

At the following terms, in wit:  
\$2 00 per annum, 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 stopping of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages is prima facie evidence of fraud and a criminal offense.

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.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWBERN, N. C., Dec. 28th, 1862.

DEAR FRANK:  
I thought as I had a little leisure time, I would write you a short letter, to let you know a little more of the rough times, some of the Bedford county boys have experienced since you last heard from me. Our Brigade got light marching orders on the 4th day of Dec., and on the morning of the 5th, we started, not knowing where we were going. It rained hard all day, and we marched a distance of twenty miles through the sandymud. At night we were camped in the woods, to seek shelter as best we could, for we had neither shelter-tents nor blankets, and some had no over-coats. We built up large fires, and all got in a pile in the centres, officers and men. We thought when we started it would only be something of a Black-Water raid, out on the border of North Carolina, and return to Suffolk, to the nice little log houses we had put up for winter quarters. The next morning, Dec. 6th, we were formed in line at 5 o'clock, and took up our line of march. At 12 o'clock we came to a small town, the size of bloody Run, called Gatesville; it is the county seat of Gates county, North Carolina. The county building is poor. On the other side of this town, some three or four miles, runs the Chowan river, whither we marched, but owing, the General said, to the boats not being there, we were marched back to within a mile and a half of the town and encamped, where we stayed until the next afternoon, Sunday, Dec. 7th. When the word came to fall in, the boats were at the landing. We marched down, and our regiment was put in the gunboat, Vidette, and the other regiments of the Brigade on other boats sent for that purpose. By this time I began to think it was no Black Water raid. So I made it my business, the first opportunity I got, to ask one of the seamen where the boats were going, when he told me he did not know. So I was where I started. But not going to be put off in this way, I asked him where they had come from, when he told me Newbern, North Carolina. My eyes were opened then, for I knew General Foster was in command at that place and supposed they were sending us there for reinforcements, although there were all kinds of conjectures as to where we were going, both by officers and men. We sailed down the Chowan river into Albemarle sound and out of that into the Pamlico sound, by Roanoke island, and on the morning of the 10th of Dec., landed at Newbern, where we were disembarked and marched about two miles the other side of the city into a naked piece of land, what I supposed to be a field or farm, where we stacked arms and commenced hunting wood to build fires to keep us warm. Newbern is a fine city and has some very nice buildings. It must have been once a flourishing sea-port. Gov. Stanley resides in a most magnificent residence. In the evening, after we had got warmed up by a cup of strong coffee, which is a soldier's only drink, and got our limbs straightened out of the cramped position we had rode in, (having been much crowded in the boat) we got orders to have three days rations in our haversacks and seven days crackers and salt in the wagons, and be ready to march in the morning at 5 o'clock. Morning found us as ordered, with "Pap Wessel," as we all call him, taking the advance, and the troops General Foster had here, coming up in the rear. On we tramped, with but little difficulty, sometimes capturing, killing, or wounding a few of their pickets, until the afternoon of the 13th Dec., when we were brought suddenly to a halt by the coarse voice of a six-pounder on the opposite side of a large cypress swamp. We were not left long standing, before logs were cut and rails were carried by the pioneer corps of Gen. Foster, composed of a hundred good stout colored men, and a road was made for us to cross over. We captured the battery and caisson wagon, with a "Mr. Johnny Rebel," sitting straddle of his piece.—We stopped here, a couple of hours, until the bridge was made strong enough to pass the artillery over. During this time, the woods about were skirmished, and some 15 or 20 of the enemy killed, that were sticking in the swamps picking off our fellows, and several came in with flags of truce. After the Artillery got across, we moved on, fighting back their pickets until our General sent orders for us to halt and camp for the night, as it was too late in the day to bring on a general engagement, and that we were now within two and a half miles of the town of Kinston. Now comes the joke on the little old Hundred and First, for it was ordered out to be brought out as Videttes, without fire or coffee, and the ice freezing every night two inches thick in the little brooks and runs. We were run up so close to the enemy's pickets, we could hear them spit. Our Major was officer of the picket line and he called on Lieut. Mullin to assist him, while Lieut. Corley commanded the company. Major Taylor was a Methodist preacher and belonged to the Pittsburg con-

# Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 48.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 3640

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1863.

VOL. 6. NO 25

ference. He went to the war as Capt. of company H, of our regiment, and a month ago he was promoted to the Majorship of the Regiment and has been in command of it ever since. He is loved by all the officers and men of the Regiment. The line officers of the Regiment presented him a sword and belt, costing forty dollars, to show their respect for him. We never had a staff officer that received such a compliment. Well, I must come back to my subject. It was a watchful night. We could hear the cars running, bringing reinforcements, and the moving of troops, the drums beating, and the officers giving command, all night. In the morning, when our major was paying his last visit to the picket line, he came out on the main road to where was the advance on lookout post, as it is called, to know how the front was, when a fellow on horseback rode out of a little branch of woods and fired at him, but luck had the shot of miss. One of our boys returned the fire. This opened the battle for Sunday, Dec. 14, and the enemy came drumming and cheering. The fight lasted six hours and a half before we drove them. The 103d Pennsylvania Regiment, in our Brigade, lost more men than any of the force engaged. They made three desperate charges, through a swamp. They made a charge over the 18th Massachusetts Regt. The latter are ashamed of their officers leaving another Regt. run over them. Col. Gray, of the 96th New York Regt., in our Brigade, was shot dead, through the heart, while crossing the brigade over the Neuse River, into the town of Kinston. The devils had the bridge all covered with rosin and turpentine, so if they would have to retreat, they could burn it. They fired the bridge and threw their loaded guns upon it, thinking, I suppose, they would get hot enough to go off by the time we would get to the bridge; but they were fooled, for we succeeded in putting the fire out before the bridge was burned to hurt it, and threw their guns in the river. We marched through the town in pursuit of the retreating enemy, to a distance of three miles on the other side, where we encamped again for the night. We were halted in the town about an hour; while going through, you ought to have seen the boys opening out the liquor stores, and rolling out the apple-brandy, the only kind of liquor they have. In our country it is called "apple jack." The next morning, instead of keeping on, we were marched back over the bridge, on the left bank of the Neuse River, when we completed what they had attempted to do, viz: burn the bridge. After that was done, we took the road for White Hall. I almost forgot to tell about the town of Kinston. It is something larger than Bedford and a very pretty place. On the night of the 15th, while the main body was lying in camp, a battalion of cavalry, was sent to destroy the bridge at White Hall, and an iron clad gun-boat that was found out to be there more than two thirds done. It was to be platted with heavy iron, so as to render it impervious to heavy shot. The cavalry found that there was a heavy force there, of South Carolina troops, who had arrived a little too late for the Kinston fight. On the morning of the 16th the infantry was "double quicked" up to the scene, where another fight commenced. This one lasted about three hours and a half, in which time we routed them, and put them to flight. We staid on the left bank of the Neuse, burned the bridge across it, and destroyed the gun-boat, together with 2000 barrels of turpentine. This is the tar and turpentine country. White Hall is nothing more than a large plantation. While this fight was going on, another battalion of cavalry, with two guns, were sent to Mount Olive Station, some seven miles from Goldsboro', to cut the railroad at that place. They reached it, cut the telegraph, and destroyed the railroad at intermediate points for a distance of ten miles, and burnt a half mile of trestle work, three bridges, and returned to the main body during the night. On the morning of the 17th, we moved on the Goldsboro' railroad bridge. While we were moving, another force was sent to Tompkin's bridge, over the Neuse, below the railroad bridge to destroy it, the main column pushing on; we found the Rebels one mile this side of the bridge at Goldsboro', drawn up in line of battle, awaiting our arrival, with an open country before them. Our artillery was soon put in position, and commenced shelling them, while the infantry was pitched in upon them causing them to fall back without much ceremony across the river. On the opposite bank they had their artillery planted, where as we advanced, they opened out a general fire, together with their infantry, all along the line. Added to this, they had an iron-clad railroad car, mounting two guns, protecting the bridge and road within range. After three or four hours fighting, General Foster gave orders to burn the bridge. Two or three attempts were made, but were unsuccessful, owing to the dreadful fire of their sharp-shooters until they moved up a couple of the large guns and shelled them out of the trees. While the fight was going on we

