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\$2.00 a year if paid strictly in advance.
If not paid within six months \$2.50.
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Professional & Business Cards.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

M. EYERS & J. W. DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. S. Schell, two doors east of the Gazette office, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Penalties, bonds and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to.
May 11, 1864-ly.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
Offers to give satisfaction to all who may entrust their legal business to him. Will collect moneys on evidence of debt, and promptly attend to suits and pensions to soldiers, their widows or heirs. Office two doors west of Telegraph office.
April 16, 1864.

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on Juliana street, in the office formerly occupied by King & Jordan, and recently by Filler & Keagy. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., speedily collected.
Bedford, June 9, 1865.

S. H. SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Penalties, Bonds, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Filler & Schell, Bedford, Pa. March 21.

JOHN PALMER,
Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.
Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana st., nearly opposite the Mengel House. June 23, '65-ly.

J. R. DURBORROW & JOHN LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, specially licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Land, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the 'Mengel House' and nearly opposite the Inquirer office.
April 28, 1864.

H. M. AINSIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military Claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c., speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spring, on Juliana street, two doors south of the Mengel House.
April 1, 1864-ly.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the 'Mengel House'.
Dec. 9, 1864-ly.

KIMMEL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House.
April, 1864-ly.

JOHN MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
April 3, 1864-ly.

DENTISTS.
C. N. HICKOK, J. G. MINSHER, Jr.
DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA.
Office in the Block Building, Juliana street. All operations pertaining to Surgery or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted. TERMS CASH.
Tooth Powders and Mouth Wash, excellent articles, always on hand.
Jan'y 25, 1864.

DENTISTRY.
L. N. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOODBERRY, Pa., visits Bedford on three days of each month, commencing with the second Tuesday of the month. Properly to perform all Dental operations with which he may be favored. Terms within the reach of all and strictly cash except by special contract. Work to be sent by mail or otherwise, must be paid for in express or taken August, 1864-ly.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of this county and vicinity. Office two doors west of Bedford Hotel, up stairs.
April 1, 1864-ly.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec 8-ly

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoopes.
April 1, 1864-ly.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having permanently located respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office.
April 1, 1864-ly.

BANKERS.
G. W. RUFF, C. E. SHANNON, F. B. BENDICKE,
RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange, transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.
April 15, 1864-ly.

JEWELER, &c.
ABSALEM GAMBICK,
Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweler,
BLOODY RUN, PA.
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care, warranted to give satisfaction.
Also keeps on hand and for sale WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY.
Office with Dr. J. A. Mann. 1864

JOHN REIMUND,
REPAIRS AND WATCH-MAKER,
IN THE UNITED STATES TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
BEDFORD, PA.
Clocks, watches, and all kinds of jewelry promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care warranted to give entire satisfaction. [Nov 3-ly

DANIEL BORDER,
WATCH-MAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY,
BEDFORD, PA.
He keeps on hand a stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refracting Glass, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.
Apr. 28, 1865-2y

Bedford Inquirer

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.
DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.
BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1866.

Poetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The following is pronounced by the "Westminster Review" to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreary air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters winding in the vales,
Set down their air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thorough of alternate falls.

All sights are mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His wintry log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile arched with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest hue.

On sombre vulture the vulture tried his flight:
The dove soared heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel creak on the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, like some replying warbler here,
His alien horn and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plentiful year.

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from his wings at morn;
To warn the reaper of the rosy east;
All was now sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stable, piped the quail
And croaked the crow 'till all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
There waves their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Ering the air with its unheeded roar.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Pled the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien,
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir,
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice was bowed to her in sable plume—
To give the sword to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life drooped the distant thro' her hands serene,
And young thoughts smoothed her careful shroud;
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

Miscellaneous.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There is one thing in which I think you do me a great mistake. If they particularly desire to enlist the sympathies of their readers for their hero or heroine, they represent him or her alone in the world.

All through my childhood I was afflicted with aunts. They wanted to kiss me; and though I never objected to being kissed by the ladies in general, I objected to this monopoly of aunts. As a result, all my aunts but one took snuff, and she smoked.

As I grew older my uncles became my trial. They wanted me to do chores. They were all settled down near my father's residence—most of them farmers; if by sheep dog in the field, or the horses jumped out of the pasture, or the cat cut up the chickens, Jim was called to attend to the matter. It's the greatest wonder in the world that I did not run my feet off before I reached the age of young manhood.

When I reached the period of being tortured with the tie of my cravat, and agonized about the glossiness of my dickies, then my cousins came down upon me with their contempt. If they wanted to go to a concert, or singing school, or lecture, or dance, why there was cousin Jim. Of course cousin Jim would be delighted to go. And cousin Jim would go; and they would flit with some other fellows, who were not cousins, all the evening; and likely enough get to sleep going home, and leave cousin Jim the pleasure of whistling to the moon for amusement.

When I was about twenty, my father removed to Boston. Twelve of my brothers and sisters were married; two were at

school; and only Ellen and myself were at home.

