LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1854.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

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TERMS—$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance; $1.75, if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cts. for a single number.

ADVERTISEMENTS handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square one week, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. $5 a year. Two squares, $4 for six months, $7 for a year. Mercantile advertisements not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year. Half squares, a half price. Yearly advertisements under half a square, 50 cents per line—18 lines to a square long primer, 16 brevier, 12 nonpareil.

Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, when all dues are not paid; and Interest on all accounts due.

Communications solicited on topics of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters to come post-paid, accompanied by the name and address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business matters to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the office of the *Chronicle*, and arrangements are made to obtain News from the East in advance of the Mails.

Connected with the Office are ample materials for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

☞Office on Market Square, north side, second story, 3d door above the Post Office.

O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

The Farmer.

Officers of the Union County Agricultural Society.

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do Henry W. Snyder, Penns

2d Fair to be at Lewisburg, Oct. 5 & 6, 1854.

Committee of Arrangements.

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Premiums for 1854.

HORSES.

For best Stallion—to be paid when he has been kept within the limits of the Society one service season	$5,00
2d best, same conditions	3,00
best Breeding Mare, one or more of her colts to be shown	3,00
2d best, same conditions	2,00
best Gelding Horse, not over 7 years	3,00
2d best	2,00
best 3 years old Colt	2,00
best 2 years old Colt	2,00
best sucking Horse Colt	1,50
2d best	1,00
best sucking Mare Colt	1,50
2d best	1,00

PLOWING MATCH.

best Plowing, regard being had to the skill of workmen and discipline of teams as well as execution of the work, rather than time, provided it be done within a reasonable time	3,00
2d best	2,00
best done by a boy under 20 years of age	2,00

NEAT CATTLE.

best Bull, not under 2 nor over 5 years old, kept within the limits of the Society one service season	3,00
2d best, same conditions	2,00
best Bull Calf	2,00
best Cow for all purposes, 2 of her Calves to be shown as evidence of her breeding, and full statement in writing of her Dairy qualities	3,00
2d best, same conditions	2,00
best 2 or more Dairy Cows, owned and kept by one person, written statements of age, breed, yield &c. to be rendered. "Penn'a Farm Journal" one year, or Agricult. Patent Office Rep. and $1, or	2,00
best 2 year old Heifer, J. or R. and $1, or	2,00
Cow giving greatest amount of Butter	2,00
best Cow for stock	2,00
best 1 year old Heifer	1,50
best heifer Calf, J. or R. or	1,00
best stock of Neat Cattle belonging to one farm, not less than 10 head, J. or R. and	1,00

OXEN AND STEERS.

best pair of Oxen, 4 years old or more	3,00
2d best	2,00
best yoke Steer Calves, J. or R. or	1,00

TEAMS.

best team of Oxen from any one township 8 pairs or more 4 years old or more	8,00
best span of Working Horses	4,00
2d best	2,00
best span of Matched Horses	2,00

SHEEP.

best French Merino Buck, kept within the Society limits 2 years	5,00
best Buck of any other breed	2,00
best 6 Ewe Sheep, J. or R. and $1, or	2,00
best 6 Lambs	2,00

SWINE.

best Boar	2,00
2d best	1,00
best Sow, with 1 or more of her pigs to be shown, J. or R. and $1, or	2,00
best 5 or more Pigs, 2 to 10 weeks old, J. or R. and	1,00
best 2 Pigs	1,00

POULTRY.

best pair Shanghai Chickens	75
2d best	25
best pair Chittagongs	75
2d best	25
best pair Cochin Chinas	75
2d best	25
best pair Polish	75
2d best	25
best pair of any other breed	75
2d best	25
best pair Turkeys	1,00
2d best	50

CROPS.

best 5 acres Winter Wheat	5,00
2d best, J. or R. and	3,00
3d best	2,00
best bushel Wheat	1,00
2d best	50
best acre Spring Wheat	1,50
best 5 acres Rye	3,00
2d best	2,00
best 5 acres Indian Corn	5,00
2d best	3,00
3d best	2,00
best bushel Corn in ears	1,00
2d best	50
best 5 acres Oats	2,00
2d best	1,00
best bushel Oats	50
best bushel Buckwheat	50
best 3 acres Barley	2,00
2d best	1,00
best crop Potatoes, not under ½ acre	3,00
2d best	2,00
best bushel Sweet Potatoes	1,00
do Common Potatoes	50
best 2 acres Turnips	2,00
best bushel Turnips	50
best ½ acre Carrots	2,00
best ½ acre Beets	2,00
best bushel Beets	50
best ½ acre Ruta Baga Turnips	2,00
best ½ acre Beans, J. or R. and	50
2d best	1,00
best peck Beans	50
best peck Peas	50
best lot Cabbage	50
best 2 Pumpkins	1,00

