LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1854.

VOLUME XI.—NO. 27.
Whole Number, 547.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

Oct. 4, 1854.

Mountain Lands of Union County.

[Our recent reference to certain Union county lands advertised in the Philad. *Ledger*, has brought out a pleasant rejoinder, which will be found under the "Real Estate" head on the second page. Accompanying it, Mr. Clark sends us an *argument*, so ingenious and so truthful that we select it for the miscellaneous page of the *Chronicle*.]

It is not expected that *all* of this property is "good *farm* land," and *some* of it may not be very good for any purpose, the term being merely designed to convey the idea that the purchaser might thereby procure the kind of land described, disinterested persons having certified that the lands are worth, as a body, four times the price at which they are offered.

The adjective "good" has a comparative as well as a positive sense, and though lands on White Deer and Spruce Run may be *much* inferior to those on Penns Creek, Middlecreek, and Buffaloe, yet, even for *farming* purposes, they may be superior to some of the soils of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, high as the reputation of these stand.

Your reference to the "table lands of Jacks mountain" in connection with the very low price, is taken in good part, since, for anything which the seller knows to the contrary, they may be equal in value to the "table land" of *Nittany*, where a part of these lands lie, on each side of the new road from Lewisburg to Sugar Valley, and where, it is said, there is a *basin* called the Kettle-hole, which, for *farming* purposes, is superior to much of the land within a few miles from this city which sells at any price above $100 per acre to which imagination may delight to extend.

Union county lands have, both at home and abroad, an enviable reputation; and, great as the diversity of soil and other attractions may be, it is fair to presume where much is valued at from $60 to $120 per acre, the most inferior should be worth *two per cent.* of the latter price. Even when the timber is sparse, and soil "*non est*," there is frequently a valuable deposite of some kind beneath the surface, to compensate for the sterility alone, thereby making the rugged mountains of our State her greatest treasure—the El Dorados of her wealth.

Whether such is the case with the mountains of Union county, or not, time, accident, or geological surveys must determine; but while they retain the power of reproducing the forest after fire or the axe has swept it away, there is a greater value in them, than short-sighted economizers, see or acknowledge.

It is to be regretted that a disposition is so general among emigrants to run past the lands of our own State, if somewhat rough or broken in character, and to leave its wooded hills, its pure water, and healthful breezes, for the purpose of peopling the prairies of the "far west," where the advantages of a fertile soil and easy culture are too frequently counter-balanced by want of timber, bad water, a climate which wrecks the constitution, and a market so remote as frequently to preclude the attempt to derive any advantage from it.

To *cultivate* the greater part of our mountain lands—were it possible,—would be neither desirable nor profitable, since they constitute our resource for timber in its varieties, for all time to come, and it should be our special duty to protect them against the reckless conduct of those who "scatter fire brands and death," and ruthlessly destroy a forest growth which an age cannot restore.

The wanton waste of timber within the century past, in addition to the destruction required by necessity or expediency, will most probably be deplored in the next, and a failure on our part to extend protection to the forest land, and to foster the growth of trees, when the soil does not offer attractions for the plow, will justly subject us to the reprobation of our successors.

Already, in many parts of the State, where *timber* was recently declared a nuisance, it is now purchased with avidity. The wooded valleys, mountain slopes, and "table lands" where wave the pine, hemlock, oak, and chesnut, should not be held in light esteem because forsooth they are not deemed to be "good farm land" when compared with the alluvial bottoms or the limestone soils of the plain. All have a worth and value which few persons at present appreciate, but of which time will continually furnish new developments.

If denuded of their timber by the sawyer, tanner, cooper, iron manufacturer, and others to whom our forests furnish employment and wealth, our mountains and interior valleys, if divided into tracts of moderate extent, should furnish the spectacle of numerous small farms and homesteads, occupied by a yeomanry pertaining more to the class of Shepherds or Graziers than to that of agriculture—producing merely a sufficiency of the cereals for their own wants, and caring little whether "breadstuffs" rose or fell in Europe or whether the "Danubean Principalities" were invaded or evacuated, so far as their pecuniary interest was to be affected thereby.

Much the larger portion would, however, be left to nature to reclothe with a young forest, to constitute the wealth of future proprietors, as well as to beautify the landscape, since but a small portion of the unimproved lands of our State is of a hopelessly sterile character, and devoid of all vegetation.

Proud as the citizens of Union have a right to be of their productive "river flats" and "limestone valleys," let them not look with contempt on their "mountain lands," for be assured posterity will look upon them with a different eye. Other uses will be discovered for them than hunting in their woods and angling for trout along their streams. Their praises will not be left to the poet and painter, but plodding seekers after mammon will be endeavoring to monopolize them, whilst industry in various forms will draw subsistence from their surface or their depths. Whilst all the works of the great Creator are admitted to be "*good*," who shall deny to these a place among our choicest blessings, since in addition to their other numberless uses, they have in every land been found to be the "cradle of liberty," as well as its stronghold, though *our* mountains have not the stern and lofty grandeur which gives sublimity to the patriotism of the Swiss peasant and a devotion to his native land that is seldom met with on the fertile plains or in crowded cities.

