

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BY MEYERS & BENFORD.

WHOLE NO. 2763.—VOL. 53.

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TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 8.

1857. AGRICULTURAL FAIR. 1857.

AT BEDFORD, PA.
An exhibition of the Agricultural Society, will be held in the Borough of Bedford, on the 21st, 22d and 23d days of October, 1857.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

HORSES.

Best Stallion over 4 years old	\$4.00
Second best	2.00
Third best	1.00
Best over 2 and under 4 years old	2.00
Second best	1.00
Best gelding 4 years old	2.00
Second best	1.00
Best brood mare with colt at side	3.00
Second best	2.00
Third best	1.00
Best Stallion for draught	2.00
Best Saddle horse	2.00
Best Colt under 3 years old	2.00
Second best	1.00
Best Spring colt	2.00
Best pair draught horses	3.00
Second best	2.00
Best buggy horse	2.00
Second best	1.00

CATTLE.

Best Bull over 3 years	\$3.00
Second best over 1 year	2.00
Third best under 1 year	1.00
Best Milch Cow	3.00
Second best	2.00
Best Heifer over 2 years old	2.00
Best under two	1.00
Best yoke of Oxen	3.00
Best pair of Steers under 1 year	2.00
Best fat Bullock	2.00

SHEEP.

Best buck	\$2.00
Second best	1.00
Third best	1.00
Best Ewe	2.00
Best 4 do	2.00
Best Lamb	1.00
Best 4 do	1.00

SWINE.

Best boar	\$2.00
second best	1.00
best brood sow and pigs	2.00
second best	1.00
best and heaviest hog	1.00
best pair of pigs under 6 months	1.00

POULTRY.

Best display of Poultry	\$2.00
second best	1.00
best pair of chickens without regard to breed	50
best pair of geese	50
best pair of turkeys	50
best pair of ducks	50

FIELD CROPS.

Best five acres of wheat	\$4.00
second best	2.00
best five acres of corn	2.00
second best	1.00
best bushel of oats	1.00
best bushel of wheat	1.00
best bushel of rye	1.00
best bushel of buckwheat	1.00
best quarter acre of potatoes	1.00

VEGETABLES.

Best display of Vegetables	\$2.00
second best	1.00
best peck of onions	50
best peck of parsnips	50
best peck of tomatoes	50
best quart of lima beans	50
three best egg plants	50
best pumpkin	50
best celery, six stalks	50
best squashes	50
best potatoes, one bushel	50
best cabbages	50
best cauliflowers	50
best melons	60

FRUITS.

Best variety of fruits	2.00
best bushel of fall apples	1.00
best bushel of winter do	1.00
best variety of choice apples	50
best peck of peaches	50
best basket of grapes	50
best do quinces	50
best do plums	50
best do pears	50

PRESERVES, PICKLES &c.

Best display	2.00
second best	1.00
best apple butter, 1 gallon	50
best five gallons of cider	50
best domestic wine	1.00
best vinegar, one quart	50

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURERS, FIRST DIVISION.

Best four yards of cloth	2.00
best five yards flannel	1.00
best pair blankets	1.00
best coverlet	1.00

best pair linen sheets, new	50
best rag carpet	1.00
best woolen do	1.00
best five yards flax linen	50
best woolen and cotton hose	50

Second Division.

best table cloth linen	do
best loaf bread	50
best cakes at discretion	50
best hard soap	50
best five pounds of candles	50
best ten pounds of maple sugar	50
best one gallon of do molasses	50
best sugar from chinese sugar cane	1.00
best molasses from same, one quart	50
best barrel of flour	2.00
second best	1.00

Third Division.

NEEDLE WORK.

Best display of cabinet ware	3.00
best do chairs	2.00
best article of cabinet ware	2.00
best display of cooper ware	1.00
best display of tinware	1.00
best display of castings	1.00
best do edge tools	1.00
best do guns pistols &c.	1.00
best do horse-shoes, nails &c.	1.00
best boots and shoes	1.00
second best	50
best display of carriages	2.00
best do harness	1.00
best display of saddlery	1.00
best do hats and caps	1.00
best do tanned and finished leather	1.00
best display of dentistry	1.00
best bee hive	1.00

Fourth Division.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Best plough	1.00
best seed drill	2.00
best threshing machine	3.00
second best	2.00
best straw cutter	1.00
best fodder cutter	1.00
best farm wagon	2.00
best fanning mill	2.00
best corn sheller	1.00
best do mill	1.00

DAIRY PRODUCTS, &c.

Best butter ten pounds	1.00
second best	50
best keg of butter	1.00
best box of Honey	1.00
best cheese	1.00
best ham	1.00
second best	50

FLOWERS.