FRUIT.

best lot Winter Apples, not under 4 kinds, a peck of each kind, all raised by the person presenting, J. or R. and	1,00
2d best, J. or R.	
best variety Apples not under 10 kinds or less than 2 bushels in all, J. or R. and	1,00
best ½ bushel Apples	1,00
best specimens Pears	1,00
best specimens Plums, 3 or more kinds	1,00
best peck Quinces	1,00
best peck Peaches	1,00
best lot Grapes, 5 lbs. or more	1,00

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

best 10 lbs. or more Butter, a silver butter knife and	2,00
(no 2d best offered for)	
best Cheese, 25 lbs. or more	2,00
best lot Honey, 25 lbs. or more	1,00

FLOUR AND BREAD.

best barrel Wheat Flour	1,00
best 50 lbs. Buckwheat Flour	1,00
best specimen Flour Bread, with written statement of manner of making it	1,00
best Rye and Indian, same conditions	1,00

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

best Fulled Cloth, 10 yards or more	2,00
2d best	1,00
best Wool Flannel, 10 yards or more	1,00
2d best	50
best Cotton and Wool do. 10 yds or more	1,00
best Woolen Yarn Carpeting, 5 yds or more	2,00
2d best	1,00
best Rag Carpeting, 6 yds or more	1,00
2d best	50
best Hearth Rug	1,00
best ½ doz. pairs Men's Woolen Half Hose	50
best Woolen Shawl	1,00
2d best	50
best pound Woolen Yarn	50
best Quilt	2,00
2d best	1,00
best Bedspread	1,00
2d best	50
best specimen Needlework	1,00
2d best	50
best Lamp Mat	50
best Knit Tippet	50
best Wrought Shoes	50
best 2 pairs Mittens	50
best specimen raised Worsted work	50
best Straw Hats, 6 or more	1,00
best domestic Soap, 5 lbs. or more	1,00

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

best single Wagon	2,00
best specimen Cabinet work	2,00
best Dress Coat	1,00
best Vest	50
best Wagon Harness	1,00
best ½ doz. Calf Skins finished	1,00
best ½ doz. Kip Skins	1,00
best ½ doz. sides Sole Leather	1,00
best lot finished Leather any other kind	1,00
best ½ doz. pairs Thick Boots	1,00
best 2 pairs sewed Calf Boots	1,00
best 2 pairs Ladies' Kid Shoes	1,00

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

best improved Sward Plow	3,00
2d best	1,00
best improved Seed Plow	2,00
2d best	1,00
best Subsoil Plow	1,00
best Grain Reaper	2,00
best Grass Cutter	2,00
best Grain Drill	2,00
best Corn Drill	1,00
best Fanning Mill	1,00
best Cultivator	1,00
best Harrow	50
best Roller	1,00
best improved Horse Rake	1,00
best Lime-Spreader	2,00
best portable Cider Mill	1,00
best portable Clover Huller	2,00
best doz. Scythes	1,00
best doz. Hay Forks	1,00
best ½ doz. Manure Forks	1,00
best ½ doz. Shovels	1,00
best ½ doz. Hoes	1,00
best ½ doz. Narrow Axes	1,00
any new and useful improvement in any farm machine, or implement, from $1 to $5, according to its value, at the discretion of the Committee.	
any new and useful improvement in any household machine, implement or article of furniture calculated to lighten the labor of females, from $1 to $5.	

MANURE.

ten 4 horse loads compost Manure, best quality, prepared at least expense, by any new process, a statement in writing to be given of materials used, mode of preparation, expense, &c.	4,00
2d best	3,00

FARM ACCOUNTS.

best account of Farm Operations for the season giving the management of stock, crops, any improvement in fencing, plowing, seeding, cultivating and harvesting crops, together with expenses and income of the farm, to be presented to the Committee on Crops on or before the first Monday in January next, and premium awarded by them	3,00
greatest profits from ½ acre of land in any crop or crops, full statement in writing of expense of labor, manure, &c., with true value of crop, certified under oath, J. or R. and	1,50
2d best	2,00

The same animal or article shall take the same premium in the same class but once, nor be allowed to take a lower premium in rank than has previously been taken by the same.

