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Original Poetry.

For the Bedford Gazette.

A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is one of the most debasing and hateful vices which infest the human kind; it stultifies and brutalizes man; it generates diseases innumerable, of body and mind, consuming life like a plague or the parching wind of the desert.

Of crystal water from the running brook God's holy prophet for his drink partook. A cup of water only and a spear Lay at the head of Saul who knew no fear; Sampson who made the Philistines to quake, With purest water us'd his thirst to slake; John who for Christ the world prepar'd, On locust, honey and sweet water fared; Saints and sages, all o'er creation wide, On aqueous beverage liv'd and thriv'd.

GREELEY IN HIS SANCTUM.

The Editor's bosom o'erflows with gall, For no glimmer of comfort he sees at all, As he figur'd up in his shambling way, The woolly head loss on Election day. "Ohio is gone and the Land of Penna, And Iowa turns on her track again; While the Empire State may to-morrow be Attached to that recreant company.

"I am weary of figuring," Horace cried, "The horrible issue I may not hide, In vain do we clamor, harangue, and write, The masses won't have it, that black is white. Sozandeth in smoke our cherished plan To mix up the checkered race of man. What a mournful thing! that folk will take pride In unfriended hair and a pure white hide.

Where, where are the million I said one day I'd send from the North to the blood-red fray? Unwilling alike to be killed or shot, Though I sought to them willy I found them not. And as years roll on, and the war at last Becomes a thing of the time long past, Men will say, as I totter along, aside, "Alas! alas! how that old man lied."

I wish I could know where those men lie hid, Though what were the use if I could or did? For they've either deserted me clean and quite, Or have taken an oath not to vote or fight. Ah! sad is my fate! I'm a common jest, A bird that's unappreciated in its nest, And my hopes that the spring saw freshly bloom Lie a-mouldering now in old John Brown's tomb.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

Teachers and friends of education are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of Bedford Gazette.

The Bedford Union Institute met Dec. 27, 1862, pursuant to adjournment. There not being a quorum present no business was done except to order the program of exercises to be continued for the next meeting and adjourn to January 10, 1863. It is to be hoped that, at that time, every member will be present, especially those assigned duties. Attendance at the district institute is now, by law, as much the duty of teachers as any other service they stipulate to perform; and directors should hold them to the same strict accountability. The penalty for non-attendance is the forfeiture of one dollar for each and every offence; the same to be deducted from the salary of the delinquent teacher by the directors employing him. Directors should see to it that the penalty is exacted in every instance. Teachers have no more right to defraud the schools and the community of their services in the institute than they have to demand pay for any other service never rendered. Will directors see to this?

We have received a communication from some friend who omits to furnish us his real name. Contributors will bear in mind that whilst we will print over any signature they prefer, they must furnish us with their real names.

We would be greatly obliged to teachers and others for information as to local educational events throughout the county.

Our friends seem to have forgotten the problems in "Mental" entirely. Send us all that are peculiarly knotty.

Bedford Gazette.

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THE TEST OF A GOOD TEACHER.

The homely adage that 'The proof of a pudding is in the eating,' applies quite well to teachers. There are three general classes of teachers, which it seems well enough to describe briefly, so that any who are doubtful where they belong, may find out pretty nearly.

The first and lowest class consists of persons who teach simply because that is the easiest mode they know of to get a hundred dollars; they really care nothing for the progress of their pupils in sound learning, through discipline, or good morals; they attend institutes only by compulsion, or fear of losing a dollar by staying away—the idea of making themselves more competent to teach and guide their pupils is utterly foreign if not distasteful to them. They read no Educational Journal or Book; they teach in the most listless, killing manner; in short, they are a nuisance to community and ought to be abated forthwith.

