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DURBORROW & LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

**Professional & Business Cards.**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**  
**JOHN T. KEAGY,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank, Council street, between Fourth and Fifth, Bedford, Pa.  
**KIMMEL and LINGENFELTER,** 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 1, 1864-4t.]  
**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.  
[Dec. 9, '64-4t.]  
**HAYES IRVING,** ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office with H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House. May 21st.

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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office with H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors south of the Mengel House. [April 1, 1864-4t.]  
**B. F. MEYERS,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
**M. MYERS & DICKERSON,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
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**E. B. STUCKEY,** ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Bedford, Pa.  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.  
Will practice in the adjoining Counties of Missouri and Kansas. [July 12th.]  
**J. H. CENNA,** ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
**L. H. CENNA & LINGENFELTER,** ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.  
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for the Pay, Bounty, and Pensions, &c.  
Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. [April 1, 1864-4t.]  
**J. M. SHARP,** ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
**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., promptly collected from the Government.  
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. [Mar 27.]  
**DURBORROW & LUTZ,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
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, and Pensions, &c.  
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the Mengel House, and nearly opposite the Court House. [April 28, 1864-4t.]

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,** BEDFORD, PA.  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [Dec 18th.]  
**D. R. E. HARRY,** M. D., BEDFORD, PA.  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hobbs. [Apr 11, 1864.]  
**J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,** BEDFORD, PA.  
Having permanently located near the city of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office. [April 1, 1864-4t.]  
**D. R. S. G. CLARKE,** M. D., BEDFORD, PA.  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Schellburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., Dec 1st. [Apr 11, 1864.]  
**J. J. CLARKE,** M. D., BEDFORD, PA.  
Schellburg, April 21st. [J. J. CLARKE.]

**HOTELS.**  
**CHALYBEATE HOUSE.**  
NOTICE.—Persons visiting the Watering Places, will find a very desirable resort at the CHALYBEATE HOUSE, near the Chalybeate Spring, Bedford, Pa., where the undersigned is prepared to accommodate from thirty to one hundred persons. The house is new and airy, and neatly furnished. Terms moderate.  
Hacks running to Mineral Springs, and Mineral Water always on hand.  
WM. CHENOWETH.  
May 21, 3m

**WASHINGTON HOTEL.**  
This large and commodious house, having been taken by the subscriber, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and the furniture is of the best quality. There will always be supplied with the best market afford. The Bar is stocked with the choicest liquors. In short, it is my purpose to keep a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. Thanking the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a renewal of their patronage.  
N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the Hotel and the Springs.  
MAY 17, 67-1t. WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**RUPP & SHANNON, BANKERS,** BEDFORD, PA.  
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.  
Collections made on 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. [1862.]  
**DANIEL BORDER,** PITTSBURGH, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.  
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c.  
He keeps on hand a stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refracting Glasses, also Scotch Public Glasses, Gold Chain Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply on order any thing in his line not on hand. [Apr. 28, '65.]  
**OYES! O YES!**—The undersigned has taken out auction license, and tenders his services to all who have sales or auctions to cry. Give him a call. Post Office address, Spring Meadows, Bedford county, Penn'a.  
April 28th. HENRY B. MOCK.

# THE INQUIRER.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.  
DURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.  
BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1867.  
VOLUME 10; NO. 29.

## Poetry.

### THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Piero Luca, knight of all the town  
As the gray rooster by the Piti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,  
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
His last sad burden, and beside his mat  
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden  
Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno  
sifted;  
Unheard, below the living shuttle-shifted  
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or  
strife,  
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life;  
But when at last came upward from the street  
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,  
The sick man started, and strove to rise in  
vain.

Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain,  
And the monk said, "Tis but the Brother-  
hood."  
Of Mercy going on some errand good—  
"Their black masks by the palace wall I see,"  
Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!  
This day for the first time in forty years  
I vain the bell hath sounded in my ears.  
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,  
Beggars and prince alike, to some new task  
Of love or pity,—haply from the street  
To bear a wretch, plague-stricken, or with  
feet  
Flushed to the quickened ear and feverish  
brain.