These sentiments may appear too deeply imbued with enthusiasm for practical men, and may elicit criticism—perhaps ridicule. In this there would be nothing new, since such is ever the fate of those who express sentiments in advance of any general idea, though the tide of public opinion should in a few short years reach or go beyond the point previously denounced as "humbug" or fanaticism.

We have, however, all around us, the evidences that the world "does move," astronomically, morally, scientifically, and intelligently,—and to such an extent that any effort to call attention to the Mountain region of Pennsylvania, for which I confess a partiality which will induce me to retain at all times a spot therein, may appear at this time entirely superfluous.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

From "Up North."

Mr. Editor: I observe in your paper, Original Correspondence from all parts of the world, except from "the neck of woods" along North Pennsylvania. But this "neck of woods" I can assure you is getting ahead of your quiet portion of the State, and unless you wake up, put your hands in your purses, and your shoulders to the wheel of progress, we shall quickly "get the descendency" (as Mrs Partington said of the Catholics) over you.

Since the completion of the New York & Erie Railroad, farming land in North Pennsylvania has increased *one-third* in value, ten miles back from the Road, and *one-fourth*, twenty miles from the Road. Hemlock, quite recently a nuisance, now pays for clearing up land by its bark alone. Butter and Cheese now bring, in Cash, more than twice what they brought lately in trade...and so of most of the farmers' products, while his merchandizing, salt, plaster, &c., are all cheaper. Nobody is so much benefited as the farmers.

—What a mosaic structure of humanity in a single packet-load! Lately, besides *us*, I found a German Jew, who had ridden that morning, from New York, 260 miles, without eating—a school girl, from Cayuga Bridge, N.Y., on her return, alone—a "fast" youth who was a contractor's foreman on the Cattawissa road, (says he ran away from home when a boy, and has since driven negroes, mules and Irishmen, and by his looks and language does not belie his pretensions, but doubtless *adorns* his calling—a talkative gentleman from Ireland, pleasantly bombastic, ignorant, and clever—a Welch preacher, trying to study out a sermon, while four or five of his congregation, (miners,) are passing a bottle from one to another—an abstracted Yankee, "cal'lating" how to make money—a bevy of smiling maidens, tempted to the next town by the beauty of the sky, (and thereby pramising rain)—one of the "F. F. W." (first families of Wyoming,) "wise above what is written" in its History, and more positive than certain—the ebony cook and clerk, whose activity and whose voice make him "the observed of all observers"—the Captain, flitting here and there and everywhere, and very suspiciously peering about as though one or two chops had n't "settled"—the nervous lady, fearful of blowing up, striking upon a rock, or sinking—her fat babe, sucking its thumbs, oblivious to all care, and crying by way of variety—the "hard case," trying to sleep away his excesses—the dandy, turning up his nose at the returning lumberman who feels just as good as anybody, and wants one little game of *keards*—the sad-looking woman in the corner, in widow's weeds and coarse garments, gazing upon her little girl as tho' she alone were left her—the good, aunty-looking body who is trying to say a kind word to her, and at last succeeds in raising a smile in her eyes at least...these are but a part of a packet-boat's cargo, and in a few years packet-boats will be for this region among "the things that were."

—They tell about a queer preacher in Montrose who threw off his coat and his cravat one of the hot Sundays, and stated that he could go half as far for comfort as the sisters could for fashion, and as they had bare necks and arms he should preach in shirt-sleeves and shirt-collar! Certainly a fair compromise; yet it is said some of the ladies chose to take offence.

—Espytown, so long a mere post-office and row of huts has of late "put on airs," and a new steam grist mill and saw-mill, and a score of new houses, attest its right to be classed among "the towns" on the North Branch.

—Neal, M'Kelvy & Co's new Furnace, above Bloomsburg, is a very imposing edifice, and has been doing a good work.

—What slight circumstances sometimes agitate crowds! To-day a line-boat got into a lock where it should have made way for the Packet, with Uncle Sam's mail. The packet captain told the line-boat that if he went through first he would fine him. Line-boat swore he would not back-out, and then immediately proceeded to back out. The boats got into a jam—could not get past. Captains and hands swore, and some passengers swore. Line-boat and Packet accused and cursed each other; fierce threats were exchanged; but the boats still were in a jam. A fight was full in prospect, when one of the fiercest men fell overboard, and out of sight; but instantly re-appearing, and climbing, dripping, upon the deck, his sub-mersion and his up-rising were so quick and ludicrous that everybody began to laugh; good humor was restored to all; they took hold resolutely; and as the Packet shot ahead, three cheers were exchanged between the late belligerent crews!

