

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY B. F. MEYERS,
At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It has been decided by the United States Courts that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and as a criminal offence.
The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 58. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 3009.

NEW SERIES. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1862. VOL. 5. NO. 46

Rates of Advertising

One Square, three weeks or less	25
One Square, each additional insertion less than three months	25
3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 1 YEAR.	
One square	\$2.00 \$3.00 \$5.00
Two squares	3.00 5.00 9.00
Three squares	4.00 7.00 12.00
1 Column	5.00 9.00 15.00
1/2 Column	3.00 5.00 9.00
1/4 Column	2.00 3.00 5.00
One Column	18.00 30.00 50.00

The space occupied by ten lines of this size of type counts one square. All fractions of a square under five lines will be measured as a half square, and all over five lines as a full square. All legal advertisements will be charged to the person handing them in.

Select Poetry.

(From the Logan County (O.) Gazette.)
OLD BEN WADE.

Old Ben Wade was a bragging old blade,
And a bragging old blade was he—was he;
He called for his sword, and he called for his gun,
And he called for his pistols three.
Then Old Ben Wade, like a giant grim, said;
"Who dares crook a finger at me—at me?"
And he brandished his sword, and "che-bang!"
Went his gun,
And "pop!" went the pistols three.
Then this bragging Old Blade of Vallandigham said;
"A very vile traitor is he—is he!"
And he brandished his sword, while "che-bang!"
Went his gun,
And "pop!" went the pistols three!
But Vallandigham said, of this bragging Old Wade,
"A liar and coward is he—is he!"
When down dropped the sword—the gun flashed
ed in pan—
And fire—went the pistols three.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.
Teachers and friends of education are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

RECITATION, NO. 7.

The *Dialectic or Lecture Method* is the third and last general method to be described. It differs widely from any heretofore treated of. In all others, the pupil talks, and the teacher listens; in this, the teacher talks and the pupil listens. It assumes two forms: the *conversational*, as in giving "object lessons" to children; and the *lecture proper*, as in lectures to a class in a medical or other college.
And just here let us object to calling it recitation at all. In doing so we follow "able writers"; we do not follow our own convictions of strict accuracy. It is a *way of imparting instruction*; and no more. Reciting is something universally understood to be done by the pupil. In this the teacher does all; the pupil does absolutely nothing—but listens. If this is recitation, it is recitation in which the teacher recites, instead of the class, but it is not, in any proper sense of that term. If the word recitation is to be made broad enough to include lecturing, why not make it include sermonizing, stump-speaking, and pleading before a jury? But this is only a single example of the crudity to be found in our very best works on teaching; and it is perhaps unfair to criticize the technical terms of a profession, which—if it be a profession at all—is only in its infancy as such.
The *Lecture method*, in one or the other of its forms, may be used with pupils of every age and capacity. The chief use of the *conversational form* is in giving Object Lessons to young pupils. It does not come within our province in these articles, to describe Object Lessons, or the manner of giving them; but we may remark, that their introduction, by a skillful teacher, has generally marked an era in the primary instruction of every school in which they are successfully given. The child's first instruction when he enters a public school, has been, for many years, and is yet, to a great extent, miserably stupid and unsuitable,—not so much either from the incompetency of teachers as from the erroneous views universally entertained by parents and the public generally. Time makes errors venerable; and now, the child has so long begun by learning his letters from a primer or spelling-book, or charts perhaps, that it seems almost like sacrilege to hint that this may not, after all, be the best possible way; but that other plans may follow more closely the true order of mental development as pointed out by nature itself. But the intrinsic absurdity of giving the child twenty-six arbitrary symbols, as his first lessons, is, at last, becoming manifest; and the idea that the alphabet is the starting point for all school instruction, is gradually making room for other ideas, more in harmony with the laws of intellectual growth and development. The child's first knowledge is not of abstract and arbitrary characters, but of real tangible things. He has no more interest in an English letter than a Japanese hieroglyphic. They are, to his mind, equally arbitrary and meaningless—as indeed they are, in reality. He will not, at first, study either, with interest. But he will learn a-

SCORCHING EXPOSURE OF NATIONAL FRAUDS!

Bold and Timely Speech by a Republican Congressman!

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HIGH TAXATION!

READ AND THEN CIRCULATE!