To tread the crowded lazzaretto's floors,  
Down the long twilight of the corridors,  
"Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain,  
I love the work; it was its own reward.  
I never counted on it to offend  
My sins, which are many, or make less my  
debt.  
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be  
In these long years so much a part of me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it,  
But with the work the worker, too, would  
die.

And in my place some other self would sit  
Joyful or sad—what matters, if not I?  
And now all's over, woe is me!"—"My son,"  
The monk said soothingly, "Thy work is done;  
And no more as a servant, but the guest  
Of God, thou enterest thy eternal rest.  
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost  
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit  
down  
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown  
Forever and forever." Piero tossed  
On his sick pillow, "Miserable me!  
I am too poor for such grand company:  
The crown would be too heavy for this gray  
Old head; and God forgive me if I say  
It would be hard to sit there night and day,  
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught  
With these hard hands, that all my life have  
wrought.

Not for bread only, but for pity's sake,  
I'm dull at prayers; I could not keep awake,  
Counting my beads. Mine's a bit a crazy head,  
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.  
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,  
God knows he leaves behind his better part.  
I love my fellow-men; the worst I know  
I would do good to. Will death change me so  
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet  
Left a poor dog in the street to head and  
tail,  
Or ass or oxen! Most I half-said,  
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?  
Methinks (Lord, pardon if the thought be  
sin!)  
The world of pain were better, if therein  
One's heart might still be human, and desires  
Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
Some cooling tears.

Threat the pale monk crossed  
His brow, and, muttering, "Madman! thou  
art lost!"  
Took up his pax and fled; and left alone,  
The sick man closed his eyes with a great  
groan  
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"  
Then he was made aware, by soul or ear,  
Of something pure and holy bending o'er him,  
And of a voice like that of her who bore him.  
Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!  
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;  
Thy work below shall be thy work above."  
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's  
place  
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**HOW I CAUGHT MY FIRST TROUT.**  
We caught our big trout in the Marsh-pool,  
and we will tell you how we did it, though  
the words make us blush as we write them.  
We were young then, and it is to be hoped  
innocent; and having gone to Sandwich,  
on Cape Cod, in search of untrodden fields,  
named a jolly, corpulent landlord, named  
Teasdale, who, with his friend, Tommy  
Lynch, so named likewise, were the fish-  
men of the neighborhood. That was before  
the stream was preserved for the benefit  
of the "poor Indian," and poorer fishermen  
mooted, as at present in five dollars a day  
for the privilege of fishing. We drove to  
the stream, almost six miles. Teasdale en-  
joying the early June morning, with  
snatches of hunting songs, and when there  
plunged recklessly in. Oh! but the water  
was cold—a dozen large springs poured  
in their freezing contents—and the blood fairly  
crept back to our hearts. The stream ran  
through a narrow dell, overhung with the  
thickly tangled vine and creepers, rendering  
a cast of the line impossible, and had worked  
its way far under the steep banks, making  
dark water caverns, where the great fish  
could lie in wait for their prey. We re-  
moved the upper joint of our fly-rod, which  
was heavy and strong, and leaving the line  
through the last ring of the second joint, we  
put on a bait next to the fly in beauty and  
effect, the minnow. The water was freezing  
cold—the closely entwined boughs and  
leaves shut out the heavens above, and we  
were left alone in the shadow darkness with  
the tenants of the deep. The herring  
frequented the bank, and pursued by the  
large trout, darted in shoals between the  
feet. It is always a good sign when the

