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The Bedford Inquirer

IS PUBLISHED Every Friday Morning on Juliana Street, OPPOSITE THE MEXCEL HOUSE, BEDFORD, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.

TERMS: \$8.00 a year if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50 if not paid within three months, \$2.50 if not paid at the year.

Rates of Advertising. The Square, three weeks or less, \$1.25. One Square, each additional insertion less than one month, \$1.00.

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Poetry.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY T. BUCHANAN REED.

Up from the South at break of day, Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, The affrighted air with a shudder bore, Like a herald in haste to the chief's door,

And wild still those billows of war, Thundered along the horizon's bar, And louder yet to Winchester rolled The heart of the steed and the heart of the soldier.

But there is a road from Winchester town, A good, broad highway leading down, And there, through the flash of the morning light, A steed, as black as the steed of night,

The first that the General saw were the groups Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops— "What was done—what to do— a glance told him both, He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of hurrahs,

Under his spinning feet, the road Like an arrow quivered down, And the landscape sped away behind Like an ocean flying before the wind.

There with the glorious general's name He said in letters bold and bright: "Here is the steed that saved the day, By carrying Sheridan into the fray."

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MOVEMENTS OF MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

Visit to his Family at Burlington, New Jersey—His Stay in New York—What the Friends of Sherman and Grant at the Hotel in Philadelphia—Scene at Fifth and Chestnut Streets—He is Recognized by a Soldier—The Wildest Enthusiasm.

The movements of the hero of Vicksburg have been attended with much secrecy during the past few days. On Thursday last General Grant left the city and proceeded to Washington.

On Saturday morning General Grant, accompanied by his family, arrived in New York city, and quietly and in an unostentatious manner proceeded to his hotel.

Notwithstanding the privacy of his visit, the fact of his arrival became known to a number of prominent citizens, and these he entertained up to the hour of 9 o'clock P. M., when he attended the grand reception given at the Astor house.

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CALIGRAPHY IN ENGLAND.

THE HANDWRITING OF EMINENT MEN.

The Saturday Review, in an article on handwriting, says: "If any foolish lad, or still more silly teacher, should imagine that it is the sign of a vulgar and mental education to write a good hand, the sooner schoolboy and pedagogue disengage themselves of this mistaken idea the better."

The Duke of Newcastle's long, well-informed, and very distinct handwriting, would perhaps gain him the prize for caligraphy among living statesmen; yet his penmanship is inferior to that of the late Marquis of Wellesley, who wrote, perhaps, the best hand of his day.

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CROCODILES AND MONKEYS.

From Henri Mershot's travels in Indo-China, we select the following paragraph:—

"Crocodiles are more numerous in the river at Paknam-Vem than in that of Chantaboun. I continually saw them throw themselves from the banks into the water; and it has frequently happened that careless fishers, or persons who have imprudently fallen asleep on the bank, have become their prey, or have afterwards died of wounds inflicted by them. This latter has happened twice during my stay here. It is amusing, however, for one is interested in observing the habits of animals all over the world—so see the manner in which these creatures catch the apes, which sometimes take a fancy to play with a man. Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in the water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may come within reach."

"A troop of apes each sight of him, seem to consult together, approaching little by little, and commencing their frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the apes, or more, immediately jumps from branch to branch till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish some of the monkeys to be the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability."

"Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries and a scramble from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, grunting and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards."

THE WANT OF DECISION. Sidney Smith, in his work on Moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little "brass," as it is termed:—"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day tends to give a greater number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they had been indeed to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger; but jump in and scramble through as well we can."

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. I did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man wavers and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he has been indeed to begin, that he has lost too much time in consulting his cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time of over-accumulation at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to press the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