The second class includes those who profess to be great admirers of Education, count themselves model teachers, and are ready to talk you out of your senses if you disagree with them in anything. They are generally 'Fogies' in some respect; do not think much of new-fangled notions, such as Mental Arithmetic, Outline Maps, Grammatical Analysis, Teachers Institutes, and the revolution of the Earth on its axis, but place a high estimate on the 'good old paths,' 'Parsing,' working out 'Sums' 'making scholars through' books, and similar ancient practices. They may be good scholars, possibly good teachers; but they scout the idea of trying to improve, as if Newcastle had cool enough already.

The third class consists of those who, being good scholars and teachers now, constantly seek to become better, to gain fuller knowledge and facility in teaching, to acquire greater familiarity with human nature that they may teach and govern their pupils wisely. They are eager to attend Institutes and to gain the greatest possible benefit from them; they believe that the most skillful may acquire yet greater skill, in short, they realize the duties, responsibilities, and delightful rewards of true teachers.

Teachers, you who read this,—to which class do you belong? Quis.

Decisions of the State Superintendent.

56. QUESTION: Has a teacher the right to "keep in" scholars the whole recess at dinner time, for not getting their lessons; and also in the evening, for the same failure; and how long after dismissing school?—Director in Wisconsin District, Daphin co.

ANSWER: The right to keep in for lessons omitted, till the omitted lessons have been studied and recited, has never been successfully disputed,—though a few teachers desirous of leaving the school room as soon as possible and many unthinking parents, have raised objection to its exercise. If appropriateness of punishments to offences is the proper guide in their selection, nothing can be more appropriate than this; for it is not only causing the omitted act of duty to be done, with as little suffering to the offender as possible, but it is also causing him, in school and after school hours, to give the same portion of his time to the lesson, which should have been given at home and out of school hours. This is a kind of punishment, also, in the use of which the teacher should be sustained and not opposed by the parent;—being not only inflicted to his own inconvenience but for the good of the scholar, inasmuch as it causes him to keep up the connection of his studies.

In regard to the length of time during which a pupil may be kept in,—the circumstances of the case must determine. As a general rule, the keeping in after dinner, should not be so long as to deprive the teacher and pupil of their meal; and in the evening, it should cease soon enough to permit the scholar to reach home, in time to prevent alarm for his safety by the parent. There may be cases, however, in which to avoid resort to other severer punishments and to convince the scholar that the teacher is in earnest, the keeping in during the whole dinner recess may be necessary and proper. In such cases, the objection,—that the pupil may be injured by going without his dinner—has little force.—Exclusion from the table is something resorted to even in parental government; and there is little danger of this deprivation being so often inflicted by the teacher, as to become injurious to the health of the pupil.

60. QUESTION: Have County Superintendents the right to annul a teacher's certificate for refusing to attend the Institutes?—Director of Bristol twp. District, Bucks co.

ANSWER: They have. Such refusal is a breach of the law and of professional duty, and the officer who grants the certificate may withdraw it from all who neglect a duty so plain, and refuse to attend to means so necessary and promotive of the

improvement of the profession and the elevation of the schools. If this refusal be not made known by the proper Board, so that the certificate can be annulled at the time it occurs, the County Superintendent should decline to renew the certificate, at the next examination.

We find the following in a late number of the N. Y. Herald, and as it is a good satire, we give it a place in our columns:

"ON TO RICHMOND."

[From the Richmond Examiner, Dec. 18.] The screaming farce of "On to Richmond" has had a run unparalleled in the history of the Yankee drama. Staring placards in New York proclaimed that "Foodies" had been performed for upwards of one hundred consecutive nights, and many other such elegant plays, adapted to Northern taste, have had a like career; but what are these compared with "On to Richmond," which ran for upwards of six hundred days and nights, and has been played by Yankee comedians to an audience consisting of the whole civilized world? Such a success was never before recorded in the annals of theatricals, and will never be again. Seward and Lincoln, the authors of this brilliant farce, might be astonished at the results of their genius, and the Northern people, who have en masse become the actors in the play, cannot fail to be proud of their performance.

