm-chair, and musingly read.

Elkanor Bunker was what is generally called "a cute Yankee." In the classic and expressive language of his native land, he had "cut his eye teeth some time since," and "could see as far into a millstone as most folks." The only thing he knew against Elkanor's epiteness was, that he had of his own free will, determined to "locate himself in Connecticut," the great Sahara of the legal profession; and not in Connecticut merely, but in the little town of Grizzle, that the reputation of having starved out two-thirds of the lawyers who had made their debut at the county bar. The truth was, Grizzle like an old tobacco plantation, had become exhausted—"used up." Some thirty years before, one Squire Rawson, now Judge Rawson, ("Judge" by courtesy) had gained the legal field, which Grizzle and its vicinity presented, and had gleaned it pretty thoroughly, too. He had grown rich by the operation, and on a competency, had long since retired, occasionally, however, giving advice: "giving" it, too, in the full sense of the term, which, some lawyers said, was the reason why Grizzle, never since his day, could support a lawyer. In Judge Rawson's footsteps, so far as "becoming rich" was concerned, Elkanor was determined to follow. The prospect was anything but flattering.

"Oh, for a good fat client!" sighed Elkanor after a half an hour's solitary reflection. Sighing doesn't generally secure the object longed for; but in this case, the usual order of things seemed likely to be reversed. A heavy step was heard in the passage, a rap at the door, and in stalked a stout, bony six-and-a-half-footed man in a blue coat, an undershirt-sleeve in the other. Elkanor knew his customer, an old acquaintance, "nearly as the day is long when the days are the longest." He coolly pushed out a chair to him, and then busied himself with some books and papers that lay before him, with the appearance of industry decidedly greater than he manifested before his visitor's entrance.

"You seem to be plaguing law," this morning, Squire, said Mr. Tarbox, after a silent session of some fifteen minutes. "Rather busy, sir." "Well, then I guess I won't interrupt you. Squire, you are busy?" "It is my business, sir, to be interrupted," remarked Elkanor. "Yes, I know it is; but you see I did not exactly call on business. I only wanted a little advice: just to find out what your opinion is."

"Well, sir, state your case," laconically remarked Elkanor. "Why, you see, Squire, we had a kind of cattle-show down at our end of the town, you know, last week Tuesday. Well, you see, I got into a little bit of a squabble there. You know Bill Walker, I hope?"

"I can't say I do," said Elkanor. "Don't know Bill Walker? Heavens and earth, Squire! every body knows Bill Walker. I rather guess you know him, Squire. Jest think a minute."

"Perhaps so; but go on, with your case, if you please, and let Bill Walker go." "Yes, but really now, I thought you knew Bill. Why, I saw him, Squire, you must know him. Bill Walker's the man that wears that old—"

But we will not inflict on our readers, Mr. Tarbox's luminous description of Bill Walker's wearing apparel. Suffice it that he did describe the said Walker's apparel in a discourse of about fifteen minutes; after which he spent half an hour in telling how he and Bill had a fight together, and then eked out the rest of the morning, by telling how they fought together. He was in the midst of this, when Elkanor heard the distant dinner-bell ring. Elkanor hadn't been in the profession long enough to know that lawyers are generally supposed not to need dinner. So he cut short his client's story with: "The amount of the whole matter, Mr. Tarbox, so far as I can see from your own story, is that you think Bill Walker stole one of

your sheep, and acknowledge you have been and taken one of his."

"That's it, Squire; you've hit it 'zactly." "But you have no business to take one of Bill Walker's sheep."

"Why, Bill Walker took one of mine." "Perhaps so; but can you prove that fact?"

"Prove it! Thunder and lightning! I should hope so. I can prove that fast enough." "Who'll swear to it?"

"Why, any body will swear to it." "And what might any body's name be?" inquired Elkanor. "Did you see Bill take the sheep, or have anything to do with it?"

"No, I didn't see him." "Well, do you know any body who did?" "I can't say I do, 'zactly; but thunder and lightning, Squire! Bill Walker is just the sort of fellow to steal sheep; I'll swear to that!"

"Yes, but that won't do. My opinion, Mr. Tarbox, is that you had better give Bill his sheep, and get your back, whenever you can. It is your shortest way out of the scrape, sir."

"Do you really think so, Squire?" "I don't think anything about the matter; I know so."