GEN. BUTLER'S WIFE.—Some eighteen or twenty years ago a young actress, a Miss Hildreth, played for several evenings at the Dorrance street theater in Providence, where I happened to see her in the tragedy of Jane Shore. Her part was secondary one, that of the friend and confidant of Edward's beautiful favorite; but her conception of the character surprised me by its originality and its impressive truthfulness. I felt that she had made a dramatic talent, and entirely apart from the stage. In the spring of 1849, while visiting a friend in Lowell, I found one morning on returning from a walk a card from Mrs Ben Butler, with an invitation to take tea with her the following evening. I went with my host and hostess; no other guests were invited. The name of Mrs Ben Butler had for me at the time no other significance than might have had the name of Mrs John Smith. On our way to the house, I met a Webster which, spoke of Mr. Butler not too flatteringly; as a successful lawyer, smart but unscrupulous, ready to take up the worst cases, and voted for always carrying his clients through. On entering the parlors I was surprised to find in the charming and graceful lady who received us the dramatic friend and confidant of Jane Shore, whose talent had so impressed me at the Dorrance street theater. Mrs Butler was a young lady of dramatic power, had obtained an engagement at one of the Boston theaters, and who was for about two years earnestly devoted to her profession, when Mr. Butler professed his heart and hand, and won her back to domestic life. I found that she still loved the art, and prevailed on her to read to me some of her favorite passages in Shakespeare. She read, I remember, the prison scene in Measure for Measure, with a passionate pathos that made me half regret that the "smart Lowell lawyer" had won her away from Malpolone and all her tragic glories and splendors.—Correspondent Providence Journal.

LOCOMOTIVES THAT WILL CLIMB MOUNTAINS.—Everybody has heard of the tunnel under Mount Cenis which is to connect the railroad systems of Italy and France and shorten the overland route to India four hundred miles. But it is going to take twelve years at least to construct this tunnel, and it is desirable to have the advantages of such a connection at once; and it is now proposed to build a railroad across the south face of the Alps, using as the basis the great military road of Napoleon. The road will be forty-eight miles long, and it is believed can be constructed in two years, while it is believed a locomotive has been invented which can successfully surmount the steep ascivities; turn the sharp curves, and descend the steep grades. This locomotive has recently been tried and found to receive the approbation of the service required. It is in fact a double engine, a horizontal and vertical engine combined, and so arranged that it may be worked either together or separate, according to the steepness of the incline, and always with perfect safety. The horizontal wheels referred to facilitate the passage of curves, enable the driver to stop the engine in the middle of the steepest gradient, give a propulsive pressure of several tons, and by means of the flanges which underlap the center rail, render it nearly impossible that carriages can be overturned. The brakes are extremely powerful, and as they are attached to each carriage, no danger can arise from a coupling chain giving way. The locomotive weighs eight tons, and a recent trial showed that it could ascend a gradient of one in twelve with four cars, laden with twenty-six tons of ballast, attached. Instructive force is thirty-two tons. The railway over the pass is to be covered with wooden, iron and stone galleries, to protect it from avalanches and snow-drifts. The line will be worked at an average speed of twelve miles an hour, and as many as one hundred ninety passengers can be carried on each trip.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—The London gossips are very busy with the widowed queen here is the latest chapter:—We have resident in London, a "loyal" Indian prince, the Maharajah Dulsep Singh, a splendidly handsome fellow, in the prime of life—a perfect Prince of Wales. Well, it is said that the widowed majesty of England wanted to make him a successor to the late Prince Albert, and would positively have done so, a few months ago, had not her ministers strenuously objected to such an act of royal miscegenation. Lately the Maharajah has married a beautiful English girl of the middle class. We may put the royal story down as unlikely as that which assigned to majesty the authorship of "Margaret Denzil's History." Published in the Cornhill Magazine, but they are persons who believe both.

AN ERA OF GOOD FEELING. The National Intelligencer of Washington, after having made a vigorous but candid battle for McClellan, quotes Mr. Lincoln's late speech at Baltimore and appends the following remarks:—"The most embittered opponent of the President will not deny that such expressions do honor to his heart, and they should go far to disarm political detraction of its sting in the breast of the vanquished. And we do not hesitate to say, for ourselves, that we shall accept these declarations of the President in the same sincerity in which we believe them to be made, and shall be prepared to judge his future administration of the government simply by his acts, without any other pretensions than that of cordially co-operating in all measures which shall seem to us to conduce to the good of the country, without seeking to find in any of them the grounds of factious opposition."