The several Committees shall have liberty to recommend Honorary Premiums, to be paid by the Executive Committee as they may deem the funds of the Society will warrant, and also to award Diplomas to such contributors as they may deem worthy of that notice.

Lewisburg Post-Office Arrangements.

EASTERN Mails, every day except Sunday, close at 3½ o'clock, P. M

WESTERN, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, close at 8½ A. M.

NORTHERN (Williamsport) Mond. Wedn. and Fri., close at 8 P.M. of night preceding.

SOUTHERN (Selinsgrove) Tuesd. Thursd. and Saturd., close at 12, M.

BUFFALOE X ROADS, Tuesday and Friday, close at 8 P.M. of night preceding.

☞Business hours daily (except Sundays) from 9 until 11½ A.M., and from 12, M. until 3, P.M.

Nov. 23, 1853. H. W. CROTZER, P. M.

☞ A VARIETY of School Books, Blank Books, Gift Books for Holiday presents, Pens, Ink, Letter and Cap Paper, Fancy Stationery, Magazines, Papers, etc. etc. for sale cheap at the LEWISBURG POST OFFICE

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

SEPT. 15, 1854.

☞The following superior production, will be read with interest by the many who heard it, as well as by those debarred of that privilege. We requested an early copy for publication, but its unavoidable delay will not detract from its merits. We have attached a few Notes, to render some of its local or personal allusions better understood by general readers.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

POEM,

Delivered before the "Theta Alpha" and the "Euepian" Literary Societies of the University at Lewisburg, Tuesday Evening, 15th August, 1854.

BY ALFRED TAYLOR, A.M., OF LOCK HAVEN, *Late Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University at Lewisburg.*

Thanks unto God for stars beneath the cloud,
Stars, speckless stars, undimmed by shade or shroud—
Those eyesores of mind, whose gentle ray
Gladdens the eye, turns mental night to day,
Recalls the fountain of immortal youth,
And quoins the pilgrim to the wells of truth;
The good old wells, where 'mid the pebbles lie
Bright worlds of beauty—segments of the sky.
Till launched at last he finds what scarce he sought,
The great Equator of developed Thought.
Here in this furrow God's own finger traced,
Unrolled His river and his altars placed;
Here in this vale, this consanguinity of shade,
A star is lighted.* May it never fade!
All honor be to him who guards it now,
May snows fall late, and light, on MALCOM'S brow!
His foot has lingered long by Jordan's wave,
Has pressed the dust where prophets made their grave,
But in the mission that to-day is his
He never trod a Holier Land than this;
Here God's fresh written characters sublime,
Unmarred by man, and undefaced by time.
Oh, long ago, in vast cathedral dim,
Rose through the gloom a strange mysterious hymn,
A solemn rite, a people, and a king,
An altar-place, a flame, a worshiping.
By princely lips the sacred words were said,
By princely hands the sacred wood was laid,
By princely breath 'twas kindled into flame,
Then swelled the hymn, another yet the same;
The song was ended, done the solemn rite,
And Montezuma led his realm out night.
"Let this turn on!" the Montezuma said,
"Till I return, or join the mighty dead."
Forth went the prince, but ah, he ne'er returned,
The clock of ages struck—that flame yet burned.
This flame is holier than that chanced's glow,
May it ne'er linger, feeble, cold and low,
But burn in beauty, till they all return,
Who reared the altar, filled the primal urn.
Return, return! Ah! one† has gone before
To that fair kingdom, from whose voiceless shore
No surges roll, no light-house ever gleams,
We sometimes see it in our morning dreams.
And one, to-day, in Burmah's burning clime,
Proclaims in silver tones the better time.
I hear him now, and Calvary the theme,
In accents gentle as an angel's dream.
Now cloudy Sinai rises in his soul,
KINCAID translates the thunders as they roll.
And one—but mountains rise upon the sight,
And cliffs, aloft, that pierce the nether night,
And rocks that glitter mount and mount between,
In emerald chasings to their silver sheen,
As if some mirror, by a giant's hand,
Dashed on a crag, was shattered through the land—
The land of EVANS. Thence a lad‡ did come,
And through this valley sought in vain a home.
The God of sparrows and of lilies cared
For that young exile, and his life was spared
To bear a torch and bring an offering here,
And lift a banner on this fair frontier.
And one§, his tireless vigil keeps afar,
Where brightly burns a "fixed" and elder star.
The great red sun glows slowly down the west,
The shadows lengthen—he his evening blest.
Tears in the tones, and dust upon the strings,
The fingers falter while the minstrel sings;
The birds are tuneless, whispering leaves are still,
And day reluctant lingers on the hill.
Oh! breathless bosom of our mother dust,
What treasures unto thee does time entrust;
Gold thou canst hide, and glory thou canst dim,
Steal smiles from cherubs, songs from seraphim.
One secret here, e'en thou canst never keep,
Beneath that billow, Lucretia lies asleep.
Oh, no! 'tis but the garment that he wore,
Left in the wardrobe—wardrobe, nothing more.
The Great Physician bade his pupil come,
New robe, new song, an everlasting home.
Earth, keep thy treasure, for no unseless June,
Whose sun shall never climb the steeps of noon;
That robe shall be reclaimed, and winds shall bear
Each faded fibre through the breathless air;
The rose shall fade—the blossom lose its bloom,
Behold! He makes his toilet in the tomb.
Till then; oh, gentle Earth, that dust refine,
To sparkling dews and clouds almost divine,
Mould it in gems to light thy dreamy caves
And tint the coral 'neath the deep sea waves,
Gild it in harvests, silver it in snows,
And bid it bloom while Susquehanna flows.
So may we leave, ourselves, in sweet disguise,
In forms that nature to her trik denies,
In truth and beauty woven into one,
Unchilled by shade, unwilted by the sun;
Forms, that shall live—when we ourselves are dead,
Forms that shall a soft light and fragrance shed,
When spirit wings have trembled an adieu,
And cleft forever God's eternal blue.