I was delighted with the change. We should be relieved from our relatives. Most of them were thoughtful of their money, and would not be likely to spend fifteen or twenty dollars in visiting us.

I began to make myself into a gentleman. I patronized the barber and his ungentlemanly cultivated a moustache, which was my best idea of perfection. I wore bright colored neckties, and sported a gold watch, and invested three dollars in a rattle, and six dollars in a beaver, which always gave me the headache, and made me look precisely like an inverted candle. But no matter for that, so long as I was fashionable.

I made the acquaintance of several charming young ladies, among whom was Miss Flora Van Voorhies, the belle of the street on which we lived. Flora was a beauty, and one of the most fastidious creatures in the world. Nothing was quite good and elegant enough for her. She would not have breathed the common air if she could conveniently have dispensed with it; and if the soles of her dainty boots touched the soil of mother earth, it affected Flora's nerves so badly, that she had a headache for hours afterward.

I was raised to the seventh heaven and lemon colored kids by her preference; and every night I devoutly prayed that some of my relatives would appear and nip the whole thing in the bud.

Five months rolled away, and I began to feel a ease. None of them had troubled us, and I indulged the hope that they had forgotten us. So I think, did my mother, who had become quite genteel, and had formed some very genteel acquaintances.

One morning when Mrs. St. Michael, and Mrs. Loery, two of our most distinguished acquaintances, were in the parlor with my mother, one of the railway hacks stopped at our front door. An indefinable dread seized me. I felt myself growing cold as peeped from. From the hack there issued three boxes, two trunks, a butter box, a handbag, a bundle in brown paper, an umbrella, and lastly a green poke bonnet, beneath which I distinguished the little wizened face of my father's oldest sister—Aunt Sally Nutter.

"Bring 'em all right into the entry," she called, in a stentorian voice, "I'm to hum here." This is brother Jason's house. He had just got up in the winter sense he used to peddle lobsters. He was a lucky thing for him when he went to making pills, and got doctor hatched on before his name! I expect Martha's so big you can't teach her to put on extras with me! I know 'em all, root and branch! egg and bird!" and she burst into a room, carrying her basket and boxes.

The blinds were drawn, and Aunt Sally's foot struck against an ottoman, which brought her down, basket bundles and all to the floor. The cover of the basket flew open and there lay seven dozen of eggs, most of which were smashed by the fall, but some were in a good state of preservation.

"Consarn it!" cried Aunt Sally, struggling from the ruins, "there goes seven dozen of eggs! And I bring 'em here to get thirty cents a dozen; they ain't but fifteen at Brownsville! What on airth do you have your house so dark for? Anybody sick, or dead or gwine to be? It smells mucky here! Do you want a winter, or I can see an inch before my nose!"

My mother rose and discomposed, threw open a blind. Aunt Sally rushed to her.

"Why, Martha, how tickled I am to see you! You look as natural as life, only it seems to me, you begin to show your age! Wall taint to be wondered at! A woman that's brung up so many children as you have, when she gets to be fifty year old, will naturally begin to look old! And here's Jim, I declare! why how you've grown! But I must say you ain't grown handsome! The brown family hair 't apt to be. He's a going to be the express image of his grandfather—hain't he Martha? Just the same drop, and he'll be a man, but who's these ere people here? Some of your city friends, I reckon?"

Mrs. Loery lifted her eye glass, and surveyed Aunt Sally with an ill concealed contempt.

"Ho! ho! I reckon your'nigh sighted, ma'am; 't ought to be nigher than your'nigh eyes. Eyes that is kinder faded out, and reddish like yours, is apt to be weak. Ever tried rose-leaves steeped in milk?"

Mrs. Loery arose, and drew her skirt around her. Her face was as red as her eyes. She spoke very pointedly.

"I thank you, Mrs. Loery. Brown; you have other company vastly more amusing."

My poor mother stammered out something, and followed the ladies into the hall. Aunt Sally brought up the rear, crying out:

"You'd better do something for your eyes ere it's too late! They look dreadful! I can see it clear here!"

My mother drew my aunt back.

"I'll show you up stairs now if you please," said she.

"Oh no! I don't keer about seeing your house just now. There'll be 'tina, cap'n! I'll be for it like I have a mind to stay four or five weeks! I'm tired now, and they pesky keers has canamost shook me all to pieces. And then your roads here is so rocky, I got all jounced up! If I lived here, I'd have the rocks picked out of the road, or I'd had to do myself."

I seized my hat and left the house. I was too much excited to stay in Aunt Sally's society any longer at present. Anything was better than staying at home with her.

I rushed down the first little street that offered, but my course was soon stopped by a crowd around which the star of a policeman shone conspicuous.

"I say I didn't do it!" Cried a somewhat familiar voice, pitched on an extremely high key. "I'll tell you I didn't teach it; and if you don't let me alone, I'll knock you down by hook or by crook! Hallo! there's my cousin Jim!"

He knew me, and he'll tell you that I'm just as honest a fellow as the day is long!"

I shuddered. Here was another of my relatives; and at a little distance I recognized the glossy tie of Dick Van Voorhies, —Flora's brother.