heard the cars whistle, but we supposed it was their troops leaving, but to our surprise when every thing was as quiet as the grave and we thought the enemy whipped, we found out they were reinforced by Gen. Pettigrew and his South Carolina Brigade, when the fight opened again Pettigrew seeing our batteries, and thinking them in an exposed condition, pushed his whole command on them, thinking to capture them by a charge. The officers were on the track, waving their swords and cheering their men on, when they got within about 30 yards, the batteries opened with a cross and direct fire, literally annihilating half of his Brigade. Another heavy force advanced out of the woods on the right, which was repulsed by the infantry in like manner. This ended the day's work. We encamped on the battle field for the night, and the next morning, took up our march for Newbern, our work, Gen. Foster saying, being done. We arrived back at Newbern on Sunday evening, the 21st, (being gone from here 11 days) where we are now and I am told will have to remain. Col. Wickett a rebel conscription officer, was captured and paroled. There were 600 paroled after the fight at Kinston, and a great many at the other battles. I did not learn the losses on either side, at any of the battles. The reason was that they never were all gathered up before we were moving on some place else. Lieuts. Mullin and Conley commanded the 5th division of our regiment in the fight at Kinston. We were unattached and sent with a battery to another portion of the field. Our Captain never came down here with us. He does not like to go where there is any danger. He has never seen a fight. He is always sick about that time.—Mullen and Conley stand the blunts.  
Yours, J. B. H.  
CAMP of the 55th Regt. P. V. }  
BEAUFORT, S. C., Jan. 1863. }

back, and it was as good as any museum ever I was at. When they get to singing, they make as much confusion as two regiments of soldiers making a charge upon a rebel battery. At the time when our company was picketing Ladies' Island, when night came and we had to take our posts, the negroes would commence to shout, and as soon as they commenced to shout, our boys that were not on post, would commence to pull the chickens off their roosts, breaking up the meeting in a hurry, and making them wish they never had heard of the "Yankee" boys.  
Rumors are abroad in camp this evening that we are going on an expedition to James Island, but it came from no reliable source.  
Great praise is due to our Major J. H. Fuller, for his bravery at the battle of Pocotaligo. I remain, yours in haste,  
ISAAC N. BROAD.  
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."