"Well, that's what Bill said Squire Ketchum, Hown at Mankerville, said. But I didn't really believe him. However, if you both say so, I suppose it must be so." It's an all-fired head case, though, I swear it is. (Here Mr. Tarbox pulled out his watch. Tollo! most 2 o'clock. "I must be going," that's a fact.) And Mr. Tarbox gathered together his fixings, and made for the door.

"Look here, Mr. Tarbox, said Elkanor, you haven't paid me yet. Cash down, is my motto."

"Haven't paid-d you! Paid you for what? I don't owe you anything, as I know on. Do I?"

"Certainly you do."

"I should like to know what it is for then."

"Very well, I can tell you. It is for professional advice given you this morning."

"Ha! ha! Well, now that is a good one. And how much may your professional advice be worth?"

"If you follow it, and I am inclined to think you will, it will be worth to you about ten times what I shall charge you for it; my charge, sir, is one dollar."

"Oh, git out, Squire! You don't mean to say you want me to pay you a dollar for an hour or so of sociable talk, do you?"

"Indeed, no, sir?"

"Well, look here, young man. You need not think you are going to diddle me out of a dollar that way. I'm a little too knowing for that operation. So good morning to you—and as to that dollar, don't you wish you may get it? Good morning. One dollar, ha, ha."

"Let those laugh that win, Mr. Tarbox," said Elkanor; "you will either pay me that dollar now, or before sunset, I'll sue you for five. You can take your choice."

"Well—now, you are a screamer, for a young one. But I'll tell you what I will do with you, Squire. I'll give you that dollar, if you'll give me a receipt for it."

"I'll give you a dozen, if you like," said Elkanor.

"Very well; there's your dollar then. Now hand over the receipt, if you please."

Elkanor sat down and wrote: "Received, of Hiram Tarbox, one dollar in payment for professional advice to him this day given."

ELKANOR BUNKER, Atty at Law, Grizzle, Sept. 9, 1852.

"There you have it," said he, handing it over to Mr. Tarbox.

"Yes, and it is where you'll have it, too, or I'm mighty mistaken. You've swindled me out of a dollar, young man, and here I have got proof in black and white. That will be a dear dollar to you, my good fellow."

"Perhaps so," replied Elkanor; "but if you are through, sir, you need not wait any longer. There's the door."

Mr. Tarbox went out. He went out, too, as if he fancied he saw demonstrations on the young man's part, of an intention to put him out. He kept on, too, after he got out, until he came to the house of Judge Rawson, to whom attention has before been made. Here he stopped and rapped. The Judge was not in. He had gone over to the farm. So over to the farm, after the Judge, went Mr. Tarbox. It was a three mile trip, and by the time he reached the spot, he had about made up his mind that it would have been as well to have given the dollar, and still nothing further about it. However, he persevered, and at last found the Judge in the fields hoe in hand, hoeing potatoes.

The Judge was a man of few words, and soon brought Mr. Tarbox to a point.

"Why, the amount of it is, Judge," said Mr. Tarbox, "you see this receipt the said Elkanor has given me. Well, I want you to take it up, and hand the fellow up for me."

"Haul him up? Why, the receipt is good though. What more do you want, pray?"

"I don't want anything more from him. But I should like to make him swing for it, though, one while."

"Make him swing for it? Swing for what?"

"Why, for swindling me out of my money!"

"You stupid old fool!" said the Judge. "Didn't you go to him and ask his opinion?"

"To be sure I did; but—"

"And did he not give it to you?"

"Yes, certainly; but—"

"Don't bother me with your butts. If you

asked him for his advice, and he gave it to you, I should say that was enough."

"Yes, but he didn't give it to me. He made me pay a dollar for it. Now, that is what I call swindling."

"You may call it what you like; but it is no more swindling than for you to charge a dollar for a bushel of corn, is swindling."

"Well, blast it all!" said Mr. Tarbox, rather snappishly, "do you mean to say, Judge, that this receipt is a good one?"

"To be sure I do."

"And that I cannot get my dollar back again?"

"Not by a long shot."

"I suppose, then, I can't make the littleascal suffer for it."

"I should say not, most decidedly."

"Well, if that is the case," said Mr. Tarbox, "it is high time I was going," and off he started. But his progress was suddenly arrested.

"Just stop a moment, if you please," said the Judge. "I believe you have not paid me yet."