THE Distinguished premier of the administration, in replying to the congratulations of his political friends on the 20th instant, was frank to say that in the debates of the canvass they may have done something less than justice to the patient and the political opponents. To this effect he spoke as follows:—"With the democrats we should be friends. They have voted against us; we have voted against them. They are now willing to cry quits, it would be well to reflect that, all things considered, we have judged them rather harshly in some respects. I believe throughout the free states, but throughout all the Union. * * * It would not be the fault of the Administration if they did not establish an era of good feeling. The re-election of the President has placed him beyond the pale of human envy or detraction, as he was a brave human being, and all would soon learn to see him, as the speaker said, the audience had seen him, a true patriot, benevolent and loyal, honest and faithful. The matter of detraction of him would cease to exist, and Abraham Lincoln would take his place with Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, among the benefactors of his country and the human race."

THE candor of Mr. Seward should be met with equal candor by the friends of General McClellan. It may be that the latter have, all things considered, judged Mr. Lincoln and his party rather harshly in some respects. At all events let it be no fault of theirs, as Mr. Seward says it shall be no fault of the administration, if an era of good feeling is not re-established. The times are propitious to such a desirable consummation.

They who undertake to oppose the administration merely because it has not been elevated to power by their votes will soon surely find that they do not "understand their epoch." And they who give to the Administration an "unquestioning support" will just as surely discover that their maxims of partisanship belong to an age that has passed in the history of the country. The issues of the present are too momentous and far-reaching to admit of such narrow-minded views in the one direction or in the other. It should be the aim of all to co-operate with the administration in its legitimate efforts for the preservation of the government and the restoration of the Union, remembering that wisdom and virtue are the only possession of no party; and that therefore, if no party is to be implicitly trusted, so none is entitled to an exclusive right of censorship, since the one case equally with the other implies the assumption of human infallibility."

THE PRETTY MACHINE.

You may see them at work any time in the day. O! what dainty perfection their movements display; There's a rustling and swaying as onward they creep, And the first of pavement before them they keep; It's the finest invention that ever was seen, This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

They are simple in shape, they are easy to move, And the walk of a city they vastly improve, You may have them of silk, or bazaar, or delaine, You may have them trimmed galley, or have them quite plain. It's the finest invention that ever was seen, This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

There are some who declare they demand too much room, But all these are old fancies who always cry down Every being that walks with anger and frown. It's the finest invention that ever was seen, This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

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NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER.

Nearer to life's winter, wife, Nearer to life's winter, wife, Memories of our blessed spring Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the summer's heat we've toiled, Through the autumn's wear, We have almost passed, sweet wife, Hand in hand together.

Time was he was well as foot, Lighter, I remember, As the young days turned to silver, Silver this November.

Flowers are fewer than at first, And the dew grows drearier, For unto life's winter, wife, We are drawing nearer.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife, We are drawing nearer, The last milestone on the way To our right goodly cheer.

Some whose hands we held grow faint, And lay down to slumber, Leaving back to me to day All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we've failed to climb, Fruits we've failed to gather, But what matter, since we're still Just and each other.

THE BABE ASLEEP. My little baby boy hath cried, His little eyes at some night childish pain, And on his face the tears still abide, Like shapes of clouds on meadows lying;

Upon his cheek a tear-drop lying, As on a leaf a single drop of rain, See! as I bend above his face, The shade of grief flies like a hurrying cloud, And like a gleam of sunshine in its place, The shadow yielding to the splendor;

A smile so sunny breaks and tender, It seems the smile itself will speak aloud, Say! what is passing in his sleep? What are the dreams across his vision driven? Doth he, as one might guess, behold a troop? Or the worthlessness of earth's living, Already dream of sweeter things in heaven?

ORANGE, N. J., the home of McClellan, gave 102 majority for Lincoln—last year only 9 Union majority.

THE will of Andrew Jackson Butler, brother of General Ben, has been admitted to probate at New York. The assets of the estates are estimated at \$2,000,000. Gen. Butler is to have one-half of the property east of the Rocky mountains, the son of the deceased has one-fourth of the entire estate when he becomes thirty years old, and the widow has the remainder.

JOHN LEACH, known everywhere as the chief illustrator of the Boston Punch, who died on 27th ult., worked him, if to death, or rather got so nervous by continued brain work, that he was the victim of the ordinary brain work. He has been connected with Punch for 25 years, and it will be hard to fill his place. Leach was the school-fellow and intimate friend of T. S. Arthur, and has carried forward him to the grave. He remains rest near Thackeray's, only one grave between them.