their happy home look down upon their earthly charge, longing only for a re-union with the absent ones, who are yet to be gathered into the mansion of their heavenly Father, where gladness prevails and sorrow enters not. Since such is the recompense of faithful parents, who consider their children's interest as their own, can any one conceive or imagine the amount of guilt which must and will attach itself to the careless parent, especially the mother, who thinks of nothing but her own ease, seldom instructing her children in any good or useful knowledge, consoling herself with the idea that they have to go to school some day or other, and that the teacher, who has not enough of their own duty to attend to, can easily add mamma's with theirs; and be exceedingly gratified for the honor done them. If it were not for this class of mothers, who seem to be largely in the majority, our schools, and especially the free schools, would not be so crowded with children, who, from their ages, in many instances, would be entitled to the appellation of innocents; yet have want of proper home discipline appear to have thrived aside all childlike simplicity, and in its stead to have adopted all the elegant slang phrases so common to Young America, presenting to the eye of the reflecting teacher, a scene which would almost baffle description. If these misled mothers would but know, and knowing, care, they would not send their children to school, so devoid of all good or useful training; thereby proclaiming more loudly than words could do: "I have not fulfilled my duty towards the angels I loved me; their young hearts once pure and good have gone to ruin; and I, their lawfully appointed guardian, am the cause. What a sad reflection might this be to those who accept such precious trusts; yet fail to comply with any part of their great responsibility. As regards the share which teachers have in assisting parents to form the young mind and to instil principles of morality and virtue into their hearts, much might be said, and yet be nothing more than what has so often been said before by persons of more competent judgment and enlarged experience than myself as a teacher and in every other sense. However, there is one requisite which should never be omitted, in the necessary qualifications for a teacher, even if all others were perfect; and that is *Conscience*: for, if this great want exists, no amount of book learning should, or ever could, make up for it, as without its aid the pupils of the school could never advance in that science, which in my estimation precedes all others, the cultivation of the heart, the only foundation upon which any reflecting or conscientious teacher should ever attempt to build with the reasonable expectation of producing in more mature years that which should be the emulation of the old: a mind well stored with good, useful knowledge, guided in all its various conflicts, by the best of monitors, a pure and well trained heart. Since, if moral education be so necessary to form a perfect character, why pass it now so lightly either under the parental roof, or in the school room; employing in the last named place, as teachers, those who perhaps deem it a very good subject to write about, but a very hard thing to practice, showing in their every day life to their pupils, what little value they attach to a knowledge of the only science which, after all, leads to true and lasting happiness. On this subject, let each and every one of us reflect well, if we be wanting or deficient let us take into serious consideration that whilst it is all very well and proper for us to obey the law enacted by our late Legislature, in regard to the careful improvement of our minds, which form so perishable a part of our nature, we forget not the decree of a higher power, in reference to the developing of every good and virtuous impulse with which he has adorned us, and for which he will hold us accountable, if carelessly used or idly thrown away. Again, let me repeat that whilst we are striving for new mental food and culture, we forget not the moral and better part of our nature, our hearts.  
Finally, the remark may be ventured, that the profession of teaching falls too generally in a very plain duty to the educational column; and that is the duty of affording, by subscription a general support to newspapers that devote a portion of their columns to the publication and discussion of school affairs in this way. Probably, it would be found, were the question frankly answered, "why has your educational column ceased?"—that the reply would be: "We are supported in it by the teachers and friends of education of the county, by an increase of subscription,—the only mode by which an editor can be enabled to continue any arrangement of this kind." If this is, and it is believed to be, the case, it is neither politic nor right. Without the aid of their subscribers, their support from other papers, the teacher or educationist should, as a fair business transaction, sustain the paper that sustains his cause.  
Apart from benefit to the general cause of education, we have no interest in advocating the establishment and support of these departments. They have taken from this Journal, from time to time some of its best correspondents, and they attract, no doubt, subscribers to the papers containing them, that would in their absence reach its list. But be it so. As to the decrease of subscribers it can be borne, and all the more, since it is known to be in favor of the papers that have so materially aided the good cause. And the loss of the Journal's correspondents is not entire. To be sure, we do not see their hand-writing so often; but then before long we catch them in print, and put them in under the head of "Newspaper Selections." In this way, things are made even, and the good work is accelerated.  
Good speed then to the Educational Departments, and a rich reward to the liberal newspaper proprietors who encourage them.  
The extract given above is from an article in the Pennsylvania School Journal, on the "Educational Departments" of newspapers. It

Rates of Advertising. One Square, three weeks or less. . . . \$1 25 One Square, each additional insertion less than three months. . . . . 25 Three Squares, 3 months. 6 months. 1 year. . . . \$3 00 \$4 00 \$5 00 Two squares. . . . . 4 00 5 00 6 00 Three squares. . . . . 5 00 7 00 12 00 1 Column. . . . . 6 00 9 00 15 00 2 Column. . . . . 8 00 12 00 20 00 3 Column. . . . . 12 00 18 00 30 00 One Column. . . . . 18 00 30 00 50 00 Administrators' and Executors' notices \$2.50, Auditors' notices \$1.50, if under 30 lines. Extra, \$1.25, if but one head is advertised, 25 cents for every additional head. 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 having them in.

states some truths which we have long thought of putting on paper, but now we need only remark that they apply to our case exactly. Since "The Schoolmaster Abroad" made its appearance, nearly three years ago, scarcely half a dozen teachers of the county have written for it; and we have yet to learn that it has brought a single subscriber to the paper in which it appears. Nevertheless the Gazette generously gives up much of its space (of which it really has none to spare) for the purpose of fighting the battles of the schools and teachers. Friends, is this quite fair? Think of it.  
We had the pleasure of meeting the teachers of South Woberry in their district, institute, at Enterprise, on the 10th inst. Every item on their program was practical and important, and the exercises were interesting and profitable. The institute is made of the right kind of material, and cannot fail of the highest success.

