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The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

JOHN LUTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

Newspaper Laws.—We would call the special attention of Post Masters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the Newspaper Laws.

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office opposite Read & Schell's Bank.

Consul given in English and German.

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law, in new brick building near the Lutheran Church.

M. A. POINTS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public.

HAYES IRVINE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

ESPEY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

E. P. MYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Office nearly opposite the Mengel House, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford County.

J. B. BURROUROW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

J. RUSSELL & LONGENECKER, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care.

E. B. STUCKEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, opposite the Court House.

W. M. JAMISON, M. D., BEDFORD, PA.

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of this place and vicinity.

D. H. B. F. HARRY, BEDFORD, PA.

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

D. B. S. G. STALLER, near Schellburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland County, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellburg and vicinity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O. E. SHANNON, BANKER, BEDFORD, PA.

BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.

DANIEL BORDER, FIFTY STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.

WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c.

S. P. HARBAUGH & SON, TRAVELLING DEALERS IN NOTIONS.

SELL GOODS AT CITY PRICES.

D. W. CROUSE, DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c.

Country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to JOHN LUTZ.

Poetry.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INQUIRER: There are few hymn-books of the various Churches, which do not include in their list of hymns, the beautiful one commencing with the words "I would not live alway; I ask not to stay."

Having a manuscript copy, many years old, in the hand-writing of one, now gone to "beyond the King in His beauty," who often perused it, in full sympathy with its "longing desire to depart, and be with Christ."

It was written during the early days of the author, Rev. Wm. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., now of New York City; then Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Lancaster, Pa.

"I would not live alway"—Job viii, 16.

I would not live alway, no, no, holy man, Not a day, not an hour, should I languish on my span;

The few brief moments that I dwell on as I live, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I not go the path which the Prophets of God, Apostles and Martyrs so joyfully trod?

While brethren and friends are all hastening home, Like a spirit unblest, 'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark 'er the way;

Where seeking for peace, we but hover around Like the Patriarch's bird—and no resting is found;

Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air, Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair.

And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray, Save the gleam of the plume that bears him away.

I would not live alway; thus fetter'd by sin, Temptation without, and corruption within,

In a moment of strength, if I ever the chain, That the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,

Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And my cup of thanksgiving with penitence tears;

The festival trump calls for jubilation songs, But my spirit here always is sorrowful prone.

I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb, Immortality's lamp burns there bright mid the gloom.

There 'tis the pillow where Christ leav'd His head, Sweet, sweet be my slumbers on that holy bed;

Who, when the morn'g dews shall beam on that night, When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,

When the full morn'g, as the stepsers arise, To hail the bright morning, shall pass through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow 'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Lord and each other, transported to greet;

While the anthem of rapture unconceal'dly rings, And the saint of Jehovah's the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! What is it I hear? The notes of the harp ring sweet in the air;

And see! soft unfolding the portals of gold, The King all array'd in His beauty, behold!

Oh, give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove! I'll hasten my flight to that palace above;

Yes, 'tis now that my soul, on glad pinions would soar, And in ecstasy bid earth adieu—evermore.

Miscellaneous.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, THE STATESMAN.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Daniel Webster used to say, after his return from England, that "Sir Robert Peel was head and shoulders above any man he had ever met."

These were high eulogiums,—one testifying to the greatness of his intellect, and the other to the goodness of his principles.

He was a man, too, of admirable bodily gifts. He was handsome, robust, of sound constitution, and imposing presence.

I well remember him one evening, about the year 1843, rising to address the House of Commons. Before he rose, there had been a good deal of noise and bustle in the House; members had been chatting together, and several had been walking across the floor;

He had one great advantage. During the last fifty years, men of his mental caliber, in all countries, have generally inclined to what is called the "liberal" side of politics, so that when we say of a man that he is a Tory, we usually mean that he is a fool.

This young giant, inheriting Tory principles from his father, easily took the lead (after Canning's death) in a party which young men of ability instinctively avoided.

Such a man, however, cannot be a mere Tory, or a blind follower of any party whatever. The work which he did in his life was this: He liberalized the Tory party; he taught them the necessity of yielding to the best demands of the people, and the wisdom of doing so before they were compelled.

Thus he repealed the Corn Laws and emancipated the Irish Catholics, in opposition to all that was blind and bigoted in England. He originated the Police system of Great Britain, which we have copied in America.

On the 29th of June, 1850, while riding in one of the London Parks, he was thrown from his horse, and was injured so severely that he died four days after, in his sixty-third year.

