

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions, Associations, communications of a limited or individual character, notices of marriages and deaths, excepting first lines, 10 cents per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphan's Court and other judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. No notice under 15 cents per line. All advertising done after insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1869. VOL. 42, NO. 27

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, & C. The Inquirer is published every Friday morning at the following rates: One Year, in advance, \$2.00. Six Months, in advance, \$1.25. Three Months, in advance, \$0.75. (If not paid within the year, \$3.00.) All papers outside of the county discontinued without notice at the expiration of time for which the subscription has been paid. Single copies of the paper, in wrappers, at five cents each. Communications on subjects of local or general interest, are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention, favor of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guarantee against imposition. All letters pertaining to business of the office should be addressed to JOHN LUTZ, Bedford, Pa.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, (returning a paper does not answer the law,) when a subscriber does not take his paper at the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken, and a request to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publishers for the payment. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the payment. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, if he takes it out of the Post Office. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and having them unsealed, for its prime facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY JOHN LUTZ, OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA. CIRCULATION OVER 1500. HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS. A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. JOB PRINTING: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. LATEST & MOST APPROVED STYLE. POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. JOHN LUTZ.

Poetry.

GETTYSBURG.

The Dedication Ode Read by Bayard Taylor.

The following is the ode read by Bayard Taylor at the dedication of the Soldier's Monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg: After the eyes; that looked, of lips that spoke Here, from the shadows of impending death, Those words of solemn breath, What voice may stir thy break The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him? We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim, And, as our nation's history repeat, The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete, Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet: "Let us, the living, rather dedicate Ourselves to the unfinished work which they Thus far advanced so nobly on its way, And save the perished State! Let us, upon this field where they the brave, Their last full measure of devotion gave, High resolve they have not died in vain!— That, under God, the nation's latter birth Of Freedom, and the People's gain Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane And perish from the circle of the earth!" From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire To light its faded fire, And into wandering music turn Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern? His voice, his elegies anticipated? For, what'er the strain, We hear that one refrain: "We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated!"

To be sure it still is vital in you—

That trust like our shall ever lift the brow, And strength like ours shall ever sweep the sinew! We are the blossoms which the storm has cast From the Spring promise of our Freedom's tree, Pruning its overgrowths, that so, at last, Its later fruit more beautiful shall be!— Content, if when the laim of Time assuages The branch's burr, some fragrance of our lives In all the land survives, And makes their memory sweet through still expanding ages!" VII. Thus grandly, they we mourn, themselves console us; And, as their spirits conquer and control us, We hear from some high realm that lies beyond, The hero voices of the Past respond. From every State that reached a broader right Through fiery gales of battle, from the shock Of old invasions on the People's rock; From tribes that stood, in Kings' and Priests' despite; From graves, forgotten in the Syrian sand, Or num'rous barrows of the Northern strand, Or goths of the Alps and Pyrenees, Or the dark lowlands of devoting seas— Wherever Man for Man's sake died—wherever Death stayed the march of upward-climbing feet, Leaving their present incomplete, But through far Futures crowning their endeavor— Their ghostly voices to our ears are sent, As when the high note of a trumpet wings Aolian answers from the strings Of many a mute, unfingered instrument. Plateau ymbals thrill for us to-day; The horns of Semphach in our echoes play, And nearer yet, and sharper, and more stern, The slogan rings that startled Bannockburn: Till from the field, made green with kindred dead, The clouds are clashed in exultation Above the danish nation, That, for a continent has fought its Ranny mede! VIII. Yes, for a continent! The heart that beats With such rich blood of sacrifice Shall from the topics, drowed with languid heats, To the blue ramparts of the Northern ice Make felt its pulses all this young world over! Each thrill, and shake, and sway Each lull that bourgeois in the Western dar, Whatever flag may float, whatever shield my cover! With fuller manhood every wind is rife, Since out of death came forth such boundless life, Such ruddy beauty out of anguish pallor! And that was wasted arm, Put forth to lift a sister-land from harm, Ere the last blood upon the blade was dried, Shall still be stretched, to shelter and to guide, Beyond her borders, answering the need With counsel and with deed, With the Eastern and the Western wave— Still strong to smite, still beautiful to save! IX. Thus, in her nest, where now no distant menaces can reach her, At last in undivided freedom pure, She sits the, unwilling world's unconscious teacher: And, day by day, beneath serene skies, The unbroken pillars of her palace rise, The Doric shafts, that lightly upward press, And hide in grace their giant massiveness. What though the sword has hewn each carer stone, And precious blood cements the deep foundation? Never by other force have empires grown; From other basis never rose a nation! For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt, Of discord law, and freedom of oppression; We hail from Pital, with exulting shout, The Promised Land below us, bright with sun, And deem its pastures won, Ere toil and blood have earned us their possession! Each aspiration of our human earth Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth; Each force, to bless, must cease to dream, And conquer life through agony supreme; Each inborn right must outwardly be tested By stern material weapons, ere it stand In the enduring fabric of the land, Secured for those who yielded it, and those who wrested! X. This they have done for us who slumber here— Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping— Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer, Sowing, but never reaping— Building, but never sitting in the shade Of the strong mansion they have made; Speaking their word of life with mighty tongues, But hearing not the echo, million-voiced, Of brothers who rejoiced, From all our river vales and mountain fangs! So take them, Heroes of the songful Past! Open your ranks, let every shining troop! Its phantom banners droop, To hail Earth's noblest martyrs, and her last Take them, O Fatherland! Who, dying, conquered in thy name; And, with a grateful hand, Inscribe their deed who took away thy blame— Give, for their grandest ail, thine insufficient fame: Take them, O God! our brave, Who gladdened of Thy dread decree; Who grasped the sword for Peace, and smote to have, And, dying here for Freedom, died for Thee!

