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DIED,

In the City of Philadelphia, on Sunday last, GUNNING B. BEDFORD, Editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer, in the 26th year of his age.

Just as our paper was going to press last evening, we received the heart-rending intelligence, that Mr. *Bedford* was no more. For some time past his health has been bad. A few weeks ago he went to Philadelphia, hoping that relaxation from business, a change of air, alteration of diet, and under the care of an affectionate mother, his health might be restored. Although, for a short time, he indulged in this pleasing hope, yet it was of but short duration. The information received daily, induced his wife and mother-in-law soon to follow him, and they have witnessed the *last sight of him on this side of eternity.*— To them this trying dispensation of Providence is truly severe. But a little time since, the original proprietor and editor of this paper; he whose life had been spent in serving the public, was suddenly taken away. His widow and his children, soon thought they found a useful friend in Mr. *Bedford*. His engaging manners, his pleasing disposition, his modest and retiring deportment, his qualifications as an editor, his perseverance and attention to business, all entitled him to their confidence and esteem. His subsequent marriage, gave promise of much advantage both to himself and Mrs. *Dickson*. The manner in which he discharged his duty as editor of this paper, we flatter ourselves, met the approbation of our subscribers and the public. In the loss which we have sustained, all will sympathise with us. We ask the indulgence of our patrons for any thing which may not have met their approbation, during his absence, and until further arrangements shall be made in our editorial department.