A glowing forge, a hammer, and a hand,
A swelling muscle, and an iron band—
The triune emblems of the present age,
The world's a SMITHY, that was once a STAGE;
That hand, that hammer, and that furnace fire,
Clamp down the globe, attenuate the wire:
That orb, wherein dumb thunderbolts are hurled,
And leping lightnings frolicsome the world;
With bayonet fixed, they wait the tempest shock,
At Parian tombs solemnly stand and knock,
Till at the summons, marble slumbers break,
And shrouds are loosened, and the dead awake!
That hand has curved pale science's listless eye
That mirrors realms where love forgets to die,
And seams the lace-work from the beams of God.
That hand has played the seamstress round the globe
And raveled out old Ocean's seamless robe:
That hand of beggar's rags has rarely wrought,
From age to age, a promenade for Thought.
And in the sheet's unmeited, spotless snow,
Behold the foot-prints! how they come and go;
That hand has made the cold, gray canvass live
With all the tints that summer suns can give.
That hand has locked the chariot wheels of day,
By weaving strands of water's silver spray.
Lo! song in iron—eloquence in Steel—
And Earth's broad zones like ribbons round a reel.
That hand has reefed the canvass of Old Time,
And arched the ages with a bridge sublime.
The din of hammers, and the anvil's ring—
The shriek of engines, and the rustling wing—
Of tracks that vibrate round the belted globe,
From Winter's lawn to Summer's golden robe,
Have reanled the desk, the chest and the cave,
Reared round the cradle, murmured round the grave;
The rugged steep where Science holds her throne,
On whose far summit Fame's proud temple shone,
Where starry Pharos beamed across the world,
And groves Egerian to the breeze unfurled,
No longer rises in the raptured eye,
No longer sweeps the azure walls of sky;
The hill is graded to the creeping plain,
And panting engines trail the lengthened train;
Where stars once rose and prophets used to sing,
The signal lanterns 'round the depot swing.
To think is vulgar, and to toil is vain
When one can glide to glory on a train.
Poor fossil fathers. How they climbed and crept,
And watched, and waited, fell and rose, and wept,
Grew strong by strife, triumphant by defeat,
And heard through all the bosom's steady beat—
Ah! those were simple times, when head and heart
Were not removed a Sabbath day apart,
But thoughts once born were rocked upon the breast,
And caught the glow of pillows that they pressed.
Aye, gallant thoughts, confided to the page
That pass unchallenged on from age to age.
The world's a Smithy, not the world of things
To which or dust or death forever clings,
But that right regal realm of lofty thought,
Where fancies sparkle, arguments are wrought.
Hark! where they toil, the journeymen of time,
The forges roar, the anvils ever chime,
The watchful eye, the hammer's steady fall,
And patient labor loves and conquers all.
Aye! Truth and Thought so ripen in the ore,
They need the hammer and the fire before
They grow obedient to the plastic hand,
And beauty blazes from the stubborn brand;
We whirl it rustling from the panting flame,
We stamp thereon an image and a name—
A Sword; lo! "power!" is blazoned on the blade.
A coin! 'Tis current still, though hand that made,
And heart that warmed, are turned to kindred clay,
And all but Mind and Truth have passed away.
When Memnon's lips were tuned by touch of sun,
The marble warmed, the matin song begun,
And each new sunrise woke the strain again.
Memnons there are many, living, breathing men,
Whose marble pulses never yet have stirred,
Though truths celestial trembled in a word,
Lake star-beams shining in a drop of rain,