[We have already informed our readers of the corrupt organization that has been formed at Washington, for the purpose of destroying the influence of the Congressional Investigating Committee, which has exposed so many frauds on the public treasury. The leaders in this movement are Messrs. Stevens, of Pa., and Conkling, of N. Y., both prominent Republicans. The latter, in his speech, declared that the Committee had perpetrated more frauds than it had discovered. This false and ridiculous assertion immediately called forth the following overwhelming speech from Mr. Washburn, of Ill., a member of the Committee:]
Mr. Washburn said it was the "unkindest cut of all" when the Chairman (Mr. Stevens) of the committee of Ways and Means, the leader of the House and holding the purse strings of the nation, recently rose in the House and attacked the Committee in their absence, charging that they had committed more frauds than they had detected. The Committee had been notified that they felt the biting sarcasm and blasting invective, and to-day they had listened to what might be called a painful initiation, from the extraordinary member (Conkling) from New York, who had attacked the Committee for the benefit of thieves, contractors and plunderers, who had for two weeks been holding high carnival in anticipation that the Committee were to be destroyed. It would have been fair to give the Committee notice of the contemplated annihilation, that they might be prepared to die with decency. Why did not the member from New York make his charges like a man and not like a skulking coward? The gentleman from New York has attempted to hold us up here as costing the Government more than we have saved it. He has gone about, figuring up the expenses of the Committee, and sneaked into the Clerk's office to ask how much each member had been paid. The member said that no Committee before ever took anything for traveling expenses. If he (Mr. Conkling) knew anything, he must know that his statement was false; for never was a Committee charged with a duty by the House but that Committee was always paid; and if there is a man here who complains at what has been paid, or what was paid to each of his colleagues, let him stand up and say so. When our fellow-members of Congress were pursuing their avocations and several professions at home with their families, this committee had given up everything in order to discharge the duties with which they were intrusted, and now a clamor is raised by the member from New York to have this Committee discharged. Let me say that if the House believed the charges which have been made, the House will be unjust to itself, and unjust to the country, unless, before it adjourns to-night, it shall disband the Committee, and place upon their front the brand of dishonesty. If we have failed to discharge our duty, if we are amenable to the charges brought against us, I call upon every member here to vote that the Committee be disbanded. The House cannot get out of it; and I hope they will not postpone it; that they will not say there is no rule for such a course, but that they will vote at once to discharge us. I am sure the Committee will gratefully accept it, too, conscious of what they have done. They will accept it as a tribute to their fidelity, which has led them to be attacked by the member from New York, and by every plunderer, and every thief, and by every robber, who has broken into the Treasury. While we were thus employed, the member from New York was besieging the Treasury and the office of the Quartermaster of the War Department, in order to get contracts for one of his constituents. He is, sir, a pretty man to come here and lecture this Committee! He inquires into the expenses of the Committee in relation to what it has saved, and what it has expended! Sir, the history of this Western Department will show that in St. Louis alone we have saved the Government two millions of dollars by our investigation; and Sir, in connection with these army contracts—one of which the gentleman from New York sought to obtain—we are told by Mr. Holt that Congress and the Government would sustain him we would save eight millions more.—There are ten millions saved by the Commission on ordinance contracts, appointed on the evidence taken by this Committee and on its recommendation. Among other things we will save a sum of two millions. Thus a sum of twelve millions will be saved to the country by the Committee—as large a sum as it cost to carry on the Government of John Quincy Adams for one year. And yet we are held up here as spending the people's money. Yes, and how much have we expended? Twenty thousand dollars. But I will not talk about it. If any man wants to complain, let him stand up here. I scorn to talk about the trivial expenditures for travel. That we should be met with opposition, with all this obloquy, we very well understood. We knew whose paths we crossed; we knew that the contractors and the thieves, and the plunderers, who had the Treasury by the throat, would be at our heels, and we well knew also, who were their sympathizers and abettors, both in this House and out of this House. We, of course did not expect their approval. They do not like the Committee and its labors! O, no!
"No thief ever felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."
These are the men that proposed to crush us

GEN. HOUSTON'S PRESCRIPTION TO A 'BORE.'

