

At the following terms, to wit: \$2.00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance. \$2.50 if paid within 6 months; \$3.00 if not paid within 6 months.

Business Cards.

JOSEPH W. TATE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care, in Bedford and adjoining counties.

M. A. POINTS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

J. R. DURBORROW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office one door South of the "Mengel House."

ESPY M. ALSIP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

F. M. KIMMELL, I. W. LINGENFELTER, KIMMELL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the Public.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Juliana Street, (nearly opposite the Mengel House.)

A. H. COPFROTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will hereafter practice regularly in the several Courts of Bedford county.

F. C. DOYLE, M. D. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D. Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

F. M. MARBOURG, M. D., SCHELLEBURG, PA. Tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity.

DAVID DEFIKAUGH, GUNSMITH, BEDFORD, PA. Workshop same as formerly occupied by John Borden, deceased.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN, BEDFORD, PA. Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford, where he may at all times be found by persons wishing to see him, unless absent upon business pertaining to his office.

JACOB REED, J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL, BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PENN'A.

J. ALSIP & SON, Auctioneers & Commission Merchants, BEDFORD, PA.

PHILADELPHIA, BEDFORD, Hon. Job Mann, Hon. W. T. Daugherty, B. F. Meyers.

SCOTT & STEWART, Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, 616 Chestnut St., & 616 Jayne St. PHILADELPHIA.

10,000 lbs. of WOOL Wanted, at J. A. Shoemaker's Store, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 60. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 3089. NEW SERIES. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1864. VOL. 8, NO. 21.

Table with 4 columns: One square, three weeks or less; One square, each additional insertion less than three months; One square, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year; Rates of Advertising.

Original Poetry.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

'Tis Christmas night, and the winds blow cold From the mountain tops and the clouds are gray;

Loud blows the hollow, boisterous wind, And the treetops shake their leafless boughs;

While a sombre gloom comes o'er my mind, Then a slumber deep no sound can rouse.

Away to the north, I see in my dream, Th' Aurora break through the op'ning clouds;

And up through the sky with a lurid gleam, Red torches rise to illumine their shrouds.

While, far in the west, the crescent moon, Like an ignis fatuus seems to fly,

O'er frozen river and dark lagoon, Or hangs, like a lamp, in the mottled sky.

I turn to the south, and all is gloom— The folds of darkness deeper fall—

Dark as the vault of a nation's tomb, Or black as the shadow of its pall!

'Tis Christmas night, and the graveyards swarm With moving forms! I see them rise!

The moon's gone down—but the dead are up! They wildly dance before my eyes!

They dance! they dance! with sword and lance! And they wildly chant a ghostly tune,

As they circle round each new made mound, Or tread where the autumn leaves are strown.

Round, round they go! and I see their teeth Grin ghastly from each spectral skull—

The ground seems flying their feet beneath, In fiery circles, glimmering dull.

Now, they change the chant to a hollow song, And shriek wild shrieks of awful sound,

(Still rise the dead! till the shrouded throng Fills all the space of the burial ground.)

They sing of the blessings the year hath brought— They tell of dark deeds in battle done,

How brother with brother hath madly fought— Of the bloody victories Death has won.

While voices wild as a demon's shout, And the laughter of a madman's mad, cry—

The ghostly sounds on the night ring out, As though the hosts of hell were near—

Ah! the wildest joy is theirs to night! For another battle's been lost and won!

They shout! they shriek! with a fiend's delight— But down is breaking—their dance is done.

Away in the east, the rising beam Foretells the coming of the sun;

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain,

friended them; and I doubt whether the intelligence of a great fortune would have made that young wife's heart lighter than did the announcement of her husband—

"To-morrow, Ellen, I will have work—O, to-morrow were but here!"

Dreams pleasanter than those that for week had visited their pillow, came to them that night

At this juncture Porter came in, the formal "head of the bands," and to his less tender mercies

"Now, go with me." At this juncture Porter came in, the formal "head of the bands," and to his less tender mercies

"Do not allow Davis to work too hard; I guess the poor fellow has seen hard times."

"I shouldn't wonder if he has," was the reply, "but he works as tho' he means to do his duty."

"I hope he will; I like a man thoroughly in earnest in whatever he undertakes, and there is an expression in Davis' eyes that I like, I believe I can rely on a man who owns such a pair of eyes as he does," and, as a hint to Porter to busy himself, Brent turned to his books.

"During the day his mind did not revert to the "charity hand" as the foreman called Davis, but when at night he went to look about the yard, he found him hard at work piling some oak timber which he had promised to have measured in the morning.

"How is this?" said the careful merchant to himself; "should he be waiting to steal or burn, I must see the last of him before I leave, and so he came up to his new hand with distrust in the heart where confidence had reigned in the morning. Thus quickly do the hour and impulse make sad havoc sometimes of our nature's holiest qualities.

"My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

proverb shining upon him in the kind effort of Giles Davis, but the full time had not come for him to see "after many days," the wealth of its promise.

Upon one of those stormy days you and I have seen in March came an order for ship timber, which Brent must attend to himself.

The next day at his office passed sadly and drearily, until it grew nearly night, when heart and flesh failed him, and he fell fainting to the floor.

The sick man whose friends (with the exception of an invalid aunt, who lived with her daughter in Maine), had all gone to the spirit land, looked, in moments of consciousness, the gratitude he could not speak, every day, as Giles would go to the office to consult with Porter, and report favorable to his employer.

"It was not until "April showers" had brought "May flowers," that Hamilton Brent took his old place in the lumber yard.

"My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

And the northern lights no longer gleam, For the gloomy shades of night are gone.

The dream has passed, the vision fled— But still, each night, on all and plain, Where the grass and ground with blood are red,

Are held the orgies of the slain.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,

their own preferences, can any sane man doubt but that there would have been about the same proportionate division of sentiment expressed by the soldier in the late elections, that was manifested by their fathers and brothers at home?

It is this army vote, (not to speak of other frauds,) which has given our opponents their recent beggarly triumph in Pennsylvania.

It is worthy of remark here also, that a change of twenty-five thousand votes properly divided amongst the larger States, would have defeated Mr. Lincoln altogether.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made.

of this peaceful and loyal State, dragged off to a noisome military dungeon, and there kept for months, without being confronted by an accuser; one of them in the mean time dying, as is believed, from suffering thus; another becoming blind from his confinement, while most of the others still continue shut up in Fort Mifflin—a damp, island fort, constructed more with a view of resisting a bombardment, than anything else!

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury.

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Marshal, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

less by want and suffering—went up many blessings for him who in the darkest hour had be- fidence as over, Otton, as he was called, Milton Brent conceived an imperfect idea of his my. Had they been many