But what is most singular in the career of this surprising historic achievement, is the fact that it was put on the boards in violation of the wishes of the public, and has been continued through nearly two years in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the audience, for the sole benefit and amusement of the authors themselves. One would suppose that by this time there would be a diminution of interest on the part of the players. Generosity is a great virtue; but a comedy that costs two millions of dollars a day, without producing one cent of receipt for so enormous an outlay, ought, in the course of two revolutions of the earth about the sun, to produce a slight languor, and, perhaps, some positive fatigue in the leading actors and supernumeraries, if not in "the management." That an approximate conception of the labors and disappointments incident to the farce of "On to Richmond" may be obtained, we will trace the adventures of one of the wandering players engaged in it.

His early years were passed among the pumpkins of Vermont, his youth and dawning manhood in the midst of the lasts and axels of Lynn. During the week he made shoes for Southerners, and on Sundays sat under the drooping groves, and on Sundays sat under the drooping groves of his sanctuary of Wendell Phillips. The Tribune was his Bible, and his notion of Paradise was freedom, which he thought to realize on earth by liberating the bodies of those the making of whose soles gained him a precarious living. The drama of "On to Richmond" was announced. Fired with ambition and the desire of reducing his social theories to practice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he cast his awl upon the altar of his country, and threaded his way to the theatre of operations at Washington.—Costumed in blue, he attended the rehearsals of the play, and blew off the heads of his comrades while learning the manual. The first representation of the farce was fixed for Manassas, and thither he repaired with fifty thousand men one fine Sunday in July. His piety did not remain him in the morning that he was using the Sabbath as a play day; but as the sun declined his conscience settled in his legs, and carried him violently to Washington. "On to Richmond" during that terrible night was to him not only a screaming farce, but also a bellowing tragedy.

Still he stuck to his new calling. The failure of the performance was attributed to the fact that the leading actors, Scott and McDowell, did not know their parts. So our ambitious cobbler, reinforced by 200,000 others, went to rehearsing again, assisted by a tremendous paraphernalia of big guns, little guns, balloons, calcium lights, rocket brigades, poisoned balls, and above all, cavalry; that distained saddles and preferred sitting on the necks of their horses. A new leading actor, McClellan, was introduced. Nothing was left undone to insure the success of the second presentation of "On to Richmond." But the winter rains spoiled the Manassas theatre, and the whole company, after being stuck in the mud until starvation stared them in the face, hobbled back to Washington as best they could. Disgraceful failure number two.

Objection being made to mud, McClellan took to water, carrying cobbler over with him. They arrived in front of Yorktown, where, in order to avoid the mud, the company went to ditching. Having outditched a rival company, managed by an obscure person of the name of Johnston, they rushed to Williamsburg, and tried to play "On to Richmond," but an obstreperous fellow named Longstreet, being intoxicated no doubt, interfered with the performance and broke it up. Again they tried it at Barboursville; but some rowdies in the vicinage fell upon the company and drove them back to their boats. Still undismayed, the company dug their way to Seven Pines, when, to their utter astonishment, a parcel of rustics rushed out of the woods and kicked them into the swamp. A month of preparation ensued, all things were quite ready; "On to Richmond" was to be played this time without fail, no postponement on account of weather, when lo! a furious man called A. P. Hill, accompanied by the Innatic Jackson, with many other Southern barbarians, swarmed out of their holes and caves, and imperiously evoked them from Mendooa Bridge to Mechanicsville, thence to Cold Harbor, thence to Savage's Station, thence to Malvern Hill, thence to Harrison's Landing, and so spoiled the plan entirely, besides robbing them of a great part of their theatrical wardrobe.