Best display of flowers &c.	50
second best	50

COMMITTEE'S AUTHORITY.

The committee to whom was referred the duty of making arrangements for the Fair to be held on the 21st, 22d and 23d days of October next, have adopted the following rules for the government of the exhibition.

1. All the members of the society, and all who shall become members previous to or at the Fair, will be furnished with badges which will admit the person and the ladies of his family at all times during the continuance of the Fair.—Tickets of admission for others 12 1/2 cents each.
2. All exhibitors at the Fair must be members of the society, and the article exhibited must be produced within the County, except live stock, which may be brought from any part of the country, with a view of introducing an improved breed of all kinds of stock into the county.
3. All articles intended for exhibition, should be entered at the office of the society, on the 20th October, if possible, in order that they may be properly arranged for exhibition.
4. All persons intending to compete for premiums in field crops, must have the ground measured, the grain kept separate, measured and a specimen produced, accompanied by a responsible certificate stating the quantity of ground, its products, &c.
5. Any person from without the county

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wishing to introduce any farming implement or other useful article, can do so, by having it entered at the office the day before the exhibition, and paying into the Treasury the sum of one dollar; but will not be considered a competitor for premiums, as the society is strictly local in its operations.

6. The Ploughing Match will take place at 9 o'clock on Friday morning in a field convenient to the enclosure. The land for each competitor will be previously staked off.

7. The Judges will make their examinations in the forenoon of the first day, and make report in the forenoon of the second; and the premiums will be awarded immediately thereafter.

8. The various Committees are requested to be careful to notice all articles exhibited in their respective classes, whether entitled to premiums or not, and if any article is presented in either of the divisions worthy of a premium, and does not come under the jurisdiction of said Committee, such article must be reported to the Committee on special premiums.

9. The members of the various Committees on the day of exhibition, will please get together in the Committee Room as near 11 o'clock, as possible, in order to proceed to business.

10. Any member, (resident or non-resident of the county of Bedford,) may compete for premiums; and ladies may compete for premiums offered for articles which are generally considered the exclusive productions of ladies without becoming members.

11. All animals and articles, offered for premiums, shall be owned by the competitors. All fruits, grain, vegetables and flowers, must be the growth of the competitors.

12. Committees shall have discretionary power to withhold premiums, if the articles exhibited do not merit them.

13. Articles for which a distinct premium has been awarded, cannot, at the same exhibition, be put in competition, in a general display.

14. All articles for competition must be on the ground by 11 o'clock, A. M., on the first day of Exhibition, and remain there until 3 o'clock of the third day. All articles will be returned to the competitors unless otherwise directed. At 3 o'clock, P. M., on the first day, the Committees will proceed to examine and award premiums.

On the second day, at 12 o'clock, the Committees will make their reports.

15. All premiums awarded by the Society, and not called for within six months thereafter, shall be considered as presented to the Society for its use.

Miscellaneous.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.
"Father, is there no hope for him? Is the British General so heartless as to condemn one so noble, so brave, so young, to die without mercy?"

These words were used by a pale, tearful girl of great beauty, in the middle portion of that Revolution which gave freedom to our own loved soil. During that period when cruelty was but too prevalent with both parties—when Tories, American-born, were, if possible, more relentless and cruel than the British troops.

The father, a noble-looking man of middle age, turned to glance out of the window, which opened towards Long Island Sound, the green waters of which could be seen sparkling beyond a grove that fronted his dwelling, near Hurl Gate. He turned to this to hide from her his emotions, for she was his only child, and he feared that her young heart would break when he told her all the sad news that lay so heavily on his heart.

"Speak, father; tell me, is there no hope?—I will go myself, and, kneeling to the tyrant, will plead for the life of him whom I love as only woman can love!" she continued.

"Alas! my child, mercy is dead within the British General's breast—his heart is callous to pity! I have risked much by pleading for him, but for your sake, would be almost willing to die in Nathan's place."

"Cruel, cruel fate! When is he to die?—There may be some hope of his rescue. He is a favorite with Washington; and he is at White Plains. I will go to him!"

"Alas! dear child, nerve yourself for the news. It is already late!"

"Dead, dead!" shrieked the poor girl, "Oh! father, say that it is not so!"

"Alas, my child—I cannot! He was hanged at sunrise, and was even refused a Bible to look at ere he was summoned to the presence of his Maker!"

For a moment that pale girl stood silent; not a tear came from her large eyes; but a wild light illumined them (a flash as bright as fire itself) gathered over both face and brow—she clenched her fair hands together until the nails seemed to be entering the flesh, and, with a cold, bitter tone, she cried—

"Life for life! I shall be revenged!"—yes, deeply revenged!"

