

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, & C.

The Freeman is published every Friday morning at the following rates: One Year, in advance, \$2.00...

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ, Proprietors. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1868. VOL. 41, NO. 25.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One square, Two squares) and Rate (e.g., \$1.00, \$2.00).

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. JOHN T. KEAGY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank.

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law...

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...

MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office nearly opposite the Mendel House...

E. R. STUCKEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office on Main Street...

RUSSELL & LONGENECKER, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care...

PHYSICIANS. WM. W. JAMISON, M. D. Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of this place and vicinity.

MISCELLANEOUS. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT. Collections made daily on all West, North and South...

Poetry.

SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY. I read last night of the Grand Review in Washington's chief avenue...

And I saw a phantom army come, With never a sound of drum or drum, But keeping time to the marching band...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And so all night swept the strange army, So all night long till the morning gray, I watched for one who had passed away...

And I saw a phantom army come, With never a sound of drum or drum, But keeping time to the marching band...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

Political.

A Conference at the Corners—Joe Bigler's view of building a Platform and his Views. We had a little consultation at the Corners one day last week on the subject...

POST OFFICE CONDEMNIT X ROADS. (Which is in the State of Kentucky.) We had a little consultation at the Corners one day last week on the subject...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

VERY RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.

It seems to me that this term has changed its significance within a few years. Long ago respectable people were those of whom nothing ill would be said...

And without labor, spontaneously, clerically, Grant wrote the letter, which is more to the point and more electrical than any mere platform in the history of politicians...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

THE WHOLE ART OF KISSING.

People will kiss. By a lady. People will kiss. By a lady. People will kiss. By a lady. People will kiss. By a lady.

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

AN ENTIRE CONGREGATION POSITIONED.

A letter to a Chicago paper dated at Naperville, Ill., June 10th says: "Never before in the history of Naperville was such an excitement created as on last Sunday evening, when it was reported that the entire congregation of the Dunkard church, who were celebrating a love feast, had been poisoned by eating meat prepared in a copper kettle and allowed to remain there until the metal had become oxidized."

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

The German journalist, Bamberg, who is also one of the most eminent members of the Customs' Parliament, describes in a letter to his constituents the opinions of Bismarck relative to a war with France.

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

CALIFORNIA POETRY.

When from my room I chance to stray, To spend an hour at close of day, I ever find the place most dear, where some friend treats to the lager beer...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...

And there came the names of the men Who had perished in the morning gray, The slowly starved of the prison pen...

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above their head, Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished...