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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."

### CHEERFULNESS.

What a happy word is cheerfulness! How pleasingly it falls on the ear, and yet how few there are who seem to understand its true meaning, or appreciate the value of the maxim, which inculcates the belief that cheerfulness is preferable to wealth or fame. To all persons and to all classes, is the advice applicable, for without a small share of good nature, accompanied by a desire to please, we would become not only objects of pity, but of dislike to our nearest and dearest friends. No amount of intellect or knowledge could, or ever did, atone for the want of a kind, obliging disposition, as the very selfishness which creates the want, in such characters, obscures, like a partial eclipse, some of their brightest ideas, revealing only an imperfect representation of their true attainments. But if the want of a true, cheerful spirit did no greater injury than the one just cited, we might well afford to let those lovers of literature, whose exclusive habits turn them into bookworms, and misanthropists, pass by without further comment, believing that as a class, their hard-earned knowledge becomes firestone, and often proves a bitter pill, which they, as their own medical advisers, are obliged to swallow. But then the want is felt outside of that pale which encloses the exclusive literati just named, and is most keenly felt by those who are unfortunate enough to be thrown amongst the ignorant and uneducated. Ignorance, when dressed with her most becoming garb, simplicity, is lovable; nay, sometimes attractive, and we naturally shrink back. And why? Because the love of the good, the bright and the beautiful is one of those attributes, given us by an All-Wise Creator, for the purpose of preparing and training our minds for the full enjoyment of beatitudes which never die. Therefore, when effects so widely different and unnatural are suddenly presented to our vision, our first impulse is surprise, our second, retreat. But all too differently do we feel towards those whose hearts are in the right place; and whose pleasing, happy faces make us forget that they have not been the recipients of a liberal education. Showing us, as they often do, in every word and action, that they possess that natural, unstudied grace which no knowledge of rhetoric or of the fine arts could ever impart; winning us irresistibly to them; and forever stamping on our minds their pleasant words and loving smiles. How true it is that "kind words never die," and from no other source, can kind words flow than from a cheerful spirit, a happy, contented mind, and a truthful, warm heart. If we possess these three things, we are rich indeed; if they be wanting, we are poor indeed. Although cheerfulness should be sought after by all as the stepping stone to much good, and every earnestly sought, yet by none should it be more eagerly pursued, until gained, than by teachers. For to them it is the most inestimable treasure, the key that unlocks in their audacious undertaking. Teachers who possess varied acquisitions, and yet possess not an even temper, a cheerful spirit, and a heart keenly alive to the interests and pleasures of their pupils, are badly fitted for their calling, and never can attain any degree of eminence in the science of teaching. A happy, calming frame of mind is just as necessary to their success as any other primary knowledge they may have acquired, as it is unreasonable to suppose that petulance, selfishness or moroseness could ever act as aids to convey ideas, even if those ideas were of the most profound kind, or that a harsh, stern manner is more effective of good than one just the opposite. Not at all—our own better judgment tells us NO—and the practical experience of every day life, goes to prove that a word in kindness said, a smile of approval given, at the right time, when the heart yearns for sympathy and encouragement, is more powerful, lasting, and is better calculated to improve, than all the wise sayings that could fall from the lips of stern sages.

We feel the magical effect of a smile when our hearts are weary laden, as all hearts are at some period or other; arousing, with one touch of its magic wand, not only the kinder feelings of our nature, but, in many instances, those latent powers of the mind which might have slept forever, had they not been called into action by the happy influence first named. Thereby fully confirming us in the belief that kindness and gentleness are not only the associates of happiness to the possessor, but the originator of incalculable good to others. In all phases and conditions of life, we will find it to our benefit to cultivate a cheerful, considerate disposition, as through its means we will not only be happy ourselves, but will become disseminators of good in the true sense of the word. Securing for ourselves the approval of our own hearts and conscience; as well as an increase of affections from our friends, in proportion as we practice consideration and cheerfulness.

T—F & T—a.  
East Providence, Feb. 21, 1863.

### ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP NEAR CINCINNATI, VA.,  
18th Pa. Cav., Feb. 10, 1863.

E. F. MEYERS, Esq.

Dear Sir—I take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you, which, if you think proper, you may give a place in your valuable paper. Our regiment left Camp McClellan, Harrisburg, on the 10th December last, and arrived at "Camp Hyatt" four miles north of Washington on the morning of the 12th, where we "struck tents" and took up line of march for Washington, crossed the "long bridge," and pitched our tents on the south side of the Potomac, in the camp known as "Camp Butler," and on the 8th struck tents and came to this place. Our camp is 25 miles from Washington, 3 miles from Fairfax Court House, 5 miles from Centerville, 12 miles from Bull Run, and one mile from Chantilly battle ground, where Generals Harney and Stevens were killed. On one side of the field is a grove of white oak timber, many of the trees of which are riddled with bullets; I counted twenty-five balls in one small tree; hundreds of graves may be seen of Union and Seeseh soldiers, very slightly buried, many of them covered by some friendly hand with earth, which had been thrown over them where they fell and yielded up their lives. In one place I noticed a mound under which twenty-seven Union soldiers lie buried. Near where the road passes the battle field, you can see the graves of three soldiers (whether Union or Seeseh I cannot tell) whose skulls are entirely out of the grave, exposed to the view of passers by, the flesh having been eaten off by the ravens. In many other places, legs, arms, and other parts of the body are exposed. Allow me to digress a little. Our camp is in a very beautiful grove of pine timber; when our men were clearing off the ground preparatory to pitching our tents, one of them discovered a small mound near the root of a tree, where, upon removing the rubbish, he found the remains of a dead Union soldier, his blanket around him for a winding sheet, and his knapsack under his head for a pillow. He had no doubt been wounded in the fight and sought the grave for repose, and had carried himself in his blanket, and laid himself down to die, and was covered by the leaves and rubbish which had blown over him. I passed over a part of the Bull Run battle field. The number of graves, dead horses, broken guns, wagons and ambulances are innumerable.

We are encamped alongside of the 9th New York and first Virginia cavalry regiments, which are in our brigade, and are doing picket duty with us. We are in the front of a loyal army. There are no rebels in force near us, but we have to contend with "bush whackers" and guerrillas, who are almost nightly attacking and taking off our pickets from the outposts. On the night of the 16th January, ten of our men were taken, and have not been heard of since. On the 26th, thirteen were taken and one badly wounded, but I hear he is getting well. On the night of the 1st inst., one sergeant was shot dead, and eleven privates taken prisoners, with horses and equipments complete. They took the men sixteen miles, to the town of Aldie, and there paroled them. Captain Mosely, the leader of the banditti, sent a very polite note to Lieut. Col. Gowen, that he should arrest his men better, that they were not worth taking. Week before last our men, with a part of the New Yorkers, under command of Capt. Krom, made a charge on a party of rebels under command of Capt. Mosely, in the town of Middleburg, and succeeded in capturing twenty-eight rebels, horses, arms, &c., among the number were two commissioned officers. Last week we captured three sutler wagons, that were loaded in Washington, and had made their way thirty miles through our lines, and were about passing our last picket when they were captured and bro't back to camp. The wagons contained many articles useful and fancy for Seeseah; also, a rebel mail. How they could pass our pickets and cross the long bridge, is something I am at a loss to know, when our guard and provost officers are so particular, that should a Union soldier's friends send him a box of provision or a package of any kind from home, the box or package must be opened and the contents examined to see that there is nothing contraband, and in all probability is gobbled up before it reaches its destination. Yet these scoundrels can pass and re-pass our lines, carry the rebel mail, and aid and abet the rebels in every way, and go entirely free. I really think ours the most magnanimous government the world has ever seen, to support two such large armies, one for her protection and the other for her destruction.