"Child, dear child, be calm," said the fond parent.

"Father, I am calm—very calm! Calm as he is, almost. But I swear he shall be revenged, if my own hand has to reach the tyrant's heart who sealed his doom! I loved, oh! how loved him—and were not our betrothal vows plighted I would act as a widow—as the widow of a soldier should act!"

"My dear child, you will bring ruin upon our heads! But I will not be rash, I will go to my room, and pray and think—think of him who now lies cold in death!"

huge giants wrestling with some unforeseen power.

Meanwhile his daughter had gone up to her room in one of the cheerful gables of the old fashioned house; and, forgetting to pray in the mad tumult of her wronged heart, was also gazing out upon the storm, which was not more wild than the tempest within her breast.

From her elevated position she could look over the tree tops and the serried clouds, as, like a battling host, rushing to the charge, amid sulphurous flame and smoke, they rose and sped athwart the sky. She could see Hurl's Gale eddying with whirling tossing foam caps, white as drifting snow, in the air—the breakers tumbling up against the black rocks, as if they would hide their dangers from the mariner's view.

Suddenly the booming sound of a cannon was heard, and, as she looked upon the Sound, she saw that a ship-of-war had hove to above the narrow gorge of the Gate. A signal for a pilot was flying at the foretop, and the hated cross of St. George flew from her sparker gaff.

With one wild cry of fierce delight the fair girl bounded from the room. "Life for life—Nathan Hale shall be revenged!" she cried.

What was her idea? Within another room in that house was the clothing of a brother, who long since had been laid to rest beneath the sod; and to this room she fled, and soon was arrayed in a suit of such clothing as the young men generally wear when they go on boating expeditions. Without a hesitation, she cut the long glossy tresses of hair from her head, and, in a very brief period, wore the appearance of a young man of eighteen, not more than her age. Having made these arrangements with a rapidity that only desperate resolve could cause, she instantly left the house, passing down the avenue towards the sound, before her father's eyes, he little thinking that the apparently spruce young waterman, who chose to breast such a storm, was the person of his accomplished daughter.

Hurrying down to a boat-house, which fronted the avenue, she loosened one of those small light skiffs which are still the model of the pilots of Hurl Gate, hoisted a small sail, and, in a few moments, was out upon those angry waves, running upon the last of the flood tide as freely and boldly, as if she had been in a stout ship, instead of so small and frail a boat. It was no new thing for her to be upon the water, being reared so close to it, hundreds of times had she been dashing over those waves, but never, as now, in such a manner as this.

Whirlpools and rocks, and heading towards the frigate, which, impatient for a pilot, had already fired another gun.

Within less than twenty minutes from the time she started, she had luffed alongside of the man-of-war, and having caught the line cast out to her, and fastened the boat, had mounted the vessel's side, and stood upon the quarter-deck, in presence of the commander.

"Are you a pilot?" asked the latter, impatient in tone as well as look.

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Young for such business. Could you take us through Hurl Gate?"

"As well as my father, who has been a pilot here these thirty years!" was the ready reply.

"Why did he not come out, instead of sending a boy like you in a blow as fresh as this?"

"Because he is laid up with the rheumatism, sir, and then he knows that I can pilot you through as well as he can. Sir Henry Clinton knows me, sir!"

"Ah, does he?—well, that is all right. Can we bear away yet?"

"No, sir; not for an hour—till the tide runs ebb."

"That is bad—this gale keeps rising. Is there no anchorage hereabouts?"

"No sir; not within twenty miles above, where your anchor would hold."

"Then we must go through?"

"Yes, sir—as soon as the tide comes, I would not risk it yet, for if the current should catch on either bow, you'd go on the rocks, sure!"

"That is true, young man. Let me know the earliest moment that we can go through?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

And while the English commander turned off to speak to one of his officers, the patriot pilot calmly went to the main gangway, and looked over the side as if watching for the change of tide.

But what was passing in her heart then? There were between three and four hundred souls in that fated vessel. She had lost the only loved thing, beside her father, on earth, when Nathan Hale was hanged as a spy on that morning. She was not thinking how many hearts would be broken by her intended act; she was not thinking of the mothers and sisters, and wives in England, who would soon mourn for her dead—she was only thinking that soon, very soon, she would join him in the spirit land, and that dearly would his loss be avenged. For her own life she cared not, thought not—not even did she think of that worshipping father, who sadly paced his room, believing that she was praying for patience to bear his loss.

Meanwhile, there were those three or four hundred hearts beating with gladness that they had got over a long and sickening voyage, and soon would be anchored in front of the shores that looked so lovely in their sheen of green, even though the storm clouds hovered over them.

