

TERMS:
\$2.00 a year if paid strictly in advance.
If not paid within the year \$3.00.
If not paid within the year \$3.00.

Professional & Business Cards
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

M. YERS & DICKERSON
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bedford, Penna.,
Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the Mengel House, in the second story of the building. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to.
May 11, '66-lyr.

J. O. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bedford, Penna.,
Offers to give satisfaction to all who may entrust their legal business to him. Will collect moneys on evidences of debt, and speedily procure bounties and pensions to soldiers, their widows or heirs. Office two doors west of Telegraph office.
April 1, '66-lyr.

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

J. M. 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. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar21

J. PALMER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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 25, '65-lyr.

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, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, two doors south of the Mengel House, and nearly opposite the Inquirer office.
April 28, 1865-lyr.

E. M. ALSIP,
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, Bounty, &c., speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House.
April 1, 1864-lyr.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bedford, Pa.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with Reed & Schell, on Juliana street, two doors south of the Mengel House.
Dec. 9, 1864-lyr.

J. MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bedford, Pa.,
April 1, 1864-lyr.

K. IMPELL AND W. H. FELTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bedford, Pa.,
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors south of the Mengel House.
April, 1864-lyr.

DENTISTS.
D. H. VIRGIL, POETTER,
(Date of New York City).
DENTIST,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has located permanently in BLOODY RUN, Pa. Dr. Potter is constantly availing himself of every late discovery in modern dentistry, and has many years constant practice and profound study, feels confident in asserting that he has acquired the most safe, reliable and satisfactory method of inserting his BEAUTIFUL METALLIC TEETH on new and improved atmospheric principles, that has yet been discovered.
Teeth filed to a superior manner without pain and operations warranted.
Teeth extracted positively without pain.
Feb. 15, '65-lyr.

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A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.
DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.
BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1867.
VOLUME 40; NO. 12.

Poetry.

"IF WE KNEW."
If we knew the woe and heart-ache,
Waiting for us down the road;
If our lips could taste the worm-wood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby-fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back,
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us
Not to snarce grace they lie,
As to snarce forth—but to roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when Winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freighted memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

THE GUARD AT FORTRESS MONROE.
In the silence of the midnight when the lamp
Was burning low,
On my brain there dawned a vision of the cell
At Fort Monroe;
Around its massy portals, doubly lock'd and
Triply barr'd,
Swept a train of pallid phantoms, in the darkness
Keeping guard!

And I cried aloud in horror, "O, thou diem
And dreadful train,
By what strange arrest art summoned unto
Earth and Life again?"
Then a solemn voice gave answer, "From our
Graves' north and south,
We have come to watch his slumbers, through
Whose wickedness we died.

"From the far off fields we redden'd with our
Blood in fearful rain,
From the hiding waves of ocean, now we rise
In night again;
From the graves, a welcome refuge, from the
Loathsome prison pen,
Come the dread avenging spectres that were
Starved and tortured men.

"We died starv'd—his fare is dainty—soft and
Snowy is his bed;
Countless nameless graves bear witness we
Were low and roughly laid;
But the sleep to which death lull'd us by no
Traitor's dream was marr'd.
And the angels came from Heaven, and around
Our rest kept guard.

"Can you marvel that he sleeps not while we
Stand outside the door?
That he starts in quivering anguish at our foot-
Falls on the floor?
Though his prison walls be massive, though his
Door be closely barr'd,
He beholds us, and he hears us, and he knows
We're keeping guard.

"Traitor hearts may yet betray him, traitor
Hands may set him free,
He may fly from hate and scolding, but from
Us he cannot flee;
When at last to God in Heaven flies his soul,
All treason-scarr'd,
Round about the Throne Eternal he will find
Us keeping guard!"

Miscellaneous.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAIL-ROAD.
Prospects and Capabilities of the Road
—Work Already Done—Effect of the
Enterprise, &c.

I have been sojourning in this town, says
a correspondent of the New York World,
the capture of the Sierra—a few days, and
while here have gathered a number of very
interesting items of information relative to
the Central Pacific Railroad, which road will
form the western half of the great continental
railroad that, stretching over plain and
valley, over the Rocky and Sierra Nevada
ranges of mountains, will unite the Atlantic
to the Pacific coast; reduce the time taken
to make the journey between them from
twenty-two days to about ten days; and
what is almost as important as the reduction
of time, the railroad will do away with sea
sickness and its attendant horrors, as well
as the drearily discomforts of a roasting
passage through the tropics within the con-
fined limits of a steamer.

When discussing anything connected with
this great railroad, almost all who have
treated of it, after they have viewed the
more than Herculean difficulties it has had
to surmount, the good it will accomplish,
and the strength it will give to our country,
the assistance it will give to the develop-
ment of the vast and even yet comparatively
unpopulated section it will pass through,
and the close ties by which it will unite the
people of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific
—I say when these facts have been brought

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"IF WE KNEW."
If we knew the woe and heart-ache,
Waiting for us down the road;
If our lips could taste the worm-wood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
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For our ships to come from sea?

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Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
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Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
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Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
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Let us gather up the sunbeams,
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Miscellaneous.

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the assistance it will give to the develop-
ment of the vast and even yet comparatively
unpopulated section it will pass through,
and the close ties by which it will unite the
people of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific
—I say when these facts have been brought

Poetry.

"IF WE KNEW."
If we knew the woe and heart-ache,
Waiting for us down the road;
If our lips could taste the worm-wood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby-fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back,
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us
Not to snarce grace they lie,
As to snarce forth—but to roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when Winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freighted memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

THE GUARD AT FORTRESS MONROE.
In the silence of the midnight when the lamp
Was burning low,
On my brain there dawned a vision of the cell
At Fort Monroe;
Around its massy portals, doubly lock'd and
Triply barr'd,
Swept a train of pallid phantoms, in the darkness
Keeping guard!

And I cried aloud in horror, "O, thou diem
And dreadful train,
By what strange arrest art summoned unto
Earth and Life again?"
Then a solemn voice gave answer, "From our
Graves' north and south,
We have come to watch his slumbers, through
Whose wickedness we died.

"From the far off fields we redden'd with our
Blood in fearful rain,
From the hiding waves of ocean, now we rise
In night again;
From the graves, a welcome refuge, from the
Loathsome prison pen,
Come the dread avenging spectres that were
Starved and tortured men.

"We died starv'd—his fare is dainty—soft and
Snowy is his bed;
Countless nameless graves bear witness we
Were low and roughly laid;
But the sleep to which death lull'd us by no
Traitor's dream was marr'd.
And the angels came from Heaven, and around
Our rest kept guard.

"Can you marvel that he sleeps not while we
Stand outside the door?
That he starts in quivering anguish at our foot-
Falls on the floor?
Though his prison walls be massive, though his
Door be closely barr'd,
He beholds us, and he hears us, and he knows
We're keeping guard.

"Traitor hearts may yet betray him, traitor
Hands may set him free,
He may fly from hate and scolding, but from
Us he cannot flee;
When at last to God in Heaven flies his soul,
All treason-scarr'd