I will now give you a list of commissioned officers of our regiment. Col. T. M. Bryan, Lieut. Col. James Gowen; 1st Major, Joseph Gilmer, 2nd Major, Wm. B. Darrington, 3rd Major, H. V. Van Voorhies; Quartermaster, Lieut. James C. Golden; Commissary, Lieut. John S. Beazell; First Surgeon, John J. Marks, 2nd Surgeon, Geo. W. Withers; Adjutant, Geo. Neiman; Company officers, Co. A, Capt. W. C. Lindsey; 1st Lieut., J. Cosgray, 2nd Lieut., B. F. Campbell, (this company is from Greene county.) Co. B, Captain John W. Phillips; Lieut., Wm. B. McKay and James W. Smith, (from Crawford county.) Co. C, Capt. James Hughes; Lieut., Samuel Montgomery and F. A. J. Gray, (from Greene county.) Co. D, Captain A. Cunningham; Lieut., Bethuel R. Mackey and B. F. Palmer, (Crawford county.) Co. E, Capt. Thad. S. Freeland; Lieut., Samuel Treshonick and Charles Sheff, (Dauphin co.) Co. F, Capt. Ricketson; Lieut. John Britton, (Allegheny and Westmoreland counties.) Co. G, Captain M. S. Kingsland; Lieut., Thomas Shields and Frank Harrington, (Greene county.) Co. H, Capt. John H. Elliott; Lieut., Fredk. W. Utter, Ed. Randolph, (Pittsburg.) Co. I, Capt. Peter Wise; Lieut., Waltman, W. D. S. Nangle, (Lycening county.) Co. K, Capt. D. Hamilton; Lieut., John Nelson, Henry J. Bond.

### Who is the President?

There is a power behind the throne. The President is said to be a weak man, and most people think there is no justice in the statement. "He lacks backbone," say some of the radicals. "He lacks brains," say others. "Backbone and brains ought to be supplied by his friends," say the Abolitionists; and straightway they mark out his course, and commence a pressure. They hedge him about, on all sides, in the particular direction they would give to his travels. They praise him, kick him, abuse him, spit at him, coax him, and beckon him. If he complains that their prescriptions render him uncomfortable, they tell him as the quack told his patient who had swallowed three boxes of Brandreth's pills in a single night, and felt no better, that he hasn't gone quite far enough. They keep constantly ahead of him—are constantly grumbling that he does not travel faster—and they succeed, undoubtedly, in making many honest people believe that they have not much faith in him. But the great fact, after all, is that HE FOLLOWS THEM. He is gradually a little way behind—sometimes almost out of sight—but on the track, somewhere, he can almost always be found; halting and hesitating, it may be, but still on the track; facing the rear, possibly—arguing with his drivers, perhaps—eating peanuts and telling anecdotes, now and then—but always, or almost always, on the track.

We are in the habit of saying that this is the result of pressure. But isn't it remarkable that the pressure from this single source should ever have any influence upon the President? The Democratic and Conservative presses of the country have warned the President against following the radical policy. Thurlow Wood and other Republicans, have implored him to turn back and stand by the Constitution and the old flag. The November elections were a warning which even a deaf man might have noted. But not at all has this moved him from his path. He has halted, and argued, and stammered, and implored to be let alone; but he has not, after all, changed his course. Down, down, down, he has traveled, until all his own original pledges and even the creed of his party which he so reverently worshipped in the start, are out of sight. How shall we account for it?

We think the National Intelligencer accounts for it. If its words mean anything, they mean that Wendell Phillips is really the power behind the throne. He is President! He abuses the President, it is true; but that is evidently by arrangement. He says the President is weak, is partially blind—is not best only a Kentuckian. But he is honest, says Mr. Phillips. Mr. Phillips visits him as though they were—we do not doubt that they are—swarm friends, and tells the people what to do and what they will get if they do it. His predictions are almost always verified. He calls for a proclamation, and it comes. He denounces Buell and McClellan, and they are removed. He praises Butler, and he is crossed at the White House. He denounces Seward, and he gets a promise, from somebody, that he shall be dismissed. He asks for negro regiments, and they are authorized. He demands that the South be colonized with Puritans, and Ed. Thayer is straightway told to execute his plan. He says "take away the commission of every Democratic officer," and the "weeding out" process at once commences. Right on his track follows Mr. Lincoln. Who wonders that the people say, Phillips is President? Apparently, even Sumner himself does not exercise half his influence at the White House.