Whose thoughts distilling from a frosty brain,
Have turned to hail sweet heaven and earth between,
And cursing June and winter painted green!
In thought's bright spectrum shines a warming ray,
That makes a summer, where it shows a day,
A love all living and immortal youth
Must be his gifts who weed and sows the truth.
The mountaineer may scale the frozen height,
But stands disastered 'mid the hollow night,
While humble gazers in the furrowed vale,
See heaven at anchor—heaven almost in hail;
So lowly look out in the realms of thought,
The earliest glimpse the stranger craft have caught,
Been first to see the filmy flags unfurled
Far in the offing of the student's world
Great, glorious truths. How gallantly they bore
Down on a port they never neared before;
To prove an "alias" or an "alibi,"
One half the world forever strive and sigh;
To be some other head, some other heart,
Has now become the crowning work of art.
But noble spirits ever will despise
To steal an honor in a borrowed guise.
That glorious Self, the heritage of heaven,
How can we live, and hope to be forgiven;
That self, coeval with the infant's breath,
That self, triumphant over dust and death,
That self shall see the Spring's sun disrobe
And shadow's mantle wrap the morning globe;
That self shall clasp some golden torch that burns,
Perhaps forgotten, round the throne of God,
And calmly wait while Time refills his urns,
And life immortal parts the conscious clod.
Oh! wondrous power! that parts the resent riot,
And cleaves the pulseless breast of Ethiop clay,
That flings its gifts to winter and to wind,
Till blue-eyed April weeps herself away;
Then stands the blade triumphant over all,
A great green billow rolling up to heaven;
Amid its shades, Eolian voices call,
Along its crest, on angel pinions driven,
The gold and crimson mornings come and go,
And night lies sleeping in the depths below.
That power is Life—heir-loom of all that lives,
That God to messes and to monarchs gives.
The gems of harvest, and the gems of thought,
Thus bud and blossom, ripen and are wrought;
New truths thus light the earnest, soulful eye,
New worlds in beauty dawn along the sky.
Neptune! proud sentry on the outer walls,
Far from the light of Phebus' golden halls,
Where blazing armor never yet had gleamed
On mortal eyes. No prophet e'er had dreamed
An unseen planet made eternal rounds,
With noiseless footfall, o'er creation's bounds.
No guard turned out his vigils to relieve,
No herald bore the lovely world reprieve,
But there for ave, unnumbered and unknown,
Gray Neptune held his mighty watch alone.
No angel tongue did hail that world sublime
But mortal lips called out from earth's dull keep,
Poor lips; alas! the bailiff of Old Time
Has sealed. "All's well!" rang o'er the azure deep
In tones of silver to the listening ear;
"All's well!" Creation's sentinel is here.
Immortal triumph of an earnest soul.
Read war's red record. Bears that lauvelled scroll
As bold a challenge? Andes' flags unfurled,
In fiery welcome o'er a giant world.
Genoa's son spurned cool oblivion's wave
And gained a birthright from the world he gave.
Oh! idle triumph, when we turn to him,
Who launched undaunted on the shapeless dim,
Who hailed the sentry on God's blue frontier,
Who heard him answer: "Mortal—I am here!"
On sea or soul Canutes impose no chain,
The breast swells free and billowed as the main,
Thought's gateless Gaza welcome all the world,
Gibraltar's pillars are to ruin hurled.
Waves yet uncleft, and realms yet unexplored,
Thoughts yet undawned, and truths yet unadored,
Hopes yet unbuilded, Love and Faith sublime
Shall swell at last the Harvest Song of time.