ORATION BY THE HON. O. P. MORTON.

Delivered at the Dedication of the Gettysburg Monument, July 1, 1869.

When the monument we are about to dedicate has crumbled into dust; when the last vestige of this cemetery shall have been obliterated by the hand of time; when there shall be nothing left of all we see now but the hills, the valleys, the streams, and the distant mountains, the great battle which here took place, with its far-reaching consequences, will still live in history. Nations have their birth, youth, maturity, old age, and death; and ours, though we call it eternal, and our institutions immortal, will pass a day, and all physical evidence of their existence be lost, yet may they live through

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the Rebellion could not succeed, unless the Southern people exhibited that enduring patience under adversity and high devotion that will sacrifice everything for the cause, which, as it turned out, they did not possess. By our victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg the Rebellion lost its prestige in Europe, and all hopes of foreign intervention. At the last of this monument sleep the heroes of the battle. Here lie the father, the husband, the brother, and the only son. In far-off homes, among the hills of New England, on the shores of the lakes, and in the valleys and plains of the West, the widow, the orphan, and the aged parent are weeping for those beloved dead. Many of the tombs are marked "unknown," but they will all be recognized on the morning of the resurrection. The unknown dead left behind them kindred, friends, and breaking hearts. None die so humble but leave some one to mourn. 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It was the insanity of States, the delirium of millions, brought on by the pernicious influence of human Slavery. The people of the South were drunk with the spoils of the rebellion, in the belief that chivalry and glory were the inheritance only of slaveholders, that free institutions and free labor meant cowardice and servility; that Northern men were sordid and mercenary, intent only upon gain, and would not fight for their Government or principles. And thus educated and thus believing, they raised their hands to strike the Government of their fathers, and to establish a new Constitution, the chief corner-stone of which was to be human Slavery. The lust of power, the unholty greed of Slavery, the mad ambition of disappointed statesmen, impelled the people of the South to a fearful crime, which drenched the land with fraternal blood, that has been punished as few crimes have ever been in this world, but out of which, we are assured, that God, in His providence, will bring forth the choicest blessings to our country and to the human race; even as the rarest flowers spring in profusion from the graves of the dead. Liberty universal, soon to be guaranteed and preserved by suffrage universal; the keeping of a nation's freedom entrusted to all the people, and not to a part only; the national reproach washed out, in rivers of blood, is true; but the sins of the world were atoned by the blood of the Savior, and the expiation of blood seems to be the grand prerogative of God, founded in wisdom, to mortals inscrutable. Resurrection comes only from the grave. Death is the great progenitor of life. From the tomb of the Rebellion a nation has been born again. The principles of liberty, so gloriously stated in the Declaration of Independence, had been violated in theory. The Government had ever been a painful contradiction to the Declaration. While proclaiming liberty, the world that liberty was the gift of God to every human being, 4,000,000 of people were held in abject and brutalizing Slavery, under the shadow of the national flag. In the presence of these slaves, professions of devotion to liberty were vain and hypocritical. The clanking of their chains answered perpetually in contradiction to our professions, and the enemies of republicanism pointed contemptuously to our example. But all this is passed. Slavery lies buried in the tomb of the Rebellion. The Rebellion—the offspring of Slavery—had murdered its unnatural parent, and the perfect reign of liberty is at hand. With the ratification of the Fifteenth Article, proposed by Congress as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which we have every reason to believe will soon be completed, impartial suffrage will be established throughout the land. The equal rights of men will be recognized, and the millennium in liberty and government will be realized, to which our fathers looked forward with hopefulness and joy. The principles of liberty once planted in the earth and ripened into their rich fruits, will be borne through all the ages, blessing mankind to the latest generation, even as the seeds first sown by the hand of God in Paradise were blown by the winds from continent to continent, until the world was clothed with verdure, fruits, and flowers. The prospect for liberty throughout the world was never so bright as it is to-day. In all civilized lands the grand armies of freedom are on their march. And they are allied armies. Victory to one will give prestige and confidence to the others. With some, progress will be slow; they will encounter disaster and defeat, but will gain ally and go forward to final victory. In the great campaign of freedom we count, not by months, but by decades and generations; in which there will be many a Bull Run, many a Gettysburg, and a final Appomattox. The lines of march will be marked by many a cemetery like this, by the wrecks of fallen institutions and dynasties, and by the ruins of hereditary privilege and caste. Let us briefly review the advance of liberty since 1776. The principles of the Declaration of Independence took early and deep root in France. The people of the Empire had long suffered from the grossest misrule and oppression, and their minds were well prepared to comprehend and accept the new Gospel of Liberty. 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