We acknowledge our conviction that Wendell Phillips, the impracticable abstractionist and theorist, is the great man of the administration. He is the man behind the throne. His counsels are more invariably followed than those of any member of the Cabinet. He complains that the President is stupid and slow, but admits that he comes along, at last. He endorses what he has done, since he started out on the negro track. He tells us what is to come. Fremont is to be Governor of North Carolina, in place of Stanley, who doesn't meddle with negroes. Butler is to go back to New Orleans, or to Texas. Democratic officers are to be removed. The screws are to be put on again at the North. Abolitionism is to reign at Washington. The machine is to be run on Garrisonian principles; and the people are to submit.

All this may be realized, or may not be. It is possible that Phillips may, as a matter of policy, and as a blind to those who have no faith in his patriotism, predict some things which are not to come off. But that he is in the President's confidence, and is entrusted with his secrets—nay, that he exercises a controlling influence in his counsels, we do not doubt. Nor do we much doubt that the President will follow him, as he has followed him and is now following him, until the cause of the Union is hopelessly lost.—*Profr. Post.*

### The Feeling in the South-Western Army.

ON BOARD STEAMER SIOUX CITY,  
MILLIKEN'S BEND, JAN. 23.

To the Editor of the Enquirer:  
I have been favored by a fellow soldier with the inclosed copy of a letter written by him to a friend of his in Providence, R. I. It is long, but I think worth perusal, and if you deem its publication likely to aid in the cause of truth, it is at your disposal, from an old subscriber.

DEAR FRIEND E—

SHEPHERD SIOUX CITY,  
NAPOLEAN ARK, Jan. 16.

I am about to do what will probably cut up your friendship—write an honest letter. No, that I have hitherto written dishonestly nor that you are accused of having candor, in itself considered. But candor upon the theme I shall treat of, differing so widely as I now do, from your well known views upon the same topic, can not fail to overtax your patience, having writer and epistle in one irrevocable mail. But the fact is, I can't write at all without being true to my nature, which has become (say I) stirred with shame and indignation by my country's follies; how deeply stirred this letter will prove, since even your good-will is not a bribe rich enough to prevent my writing it.

Like many other Republicans, who, loving the whole country, and deprecating secession as the most likely means of sundering it forever, were yet firm in their allegiance to the old flag, however loth to see it committed to a wrong policy, I long strove to justify this war, employing for that purpose all my little stock of learning and skill, both as a theologian and an amateur politician, though I had the decency always, as my friends knew, to keep politics entirely out of my Sunday lectures. When the increasing needs of country seemed to demand the sacrifice, I heartily threw my person, as well as my voice, into the tide of carnage, willing even to die that the Union might live, in the spirit of the dangerous maxim, "All's well that ends well." The negro—having studied him in real life, not in the pleasing fictions of the Beecher—I knew too well to care about disturbing him, unless as convenient make-weight, to be thrown into the scale when better means should fail. I was proud of our regiment—had some lingering faith in the President—and somewhat more (though hardly full confidence) in the wisdom and virtue of our Generals.

Thus I went forth in hope, trusting mainly in God and our vast numbers for success, and proud to find so many old friends rushing with me to the field.

This was six months ago. Anybody with open eyes, campaigning even three months in the southwestern army, ought to learn something that could not well be learned at home. Our boys have been learning, and I don't claim to be duller than the rest. Ergo, my faith in President Lincoln has changed from a grain of mustard-seed to a perfect nonentity; my trust in Union Generalship has dwindled to the verge of despair, as the machinery by which officers are made becomes more bare, and their characters, when made, more visible and notorious. Noble exceptions there are, but these are the men that soon resign, or find themselves court-martialed. My sentiments touching the black idol have changed from good natured indifference to downright disgust; and I need hardly add, my hopes of the Union are reduced to a mere hope in some new political dynasty, which I shall now pray and toil for with all the zeal and industry my nature is capable of.