*The University at Lewisburg.

†SAMUEL WOLFE, Esq., its first Treasurer.

‡WM. SHADRACH, D.D., its first Financial Agent.

§STEPHEN W. TAYLOR, LL.D., (father of the author,) the first acting President of this University, now President of Madison University, Hamilton, N.Y.

HOWARD MALCOM, D.D., President of this University—Rev. EUGENIO KINCAID, its first Agent—and WM. H. LEWIS, M.D., the most unvaried among its Founders—are sufficiently indicated.

Railroad Troubles at Erie.

THE DECREE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Our readers remember the great Erie war, when, because the citizens of Erie would not permit a railroad company of Ohio to run thro' their town in violation of law, all New York got into hysterics, and demanded that President Pierce should send the U.S. Army into the field to attack the women of Erie for pulling up the rails. Whether deterred by the spunk of the women or the folly of the request, the President did not do it, and Erie walked into Court to settle the matter legally. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania have just made a decision that the railroad is a public nuisance, as it lies part upon certain streets in the borough of Erie, and part upon a public road, [and was laid by an evasion of a charter, or rather without any charter whatever.] The Court order that the Company shall, on or before the expiration of four months from the date, break up so much of their road as lies upon the said streets, and upon the Buffalo road, and remove the materials thereof, so as to leave the said street and road in as good condition as they were in before the construction of said railroad. They further adjudge that the Company shall within four months change the route and construction of their railroad accordingly, and make their Western terminus at what was the Eastern line of said borough in 1842, or within the same borough. The Company to re-construct their railroad, to supply the parts hereby ordered to be broken up, according to plans and specifications to be by them made, and to be submitted to and approved by the Supreme Court. It will be seen therefore that by the judgment of our highest legal tribunal, the people of Erie, instead of being rioters, were acting legally, and that the foreign railroad company were the rioters in fact. A great triumph for Pennsylvania, for her Press, her Governor, and her Legislature.

☞UNION WOODLAND COMPANY, Shares $25, payable $1 a month—each share represents 10 acres of good Farm Land in Union Co. Pa. Subscriptions received by B. Franklin Clark, 32 S. Third St.

☞We clip the foregoing advertisem't from the Philad. "Ledger" of Saturday last. "Good farm land," in this county, at $2½ an acre, would be a speculation worth attending to. B. Franklin Clark, by describing the land definitely in one of the papers of this county, might realize a much more handsome profit. We 'guess,' however, the farms must lie upon the table lands of Jacks Mountain, or compose a part of the *Times'* "Iron Mountain."

☞Maj. LAUMAN, of the *Democratic Union*, Harrisburg, has been denounced in some suspicious quarters as "not a good Democrat," but the recent Democratic Convention of Dauphin county nominated the same Maj. Lauman for Congress by a *unanimous* vote.

☞We are favored with some poetry for "Lydia," which we think will not be of any service to her, and which within ten years the author will thank us for not publishing

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

The "Know Nothings" all Exposed!

MR. EDITOR: The extracts you recently made from a Harrisburg journal, respecting the association of Know Nothings, may be worthy of a moment's attention.

The apostle Paul was "determined to Know Nothing among the" people but the Gospel he preached. And when that Gospel in a certain town wrought destruction to the arts of the worshipers of the goddess Diana, they raised a storm almost equalled by that of our devotees of Party who tremble at the "hand-writing on the wall," and read their doom.

The great trouble with the Democratic party is, that most of this victorious new party come from their own ranks, and thereby endanger their ascendency. Were the Know Nothings mostly Whigs, the Democrats would not care enough about them to denounce them.

But when did our Democratic friends imbibe their hostility to secret societies? Quite recently, I think. And now, they do not condemn Masons, Odd Fellows, &c.—only the Know Nothings.