"Paid-d you! Paid for what I'd like to know?"

"For professional advice."

"Why, you do not mean to say Judge, that you are going to make me pay for your telling me I cannot prosecute that fellow, do you?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, all I have to say is, I'll see you to thunder first! How much do you charge for that, eh?"

"I will tell you what I charge for it," said the Judge, slowly lifting his head. "Either pay me my fee, or I will give you such a mauling as you never had in your life. Take your choice, and be quick about it, too."

Mr. Tarbox looked at the hoe, and then at the Judge. There was no mistaking either the determination of the Judge's nor the strength of the Judge's hoe-handle.

"Well, if I must 'pose I must," said he at length. "What is your charge?"

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars! Thunder and lightning, Judge. You are too bad, that's a fact. I thought they did not charge anything for law business now-a-days."

"That depends on circumstances, I do this time."

"But two dollars, Judge! isn't that rather high?"

"Not a cent less," said the Judge; "either that or the hoe-handle. Take your choice."

"Well, blast you, take it then!" said Mr. Tarbox, hauling out of an old dirty pocket book, a dirty five.

"Very good," said the Judge. "Phoenix bank, five dollars. All right; here is your change. You may go now."

And Mr. Tarbox did go. He stopped though after going a few steps, for he heard the Judge calling after him.

"Well, what's wanting now, I'd like to know, snarled he."

"Oh, nothing very particular," replied the Judge, only I thought, perhaps, as you had let me have two dollars, that perhaps you might like a receipt."

Mr. Tarbox ground his teeth audibly, and as he turned away, something very much like "I saw-saw" found its way out. Mr. Tarbox was a deacon in the church, though. So it couldn't have been that.

PREMIUM LIST
Of the Susquehanna Co. Agricultural Society.
Fair and Cattle Show to be held in Montrose, Oct. 11th, 1855.

NEAT CATTLE.
For the best Durham Bull, two years old and upwards, \$5.00
2d best, 3.00
For the best Devon Bull, do, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
For the best Grade or Mixed, do, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best pair of Cows, regards form and appearance, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
For the best milk Cow as appears from results, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
For the best two year old Heifer, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best lot of store Calves, not less than five, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
For the best pair of Working Oxen, 10.00
2d best, 5.00
For the best fine woolled Dyke, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
For the best South Down and Middle Wooled, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best lot of fine woolled Ewes, not less than three, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best lot of South Down or middle woolled, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best lot of long woolled, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best Boar, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
Best Sow, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
Best lot of Pigs, 3.00
2d best, 2.00

PLOUGHING MATCH.
The Ploughing Match of the Susquehanna Co. Ag. Society will take place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday the 10th of Oct. on the farm of David Post, Esq., in the rear of Henry Drinker's premises.

For the best Ploughing (horses or oxen), \$5.00
2d best, 4.00
3d best, 3.00
5th best, 1.00

To every successful competitor a Badge of the Society will be given as a recognition of merit in coming forward to further the great cause of agriculture.

The "Mellon-cold days" have come. Beware!

POULTRY.
For the best Stallion for all work, 5.00
2d best, 3.00
Best breeding Mare, with colts by her side, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
Best pair matched Horses, raised in the Co. 3.00
2d best, 2.00

BUTTER.
For the best lot of any breed, not less than six, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
3d best, 1.00

CHEESE.
For the best Cheddar, not less than 25 lbs, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
3d best, 1.00

FRUIT.
For the best variety of Fall apples, not less than a half bushel, 2.00
2d best, 1.00
Best specimen of Grapes, 2.00
2d best, 1.00

HONEY.
For the best 20 lb Honey, from the hive without destroying the Bees, 2.00
2d best, 1.00

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.
For the best Flannel, not less than 10 yds, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best Woolen Cloth, do, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
3d best, 1.00

For the best Woolen Carpeting, not less than fifteen yards, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best Rag Carpet, do, 3.00
2d best, 2.00

For the best quilt of any description, 3.00
2d best, 2.00
For the best half dozen Woolen Socks, 1.00
2d best, .50

For the best Ornamental Needlework, certificate of merit, do.
For the best Worsted work, certificate of do.
For the best variety of Flowers, do.

LEATHER AND ITS MANUFACTURES.
For the best lot of Sole leather, 2.00
Best lot of Harness leather, 2.00
Best lot of Calf Skins, 2.00