Were I alone in these painful discoveries, I might be inclined to distrust my own judgment, or at least to repine in silence. But when I find the same views and feelings pervading our whole regiment, and every other we are brought in contact with, vented in louder and still louder whispers, burdening the letters to every home, seasoning the broth of every mess-table, and deepening the murmurs around each bloody grave—when I know all this, I have no longer a pretext for feigning ignorance of facts which, if men could ignore them, would cause the stones to cry out.

What are we fighting for? In the name of reason and humanity, what is the sublime result, which can justify year after year of sackcloth at home and butchery here, of neglected fields but thick strown Golgothas, of empty Churches, crammed hospitals, deferred brides, accelerated bankruptcy, and the ever-lengthening line of pensioners, who for a paltry stipend and a puff of praise, must hobble armless, eyeless and footless, to the pauper's grave?

For what were these things begun, for what must they continue, without even the remote prospect of an end? Nobody knows. But from the many conflicting rumors on the subject, we may examine four of the more common and plausible; each and all of which, instead of justifying the war, are conclusive reasons why it should be condemned, and at once abandoned.

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We are in the habit of saying that this is the result of pressure. But isn't it remarkable that the pressure from this single source should ever have any influence upon the President? The Democratic and Conservative presses of the country have warned the President against following the radical policy. Thurlow Wood and other Republicans, have implored him to turn back and stand by the Constitution and the old flag. The November elections were a warning which even a deaf man might have noted. But not at all has this moved him from his path. He has halted, and argued, and stammered, and implored to be let alone; but he has not, after all, changed his course. Down, down, down, he has traveled, until all his own original pledges and even the creed of his party which he so reverently worshipped in the start, are out of sight. How shall we account for it?

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We think the National Intelligencer accounts for it. If its words mean anything, they mean that Wendell Phillips is really the power behind the throne. He is President! He abuses the President, it is true; but that is evidently by arrangement. He says the President is weak, is partially blind—is not best only a Kentuckian. But he is honest, says Mr. Phillips. Mr. Phillips visits him as though they were—we do not doubt that they are—swarm friends, and tells the people what to do and what they will get if they do it. His predictions are almost always verified. He calls for a proclamation, and it comes. He denounces Buell and McClellan, and they are removed. He praises Butler, and he is crossed at the White House. He denounces Seward, and he gets a promise, from somebody, that he shall be dismissed. He asks for negro regiments, and they are authorized. He demands that the South be colonized with Puritans, and Ed. Thayer is straightway told to execute his plan. He says "take away the commission of every Democratic officer," and the "weeding out" process at once commences. Right on his track follows Mr. Lincoln. Who wonders that the people say, Phillips is President? Apparently, even Sumner himself does not exercise half his influence at the White House.

We acknowledge our conviction that Wendell Phillips, the impracticable abstractionist and theorist, is the great man of the administration. He is the man behind the throne. His counsels are more invariably followed than those of any member of the Cabinet. He complains that the President is stupid and slow, but admits that he comes along, at last. He endorses what he has done, since he started out on the negro track. He tells us what is to come. Fremont is to be Governor of North Carolina, in place of Stanley, who doesn't meddle with negroes. Butler is to go back to New Orleans, or to Texas. Democratic officers are to be removed. The screws are to be put on again at the North. Abolitionism is to reign at Washington. The machine is to be run on Garrisonian principles; and the people are to submit.

All this may be realized, or may not be. It is possible that Phillips may, as a matter of policy, and as a blind to those who have no faith in his patriotism, predict some things which are not to come off. But that he is in the President's confidence, and is entrusted with his secrets—nay, that he exercises a controlling influence in his counsels, we do not doubt. Nor do we much doubt that the President will follow him, as he has followed him and is now following him, until the cause of the Union is hopelessly lost.—*Profr. Post.*

### Who is the President?

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