"But the Know Nothings are political" it is argued. And so are other secret associations. So is the Tammany Society of New York, which, for forty years, has most of the time ruled the Democratic party; so was the Washington Benevolent Society, of the Federal party; so is the Democratic Miami Tribe, of Ohio; and so are or have been hundreds of other clubs, caucuses, or societies for accomplishing certain plans. It is therefore evident that the Union and its adjuncts are not opposed to secret political societies in general, but only to this one in particular.

Without assuming omniscience upon a point where I "know nothing" more than my fellow citizens in common, I conclude that it is a family quarrel of the party in power, and, like most internal dissensions, is very violent.

The alleged cause, is, that foreign-born and Catholic citizens, have been unjustly favored and promoted over native-born and Protestants. How correct these allegations are, and how expedient the measures proposed by the new organization, are other points for discussion.

Probably a radical revolution in the party will cure the evils, and afterwards the association will be dissolved.

The idea that the Know Nothings are violating the Constitution, "proscribing," &c. &c., are utterly erroneous. It is not proposed to divest any one of his acquired rights, but foreign as well as native-born citizens must submit to whatever regulations the proper authorities may make.

It is not "proscription" of all others, because I choose to vote for one person only. I do not "proscribe" the Methodist church, although I prefer the Lutheran—nor do I "proscribe" a Catholic in choosing to trust my best interests with a Protestant. If honest preferences are to be branded as "intolerance," then is our great Democratic party a monster of intolerance, for it would never allow a Whig to hold a single office, if it could help it; and on the other hand, the Whig party would "proscribe" all Democrats, for if it would never give one office to the Democrats. In voting for Americans and for Protestants only, the Know Nothings would be no more intolerant or proscriptive than the Whig and Democratic parties are towards each other.

Many of the charges against the Know Nothings, are the wild vagaries of heated imaginations—others are the broad jokes of time-killing humorists. No sensible man will be mis-led by either.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

A LOOKER-ON.

From the Susquehanna Register.

To Prevent Smut in Wheat.

EDS. REGISTER—It is my opinion that farmers should make public the result of their successful experiments, whenever there is reason to believe they will benefit their brother farmers by doing so. Formerly I never failed to have smutty wheat if I sowed smutty seed, though the seed was washed ever so carefully. But for a few years past I have been able almost entirely to escape the smut, by using this remedy. First wash your seed wheat as clean as you can, and drain off the water; then to every bushel of wheat, take one ounce of blue vitriol, dissolve it in a pint of water, pour it in and stir up the wheat well. I sowed a piece with seed prepared in this way, except a small part which was sowed without the vitriol, because my seed fell short. When the wheat ripened there was hardly a smutty head in the whole piece where the vitriol was used, but the other part was full of it—you could gather the smutty heads there by handfuls. I have had the same success other years.

If any of my brother farmers derive any benefit from this—and I am confident they will if they try it—they can pay me by publishing something of their experience, and so we will help each other.

AARON TAYLOR

Springville, Aug 30th, 1854.

To Irishmen and Catholics.

[The following sensible suggestions we find in a letter from the editor of the *Irish American*, published by P. Lynch, Esq., to Irish Americans, throughout the Union. The wholesome advice contained in them, may not be confined to Irish Americans alone, for there are many native born, who could profit by them if they would.]

"With these prefatory remarks, I arrive at the point from which I am anxious to address you on the course you should pursue at the approaching election.

Vote for the man your conscience approves and for the principles your judgment sanctions and endorses. Go to the polls quietly, peaceably, without ostentation, without discussion with any body. Deposit your ballot without remark, answering any question of a legal and constitutional character put to you. This done go without any delay, to your places of business or to your homes. Make no crowd. Encourage no street or bar-room haranguing. Bring on no discussions. If you are assailed in any way, appeal to the authorities for protection, and you will be protected. The sound, healthy, sober second thought of an excited, and disturbed, and passion-driven public opinion will supervene;—and if you act as I have determined to act, and now point out to you, no difficulty will occur, no riot will take place, no blood will be spilled, no wife will be widowed, and no children will be rendered fatherless orphans.