The cobbler from Linn was not left at Har-

risen's Landing long enough to collect his distracted faculties. He was called in haste to join Pope on the Rappahannock, and saw him knocked down at Cedar Run, and thrice again at Manassas, and then hissed off the stage. McClellan re-appeared on the scene, and under him the cobbler starts "On to Richmond," by way of Sharpshoots. There a horrible fate awaited them. They were beaten out of their senses by a company of evil disposed persons, who jumped up from the pit to their own boards and completely gutted their green room. They recover and rush to the Potomac only to see it filled with the slaughtered bodies of their companions. McClellan retires from the profession, but the cobbler has no choice in the matter: he must go with Burnside and play "On to Richmond" still another time. Saturday, the 18th of December, sees him and the play finally damned in the magnificent amphitheatre at Fredericksburg, and Monday, the 15th of December, finds him back again in Stafford, satisfied that the play cannot be played. As he digs the graves of his slain companions, as he counts the hundreds of miles he has traveled by land and water, the hardships he has endured, the ditches he has dug, the roads he has built, the myriads of comrades he has buried, it must occur to this simple, ill-fated cobbler from Massachusetts, that the farce of "On to Richmond" is the most expensive, tedious, tiresome, idle, unprofitable and dangerous piece of tom-foolery that his family and himself ever engaged in.

Burnside to Halleck on the Battle of Fredericksburg.

Gen. Halleck and the congressional Investigating Committee on Sunday returned from the battlefield of Fredericksburg; and Gen. Burnside on Friday writes a despatch, which is published throughout the country, in which he strives to assume the responsibility of the late fearful disaster at that place. There are just two positions in the case, as presented therein; either Gen. Burnside has prostituted himself to the uses of the administration so far as to have suffered this despatch to go forth at their instigation, and in an attempt to palliate the crime which naturally and actually belongs to them, or he is, as he strives to show, in part responsible himself for the slaughter. Either supposition is equally discreditible to Gen. Burnside. A glance at the despatch in question convinces us that Burnside is guilty rather of weakness in allowing himself to be made a tool than of the crime of the terrible experiment upon the lives of his men, which his apparent self-sacrifice endeavors to induce us to believe.

The two points of difference, it appears, to take Gen. Burnside at his word, between his orders—rather the plan agreed upon by Gen. Halleck, Secretary Stanton, President Lincoln and himself—and the plan at last adopted, had reference to the time and place of crossing, and the place of attack upon the rebel works over the Rappahannock. He alleges that he crossed sooner than agreed upon, and in violation of Halleck's and Stanton's and Lincoln's injunction "not to be in haste," because the supplies he needed came to hand at an earlier date than had been expected. That he was ordered by them to cross at one time or another and attack those works, is therefore admitted; and what advantage any delay on his part would have gained, does not appear, especially since, when he did cross, by reason of some unaccountable stoppage at the bridges of twenty-four hours' duration, the enemy had concentrated his force for the attack sufficiently to send him back again defeated.

The precise point indicated by Halleck and the rest for crossing is not shown; and in Burnside's estimation his own place, had no delay occurred, would have been the better one. Had nothing occurred, according to his showing, to prevent, "the battle would have been in my [his] opinion more decisive than if we had crossed at the places first selected." How miserable the apology turns out for all parties, therefore, is shown by its own context. Burnside, while he attempts to shield Halleck and the others, admits that their plan in his opinion would not have succeeded any better than his own. It was twofold and twofold—defeat in either case!

In conclusion he adds, "the fact that you [Lincoln, Halleck and Stanton] left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me (Burnside) the more responsible."—Where, then, the necessity for this manifesto? What military usage requires this list of our many military expeditions to pacify the people and cover up, if possible, some wrong or blunder? Such things are Halleck and Stanton's specialties; and this is of the same piece as the rest—that of Stanton and Halleck combined, for example, when McClellan was removed, and the special pleading in apology for Pope's campaign by the General-in-Chief's official report.

