## THE DAILY GAZETTE:

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WOL. LXXXIV.

THE EVE OF THE NATIVITY.

Keen and cold the night wind blows Desiring o'er the meer the enow; Bur the doors—the windows close.

By the Christmas taper bright, By the Yule-log's flickering light, Vigit we will keep to-1 ight.

The a night of rolemn thought

Of the sin-stalted wor d that i y In d-ath's shadow till the ray, God-born, chased the shades away; Of that Light whose teams divine On that darkness then did shine, Which comprehended not it e sign

A long, deep night from Adam's fall, Through Noat's flood and Ab sham's call, Drap ag the world as with a pall; A long, deep night, with scarce a gicam, Of light from prophet's tongue or dream. To pierce the darkness with a beam.

B), through the lone night, Jesu dear, Watch we till Thou shalt appear, Every longing heart to theer. Watch weas up n that hight The shepherds watched, and in affrig Beheld God's clory shining bright. And in p agers shall pass the time Till the holy midnight chime Ushe a in the morn sublime:

Changed by 11 angel throng:

To find on high all glory be! Pesceon earth, and cherity Un o all huz antip."

So hath it been from lime of yore, So may it be till time too'er, And Christ shall reign for evermore

PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

NO. 303.

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THE FITE OF DE HUNDER

A PRINCIPLE AND THE PRINCIPLE AND THE

CHRISTMAS!

New all our neighbo.s' chimneys smoke, And christmas blocks are burning;

Pank misers now do sparing then; Their hall of music sound, th; —the whole shoulder

Med Poursh he h fetch bis binds from paw

And all his best appared;
Brier Well hath bought a ruff of lawn.
With dropping of the barrel.

The ellent now his suit forbests. The prisoner's Jehrt is eased;

Hark ! now the wags abro d to call,

And there they will ownerry.

The warches with their wassall bowls about the streets are sing 'm;

The boys are come to catch the owis.

The wild make in its bijlaring.
Our hitchen buy hath broke his box. And to the dealing of the ox.

Our boutest neighbors come by docks;

And here they will be metry.

Now k'age and queens poor sheep cote
And mate with everybody:
Takehone's now may play the knave.
And wise min play, the nodely.
Einey route will now a miniming wo
Some o'hers play as Rewinad -bo
And twenty other games boys m's.
Because they will be marry.

A Then wherefore, in these many days,
Should be. I pray be duller?
No, let us along some roundelays.
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing.

We'll bury't in a Christmas. And greemore be merry. Mew every lad is wondrous thim,

CHRISTMA". BY GROSDE WITHER -- 1588 - 1667. Educate come ent joyfelte penst, Let ever/ man be in it; Each room with two leaves is drest,

first lov., I trembled lest tehould betry myself. What if Harold should discover ail? Was it possible to meet discover ail? Was it possible to meet Marchhuont for the first time in years during which I bad suffered, oh, how deeply! Livred him. I hoved him. God knows I did; and his noble conduct inade me adore him more than ever. I called to mind his handsoine face convalled with grief when we parted. His clear blue cyes had filled with items as he embraced me, exclaiming passion, ately, "My love, my life! God grant I may return to you!" I had clung to him which! So we had some law as to see him. It seemed like a dream from which I could not waken myself. What should I do? It was too late to prevent his coming. I must trave the worst! Heaven support me! I should fail!

The hour passed, the time cropt on, till only a few moments remained. I regarded myself in the glass. I was deadly pale, but calm; a strange calmona—like that of a sleep-walker, who fartlessly crosses an abyse on a narrow plath!

Harold, I said, "you love me?"

"My darling," he replied, "can you doubt dar?"

He claspod me in his strong embrace and kissed me.

dount was

He clasped me in use and kissed me.

"I love you," he repeated, "more than

"Trong you,"

life,"

"And if—if I should ever—wrong you,"
I cried feverishly,"you will forgive me
—you will not curse me—!"
He pisced his hand over my inouth.

"There, there,": he raid chidingly,
"you are talking wildly; caim yourself."
He gave me a glass of wine. As I
raised it to my lips, the servant as
nounced "afr. Vivian."
I deliberately obsend the class name.

raised it to my lips, the servant as nounced "fir. Vivian." I deliberately placed the glass upon the table, and won forward to meet him. "Mr. Vivian." I said, and my voite was so charged that I did not recognize it.—"I am glad to see you."

He took my hand, and our eyes met. My God! What I should have done I know not. My oyes were riveted upon his.—I bit my lip nutil the blood came to prevent my crving out, "Oh, my love, my lost love, take me away from hereave me from myself, or I shall go mad."

He was pale as death, but the pressure of his hand recalled me to myself, and as I turned away I heard my husband's little away I heard my husband's voice, saying: "I am glad," o meet any old friend of "relimedes Fishar litted in those good old utimes when every boy of his age was

iny wife, sir."

Another thanked him. His voice went through me with o thrill—the old voice, so well loved. Wretch that I was, why had I bartferd away my happiness to another? Why, when standing within a yard of him, could I not rush into his arms and cover his lips with my wild kisses?

"Mamma!" said a childish voice, and my little boy—his boy—came running into the room.

Marchmont turned slowly to him.
"Come here, my'dear," he said.
The child advanced bhyly.

my little boy—fair boy—came running into the room.

Marchmont turned slowly to him.

"Come here, my'dear," he said.
The child advanced shyly.
Marchmont, after a desperate effort to control himself, extended his areas.

"Come!" he said.
There was something in his tones which must have touched the child some himself are something in his tones which must have touched the child sold and aroused that responsive thrill which none but a parent's voice can. Little hought the child would never escape alive.

"My dear little boy," he said, and his tears fell upon the child's pure face; I will love you for your father's aske—I will love you with my whole soul! God forever blees there, oh my darling."
And looking th—what could I do? I clenched my hands, I muttered an agonised prayer for calmoses, and the said the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink it this would be likely to annoy young fir. To denote my hands, I muttered an agonised prayer for calmoses, and the low cards. No fairy god mother with Archimedes Fisher, and a form longed that a was a bary he seemed to hold all the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with a was a bart wind with while to hold all the low cards. No fairy god mother with gossamer wings and pink tight the low cards. No fairy god mother with a was a bart with a with the low cards. No fairy god mother with a w

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