## LONGLEW.

### AN INNER VIEW OF ROME.

The following extract is from Carleton's  
ray letters to the *Boston Journal*, from  
Rome:  
"But before leaving Rome, let us see  
what kind of liberty it is which the people  
enjoy under the rule of the Roman Church.  
We shall not find it in all respects like that  
of America, neither like that of those civil-  
ized nations. The Pope requires a strict  
observance of the saint's days, though he  
makes amends by allowing the people to  
enjoy the services on the Sabbath, which is  
his reception-day. He is zealous for the  
honor and glory of the saint, and requires  
the shutting of the museums. Calling upon  
an artist on a fast day, I found his studio  
closed. There was no pleasant sound of  
the workman's hammer chiselling the white  
marble. He was silent as the grave. "The  
Pope permits no hammering on the fast  
days," said the artist, who also remarked  
that it was a severe tax on his workmen, to  
be compelled to remain idle so many days of  
the year; that St. Catherine, the Virgin, St.  
Stephano, St. Clement, St. Sylvester, St.  
Louis, St. Gregory, St. Neri, St. Balbina,  
together with all the apostles, all saints, all  
saints, that they might be glorified. Every  
day in the year is a saint's day, but the  
shops are only required to be closed on sev-  
en or eight days during the twelve or thir-  
teen months. That is, during two and a half  
months out of the twelve—a serious matter  
to a people, the majority of whom find it  
no easy matter to keep body and soul together,  
whose average earnings will not exceed ten  
cents a day.

Here we come in contact with an ugly  
fact. This forcible restriction laid upon in-  
dustry shows itself in a marriage list. Men  
cannot support families in Rome, working  
but nine months and a half out of twelve.  
By the census of the last year, there were  
fifty thousand unmarried women, and sev-  
enty thousand unmarried men, and seventy-one  
unmarried women, out of a population of  
two hundred and one thousand. Follow the  
matter a little further, and you will discover  
a reason for the establishment of a hospital  
in which women may be cared for during sick-  
ness, and from which they may depart with-  
out any questions asked, returning again to  
society, the world knowing nothing of their  
shame, leaving behind them, in the wards  
of the hospital, children, who through life,  
we know no father or mother.

Entering one of the book stores, where  
English books are kept, I inquired for a  
Bible. "We are not allowed to keep them,"  
was the reply. Every book, before being  
exposed for sale, must come under the  
eye of the Pope's agents, and be stamped  
with a red cross, and subject to a like or-  
dinance. Not infrequently, those who frequent  
reading rooms, find the London journals miss-  
ing; the papers having been suppressed by  
the government, on account of obnoxious  
articles.

Should you ever visit Rome, pray that  
death may not overtake you there, for  
though kind friends might bear your re-  
mains to the Protestant burial place, out-  
side the city, the Pope would not permit  
them to place your remains in the tomb,  
but would have you buried in the city, in  
the resurrection, or of eternal life. You are  
a heretic, accused of God, by the Pope.

**TOTAL ABSTINENCE.**  
Dr. Gericke, in one of his charming  
magazines, writes of the remarkable ex-  
ample of the Rechabites, who, in spite of  
temptation and of the general degeneracy  
in Israel, adhered inflexibly to their an-  
cient command to drink no intoxicating  
liquors. In the case cited in the Scriptures,  
their infidelity to principle was most note-  
worthy.

"The instructions of Jonadab to his chil-  
dren, in conformity to which, since example  
is better than precept, he probably shaped  
his own practices, were these as recorded in  
the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah: "We  
drink no wine; we shall drink, 'for  
Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father,  
commanded us, saying, 'Ye shall drink no  
wine, neither ye nor your sons, forever;  
neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed,  
nor plant vineyards, nor have any vine;  
nor shall ye dwell in tents.'"  
This steadfastly adhering to a practice  
which the founder of their house had en-  
joined, and age had made venerable in their  
eyes, the Rechabites answered Jeremiah,  
pushing away the cup he offered. "Though  
we had drunk wine, we would not be in ob-  
edience to His express directions, the  
prophet had put these stout men and their  
stern principles to no ordinary test. It was  
in the very temple and house of God that  
the wine was offered. It was poured out  
by the hand of His most pious servants,  
He was a prophet of the Most High God,  
who invited them to drink,—what, apart  
from the prohibition of Jonadab, they prob-  
ably had no objection to use.

How natural in these circumstances for  
them to say—That cannot be forbidden  
which is offered in holy vessels, nor wrong  
which a prophet invites! Yet they put  
away the cup, saying, "We have obeyed the  
voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our  
father, in all that he hath charged us, to  
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