He was married in his thirty-second year, and surrounded by a family of five sons and two daughters, he was in private life as estimable as he was great in public. Tory as he was, it would be hard to name a "liberal" statesman who has ever conferred upon a country a greater number of measures practically wise, or who gave his country a stronger impulse toward rational freedom.—N. Y. Ledger.

JENNIE JUNE thinks so far as women's clothing is concerned, the art of not making anything they want, in the way that they want it, has been bro't to perfection.

BEING IN LOVE.

There are a great many mistakes about love. Many people think it one thing, and some people think it another.

"A temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted. "I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."

Her temple was built, and she only now wanted an image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her a Friendship the fairest his art could invent.

But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

This is one mistake. But did Moore's Laura want something in addition to friendship, or did she want something totally different? "I admit, that if we all wings to Friendship, we get Love for the product."

In the days when Godwin, declining, as became a republican, the prefix of Father, was a sage much sought, a lady visitor, of the stuffy, fore-in-the-abstract type, asked him for an oracle upon the great subject of subjects.

"William Godwin," said she, suddenly, "what is your opinion of love?" Godwin was too absorbed in meditation to answer the question, and continued solemnly puffing his pipe.

"William Godwin," said the determined woman once more, "what is your opinion of love?" And still Godwin smoked, and kept silence. Not liking to see a woman snubbed, even in appearance, Shelly, then a young fellow, also in attendance on the oracle, hazarded a jest.

"I think," said he, "love acts upon the heart like a magnet; it wears it away." Again the uneducated woman put her question. Sauntering at poor Shelly, who was then nobody, she, with raised voice, said: "William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?"

Roused at last, the oracle responded: "My opinion agrees with that of Mr. Shelly, and relapsed into his thoughts and his pipe."

This was a case in which the oracle snubbed the votary, because the votary was unworthy. Godwin would no more tell a sniffling woman what he thought about love than the lady in "Combs" would expound to Circe "the sublime notion and high mystery that must be uttered to unfold the sage and serious doctrine of virginity."

It is pretty certain that Godwin himself knew nothing about it; or he would never have published, after his death, his "wife's old letters to the heartless father of his 'litt'le harrier-girl.'"

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TABLE TALK AND OPINIONS OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Speaking of his early attachment to Madeleine de Columbar, Napoleon said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I will remember one which took place on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will hardly be believed that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together."

During the siege of Toulon, one of the agents of the convention ventured to criticize the position of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as national commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

An officer, entering Napoleon's room, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and studying.

"What!" exclaimed his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed?" replied Napoleon. "I have finished my sleep and already risen."

"Yes, so early?" the other said.

"Yes," continued Napoleon; "so early. Two or three hours, sleep are enough for any man."

Napoleon had a great contempt for the effeminate young men of his time. He exclaimed one day, "Can it be that upon such creatures fortune is willing to lavish her favors? How contemptible is human nature!"

When Barras introduced Napoleon to the convention as a fit man to be entrusted with the command, the president asked: "Are you willing to undertake the defence of the convention?"

"Yes," was the reply.

After a time the president continued: "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?"

"Performing," replied Napoleon fixing his eyes upon his questioner, "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

"Good God!" Napoleon said in Italy, whilst residing at Montebello, "how rare are men. There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment of commander in chief of the army of Italy; he was then twenty-six.

"You are rather young," said one of the directors. "To assume responsibility so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals."

"In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be old or dead."

"We can place you in command of men only," said Carnot, "for the troops require everything, and we can furnish you with no money to procure supplies."

"Give me only men enough," Napoleon answered, "and I ask for nothing more; I will be answerable for the result."

"My extreme youth when I took command of the army of Italy," Napoleon remarked afterwards, "made it necessary for me to evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over the men so greatly superior in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreplicable and exemplary. In spite of morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could not be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses I should have lost my power."

At the first interview between Napoleon and the veteran generals who he was to command, Hamilton undertook to give the young commander some advice. Napoleon, who was impatient of advice, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance hat in hand, and say, 'Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better! So much the better! Their experience will not avail them against our youth. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary arts. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidity, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently regaled, which their parents are too ready to buy, the sum total of doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the season's use.—Christian Advocate.

A man that don't know any thing will tell it the fast time he gets a chance.—Josh Billings.

HEALTHFULNESS OF APPLES.—There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more universally liked than the apple. Why? Because it is so good for us. It is one of the most economical investments in the whole range of culinary arts. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidity, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently regaled, which their parents are too ready to buy, the sum total of doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the season's use.—Christian Advocate.