—Very much amused with a rather inquisitive Dutchman of the lager beer species, who, anxious for sociability, accosted a flauntily dressed Irish lady as follows:

"Do you live in Blankville?"

"Yes, sir," (pleasantly enough.)

"Then you ought to know me,"

"I don't know you sir," (somewhat dignified, and turning away.)

"Why! I'm a brother to Widow Houptle."

"I don't know Widow Houptle, sir," (decidedly displeased.)

"Why, I thought everybody knowed Widow Houptle!"

"Well sir, I don't know Widow Houptle or any of her people," said the lady in a considerably elevated tone, and moved to the extreme end of the ladies' parlor. And the lager beer man, slightly crest-fallen, hobbled upon deck, indignant at the ignorance which prevailed, both as respected himself, and his sister the widow, in Blankville. (Softly! softly! old man, there are many men and women besides you and I and widow Houptle, who are not known to fame, not known to our neighbors even, who will hardly be missed from the stage of being. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies.")

—Thank Heaven! we are escaped from the suffocating air of the packet, and are aboard a mail coach. Close packing, truly, nine inside and four or five outside; but there are none willing to wait for a more private ride. All wish to "push along—keep moving." We have pure, fresh air, now, and our driver is a careful, accommodating man. For independence, a true Yankee stage-driver takes a prominent stand. "Are you the *man* who wants take stage this morning? Well, sir, I'm the *gentleman* that is going to drive!" is a fair specimen of the class. Not long since an European nobleman going from Reading to Harrisburg, monopolized the back seat of a coach, when the driver requested him to give it up for some ladies. Lord Bigbug refused; Driver told him he'd "jerk him out of his whiskers" if he did not vacate; Lord Bigbug vapored about his title, which Driver told him was not as big a title as Driver about that concern; and Lord Bigbug, to avoid a rough removal, removed himself, under a protest that "he would inform the Governor when he arrived at Harrisburg!" "Governor has no share in his coach, mister; and I did not vote for him, anyhow," was the cool response of Driver, as he took a fresh chew, cracked his whip, and away he drove!

N XX.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Many years ago, (said the Rev. Monsieur V.,) when a student in the University of Geneva, I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations traveling to villages in my native France, preaching in the open squares the kingdom of God, distributing his holy Word to those who would accept it, and teaching from house to house the blessed Gospel of Jesus, my Master. On such an excursion, in the summer of 183–, I entered a little vine-hung cabin in the environs of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen, I saw a middle-aged woman, busy ironing; and a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, of a sweet, serious aspect, plaiting straw. She did not raise her eyes as I entered, and on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good things, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love, his sufferings, his death. They listened attentively, and tears rolled slowly from the sightless eyes of the young girl. It was indeed tidings, new and wonderful, unto them; for, like others of the simple peasantry of France, they were accustomed to sing sweet hymns, and murmur devout orisons to "blessed Mary, mother mild," while Christ and his salvation were hidden from their hearts. The next day, and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage, and Jesus, the good Shepherd, gave me new cause for thankfulness, in permitting me to guide both mother and daughter to the fold of peace.

Poor, sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him who opened the eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and received sight. Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before—a longing for God's blessed gift of vision—seized upon the poor, blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, how he said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read, and procured for her a Bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm, bright August morning—one hand locked in her little brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious Bible, to take her first lesson.

Alas, poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant platting of straw. Again and again was the effort made, but to no purpose. But one day as she sat alone, sorrowfully chipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her: Could not she cut away the thick, hard skin from her fingers, and then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she whittled the skin from the poor fingers, heeding not the pain—was it not that she might read the word of God? But the straw work would not cease; it bought bread, and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain!

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, and ought she not to praise him? And the new Bible! Ah, surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from this tree of life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And holding the dear volume near to the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray: "Dear and blessed Jesus, who lovest the poor and openest the eyes of the blind, I thank thee that thou hast not hidden thyself from a poor blind girl. And since I can not read thy heavenly words, I pray that thou wilt whisper them into my soul, that my spirit may not be dark like my poor eyes. I can see thee with my heart, dear Jesus, and thou knowest that I love thee, and love thy holy Book." And she touched the open Bible with her lips. Oh, joy! To the soft lips the slight indentations of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outline of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passed line after line across her eager lips; she turned the leaf—the lips lose not their power! It is all clear, all easy now. The LIPS could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—THEY COULD READ!

A twelve month after, I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its sad look, but what a beaming, happy face, was Marie's as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved Bible! Blind, it was full of light. "*N'est il pas heureux*," she murmered in her rich, musical tones—"*n'est il pas heureux de baiser ainsi les douces paroles pendent que je les lis?*" ("Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read?")