Among the guests at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, once of a time, was Gen. Sam. Houston, of Texas. General Houston is, as all his acquaintance well knows, fond of mirth and fun, and, in short, is what Doesticks would call a P. B.—perfect bore. The general however, entertains an intense hatred for that species of human beings, called "bores." One of these genies, a good-natured, but soft-headed chap, a regular button-holder, cornered him one day at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him the day previous.
"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, I wish you would do me one more favor. A man of your eminence is so competent—
"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Houston, rather curtly.
"Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such an eminent man, such a—"
"Never mind that; what do you want to know?"
"Excuse me, but a person of your abilities and distinction must be aware—"
"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the baddered Senator, "pray come to the point at once."
"Well, then, tell me the secret of your success in life—how you rose in position as you have done."
"Ah! but that wouldn't benefit you any. I can tell you how you can rise in the world if you wish."
"That's just it; was the reply; just what I was trying to get at."
"Well, sir, I'll tell you. Undertake to approach a sore-headed bull with a red scarf around your neck. I'll guarantee you upward progress immediately on the completion of the experiment."
The button holder collapsed, shoved his hat on his head and walked sorrowfully away, while a cluster of gentlemen near by, who had heard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter.
A SHORT CLERGYMAN.—A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The minister was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr.—in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."
A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused and turned all sorts of colors. Many, in the general uproar, left the church; and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with the sermon, so abruptly broken off.
Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of the audience. The text was announced in due form:
"A little while ye shall see me, and a little while and ye shall not see me."
In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his footing, and disappeared from his hearers! The effect may be more readily imagined than described.
SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—A certain military chaplain did all he could to prevent his soldiers from falling asleep at church. Even when reading the text he used to break off in the middle of an unfinished sentence, to call attention to some red coat enjoying his somnolent nods and winks in a distant corner. On one occasion he so mingled Scripture with the intimation that the ludicrous association gave rise to an irrepressible titter through the congregation. And no wonder, for thus impressively read the chaplain:—"And Abraham said unto Lot, (a pause, during which the parson pointed to a slumberer in a retired seat,) 'sergeant, that man's asleep!'"
PERTINENT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—The solar system has a large family but only one sun.
Why is a field of grass older than yourself? Because it is the largest man's age.
Who is the parent par? The lover; he is a fellow of tremendous sighs.
Who is the most liberal man? The grocer; he gives most everything a weight.
A scotch prisoner taken near Winchester, describes their uniform as consisting partially as follows:
Grey frock coat; grey cap, French style and light blue pants. A Colonel wears three stars, on each side of the coat collar; and a Major one. A Captain wears three bars on the collar. First Lieutenant one. Each officer wears heavy scroll work on both arms, extending nearly up to the shoulder.
A wag says of a woman:—"To her virtues we give love—to her beauty, our admiration—to her hoops, the whole pavement."
A young man advertises in a London paper his desire for a wife—"pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact?" Does he want a blind woman?
He who sets one great truth afloat in the world, serves his generation.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

During the stay of the Union army in the vicinity of Washington, one of the captains was killed by a rebel soldier, who was a good marksman, and well known to our sharpshooters, and they determined to have him. So, one day, while on picket duty, he was discovered skulking along at some distance, and it was arranged that all our men but one, a sharpshooter named Strow, should retreat slowly, leaving him concealed behind a tree. As they expected, the rebel marksman followed, and when a good opportunity occurred, fired upon the retreating force, and at the same instant was shot through the heart by the concealed sharpshooter. This was in the brigade commanded by General Smith, who has since obtained a part of the regiment of sharpshooters to accompany his advance.
While this detachment was marching through the camp, in front of the General's headquarters, a soldier discharged his piece. As it was contrary to orders, he was arrested and brought up before the General.
"Did you fire that shot?" asked General Smith.
"Yes, sir."
"Didn't you know it was contrary to orders?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then why did you fire?"
"I was tempted, sir."
"What tempted you?"
"That little rasgal, said the sharpshooter, pulling a fine fat gray squirrel out from under his coat tail—he tempted me. He ran up the tree and laid his head saucily over the crotch of a limb, and stuck up his tail as if to dare me, and I couldn't stand it, so I fired."
And, sure, he had off the squirrel's head as neatly as possible.
"Are you the fellow who shot the rebel that killed my captain last winter?" asked General Smith, with a smile.
"I am."
"Well, go to your quarters."

GIVING AID TO THE ENEMY.

The abolition organs are doing their utmost to prevent the enlistment of the fifty thousand additional volunteers required to fill up the ranks of the army thinned by sickness and death. They want blacks enlisted instead of white men, thus dragging down the Anglo-Saxon race to the level of the negro. In opposing the enlistment of the volunteers they are true to their antecedents, their principles and their aspirations. They are aiding and assisting the rebel chieftains, and thus helping to establish ultimate separation between the North and the South, the plot in which they have been implicated from the beginning. Both alike desire the dissolution of the Union, never to be reunited. If Jeff. Davis and Co., are traitors to the government founded by Washington and his compatriots, so are the editors of the abolition organs, who are laboring for the same end and playing into the hands of the enemy.—N. Y. Herald.
At an assemblage of a few friends, one evening, the absence of a lady was noticed, which was apologized for by an acquaintance, who stated she was detained by a little incident.
"Ah, yes," exclaimed Mrs. John Smith, "and a beautiful little incident it is, too; weighs just nine pounds and a half."