Quosque tandem abutere—how long will the country stand these things? If Burnside is an incompetent commander let him be removed according to his own showing, if he is proselyte, so far as to make it his special business to cover up, at Halleck's instigation, other men's blunders, he is unfit for the position he holds. He has done himself certainly more discredit by this publication than the defeat could ever have attached to him. Where is that dignified reticence of the late General of the Army of the Potomac! Where, we ask in vain, is that straightforward, soldierly, unflinching, silent attention to the duty of his position and profession, which marked the late commander's action in the field? But more than all—whence came these disasters which require so much apology, from the removal at Harrison's Landing, through Pope's campaign, down to the Fredericksburg massacre? Look at the catalogue, people of the loyal Union—Bull Run, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Fredericksburg—go read the annals

of the dead left strowa upon these fields, and come and answer, who did it?

What matters it whether that frightful slaughter which befel the brave and murdered troops at Fredericksburg was here or there around the deadly breastworks of the enemy? Who cares, in times like these, when crime like this is rife, for distinctions so finely drawn? Who wants these manifestoes? It is not the first time that Halleck and his coteries have found necessary apologies for slaughter, ruthless, aimless, worse than useless. For God's sake let it be the last! Let us have no more carnage by these silken apologies of imbecility. Abraham Lincoln, we invoke you by the hopes you have of Heaven, now that the way lies open, turn from your councils the murderers of your people; recall again the victorious Chief, the great human heart which while it turns from slaughter, beats only in unison with the safety, honor and welfare of this country.—Patriot & Union.

"When Shall We Have Peace?"

The Potland Advertiser, the leading Republican paper in Maine, asks this important and interesting question, and answers it as follows: "We answer, when Congress shall be persuaded that reason, not force, is the DIVINITY of the age in which we live. When Congress shall be persuaded that history furnishes no example of six millions of people educated, free, and independent, being subjected to captivity, and ruled against their consent. When Congress shall be persuaded that no nation on earth has proved themselves powerful enough in arms, or in wealth, to establish, and maintain, indefinitely, a military despotism over six millions of white men accustomed to freedom, and to a representative government. When Congress shall be persuaded that every bayonet that carries a demand for obedience to law, and to the Federal Government, should also carry the announcement of a religious respect for the political rights out of which this war has arisen, and a willingness to confer amicably upon the terms of a readjustment of those rights.

"Fight on, ye men of the North! and fight on will be the cry of the men of the South, until, substantially, these conditions we have named shall come to pass. But fewer of each shall live to enjoy the result, as day by day passes away, and all of each will be poorer in purse, until the result that gives peace shall be attained. Peace is the child of reason and reciprocal interests. War is the heathen and soulless Moloch that devours, without remorse, every life and every interest that stands in the way of its imagined or proclaimed necessities. Cold, pitiless, inhuman, is war in its best aspect. It makes children fatherless, wives widows, the feeble despairing, and the world itself everything what it ought not to be to every citizen and to every interest.

"But fight on, fight on, will be the impulsive cry of politicians, of aspirants to office, of Government jobbers, and contractors, and of fanatical, one-idea men, both of the North and of the South. Fight on will be the cry of standard loyalty, until the still, small, and yet sublime, voice of the ballot-box shall bid battles to cease, and reason to resume its sway over the councils of the nation. Then no broken nationality—no invidious titles to superior righteousness in the frame-work of institutions and of society—will be recognized, but a reunited people, with one flag of national glory and strength, and one Constitution, one government, and one supremacy, shall become the inheritance of all our people, East, West, North and South. If there be treason in the sentiments, 'make the most of it.'"

We commend the answer to the careful attention of those who are so free with their charges of treason against every Democrat who speaks of peace. It is a signal rebuke of the presumption, insolence and ignorance of such venal sheets as the Washington Chronicle, Philadelphia Press, and Harrisburg Telegraph.

WHISKEY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same side-board on which this pernicious beverage lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but but it is no less strange than true that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

THE COURTING OF A SHARP MAN OF BUSINESS.—Potts is a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when he goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Potts, like all men, is partial to women and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately Potts said to himself:—"I am getting rather long in years and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Potts, that is an affair in which I am not so greatly interested, and I pretend to leave it to yourself."