Dear, eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in judgment to condemn the many who, "having eyes, see not."

Reader, do you love the blessed words of Jesus, with a love deep, heart-warm, as did the poor blind girl of Burgundy?—*Christian Witness & Church Advocate.*

"I Die Innocent."—I was puzzled, says a correspondent of Baltimore Clipper to conjecture how a Roman Catholic convicted of murder on the most unequivocal, the most direct and positive evidence, can reconcile it with his conscience to declare in the most solemn manner, as they often do, calling God and the surrounding multitude to witness his expiring assertion, "I am innocent!"—till I met a few days ago with this passage in the writings of St. Ligori, whose works form the great text book of all the Roman Catholic theologians:

"If he has sacramentally confessed, he can answer, '*I am innocent of this crime*,' because by confession it has been pardoned and removed."—*Dijori, tib.* 8, 562.

☞The New York Anti-Nebraska State Convention has ratified the Whig State Ticket.

Committees of Judges.

1.

Horses.—H. N. Backhaus, Daniel Rengler, R. V. B. Lincoln, Jos. Casey, Henry C. Eyer, Thos. Penny, D. B. Kaufman.

2.

Plowing Match.—E R. Menges, Isaac Eyer, Jacob Moyer, Abraham Brown, Flavel Clingan.

3.

Neat Cattle.—James Marshall, Henry W. Snyder, Jacob Hummel, Henry Neuer, Sr., John S. Schrack, John B. Smith, Samuel Mertz.

4.

Oxen and Steers and Matches.—J. Foster Wilson, Gideon Biehl, George Meixell, Jacob F. Hummel, John Kline, Johnson Walls, Wm. L. Ritter.

5.

Sheep and Swine.—John D. Dieffenderfer, Fred'k Pontius, Henry Ruhl, Sem Leitzel, Jos. Chambers, John St. Clair, R. M. Musser.

6.

Poultry.—Samuel Weirick, Henry Gibson, James K. Davis, Jac. Deckard, Leonard R. Hummel, Daniel Noll, John H. Goodman.

7.

Field Crops.—Thomas Hayes, Daniel Kaufman, George Slear, W. F. Wagenseller, John Wilt, Dr. C. Wilson, John C. Watson.

8

Fruit.—Absalom Swineford, Chas. S. James, John W. Simonton, Dr. F. Speck, Henry Gast.

9

Dairy Products.—James M'Creight, Wm. Colsher, Henry High, Samuel C. Wilt, Isaac Slenker.

10

Flour and Bread.—J. G. L. Shindle, John Ruhl, Michael Fichthorn, Michael Brown, Jos. Kleckner.

11

Household Manufactures.—Ge. Schnure, Amon H. Lutz, John M. Taylor, John Datesman, Levi S. Herrold, David Reber, Robert Swineford.

12

Manufactured Articles.—Israel Gutelius, Dr. W. F. Seebold, Israel Knettle, Hugh Wilson, Isaac L. Beck, James Criswell, M. H. Taggart.

13

Agricultural Implements.—Jos. M. Nesbit, Abraham Young, Cyrus Brown, Michael Dunkle, Frederick Bolender, Benj. Mensch, Samuel Pawling.

14

Manure and Farm Accounts.—Geo. R. Bliss, John V. Barber, John Reber, Fred'k Kremer, Moses Specht.

15

Unenumerated Articles.—Jas. D. Chamberlin, David Ramsey, Thos. Comly, John Seebold, Levi Sterner, J. H. App, T. S. Christ.

Each Committee to have power to add Members their number in case of absence, resignation, or inability to serve by reason of being a competitor, and to choose their own Chairman and Secretary. They are requested to appear on the ground and organize by noon of the first day, and submit their Reports to the President by 9, A. M. of the second day.

Jacob Gundy, President.

O. N. Worden, Rec'g Secretary.

☞Certificates of Membership—50 cts.—may be obtained of most of the Vice Presidents, the Treasurer, and Secretary.

The Lewisburg Chronicle.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

Issued on Friday Mornings, at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

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 square, 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.

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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

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Daniel Witmer, *Chapman*
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Jacob Beaver, *Beaver*
H. H. Margarite, *West Beaver*
Jacob Sandoe, *Centerville*
John Wilt, *Hartley*
Rob'n B. Barber, *Limestone*
Abr. Swineford, *New Berlin*
Isaac Eyer, *Union*
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do Henry W. Snyder, Penns

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

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Jonathan Wolfe,	George R. Bliss,
Joseph M. Nesbit,	John Chamberlin
Francis Wilson,	Henry W. Fries,
John Kling,	John Alexander.

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 Cow for stock	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 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 2 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 7½ 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 Satord., close at 12, M.

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

☞Business hours daily (except Sundays) from 6 until 11½ A.M. and from 12, M. until 8, 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