"I say Jim!" cried my cousin, Tom Brown, flourishing his arms at me, "come here this mornin', and tell this man I ain't a pickpocket! I say, Jim!"

"I don't know you!" I stammered; I; and taking a step backward, I stumbled over the stand of a candy and apple woman, upsetting the whole concern, and myself besides.

The woman was angry, as she had a right to be; and she called me some very hard names in a very strong brogue, and hit me two severe blows with a long handled, two quart noggin!

I scrambled to my feet and fled, hearing as I went, the flattering remark of a bystander:

"He looks more like a pickpocket than t'other one! Shouldn't wonder if he was the

one!" He's got a real hang-dog expression!

I plunged into the first cross-street that offered, and came upon George Seaward, a young sprig of the aristocracy, with whom I had an acquaintance. He gave me a cigar, and we walked up the street together, smoking, and making remarks on the ladies we met.

A coal cart came rattling along, and a rusty voice sung out:

"Hallo! if there hain't cousin Jim Brown! Jim, I say, look up here and see Sam Smith, won't you? Shake hands with a feller, do; and he extended toward me a paw which, for size, would have fitted a Hercules, and, for color an Ethiopian.

I made a dodge into the back yard of a house, the inmates of which set a dog on me, and inspired by the stimulus of his bark, I managed to escape into another yard, crying out, "unfortunate, and leaving my hat and coat-tails behind me as I went.

In my mad flight through yard No. 2, I nearly overturned a young woman who was hanging clothes on a line. I opened my mouth to apologize, but she seized me by the arm with an exclamation of delight.

"Why, Jim Brown, I declare! don't you know me? Me, your cousin Nelly?"

I broke from her; and no grass grew under my feet until I was safe in my own chamber. I sunk down completely exhausted, wondering if the entire population of Boston consisted of my relations.

Suddenly, I remembered that I was going to the theatre, and I must put my hair in order, and perfume my moustache.

At dinner, Aunt Sally eyed me curiously, and asked me what I'd got my hair rolled up for. She guessed there was a going to be a quilting somewhere, she said. My mother, unfortunately, informed her that I was going to the theatre. From that moment my doom was sealed.

That was the very place, of all others that Aunt Sally wanted to visit. And she 'could go with me just as well as not, if not more so."

"I'll be ready when the time comes, and hurried out a side-door, determined to baffle Aunt Sally; but the old lady was too sharp for me. There she sat, compositely, on one of the stone lions that flanked the gateway, dressed in a flounced, pink calico, and a yellow bonnet, waiting for me.

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thority, and marched me off to the watch-house.

In that interesting school of morals I remained until the next morning, when my examination took place, and no one appearing against me, I was discharged.

But I would not go home. Aunt Sally was still there; perhaps a dozen more of my relatives; since "it never rains but it pours."

A bright thought struck me. I would put the ocean between us. A whaler was lying at one of the wharves, which was advertised to sail that very day. I went down there, entered my name on the book, got a seaman's rig, and presented myself to the captain for inspection. He received me with open arms.

"Good heavens!" cried I.

"Yes!" said he, "I am your own cousin, David; and your cousin Daniel, and George are among the crew; and your aunt Peggy is going as far as Florida for her health."

I waited to hear no more. The vessel was just starting off; but I could swim. Yes, thank heaven I could swim! And with me out so much as saying good-bye, I dashed into the water, and struggled to the shore to be met by Aunt Sally, who exclaimed,

"Better go right home, Jimmy, and change your stockings. Wet feet is don't mind him captain 'yell she, after the receding vessel: 'he was allers a little weak in the upper story!'"

I broke from Aunt Sally—went to a hotel—dried my clothing—got into a railway car—went to Philadelphia, and enlisted in the army, and my captain, my uncle Saul; and I have three cousins in my company, and five more in another regiment with which ours is brigaded.

Did ever a poor fellow have such luck? If I should ever be found, some fine morning, at the end of a rope, it will all be the fault of my relatives.

EUROPE FOLLOWS AMERICA.

It is seldom that American institutions are appreciated and defended by English philosophical writers. There is a marked contrast in this regard between the political philosophers of the European continent and those of England. Some of the first European minds of the present century have been directed seriously toward us, and have reached conclusions favorable to the truth of those principles which we were the first to establish, or at least the first to exemplify with success.

The best essay on government which has proceeded from a French pen for half a century, was the result of a careful contemplation of the American system, matured by the thoughts of the French statesman and new light upon the western Republic. He unquestionably started Europe; but all Europe could not answer him, and shrank from attempting it. By defending, with a perspicacity and soundness never excelled, principles almost universally unpopular, principles detested by the powerful, and scarcely known to the weak, he established an enviable reputation, and was sought for as a neighborly adviser by the statesmen of the world.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the French philosophical school is now arrayed on our side. Gasparin has dealt with the topic in a manner such as has won him a place beside De Tocqueville. Guizot, perhaps the best filled and best arranged of French statesmen, has published a volume of essays, putting himself on the record in favor of free institutions without equivocation: "L'Etat est ses Limites. Suivi d'Ess