Put 122 Gallons of wine in gallon, half gallon, quart, pint and gill bottles so that you have an equal number of each sort. MAGNER. Coalmont, Pa., Jan. 15, 1863.

"WAR FRAZES."  
Josh Billings takes a logical view of war frazes:  
"Paroled lines" are them kind of lines that never come together.  
"Militaria necessaria"—10 officers, and a gallon of whiskey, to 30 privates.  
"Onhuce the dogs of war," but muzzle the knitters; if you don't, somebody will get hurt.  
"War of Extramissum"—this fraze belongs haley to the kumissum department.  
"Advance Guard"—this is a gard the hav tu hav in our arms to keep our fellows from pichin in to the enema frontwards.  
"Rere Guard"—this is a gard the hav tu keep our fellows, when they are surrounded, from pichin in to the enema backwards.  
"Awl quiet on the Poterauek"—this shows what perfect subjechun our fellows are under.  
"Ficketts"—these are chaps that are sent out to borry turbacker of the enemy, and tu see if the kussed rebels has got a pass.  
"Strategen"—this is lying before the enema's works watchin' them entrenchin' themselves, and then attack 'em.  
"Mastery Retrete"—this is when the pitch in tu too many rebels, and have tu retrete tu keep isom gitrin' licit.  
"Commander in Chiefe"—this is an old feller, with speckles on, the hav in Washintun tu tell the soljers how to "cheer up, it wasn't his fault," after they git butifully in a fix.  
"Soljers En Masse"—this is gittrin' 'em piled up on top of eche other so fin can see the new road to Richimand.  
"Concentrate your fire!"—this is shootin' their own men to keep them from takin' the yellor fever from the rebels.  
A western poet has written a hymn intended to be sung by Congress, during its session, immediately after prayers. The following stanza is a specimen:  
From Africa the negro came,  
And, O Congress, bless his name:  
Stand up, good Loveloy, bless the day  
The negro came from Africa.  
In him we live, in him we move;  
For him we preach, for him we pray—  
For him we meet from day to day,  
That colored cuss from Africa.  
"Well, that's always the way with telegraph folks!" exclaimed Mrs. Mellow. "The good news they send us one day is pretty sure to be contradicted the next. Why there's our neighbor, Sally Shute, who got a story as how her husband had been killed in one of the battles; and the day after it was all upset, for it proved to be another man. Give me the old stage after all," continued Mrs. Mellow, "if 'twas slow, 'twas earbin'."

Julius, did you eber speak in the public assembly before de lightened people?  
"In course I hab, nigga."  
"Wearah?"  
"Why, at de police, darkey."  
"What war de subject ob de argument?"  
"Municipal regulation, nigga."  
"And what did you say on dat interesting occasion?"  
"Not guilty! What else could a gemman say under de pression of de sulkunstances?"

A NEW REVENUE.—Never say "nigger in the wood-pile." Speak of them, as Uncle Abe suggests, "Free Americans of African descent, come from under the accumulated fuel!"  
A CUTE WIDOW.  
It is related that a man on his death-bed called his wife to him and said: "I leave my horse to you get for him over to them. But my dog I leave to you; dispose of him as you think best." The wife promised to obey. So in due time after the death of her lord, she started to find a market for her animal. "How much do you ask for your horse alone," she replied, "but I cannot sell the horse alone, dog together at a fair price for both. Give me \$100 for the dog, \$1 for the horse, and we can trade on these terms; and the cute widow conscientiously paid to the parents the \$1 she received for the horse, and had to herself the \$100 for the dog. Was she far wrong?  
An old, unmarried farmer, named Abraham Hershey, died in West Hempfield, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, last week, and after his burial fifty-three thousand dollars in gold and silver were found in his house.