At last, after looking toward the home in which she was born—and she knew it would be her last look—she turned and went to the commander and said:

"The tide is slack, it changes suddenly, and we had better fill away at once."

thousand crafts have, ere this, laid their oaken bows.

As they approached the channel, and saw the black rocks, the whirling eddies, the taunting breakers, dashing high on every hand, the officers and crew looked anxiously out upon the danger. But so calm and fearless seemed the young pilot, that re-assurance had a home in every heart—so clear above the gale his bugle-like voice sounded, as he gave his orders, "Port steady so—luff a point!" &c.

They were more than half through. The tumbling breakers of the "punch bowl" and "hog's back" had been passed; a few hundred fathoms more, and they would be safe from every danger. Then one quick glance toward heaven and the disguised girl cried—"Port—port! Hard!"

The helmsman obeyed. The vessel eased off before the wind and flew on with accumulated speed, for a moment, and no more! With a crash, which sent her tall spars tumbling over her bows—and sent her crew reeling to the deck—she brought up on a huge rock near the perpendicular shore to the right. Then, amid the rush of waters, the curses of officers, and the shouts of frightened men, was heard the pilot's shrill cry.

"If one of you survive this wreck, go tell your British general that Nathan Hale is avenged, and that by a woman, too! Sink—sink! and may my curse go with you!"

And before hand could reach her, had they wished it, she leaped into the eddying tide; and ere she sunk, the proud frigate, with its shivered spars and sails, its flags still flying, and its crew of stout men, was going down into the cold dark waters, and the murdered Hale was avenged.

And thus this brief tale is closed. The guns of the sunken frigate rust beneath the tide of Hurl Gate; but the memory of the Patriot Pilot lives in more than one breast yet.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A DAUGHTER?

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of home but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine.

We know a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter, but now is a lonely child—womanly in her looks, but lacking in heart.

"Full of gentleness of calmest hope, Of sweet and quiet joy!"

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, a more reverential affection for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until her eyes were closed. How they loved her! did her father and mother; and of how many pictures of the future was she the subject.

"It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. "Awful!" It is maddening—it is a truth that is linked with despair.

Suddenly like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that the Lord had need of her. She meekly bowed her head—and, at midnight, went forth to meet the Bridegroom. The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last month was hallowed by her death. She went and came back no more! Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was hers reposes among the congenial charms of nature and art; they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of a truth, "a home without a girl in it is only half best; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedar, but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon."

A JOYFUL DISCOVERY.—Some gentlemen called upon an old woman and inquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question and replied—

"Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question?"

"Then, calling to the little girl, she said—

"Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen."

They desired she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should "see she was not a heathen."—Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered; on opening it the old woman exclaimed—

"Well, how glad I am that you called and asked me about the Bible!—Here are my spectacles! I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them!"

A brave officer, who had been wounded by a musket ball in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to cut and probe in that region of his anatomy. After a while the surgeon said, "don't cut me up in that style doctor! What are you torturing me in this cruel way for?" "We are looking after the ball," replied the senior operator. "Why didn't you say so then before?" asked the indignant patient. "I've got the ball in my pocket!"

A Clergyman observing a poor man by the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

DUTIES OF A WIFE.

The first duty of the wife is *submissive* reverence and deference for the husband. The Bible commands the husband to love the wife, but it does not say one word of the wife's loving the husband; that is taken for granted.

She should acquiesce in the authority of the husband, who should also remember that when command begins happiness ends. She should have submission to the reasonable authority of the husband, not like that of the servant to the master, but a quiet submission which tends to her own advantage more than her husband's.

Some women are weak enough to marry husbands to rule them. Such marriages are always unhappy, as the wife acknowledges she marries a fool, and is obliged to drag him after her all his life, and in the end finds she has less advantages over him than she supposed. Women should submit, as our first mother Eve had the sentence passed on her that her husband should be her desire, and should rule her. A woman should not, however, be submissive in divine matters, but should differ in meekness, leaving God to decide.

The second duty is real and high respect for her husband. If her husband is no model in the eyes of the world, he should be in a wife's; and when the latter thinks merely of her husband's appearance or talent, the next thing is contempt. When this begins, the delicate sentiment that belongs to the relationship of man and wife is gone forever. If a woman marries a man of stupidity, whom she can't respect, she is the more foolish, and breaks the holy vow to honor, love and obey. A wife should respect the husband when she can't the man, and should never complain of his improprieties, because a seal should be forever set on the improprieties of the husband, which, when broken, destroys the family circle, and makes the wife and husband no longer one. She should not even confide in a mother, for concealment is the true path, and these faults should be hidden; and though it brings her to her grave with a broken heart, they should be screwed up in her coffin.

The