In 1828, O'Connell and Shiel, and the celebrated Father Murphy, or Corofin, induced half a million of excited people to abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors. For three warm summer days the hundred thousand men assembled did so abstain, presenting to the astonished British Government and the public the sublime spectacle, not only of the *power* of the magician agitator, O'Connell, but the resolution and self-control of the masses. Do you, fellow-countrymen, abstain likewise from maddening liquor on election day. Join no cliques, parties or crowds; deposit your voting papers in an orderly manner; and the evil disposed fighting men of the Know-Nothing party cannot get a chance of using their revolvers and bowieknifes upon your person.

I perceive by the daily and weekly press that the politicians are calculating already on the "Catholic Vote." This cruel and criminal perversion of the franchise into what the party gamblers term the "Catholic" and "Irish" vote is about the foremost and most pregnant cause of the enmity and dread and disgust entertained against you by the Native Americans.

Catholic Irish vote!

Why, you have no more right to vote as a Catholic or Irishman in the choice of American law-makers, whether federal, state, municipal, or judicial, than you have to plunder your neighbor's property. American interests should guide you. The honor, and glory, and prosperity of the federal Republic, the interests of the State, the purity and health of the social relations with which you are associated and identified, should alone guide you in the exercise of your franchise. The Constitution knows no State religion, acknowledges no sectarian interference in governmental affairs, cuts off clearly and totally all and every connection between the ruling power and any and every Church, and leaves conscience free and untrammelled in the exercise of social and political rights. By and through the Constitution the voting privilege is extended to you; and by perverting that privilege is extended to you; and by perverting that privilege to any personal or religious purpose, you not only violate your oath of citizenship, but you give a valid excuse to your persecutors to advocate the reenactment of the alien and sedition laws, and thus deprive you of the privilege, advantage, and honor of forming a component part of the great American Union. And let me add that those who appear to and traffic on your religious sympathies and convictions, and who constantly refer in their writings and speeches to your position and influence as "Catholics" and solicit you to take your "Catholic" interests into account in exercising your right to approach the ballot-box, are your bitterest and most malignant enemies; and before God, they have a serious responsibility in thus misleading you, which they, in the latter end, will find it difficult to satisfy and discharge.

And now, fellow-countrymen, I implore you to read and think over this plain and simple observation. Never mind the want of influence or the humble position of the writer. If what I have written be true and rational, and have any common sense in it, you are bound to attend to it and digest it, and be guided by it just as well as if it came from a higher, a more elevated, and a more dignified and eminent source.

P. LYNCH,

Editor of the *Irish American*.

THE LUNAR WORLD.—Mr. Crampton, in a little book intitled "The Lunar World" draws the following interesting picture of the appearance which the surface of that satellite would present to a visitor from the terrestrial globe:

"Choose the period of the last quarter, and direct our way to that dark shadowy spot marked N in the map, and situated at the north east portion of the lunar globe; it is the Mare Ibrium, or Sea of Showers, as it is called, though no water is to be found there and no shower ever cools or moistens its barren surface. It is about seven hundred miles in extent every way. Let us cast our eyes around, and what do we see? a boundless plain or desert, stretching away as far as the eye can reach on every side; save in one or two points, where a chain of lofty mountains can be perceived, whose brilliant, pointed summits, glittering in the sunbeams, just appear upon the distant horizon. The light that glares upon the plain is intense, and the heat of a tropical fierceness, for no cloud shelters us. By that light we may perceive scattered over the plain, an infinite number of circular pits, of different sizes and depths, varying from a few yards to some hundreds in diameter, and sunk in the body or crust of the planet; some of them but a few feet and others to an unknown immeasurable depth. Above, the sky is black, out of which the sun gleams like a red-hot ball; and the stars sparkle like diamonds, for no atmosphere like ours exists, to give by its refractive and reflective powers the delicious blue to its heavens, and the softened shade to its landscape. The lights and shades are indented upon its features deep and dark, or intensely bright; no softening away in the distance, no gentle and beautiful perspective; no lovely twilight, morning or evening, stealing over or away from the scene. All the shadows are abrupt, sudden; all the outlines sharp, clear; appearing startlingly near even when really distant. No sound follows or footfall is ever heard in that silent place; for there is no atmosphere to conduct it; no fresh breeze blows on its mountain tops, sighs through its burning deserts, rustles through brilliant green of forests, or waves over meadows; the silence of death broods over its arid waters and rocky shores, against which no tides or billows break."

A poor fellow was brought to Lancaster, on W