A rich nobleman, on showing a friend his large collection of precious stones and gems, that had been gathered by great labor and expense, remarked: "And yet they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him but ten florins, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins, a year. The nobleman was very anxious to see such profitable stones, when his friend took him to his flour mill, and pointed out the two homely millstones which yielded a larger income than his jewels.

NO WONDER RAILWAY CONDUCTORS ARE FAST. They're obliged to have a good time and always to be on a train.

ONE BULL was once seeking the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a large violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player: "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The devil a note, sir," "Do you play by ear, then?" "Never an ear, yer honor." "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabber!"

IT IS NOT STRANGE that when a man is very fond of his glass he becomes a tumbler.

RULES OF TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Among the rules of social etiquette, many of which are undubitably trifling, a good number will be found to be based on a sound common sense. Consider, for example, that rule of the dinner table, do not ask twice for soup. This appears at first sight both silly and arbitrary. It is, however, a very sensible ordinance, and it is to be justified by the laws of health and the general comfort and convenience. The soup, being a fluid substance, can easily be absorbed in small quantities, and thus taken, is a good preparative for the solidities of the dinner.

If, however, the stomach becomes weak, and the appetite and digestion become weakened, and there is neither the inclination to eat nor the power to digest the more substantial food essential to the due nutrition of the body.

As for the convenience or comfort of the single plate rule, no one can deny it who has looked upon an array of hungry guests whose eager appetite for the coming roast is compelled to an impatient desire for some social monster capable of asking for soup service. The cook in the meantime is, of course, thrown out in his calculations, and the dish, when it does come at last, is either spoiled by overcooking, or cold from being withdrawn so long from the fire. The guests thus are not only tired in temper by a protracted expectation, but balked of their anticipated enjoyment. The advantage of not putting the knife in the mouth will be obvious, we suppose, to all who are conversant with one cut and the other is capable of being cut. There is an excellent chemical reason for that other table rule which forbids the use of a knife of steel with the fish, the ordinary saucers of which combine with that metal, and produce a composition neither wholesome nor appetizing. Horner's Boaz.

THE BARNACLES FAMILY.

The exposed ledges of the seaside are often found swarming with yellow barnacles that turn white at low tide, by exposure to the sun. These little stentorian animals, though displaying to the eye at first no sign of life, closely coked in these houses of shell, know well enough how to make their living, as where to "paddle their own canoe."

"At low water," you have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value but that poor boy in your village, at whom every boy laughs, would think he had found a treasure if some one would speak one kind word to him. Suppose you speak it? The next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him, speak kindly to him. Then watch him, and see how he looks. See if his eyes do not brighten, and his lips smile. Try it.

Kind words! They are blessed things. Speak them, children, every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They will bless others, and then return to bless your own hearts. Kind words forever!

NEED OF REST.—A writer in Lippincott's Magazine says: "Head workers need more sleep than hand workers. The one saw precisely inverted the properties of the case, so far as involved them, declaring 'seven hours' sleep to suffice the student, eight the laboring man, and nine the fool.' The hours of hard brain work distresses, as before observed, more nervous than manual, and causes a greater subtraction of the phlegmas from the system than an ordinary day's work at mere mechanical labor, the proportion of grains (in weight) being as 86.77. Above everything else, brain workers need sleep, early sleep and late sleep, and enough in the middle to feel 'real stupid' at the end of it. Stupidity is precisely the condition into which this class of toilers should manage and devise and strive to get themselves for a time, longer or shorter, each twenty-four hours. Nothing rests the brain, and the whole working system like it. Nervous stupidity, the product of a lack of sleep, or of a too long sleep, is not the thing referred to, though in emergencies this may, perhaps, be had recourse to as a medicine, but the quiet, reposeful readjustment of the nervous conditions and the recharging with vital force of the nerve batteries, the contacts not yet closed, the galvanic currents therefore not yet set in motion, but only filling up the system with a blind diffused feeling of health sensations and reserved efficiency.

THE SICILIAN RAILWAY COMPANY not long since bought, in Catania, for the purpose of its business, a house two stories high, formerly belonging to the Jesuits. The workmen, in demolishing the walls of the building, found a cavity, within which were three human skeletons, still having the decayed fragments of priests' cassocks clinging to them.

"We have seldom seen more sense compressed into less space, than is contained in the following sentence, by Josh Billings: 'I am loudly in favor of new things, but I am opposed to any man, even you or our colored associates, thinkin' he has discovered a new truth, just because he has, for the first time in his life, stumbled into an old one.'"

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