"But," says Potts, "you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed, hesitated, and finally, as Potts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Potts responded: "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising and Description of ad space. Includes rates for one square, three weeks or less, and one square each additional insertion less than three months.

HOW TO GET RICH. Do you wish to be rich? It is perfectly easy. Do as mean as dirt. Cheat everybody you can—friend or foe—father and mother—sister and brother. Buy nothing that you cannot sell again and double your money. When you purchase, declare the article is not worth half what is asked for it and screw the seller down to one third his price; and be sure when you sell the same, to declare it worth double what you ask. Never give away a cent. Kick the beggar in the—him! at the contribution box—or feel all over your pockets: to give them impressions that you forgot to bring your money. Belong to no society whatever—literary, religious or scientific. Take no newspaper. In making change always keep the half cent, and invariably give twelve cents for a shilling. Dispute every bill presented, and if you get an opportunity erase the figures and lessen the charge. Charge as much as you can get for your goods, and never have any conscience in such matters. Endorse no notes. Never lend—though it may save a neighbor from failing. Always exact interest on your dues—and trust no one you are not certain will pay when you send the bill. When you buy, make the article weigh as little as possible, but on selling the same be sure they weigh something more, even though you have to stow in some useless article—like our friend on the wharf, who in selling old junk of rags, to make them solid, always shoveled mud from the docks! So the story goes—we do not vouch for it. Never purchase anything but what is absolutely necessary. What have you to do with the luxuries of life. Never ride, sail or go to places of public amusement unless you can make others pay your score. Eat hasty puddings and molasses and pudding for dinner, and a mixture of both for supper for a rarity. Examine your cupboard, your cellar and swill pail, to see that nothing is lost, and occasionally give your wife a lecture on economy. Wear cowhide shoes, and make your clothes of the stoniest cloth. In the love yourself—benefiting no one and doing no good to the world. Grasp all you can and hold all you can get. Make every mill tell. And you will be rich, this you may rely upon, but—here is an unfortunate bit in the way—you will have no friends—everybody will detest you and scorn you besides, you will throw up your interests in both worlds, first starve in this, and be damned in that which is to come.

THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entrusted him with some money to spend to the best advantage, and he meant to do so. He had been very well treated in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his friends money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost suavity the trader says: "I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you want to be treated?" Well says the farmer with a leer in his eye. "In the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," said the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman. "Now what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper. "My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the farmer, "have you got the article?" The storekeeper stopped instantly, and the next thing that was heard from him was, that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends down town.

Uncle Sam looking after his Old Clothes.

Uncle Sam, having recently discovered that immense quantities of military stores, including blankets, shoes, clothing, arms, equipments, etc., has been stolen from the various departments, and sold or transferred to individuals, the Secretary of War has directed the Adjutant General to issue a general order, requiring all post commanders to seize such goods, wherever found, and arrest those having them in possession, unless they can satisfy the officer that they came by the goods honestly. All Provost Marshals appointed by the Department will assist in recovering to the United States this description of public property. Commanding officers of companies are reminded that it is not only their duty to cause soldiers who are guilty of violating the law forbidding the sale, destruction or negligent loss of clothing, arms and public property, to be charged on the Muster Rolls, with all the articles improperly lost or disposed of but also to enforce such other punishment as the nature of the offence may demand. Under this order, Capt Wright, Provost Marshal at this place, will overhail all persons wearing United States clothing, and will divert the same unless satisfactorily accounted for.—Look out, ye military pretenders and humbugs!—Pittsburg Chronicle.

In Europe, we believe, when nations are at war, the immediate collection and publication of the names of killed and wounded in battle is a part of the duty of government. Not so here. We are left to the enterprise of individuals to furnish these records, and hundreds of thousands are left pulsating between hope and fear for weeks after every engagement or battle before they can learn the fate of those most near and dear. This should be among the earliest efforts of the government, and would, besides giving certain information, exhibit a commendable sympathy for those who have certainly the largest interest in the war.